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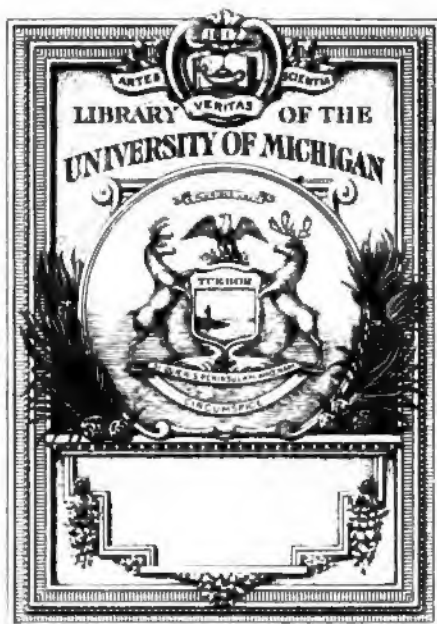
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THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, 'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Ye Companye alle tolde. It campeth oute ye firste nighte. 'Ky Sly hee spinneth a yarne overre ye fire—"A weddin' as warn't a weddin', or a Yankee dancin' master done!"

It was a glorious day, in the early part of the month of September, when a party of three persons, partly moved by the desire of air and exercise, partly by the noble ardor, now in season, for the chase, and, not least of all, by the recent perusal of Hammond's glorious book, anent the "*Shatagee* country," set out from the city, by the Hudson river, with the pious intent of worshipping nature, in her native wood-haunts wild; in no particular places, other than such as should be chance-opened to their vagrant footsteps, but with a general view to those grand solitudes which lie between the St. Lawrence, the Canada frontier, Lake Champlain, and the boundary lines of New York culture and civilization.

They were a party of old stagers, in the woods, they who had gotten together for that frolic trip, of whom I must own myself the head and front, whether for praise or for offending—the first item of their forest experience being evidenced, by the season which they had selected for their visit to the wilderness, when the venomous black fly has yielded up his ephemeral breath, and the trumpeting mosquito himself is gradually dying out under the influence of the frosts, which are early, in these bleak and mountainous regions—the second was shown, in the mode which they adopted of reaching the ground, and the manner of the plunder, which they toted along with them, as well for the purposes of sporting, as for the comfort of the outer, and the consolation of the inner man.

And these modes and manners, for the benefit of future travelers and tourists, I purpose here

to set down; at some risk, I doubt not, of being called an old foggy by the fast men of the present day—which, I don't think will set me back any—and, at the certainty of being pronounced a soft, by those strenuous geniuses, who think it a point of manhood to be unnecessarily uncomfortable in the woods, and who belong to that class, who decline the accommodation of a pillow, on a bivouac, as over effeminate and luxurious, even if that pillow be but a snowball; such as Lochiel is said to have kicked from under the head of his nephew, in Montrose's celebrated winter campaign of 1643, indignant at the degeneracy of his clansmen, and of the age in general.

And here, it may be as well to state, that it is not in my purpose, at this time, to spin a long yarn, touching the woods, "the hills, the lakes, and forest streams," with all their gay adornments of leaf and flower and fruit, and fleeting lights and shadows, and transient mists and summer-seeming sunshines, and all the beautiful and happy living things, which lend their charms of motion and vivacity and vigorous life to the lovely but lifeless attractions of the earth and the air and the waters. Only, as that princess of storytellers, the inimitable Scheherazade, herself, had no power to commence her enchanting thread of never-beginning, never-ending witchcraft and romance, until her auditors were made duly acquainted with herself, her antecedents—as the French would call it—her local habitation, and her reasons for narrating strange tales of one-eyed Callenders, and mighty Gencii, released from the puissant seal of Solomon, in that impulsive manner, *against time*; so, it appears to me but right and proper, that something should be revealed to our readers, concerning the individoo-ality—as he would have spelt and pronounced it himself—of our guide and *raconteur*, Hezekiah

Sly, of Slysville; for so he had denominated the harbor of his refuge, although the *village* consisted of a single farm-house only, with its necessary out-buildings—and of the way in which he came to enlighten us with the agrestical adventures which I am about to submit; and of which, like *Æneas* of old, he might have said, “*Quæque ipse miserrima vidi, Et quorum pars magna fui.*”

For, although neither his eloquence nor his loveliness approached nearer to that of the fair narratrix of the *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments, than that of a sharp-eyed, leather-faced, cute-looking, long, lean specimen of Western New-York humanity, clad in a tow hat of no particular shape, a linsey-woolsey hunting-shirt of no particular color, and a pair of butternut-dyed homespun pantaloons, tucked into the tops of a pair of mighty cowhide boots, might be expected to resemble the charms of a gazelle-eyed and rose-lipped sultana, with eyelids dyed with kohl, and finger-nails tinged with henna, and more yards of muslin in her turban than would have kept 'Kiah in shirts for his lifetime, and voluminous pink taffety unmentionables spangled with golden stars, like the skies on a frosty night, and tiny roseate feet sliding about in yellow morocco slippers—still, in his own way, “'Ky Sly”—for so he was usually called, for the sake of euphony and alliteration—was rather a noticeable personage than otherwise; and in short, to borrow his own self-eulogistic terms, was “some,” if not “considerable,” of a feller.

But, to return to our muttons, they, the wandering pleasure-seekers, showed their old stager-ship, by avoiding to trust their precious lives and limbs to the felonious mercies of the insanely-shrieking tea-kettle, which rushes, belching forth hideousness and horror, along the beautiful margins of the desecrated Hudson, between pinnacles of immeasurable mountain and abysses of unfathomable water, in the latter of which it will, doubtless, one day deposit its hundred car loads of innocent victims, to seek no redress and gain no sympathy from the mammon-worshippers of Wall street, until that day of awful judgment, when merchant-princes shall discover that they were only men, after all, while they fancied themselves gods, and, for the most part, a mighty mean sort of men, at that.

No! no! they knew a trick worth two of that—they were going *away* from the metropolis of all pollutions, mental, moral, and physical—so that their lives were valuable to them, at least to the amount of pleasure they expected in the country, where they might hope to see one or two honest men, in a day's walk, and to smell one or two

odors on the breezy air, which would not remind them of the slaughter-house, the sewer, or the charnel.

Had they been *returning* to New York, they might have been reckless—they might have committed their bodies to the Juggernauts of the Hudson River Rail-Road, forgetful that its victims, beyond the tortures they may be called on to undergo in this world, may probably be held, in the next, to answer for the inexpiable sin of self-immolation.

No, they committed themselves to the steadiest and most sedate-looking steamboat they could find; and, when therein, ensconced themselves in seats on the taffrail, overhanging the rudder; inasmuch as they fully coincided both in the philosophy and the theology of that truly orthodox divine, who being asked, by a western captain, while in the act of rosining up, whether he believed in predestination, and that “what was to be was to be,” replied that he *did* believe irrevocably in that consolatory and fundamental doctrine, but that, “on the hull, he preferred being a leetle nigher to the stern, when it should come to pass!”

By these means, they arrived safely at Troy, took the canal boat, and passed a pleasant day, contemplating the lovely and rich scenery, through which runs the line of the Whitehall Canal, and the fine bold masses far to the right, of the grand Green Mountains of Vermont, now wreathed in robes of soft, smoky mist, now kindled by the setting sun into piles of ruddy, or crimson, or golden lustre. Nor did the frosty and star-lighted night pass unpleasingly; for, eschewing the hot atmosphere of the close and crowded cabin, they huddled themselves down in the little cockpit by the steerage, wrapped themselves in their plaids or Mackinaw blankets, and spun yarns, and blew soft tobacco clouds into the keen night air.

And so, with a chance snooze, or cat-sleep, now and again, and a good deal of what was, I dare say, pretty poor fun, but which, at all events, sufficed to make them all laugh pretty heartily, they got through the night, cozily enough; and came to White Hall, in ample time to lay in, while the steamer was wooding up, or coaling—it is all one which—for her trip up the lake, a most undeniable breakfast of broiled black bass, lake trout, young partridges, and good home-made bread, to which they did justice, as men by law duly authorized not only to kill, but to consume for their body's good, whatever game of fin, fur, or feather, they might come by, providing only that it be slain in season, and artistically brought to table.

And now, when they found themselves fairly on board their steamboat, and sure to be delivered within a few hours, at the pretty village, which for the present shall be nameless, on the left hand or west side of the lake, whence they proposed to strike off broad into the wilderness, for three or four weeks, at least, without a prospect of sleeping in a bed, or sitting in a chimney corner, they proceeded to overhaul their traps, to which I have referred, as the second evidence of their old stagerism in the woods.

And I do flatter myself, that for comprehensiveness, compactness, smallness of compass, and sufficiency of all reasonable comforts, their kits were not easily to be beaten. It is true, that the excursion was to be made principally by water, and that they calculated to travel between one and two hundred miles by lake and river, outside a fence, as the term goes, or in other words, without seeing a human habitation; and, to that end, the three best guides in the country had been preëngaged, and were now, as they expected, and were not deceived in their expectation, awaiting them at their landing-place, with all due preparations made and provided. Still, there were many and rough portages to be made; and, for every reason, it was necessary that all baggage, arms, and eatables, should be in the smallest possible compass, and in the form most convenient both for boat stowage and back loading. Their spare clothes, therefore, were limited to two flannel shirts, one pair of drawers, two pair of socks, a pair of spare shoes, a pair of slippers, a comb and tooth-brush to each individual; beside a set of razors and their paraphernalia, for the good of the party. These were stowed in a light and convenient knapsack, with straps on the top for the plaids or blankets, which each carried as bed-clothes and covering in case of wet weather, the whole not exceeding ten or twelve pounds to each man. In addition to this, each had one of those neat little gallon kegs, with straps by which to suspend them from the shoulders, which can now be got at any gun-shop, and his shot gun or rifle provided with a sling, his hunting-knife being secured in his belt, and his gaff and fishing-rod to be carried in his hand while on the tramp.

In addition to these, they had for the benefit of the guide, a campaigning case of leather, of about eighteen inches in length by sixteen in width and depth, containing a complete set of cooking utensils, from stew-pan, frying pan, tea-kettle and gridiron, down to cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons, all arranged in nest fashion, and perfectly portable with little inconvenience,

by means of a double shoulder strap, and breast belt. Their provisions, consisting of a good store of ship-biscuit, a couple of flitches of bacon, a few pounds of black tea and a quantum suff. of salt and sugar, were also packed in bags provided with shoulder-loops and a breast-band, so that they could be easily carried on the back, even with the addition of a birch canoe balanced on the head of the bearers.

For their dress, they had all blue or red California shirts, fustian or corduroy shooting-jackets, breeches, low ankle-shoes, and deerskin leggins. They were each and all prepared to rough it, and go, share for share alike, both of toil and pleasure, guides and employers; but they intended to get all they could of good sport, good fun, and good living out of the trip, not to do a bit more work, or worry themselves a bit more than was absolutely necessary in order to do the thing up *right*; and at the time to feed just as well as the season and the place would let us,

“For of right good cheer
In the wild-woods here,
O! why should a hunter lack?”

and they had vowed a deep vow, that they would be every bit as comfortable, under the broad, blue sky, or the green hemlock bough, as under the slated roof of the city, only more so.

And, to that end, they had brought along their stock and plenishing, their grub and tippie, their arms and ammunition, and had engaged the redoubted 'Ky Sly, with his birch canoe, to paddle myself and my chosen comrade, Alfred Amiger; John Hardyman, the brother of 'Ky's pretty young wife Hatty, with his natty little skiff to pilot our friend, Fred Somerton; and a nondescript old nigger, half fisherman, half hunter, two-thirds country hostler, and altogether a humorist, as old as Methuselah, as gray as a *grizzly*, and as strong as a team of yong ones boiled down into one old one, to pull, paddle and pole along a light bit of a batteau with our provender, and to help portage, keep camp, cut firewood and cook.

“What can be nobler in a state than this?” as Milton asks complacently, after some grand abstraction about freedom, and men speaking free; or in other words, how is it possible, that there could have been a better selected, arranged party of all colors, better constituted, better equipped, with a better commissariat, or a better crew, whether for frolicking or fighting, revelling or roughing it, high life or hardship, sheer fun, or soberest reality, than they who were assembled on the deck of the good steamer

"Indian Chief," as she went cleaving her smooth way through the clear, glancing ripples of the silvery Champlain, and they, who were awaiting the company in the calm glitter of the smoky autumn noon, on the little dock to which they were rapidly sweeping.

Up they came to it, sliding gently along to the pier-head, without a crash or jar; a bell rings, a line is thrown ashore and made fast to a pile, a bridgeway is thrust forward, a grinning darkey has got the traps ashore, pocketed his *tip*, salaamed and smiled, as nothing but a darkey can; and before friend Sly has shaken Frank's arm quite out of its socket, or finished his ejaculation—"Waal! you looks nat'ral, Forester, you *do* I swow," the fastenings are cast off, the plank hauled in-board, and the graceful steamer is sweeping away, like a wild swan that has only vailed her pinion to spread it anew with redoubled power.

But here are Jack Hardyman and the roan "Canucks," and we've got five and twenty miles to ride before we get to Slyville, and here is 'Ky whispering in Frank's ear—

"Don't ye be mad now, Forester, but we've just got to stop to-night at Slyville—we can't get off into the woods this here night, no how."

"I'm sure I never said we could, 'Ky. What in the dickens are you making all this palaver about?"

"Waal, there's Jack's skiff wants caulking, some; and then uncle Jothe," that was the nigger, "he's been on a bit of bust last night, and it'll take him all o' this night to get over it, and then—and then—there's the things to stow, and the casting-nets and tackle to look up; and—and—waal, Hatty ses, you is to stay, all on you, this night, anyhow; and so you is, I guess."

"I guess so, indeed," replied Frank, "if Hatty says we is. He's a bold man that would gainsay Hatty. But no excuse is needed; I'm mighty convenient to stop to-night at Slyville, for my part; and we'll have a high time, I warrant it."

"We will, I swow," said 'Ky, enchanted at this unexpected facility, "now gentlemen, all's right here. Mr. Armiger, you git in aft there with Mr. Somerton, Frank and I, we'll bunk in here, amidships, and Jack, he'll put the canucks along. They travel better for him, than they will for eree'nother on us. Is all them traps in, Jack, and the rifles? that's it, go along—'way with you now—slick!"

And, without more words, away they did go, in great style, bowling over a good, smooth limestone road through the woods at a speed of ten miles

an hour, which, notwithstanding that they had five well-grown men, and a very considerable load of baggage of one kind and another, the punchy high-strung little Canadians maintained in high glee, nipping and biting at one another in play, and not showing a single hair turned, when the driver stopped to give them a sup of water at a clear, wayside spring, midway of the journey. Thus far the road had lain over moderately rolling country, though for the most part level, covered with a dense rich forest of deciduous trees, and affording the sportsmen, from time to time, glimpses of the outlet of the lake to which they were wending their way, a broad, deep stream, with scarcely any perceptible current.

"I guess," said Sly, looking at Forester with a glance which by no means belied his name, "I guess it wouldn't set a chap back none, to take a short dive into that fust-rate French brandy of yourn, Forester. I didn't say nothing, when we was down to Andy Green's tavern, thar at the landin', for if we'd ben a goin' to drink thar, 'twouldn't have been manners to pull out our bottles right stret afore his face; and he haint got nothing fit for a *constable* to drink; and it's pretty well knowed a constable will drink anything, so long as it 'taint water, and he haint got to pay for it. I guess it's pooty much the same down to York, with them are *stars*, as they calls 'em, aint it?"

"I can't say, indeed," replied Frank, "we know very little about the tastes and habits of these gentry, except when we see them on a cold night, as often as there's a great fire, or a great Irish row, or a shocking street murder, or, in short, whenever they are particularly wanted, loitering about the entrance of some very low grog cellar, or asleep in some comfortable corner. That's what the corporation pay them for; to keep out of the way whenever there is need for them, particularly when a rough and tumble fight is advertised to come off, at a fixed time, in the Park, the Washington Parade Ground, or Union Square; that, and to see the members of the Common Council *home* o' nights, when they are tired with their exertions, for the public good, at Washington's birthday, or some other little national celebrations, which are the only chances the poor fellows have of showing their *ardent spirits* in the cause of the city, since that terrible fellow Flagg has ignored the tea-room. But how did you know, 'Ky, that we'd got any French brandy along with us?"

"Didn't I see that old brown travelin' keg o' yourn, Forester, and haint I a'tasted what was in it, afore now; and don't I know that you're

too old a hand to mix one sort of liquor into a keg, as has got the hang of 'nother? You don't fool this old chap, I tell you."

"Well, I think you have earned a drink fairly, 'Ky, by guesssing," said Forester, producing a small pocket pistol, which as friend Hammond says—for I must count such a genial woodsman a friend, if I never did see him—"did me no hurt that day, though discharged at my own head," and though I too 'am a temperate man, and can talk right eloquently about the evils of strong drink'—but not a drop comes out of one of those kegs, I tell you, 'Ky, and one of them's full of real French brandy, as you shrewdly surmise, and the other two of the best Jamaica, except one quarter of a gill each at supper-time—barring chance duckings in the lake, or such like, which may make a little medicine needful. There are three gallons in those three hunting-kegs, and one in reserve among the small stores, and that's all we've got to last all six of us, these four weeks to come; so we shan't have much margin for carousing."

"Well! I'm agreeable, anyhow," said 'Ky, mixing himself a moderate horn, in the cup attached to the flask, with the pure spring-water, "but is brandy medicine arter a ducking?"

"I found it *great* medicine once," said I, "when I was up among the Chippawas, on Lake Huron."

"How's that 'are?"

"Do *tell*," exclaimed 'Ky and his brother-in-law, at a breath.

"The yarn, Frank, the yarn!" cried Arminger, and "Hurrah! for the Ojibwas," shouted Somerton.

"Well! there's not much yarn about it," said Frank, "only we were coming home, eight of us, after a ten days' cruise up the Natchedash; and we were within one day's paddling of our camp, and it was Sunday morning, and we'd not got a bit of pork left, or an onion, or a spoonfull of tea or sugar; nothing but a few hard ship-biscuits and a few drams of rum. We'd had no luck with game over night, and, though the rice lakes and the river were black with ducks, that morning, 'The Starry Sky,' who was our chief guide, would not paddle us up to them, for love or money; because he was a Baptist Christian, and 'minister say, Injun be d—n, anyhow, if shoot Sunday.'

"To this, no reply was to be made; and we had to make a virtue of necessity and go hungry. But at last, in tracking down a dangerous *chute*, one of the canoes broke adrift and came near upsetting; when in plunged 'the Starry Sky'

with a whoop, into the perilous pool, boarded the canoe in fine style, and brought her up to shore, leaking badly, and himself shivering like a pointer dog in a frozen snipe marsh. Well, I gave him a thimblefull of rum, and, while the rest of the Indians were patching up the broken canoe, with gum and birch bark, what does the red devil do but go to work cleaning, wiping out and loading his old nor'west smooth bore.

"'Hallo! what's this, Jacob,' said I, tipping the wink to my friends, 'what for, clean gun? very bad shoot duck, Sabba' day. You not do that, I reckon.'

"'What he sinnify?' retorted my red friend, promptly. 'D—n *once*, ready for drink rum, Sabba' day; only d—n *twice*, shoot duck, eat good supper. D—n *once*, d—n *twice*, all one thing—repent *once*, he finish!—now, go shoot duck!' which he did, incontinently; and speared half a dozen fine black bass into the bargain. So that we had fresh fish, mallard, widgeon, and wild rice for supper, instead of ship biscuit and salt. I can't say much for the morality of my tale, but we found *that* dram great medicine against hunger, I tell you; and my yarn's a true one, which is more than can be said of most such!"

"Good for you, Frank," said Hardyman, "we'll have to set 'Ky agoin', to beat that 'un, when we oncet fairly gits camped out."

Well, away went the team again; and now, the nature of the country began to alter; the hills became steeper, longer, and were often broken by ledges of bare rock; and the deciduous trees made way for a fine open pine forest—not a stick short of a hundred feet to the first branch, not a bush of underwood, and the road running as straight as a Roman way, up hill and down dale, through the long perspective of red stems, bronzed by the evening sunshine, which streamed full down the track as it ran due westward, as grand and glorious as the interminable aisle of some great gothic minster.

The rippling sound of the outlet, as it poured away unseen, through a deep dingle to the right, with now and then the hoarse roar of a fall, told the hunters likewise, if their eyes had failed to do so, that they were getting up among the mountains.

"Git out that 'are shot gun o' yourn, Frank," said 'Ky, "we've got to *crawl* up the Long Mountain, anyhow, and ef we put old 'Spot,'" and he pointed to a tall blue-mottled stag-hound, of the old southern breed, which was trotting along lazily, as it seemed, by the side of his friends, the ponies, but keeping up all the ~~time~~

to their best pace, "ef we put old 'Spot' thar into the bush, he'll be skeering out one or two o' them big wood rabbits acrost the track to-rights; and ef we take one or two o' them home for supper, it'll make Hatty feel good, I tell *your*"

"Well," said Frank, uncasing his gun to order, "Hatty must be made to feel good, whatever comes of it. But will 'Spot' condescend to hunt rabbits?"

"'Spot' 'ull hunt anything I tells him to, from a chipmunk or a gray-squir'l, to a big bull moose, or a painter. He'd hunt *you*, ef I tell'd him to. Hie up, 'Spot,' hie up! Skeer out them big jackass rabbits—hie! old hound."

And away, sure enough, went the old dog, as if he understood him, just as 'Ky pulled up to cross a little muddy run at the foot of the steep ascent, which he called the Long Mountain.

As the team paused here, though it was but for a second, the quick eye of the woodsman—and a better than 'Ky Sly never trod forest soil—caught sight of a fresh track in the ooze, by the side of the stream. It was a round cat-like tread, but, unlike a cat's trail, showed the marks of long blunt claws, which did not seem to be retractile, like those of the rest of the race.

"By thunder! who'd ha' thought it, Jack," cried 'Ky, as he examined the recent trail, "there's ben a 'Lusafee'* about this here run, since we come down, this morning. That's what some calls a 'Injun devil,'" he added, turning to Frank, "they're death on rabbits, and fa'ans, and young lambs, anyhow; but I didn't think as there was one so nigh about hum, as this here feller. We must set the boys on to his trail, with the traps, Jack, else he'll be arter them youngest lambs, sartain, when the cold nights come on. Well! get away, put them along a bit, Jack; let them step out, else we'll never git acrost the backbone of the mountain."

Well, not to make a long story, 'Spot' did drive two or three brace of the American varying hares, which had not yet put on their winter clothing, across the road; and Forester had the luck to bag a leash of them, over the heads of the steady canucks, without pulling up; so that everything bid fair for Hatty being made to feel good, and consequently, for the party's meeting a first-rate reception.

By-and-bye, they topped the crest of the Long Mountain, and, under their feet, lay a green-wooded lap, full of birches with their silvery stems, dark purple twigs, and golden yellow leaves, the first to change in autumn of all the

trees of the forest, and the outlet brawling through it, over a pebbly bed, a broad, shallow, turbulent trout stream. Beyond this lovely glen, rose a second low, rounded ridge, covered partly with deciduous trees, partly with lordly pines, above which towered a thin column of blue smoke, in which the hungry voyagers were not slow to decypher the sign of Slyville; but seen beyond the ridge, stretching far away toward the horizon, framed by a ragged boundary of wild and broken mountains, lay a long sheet of burnished silver, crossed by a wavy wake of blazing gold, projected from the red sun, which was sinking in the west, in a flood of dying glory. This was "White Lake," the first of the splendid chain of inland waters, on which the hunters meant, like Earl Percy of old, "their pleasure, three *autumn weeks*, to take."

Down the hill they rattled, and over a clattering wooden-bridge across the outlet, when lo! and behold, from out a white-walled cottage, "all with vine-boughs overrun," which had escaped their notice, lying *perdue* by the water-side, there came forth, by all odds! the most magnificent figure of a woman, one ever set eye on in his life; and tripped lightly up the slope before the drag, without turning her head to look at the fast-approaching wagon, though it came on with clatter enough to wake the dead.

She was very neatly, even coquetishly, dressed, for the backwoods; with a white frock, pink kerchief, and pink sun-bonnet, set rather jauntily on the back of her head. Particularly noticeable were a clean pair of heels, set off by a pair of well put-on, white cotton stockings, and neat low-quartered shoes.

Altogether, Frank marveled. It was exactly one of those figures which set one a dreaming of all sorts of imaginary charms in the unseen face; and put him all agog, till he can fairly envisage the charmer. It was clear, at a glance, that it was not the delicate and rather *petite* person of the pretty hostess, Hatty; and Forester knew also that, save Hatty, there were no other adult members, feminine, of the family at Slyville; wherefore he the more marveled.

"Aha!" said he, "Master 'Ky, I see now why Hatty laid an embargo on us, for to-night. Got company, hey? By Jove, I never saw such a figure as that girl, in my life; and what a stepper, too! You need not have been afraid of our being glad enough to stay, with such a temptation as that, at Slyville. Who is she, 'Ky—is her face up to her figure?"

"Tha-at? oh! tha-at's Nelly," drawled out friend 'Ky. "Her face! wa-al! some thinks it

* "Lusafee," provincial for "*Loup lenier*." The Lynx, "*Felis Canadensis*."

is, and then agin, some thinks it isn't. But for my part, I counts Nelly a pooty nice kind of a chunk of a gal, I doos."

Then came a quizzical glance, which Frank could not exactly fathom, pass between the two brothers-in-law; and Jack Hardyman rolled his quid over in his mouth, as he invariably did, when anything rich was coming. Frank twigged it, and sat expectant, but said nothing. They swept up abreast of the charmer; she turned, dropped a curtesy, and such a smile—so radiant.

"*O Giove Omnipotente!* Oh! by the Thunderer!" as Sly would have translated it. Black as the ace of spades, yet not without a trace of that placid, impassive, massive style of beauty, which one can admire in the Nubian Sphinx; with soft velvety eyes, and dimples, literally overflowing with good-nature.

"How do, Nelly?" said Sly, with a cute glance at Forester. "Ya-as, I call Nelly a pooty nice kind of a chunk of a gal, I doos! and you hadn't need to look so shame-faced, nuther, Frank; you ain't the fust white chap, by a heap, as has been taken in by Nelly's *back*. That's why she never looks around, till the last minnit; and then she's sure to be full of laff, *she is*, to think she's took some one in, sartain."

"She come all-fired near gittin' a white husband, too," said Jack Hardyman, looking back, half-bursting with suppressed laughter, "and a professor, at that too. And she would ha' got him, too, if it hadn't been along of them loco-foco matches as Squire Jem Brown sot off all of a sudden."

"Shet up *your* darned head," said Sly, energetically, dealing his brother-in-law a dig in the short ribs, that would have keeled over the hippopotamus, in the Zoological Gardens, but which produced no effect on that worthy, but an explosion of terrific laughter, and a series of most excruciating winks. "Ef I couldn't talk no better sense nor that, Jack Hardyman, I'd jist keep my head clost, forever."

Frank saw at once, both, that thereby hung a tale, and that this was no time to have it. He determined to bring it out, however, all the same, in due season, and he did draw it too, as those of his readers will soon discover, who will lend him their ears a little longer.

But now the party swept up to the gate opening on the well-kept door-yard of Slyville, and out came pretty, blushing, merry Hatty, with a fat, curly-headed, blue-eyed, *young one*, hanging on to each side of her nicely frilled pink and white gingham apron, on hospitable cares intent; and so, for the time, all was welcomes and intro-

ductions; and Nelly and the story were forgotten, as if they had never been. Supper was served the moment the company entered, consisting of every delicacy that a thriving and well-managed farm can furnish; for it must not be supposed that friend Sly was one of those loafing and never well-to-do specimens of humanity, a mere hunter; far from it, he was a rich thriving farmer, with a splendid tract of above three hundred acres under cultivation, about two-thirds of which are unrivaled meadow and pasture land, by the lake shore; a couple of hundred acres more of first-rate woodland, with the best house, prettiest wife, and finest garden in the country. The road, by which they had come to his house, stopped short by the lake, turned at a right angle to the northward, and went off through the woods to Port something or other, on the St. Lawrence, and thence following the great river, found its way to Ogdensburgh, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, and thence to Oswego and Rochester. Slyville, therefore, being the only convenient house for a hundred miles in any direction, often did duty for a sort of extemporaneous hotel, for the better class of passengers, for which friend 'Ky's purse became all the heavier, and his wife's skill in matters culinary and epicurean, waxed in due proportion.

During supper, which was bountiful as well as dainty, and seasoned with wit as well as good-humor, and a hearty welcome, nothing was said, which bore in any way on the anticipated story, but when they had got stowed away in the chimney-corner with the pipes, and jorums of hot rum, some one made a chance remark concerning the newly organized society of "Know Nothings," as they are called, which is making such a stir in some parts of the country; and Fred Somerton, who is a bit of a politician, asked Jack Hardyman if there were many of them in that part of the country.

"Waal," said Jack, after musing for a moment or two, "I dun' know as there be. I carn't say as we knows *much*, up hereaways in the woods; but most of the folks knows *suthin'*. There's some o' them *Dolittles* left about, I guess, though," he added, with a quizzical look at Hatty.

She blushed up, fiery red, in a minute, with a "Hush't with your nonsense, Jack, you're sech a tease!" and then she simpered, and blushed more, and stole a sly glance at Forester, out of the corner of her bright eye, as if to ask, "are you up to it?" But 'Ky, who sat in the corner, next to Jack Hardyman, repeated the former admonition, by dig in the ribs, No. II., and precisely the same formula which he had used before.

"Shet up *your* darned head, Jack. Ef I couldn't talk no better sense nor that, Jack Hardyman, I'd jest keep my head clost forever!"

Whence Frank concluded that Hatty, and Nelly, and the professor, and the loco-foco matches, and the Dolittles, were in some sort connected; and how they were so, he determined to set himself to find out, right speedily.

Supper passed, bed-time came; and all hands slept like tops, and awoke like giants, refreshed by slumber; and, after a catch breakfast, got under way with the flotilla of birch canoe, clinker built skiff and light batteau, with all the traps on board, and the old hound, 'Spot,' and his younger comrade, 'Ringwood;' and a fresh breeze getting up with the sun, dead astern of them, stuck up their blanket-sails, and went sliding away over the smooth water, dead before it, without the trouble of paddling.

Trolling lines out, was now the order of the day; for they were running just about fast enough to make the bait-fish play beautifully on the swivels; and they had soon on board half a dozen fine silvery lakers, weighing from one-and-a-half to three pounds; and, at last, Frank struck a teaser, that made his click-reel talk Gaelic in great style for twenty minutes; and when he was closely gaffed by 'Ky, he pulled the scale down to an ounce or two below seven pounds.

As the sun got up toward the meridian, the breeze fell, and betaking themselves to the paddles, they made a beautiful wooded island in the mid-lake, covered with a pretty growth of birch, aspens and red alders by the water's edge, and hemlocks and red cedars on the upland, at about two in the afternoon.

Here we halted for nooning, and Uncle Jothe bestirring himself, we soon dined luxuriously on broiled lake-trout and boiled potatoes, a big bag of which had been added to the stores by Sly, with the pork fat which had dripped from the fish, for seasoning. It may be added, however, that while dinner was under way, Frank took a round with Spot and his shot-gun, when much to his astonishment, that omniscient quadruped flushed two couple and a half of cock before him, in easy shot, out of the alders by the shore, which all came to bag; and, afterward, treed a brace of ruffed grouse, which he ignominiously slew sitting.

After dinner, a smoke and a siesta, they got under way again and paddled their best, all hands, till, just at dark, they made "Camping Island," as Sly had christened it, where they found a good shanty ready built, requiring only

a supply of fresh hemlock tips for a bed, and a store of fire-wood, both of which were soon forthcoming under the active ministry of Jothe.

A supper, more elaborate than the dinner, followed. They had a Meg Merrilies' stew, or game chowder, if you will, of fried pork and onions, potatoes, ship-bread, ruffed grouse, and varying hare—they had the big trout, boiled, with a drop of vinegar and salt water for sauce—they had woodcock roasted in the wood ashes—they had a drop of prime French brandy, with their cold lake water, to wash down the substantial, and then they had black tea and pipes, by the blazing watch-fire, in the beautiful calm moonlight, with the delicious air murmuring over them, loaded with aromatic odors stolen from the pines and junipers around. What could they have had better; nay! what half so good, at Delmonico's or the Union Club?

Well, after supper, they were lying off, as they say; and, as I know no other phrase that better exemplifies the thing, why I say so too—when suddenly an idea came into Frank's head, and he started it on the instant. He determined to try the talisman—

"Well, Jack," said he to his next neighbor, "I think, after our hard day's work, we are pretty much all of us '*Dolittles*' now."

'Ky jumped upon his feet, as if a snake had bit him; "Darn your skin, Jack. So you've ben and told the hull raft on 'em that old story, have you?"

"Hain't done nothin' of the kind, nuther," replied Jack Hardyman, stoutly, "but I will to-nights, leastwise if you don't up and tell it yourself. I will, by thunder, 'Ky; and I'll git Frank Forester here, to set it down in that 'are Feeldelphy Magazine, and then the hull country 'll know of your cavortings!"

Thereupon, of course, all joined in chorus, and it was not long before 'Ky had to give up; so after taking a long whiff of his pipe, he lifted up his voice, and narrated as follows:—

"Waal, you see, it was just six years agone, this month—and I was a kinder big lad, een'a-most a man—and I owned all this farm *then*, only my old mother was alive, and she kind o' governed; and old Jothe, he was sort o' prime minister, as they calls it; and I hadn't much to say about the farmin', and that's God's truth, anyhow; leastwise, as far as head-work went; they'd let me plough, when I'd a mind, that's a fact, for I could draw the straightest furr' of all on 'em; and if there was a wild colt to be broke, oh! 'Ky was wanted then, no one could back a vicious one, like 'Ky, for sartin; and if there

was an ugly critter among the cattle, as they was all skeered of, oh! it was 'Ky, he'd go down and tackle the darned beast, sartain. 'Ky warn't afraid o' nothing that went on four legs, nor two, nuther—'Ky warn't. And that's jest the way they soaped me. I was the best shot in the country, and the best rider, and the best oarsman, and the best hunter; and, though I ses it, as shouldn't, I was a long ways off of being the wust farmer; and I was sure one day to be about the biggest land-holder in the town, or the country either, for that matter. But warn't I green, though, in them days—and I thought quite a consid'rbble of myself, too. I had begun to feel my oats, you see, and I wanted to be sparking up to the gals, and I tried to alick myself up some, and I went to singin' school, and I tried my wust, but it wouldn't come to nothin', no how.

"I was kind o' bashful like, the wust kind—I warn't feared 'zactly. I had stood up, rough and tumble, to a bar, and whipped him with my wood-knife, and I'd shot a big painter, afore I was sixteen; and I'd whipped the bully of old Herkimer, down to the court-house, in a fair stand up fight, and I warn't afeard of no man—and I could talk up pooty good too, when there was nothin' but men about. But when it came to the gals, the more I wanted to talk up just the more I couldn't; and they was always pokin' fun at me, and orderin' me about, and it was 'Ky here, and 'Ky thar, all the hull time, and I hadn't a comfort in my life, and they all a'lauffin' at me, all the time; all 'xcept Hatty, you see, for Hatty was always kind o' gentle and kind like; and didn't like to hurt no sort o' creetur's feelins e'en if it was a dumb one's; and a most almighty dumb critter I was them days, and no mistake."

"You was so, 'Ky," put in Jack Hardyman in a consolatory manner, "I mind well—"

"Oh! jest you shut up, *you*, if I wor green, I warn't so orful green as all that comes to; and I never looked one half so spoony as you did, Jack, that time I pitched you stret into the swimmin'-hole afore all the gals, for cuttin' up some o' your shines on me. Waal, to get on, I kind of liked Hatty, and I tried to work up to windward of her some, and one time I kind o' conceit, that she notioned me a bit, and then again I didn't know what to think.

"Waal, Hatty was livin' down then, nigh to the landin', in the big stun house with the great black walnuts in the door-yard; her father he was squire then, and he com' to be judge arterwards. And Hatty, she was the pootiest gal in

the place, and the smartest and the best; and she'd had advantages too, I tell you, Forester; why she was down to Mrs. Willard's, at Troy thar, three quarters; and, when she come back, she knowed everything.

"I tell you she *was* a scholar, and she danced, and played the piano. Oh, I tell you she was a monstrous sight too smart for me, and is now, for that matter.

"But some how she seemed always to have a kind o' sneaking kindness for me, and she was content to have me along side of her, and keep her company, at parties and pic nics and so on, and ef I didn't say much, I liked to look at her, and be near by her; and she didn't snub me like the other gals did; and she seemed to like to have me near *her*, too. And I was happy, now I tell you. I don't know how 'twas you see, for I dont know nothin' about sympathies, and romance and *sich*, but it seems to me, now, as I look back on't, that I jest liked Hatty because it was Hatty; and she liked me, because it was 'Ky."

"That's it, jest," said Jack Hardyman, "and I never did see, what ever she see to like in you, no how."

"Nothing can be more correct or more philosophical, 'Ky," said Forester, "without knowing it, you've hit on the very thought, which some very clever people have called the very finest thought of a great French writer and philosopher."

"Waal, may be 'tis; I don't know nothin' about philosophy nor French, but I do know that, arter all, it's jest as well Hatty *did* like me, for in the eend I guess it was I saved her the heartbreak.

"Waal, bime-bye, thar came news in the village that there was a new dancin' master comin' to teach all on us young folks dancin', and manners, and perlite behavior, and how to stand, and how to walk; jest as if *we* didn't know how to *stand*, as had stud up to better men nor ever filled his shoes—let alone bars and painters—or jest as ef we didn't know how to walk, as could rack off more miles afore breakfast, than he could in a week. And then he was to teach us what to do with our hands—gosh! but I'd like to had my hands under his snoot, the first time as ever I seen him—and how to hand the gals down stairs, and into supper, and how to hoist rum-brellas, and *sich* falderals.

"Waal, he was one Professor Gammut, they called him, but I thought all along he acted more like gammon, but when I sed so they was all down on me right at oncet. And wasn't he *wah*

an elegant gentleman, and hadn't he sich elegant whiskers, and sich dear, sweet mustashers, and sich weeny little feet all in varnished gaiters, and sich white hands, all in yaller kid gloves. Oh! there warn't no sich a man no how, as *Professor Gammut*! Waal, now I can't say but he was a good looking feller, and a genteel looking feller; and he dressed fust rate, in a blue coat with gold buttons, and black cloth pantaloons that sot as tight as wax to a right handsome leg; and his hair, it was all curly like a poodle dog's, and his mustashers oiled as slick as silk—and didn't he dance beautiful! Waal! it must have been a pleasure to folks to see the way him and Hatty used to dance, at the publics, waltzes, and polkas and redowas, and I don't know what all; and it *was* a pleasure to some, I heard say. But it warn't no pleasure to me, I tell you; and I got jealous, and made a fool of myself, as men doos e'en a-most always, when they do git jealous; and I blowed out at Hatty, and gin her a piece of my mind; and she gin me back a piece of her'n, and then I sulked and she sulked; and I left off goin' to see *her*; and I quarreled with Jack here, and she got sad, and I got mad, almost, and things went wuss and wuss, and when we met in the street, she'd look 'tother way—and then I tried to spark Sall Mills, to see if I couldn't set Hatty jealous; but Sall Mills reckoned as she didn't want no other gal's cast-off beaux, and so I gin up. And then news came as Hatty was a goin' to marry the *Professor*, and they was a-most always together like; and I don't know how it was. Hatty she says *now*, as she only carried on so all-fired, to bring *me* to; but if she did that warn't the way; and I sulked jest to bring *her* to, and that warn't the way, nuther. But I do know if she was a-meaning to marry that 'ar scamp—for a scamp he was, and a darned black-hearted scamp too—it was all my own fault; and it was all Heaven's massy as she was saved arter all.

“Waal! I believed as she was a-goin' to marry him, and *Gammut* believed it too, and I got a feelin' so bad, as I couldn't stay to see it, no how. So the folks, at the farm, they wanted a new team of horses, and they'd heerd tell of a fine span someways off in Vermont, beyond Montpelier, and I concluded to go arter them, as a change wouldn't do me no harm, any how. So I up, one fine summer morning, and across the lake, and into Vermont, and away! over the country, arter them 'ar horses. Waal, I found them, and I bought them, and a pretty good bargain I made on them too. So I was a-coming along homeward, one day in my wagon, about

six miles 'tother side of Montpelier, with my old sorrel in the shafts, and the new team hitched on behind, and it was a right hot day, and I was clean tuckered out, and sorrel was tuckered out too, and the new team they was tuckered out, and I was lookin' sharp, I tell you, for some place where I could get a rest, and a bit and a sup for myself, and a drink for the horses, and bime-bye, we came to a poor bit of a ricketty, tumble-down house, as had been better in its day, but the piazza that had half tumbled down, and half the window panes was broken and stuffed up to keep the wind out, with old hats and flannel shirts; and the garden was all gone to rack and ruin, and over the door was a sign, 'Hiram Dolittle, tailor, making, mending, cleaning and repairing,' and by the window was another sign 'Cakes and Beer.'

“So, though it was a mean-lookin' place, I thought I'd go in and take a rest anyhow, and see how the beer 'd go. I went in, and on a sort of bench there was a miserable looking, lean, withered old man a-settin' cross-legged, stitching away, as it was for life; and beside him a tall, thin, yellow, bony woman, een'amost all skin and bone, pressing the seams, as the old man turned them off, with a heavy goose. A half a dozen of the nastiest kind of children, some on them eatin' green apples, and some on them suckin' nasty, unhullsome candies, was all around, about—but there was a kind of something in them children's faces, and in the old tailor's face, as came across my memory, as if it was in a dream. I couldn't tell, if it had been to save me, where I'd seen them 'ere faces; but I *had* seen 'em somewhere afore.

“Waal, the thin, yellow woman, ses she to me, 'What is't, mister?' and ses I, 'I see you sell cakes and beer, and I want to take a rest and a bite and a drop, and to give my horses a drop too, for it's a hot day, ma'am,' ses I, 'and I and my horses we're pooty well tuckered, atween the heat, and the dust, and the want of water.' So, she opened the door for me, into the parlor, and bid me welcome, and sent her biggest boy to water my horses, and brought me the cakes and beer; and though it was all very plain and very poor, it was jest as clean as a new pin, and I could see, in twenty little things, the signs of better times gone by; and the marks of what I didn't know the meaning of then, but Hatty's taught me that since, refinement.

“So I sot, and I sot, and I munched my cakes and sipped the root-beer, and I kept up a most consumed thinking, mostly about Hatty, and what a fool I'd a ben and made of myself, and

sich like. Waal, all at once, I raised up my eyes, and what should I see over the mantel but a picter of the *Professor*—a picter of *Gammut* of Baltimore, here in a poor tailor's shop, 'tother side Montpelier. I rubbed my eyes, and I looked and I looked again, and I raised up and changed the light; but still, there warn't no doubt, it was *Professor Gammut*.

"Waal, I hollered then, as I wanted to pay my bill, and when the thin, yellow woman, she came in, arter I had paid her the bill, ses I, 'Waal, Miss Dolittle, so you've had the *Professor* here! Great man, *the Professor*! Is he any kin o' yourn, *the Professor*, that you keep his portrait here over your chimbley?'

" '*Professor!*' ses she, all in amaze. 'Massy alives! dear man, what *dew* you mean?'

" 'Waal!' ses I, 'may be you'll tell me that aint a portrait of *the Professor*, may be you will, Miss Dolittle.'

" 'Dear man, ses she, what you means on airth, or *under* heavings, by *your professors*, I dun know. That 'are's the picter of my good man, Peleg Dolittle, as was; and as is in Abraham's buzzum, now. He was a good husband, while he lived, and we didn't want for nothin', then. But he went down to York, to git better wages, and he tuk sick and died; and, since that, I'm a poor disconsolate widder; but I'm my Peleg Dolittle's widow still anyhow, and them's Peleg's young ones, tew, as you saw out by yonder; and old man Dolittle he works, and I works, and we manages to make both ends meet somehow. But it's hard work now my Peleg's gone.'

"Waal, I listened and I looked, and at last ses I, 'Then that's not the picter of *Professor Gammut*, Miss Dolittle? I'm to onderstand that, hey?'

" 'Your to onderstand,' ses she, 'as that's the picter of my husband, *as was*, Peleg Dolittle, tailor; and cuss your saace,' ses she, 'the quicker you're out o' my house the better.'

"Waal, I quit I tell you, and the way I came home was a caution, and when I got to the land-in', the first question I asked was, 'Is Hatty Hardyman married to the *Professor*, yit?' and they up and told me she was not—and then I met Jack Hardyman, here, and I up and told him everything jest as it fell out, and he believed me, because I don't lie, and never didn't; and so we laid a plan, and we went up together to old man Hardyman's, and we was shown into the parlor; and there was Hatty and the *Professor*, *tate-aa-tate*, as they calls it, and, when we comes

in, Hatty she rises up, quite pleasant, and ses she—

" 'Why how *do* you *do*, Mister Hezekiah,' ses she, 'why you've ben quite a stranger in our place.'

" 'The young gentleman's ben on his travels, to improve his parts,' ses the *Professor*, with a sneer.

" 'Waal,' ses I, 'I don't know so much about my parts, but I've improved my mind some, since I left. I've larned one or two things.'

" 'Indeed,' ses the *Professor*, 'and if I might be so bold, where did you larn them?'

" 'In Varmont,' ses I, 'way up above Montpelier.'

" 'Ah! indeed,' ses he, like as if it kind o' stuck in his throat, 'and what did you think o' the country up thereaways?'

" 'Oh, for the country,' ses I, 'the country's well enough, but I don't think much of the people no how.'

" 'Why,' ses he, 'what's the matter with the people?'

" 'Oh!' ses I, 'there's too many of them *Dolittles* among them altogether.'

" 'Dolittles,' ses he, 'what d'ye mean by that?'

" 'Oh!' ses I, 'Dolittles, both by name and by game, that's what I mean,' ses I, 'and it's a poor country too. I never seed but one *goose* in the hull on it.'

" 'Only one g—g—goose?' sed he, kind o' stuttering.

" 'Only one goose,' ses I, '*Professor*; and that was in a poor tailor's house, and his name was Dolittle, and thar' was a poor, thin, yellow woman a drivin' that are goose for a livin'.'

" 'Drivin' a goose for a livin', Mr. Hezekiah!' ses Hatty, 'that's a very odd way of makin' a livin', seems to me, Mr. Hezekiah, and a very poor way, too.'

" 'You'd a thought so, Miss Hatty,' says I, 'ef you'd a seen that poor, thin, yellow woman. But she'd a mighty fine picter over her mantel-piece, Miss Hatty. She had now, I tell you, *Professor*, and that was the picter of a Dolittle too, one Peleg, as went down to York to better himself at tailoring, and he tuk sick, and died one day, and left that poor, thin, yellow woman a widder, and them nastiest sort of children—they was almighty nasty children, Miss Hatty,' ses I. 'He left them orphans. But I think he'll come to life agin, one of these here odd days, that Peleg Dolittle, I swon I do,' ses I, '*Professor Gammut*.'

" So the *Professor* he banged up, and, says he, 'I've heerd enough of impudence and folly for

one night; and I hope, Miss Hatty,' ses he, 'when I come next to see you, there'll be no boors here!'

"So he quit; and Jack Hardyman and I told Hatty the hull truth; and atween laffing and crying, there was a high time of it. And we settled, as Jack should go over into Vermont, and see as what I sed was true; and Hatty she was to keep on with the *Professor*, and encourage him any ways and all ways, so as he shouldn't take the skeer, and streak it afore we was ready for him.

"Waal! Jack Hardyman went; and Hatty kept the *Professor* hanging on; and I fixed our plan, right, with Black Nelly and Jem Brown, as was the squire, and when Jack, he came back and reported it all jest so; I'd got it all fixed slick with Jem Brown and Nelly; and Hatty 'd got it all right with the *Professor*.

"You see, Frank, he'd persuaded on her to consent to a run-a-way match, and to be married afore the squire. And Hatty she'd consented; but she was so modest and so shy, that the ceremony it must be done in the dark, and they must meet in the dark, under the big oak tree, in Love Lane, and they mustn't speak never a word, but jest go to the squire's office, and git through with it. And Hatty promised as she'd bring her brother Jack, and a young friend of hers as bridesmaid, and a young friend of Jack's as groomsman; and Jack he was to give his sister away. And all was fixed; and Jem Brown he was consenting; and the very next night was named, at nine o'clock, when the moon would be down, and all as dark as Sodom and Gomorrah.

"Waal! you see, Forester, we'd put Black Nelly up to it, and she was to act Hatty; and we got her up slick I tell you; all in white muslin, stiffed and starched and flounced and furbelowed, with orange flowers in her white bonnet, and a

big thick white veil; and she went, leaning on Jack's arm, and Hatty and I went, arm in arm, together as bridesmaid and groomsman; and that was the first time we'd been arm in arm for many a day.

"Waal! we met at the big oak tree, in Love Lane, and Jack delivered Nelly over to her ardent lovyer. And we see him squeeze her and kiss her more nor twenty times, as we went along; and every time the *Professor* he kissed Nelly, Hatty she pinched my arm, and so we soon came to a kind of right understanding.

"Waal! we got to Squire Brown's office, and all went on right, 'til the ring was on the darkey gal's finger, and all was finished, all but the last words, as would have made them man and wife, for sartain.

"But jest then, Jem Brown he stops short, and begins to hem and ha! and at last, says he, 'Blame it all! I can't recollect nothin' in the dark; I must have a light anyhow, and look at the statoot, else it'll be a weddin' as isn't no weddin', arter all!' and so he sot off about fifty *loco focos* all at oncet, and showed the black face of the bride, and Jack Hardyman, and me, and Jem Brown, and, what was wust of all, Hatty Hardyman, all a laffing at him, fit to kill, and Black Nelly a bustin'—it all comed over him at oncet; and he jest turned as white as ashes, and he made tracks in a minnit, and no one ever heerd tell on him again in these parts; but I guess he went back to Mrs. Dolittle, and all the little Dolittles, and the goose! and I guess he's there yit, ef so be you care to go and look him up, Frank Forester. As for me, why I married Hatty the next week, and I haint repented of it yet, and I guess she haint, neither.

"And that's what I call 'a weddin' as warn't a weddin', and a Yankee dancin' master done.' "

TO BE CONTINUED.

INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
Well are you paired in your opening hour;
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care,
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now,
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the snow-white flower;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart

MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Continued from June Number.

CHAPTER VII.

State of Scotland on Mary's Arrival—Troubles on the score of Religion—She is scarcely allowed to have Mass in her own Chapel—John Knox—Bothwell's Riots—His first attempt to Abduct the Queen of Scots—It is prevented—He is Banished—Beheading of Sir John Gordon in the Queen's presence—The Poet Chastelar.

I find myself
As among strangers; not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where have they vanished?

THE PICCOLONINI.

She entered with a sweet, commanding grace;
Her very presence paradised the place.

TH. HEYWOOD.

THESE lines of Heywood, (addressed to Mary's granddaughter, Elizabeth, who appears to have inherited some of her beauty,) do not make an exactly appropriate motto, inasmuch as Scotland was as little of a Paradise after the queen came into it, as it was before. Still, her first reception was cordial enough. When her unexpected arrival was announced in the Firth by the discharge of cannon, the people of Edinburgh and Leith ran to welcome her. Knox bitterly admits this, and says, "the Protestants were not the slowest." But he consoled himself with the fog that took place at that time, and plainly indicated, he says—except to those who were blind—the sentiment of Heaven respecting her coming into the country, and the evil fortune she brought along with her. The Lord James Stuart, the Duke of Argyll and others, came to conduct the queen to Holyrood; and as there were no wheeled carriages, they were obliged to collect ponies and shelties for the use of Mary and her escort. Her French horses and their housings had been carried away in the ship seized by Elizabeth's cruisers, and she was greatly scandalized by the appearance of the sorry jades provided for the occasion. Brantome says he saw tears of vexation in her eyes. In spite of the shabby cavalcade, however, she received a warm welcome from the citizens of Edinburgh. The several trades came out with bands and musicians, lining

the road by which she passed, and following in her train. She was serenaded at night, in the Palace of Holyrood, by a company of four or five hundred persons from the town, with fiddles and rebecs, who made a very discordant and dreary sort of melody. At the same time, John Knox and some of the preachers sent people to sing psalms. Mary very complaisantly endured all this music for several nights, in the midst of the jests, epigrams and shrugs of her French friends; but was, at last, induced to remove her lodging from the exposed ground-floor to a more retired wing of the palace.

On her arrival, Mary constituted her Privy Council, which consisted of seven Protestants and five Catholics; Hamilton, Duke of Chatelherault; Gordon, Earl of Huntley; Campbell, Earl of Argyll; the earls of Bothwell, Errol, Marischal, Athol, Morton, Montrose, Glencairn, the lords Erskine and James Stuart—the latter, mentioned at the tail of the list, being the real head of it. He was Mary's prime minister, and her secretary of state was Maitland, of Lethington. Both of these were the correspondents and political friends of Queen Elizabeth and her minister, Cecil. From the beginning, the Queen of Scots found herself surrounded by the enemies of her state and religion. Lord James Stuart, now thirty-one years old, was the illegitimate son of James V. and the Lady Margaret Erskine. He was made Prior of St. Andrew's by his father, and in 1548, accompanied the queen, his sister, into France, as we have already said. On his return, perceiving the inevitable growth of the reformation, which promised such solid benefits to the supplanters of a rich church, he joined the reformers, and his subtle brain, aided by the education he had received, gave him a large ascendancy among them. He was a double-faced man through life, and made use of the natural affection of his sister Mary on the one hand, and the support of Elizabeth on the other, for his own aggrandizement. He was a traitor to the Scottish monarchy, and a bloody-minded man, as we shall see. His colleague, Lethington,

five years his senior, was a good scholar, who had studied the law and traveled on the continent. Having yielded to the persuasions of John Knox, the Lords of the Congregation made him secretary of state, in 1558, and he still retained the office. He was the dishonorable correspondent of Cecil, a man of shifts and stratagems, and deeply steeped in all the tragedies of this history. The Earl of Morton, another of the homicides, was nephew of the banished Earl of Angus, Darnley's grandfather. He had lived in poverty, till the rebellion of the nobles enabled him to come again to Scotland and claim some of the estates of his house. He was a Protestant, and always at the service of the Queen of England. The Earl of Bothwell, one of the strongest adherents of the queen, was also a Protestant, and chief of the clan of which John Knox was born a vassal. The Earl of Huntley, head of the family of Gordon, was likewise on the side of the queen. The Earl of Argyll, and the lords Lindsay and Ruthven, were Protestant partizans of the staunchest order. These were the men who acted the most prominent parts on the Scottish stage at that time; and, on a level with them all, stood John Knox, a spirit suited to that fierce age of controversy.

Mary had not been a week in Scotland, when she had a foretaste of what she was to undergo. On Sunday, 24th of August, the ceremony of the mass was disturbed in her chapel, by a mob set on by Knox and headed by Lord Lindsay, who, with a sword in his hand, stood at the door threatening the lives of the idolatrous priests. It was with difficulty that the Lord James could save the latter from violence. The queen was deeply offended, and her French friends wished themselves well out of such a terrible country. Mary was next called on to fight a theological duel with John Knox, in an interview, of which the Lord James was the sole witness, and which Knox himself has recorded. She began by reproaching him for writing his "Trumpet Blast against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." He defended his book. One Englishman, he said, wrote against it; but he had not read him. He still thought himself more able to sustain his own arguments in that book, than any ten men in Europe were to confute him.

"Then, ye think that I, as a queen, have no just authority," said the young lady.

In reply to this simple thrust, Knox swerved aside into the subject of expediency, which teaches people to bear with what cannot be remedied. Mary listened, and then replied—

"You have taught the people to receive

another religion than the one their princes allow. God commands subjects to obey their rulers."

"If the seed of Abraham were of Pharaoh's belief, or if the men of the Apostles' time were of the religion of the Roman emperors, what religion should we have now in the world?" retorted the reformer, happily enough.

"But none of them raised the sword against their princes," resumed Mary.

Knox was not so happy now in his reply, and the queen was obliged to bring him back to the point—of the sword. Then, being at bay, the old man gave utterance to sentiments which, in a latter age, rung the knell of her grandson.

"Yes," he said, "the sword should be used, if princes exceed their bounds." Knox pushed St. Paul aside and anticipated St. Just. The queen listened, turned pale, and remained without speaking for a quarter of an hour. Lord James asked her if she were ill, whereupon she wept a little; but, drying up her tears, she said, looking at Knox—

"Then, I perceive my subjects are to obey you, and not me."

Knox disclaimed this, but said princes and people should be subject to God, who has commanded queens to be nursing mothers of the church.

"Yes," retorted the young lady, with her usual plainness—"but ye are not the church that I will nourish."

"Your will, madam, is no reason; neither does your thought make that Roman harlot to be the true spouse of Christ."

Knox tells us that this was his reply. But we hardly think he answered so rudely. He exaggerated his report, probably. Other passages followed, and all ended as such arguments usually do. Knox having withdrawn, declared he found in her a proud and crafty wit and an indurate heart. Randolph, writing of the interview, said the reformer knocked so hastily on the queen's heart (a vivid expression!) that he made her weep: and Maitland of Lethington said Knox should have behaved more gently toward her—an unpersuaded princess, who, in her comporting with him, had shown a wisdom far exceeding her years. Buchanan, also, alluding to Mary, as she was at this time, says—

"Furthermore, beside the variety of her dangers, the excellency of her mien, the delicacy of her beauty, the freshness of his blooming years, and the excellency of her wit, all joined in her recommendation. There was every appearance of virtue in her, and a similitude of something

very worthy; but, (mark his conclusion!) of course, it was all deception, though very agreeable to the vulgar."

These words are highly significant of what the Queen of Scots truly was, and just as significant of the character of poor Buchanan.

Being resolved to support her authority, Mary now issued a proclamation that her chaplains should not be molested; and this was obeyed so cheerfully, that Knox said people were bewitched by the queen. As if to confirm this, the city of Edinburgh made a complimentary pageant, in honor of Mary and her kinsmen, the Guises. She and they rode through the city under triumphal arches, in the midst of masquers, morris-dancers, shows and allegories. At the Butter Tron of the city, there was an arch on which were children singing psalms; and one of these addressed some verses to the queen, and presented her with a Bible and Psalter. At the first, which was flattering, the queen smiled, says Knox; but at the last she frowned. If she did look grave, we may be sure it was because the bairn talked like a young John Knox about the book. John also records with horror that she gave the two large books to be carried by her page Erskine—a pestilent Papist, as any in Scotland. A little farther on, the reformers had prepared the death of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, for idolatry; and they were next to have the burning of a priest at the mass, when the stout Earl of Huntley rode up and swore they should not insult their sovereign in that manner. Ambling along on her palfrey, Mary witnessed several other spectacles, followed as she went by a cart containing the propine or gift of the city, and conveying also some singing children. When she had reached Holyrood, a deputation of citizens came and carrying this propine, which was a double-gilt cupboard, into the hall, prayed her to accept it, and said it had cost 200 marks. No doubt this pageant was as much a punishment as a pleasure to the young queen.

Next day Mary gave a grand entertainment to the nobles of her court, and on that occasion set forth her fine French furniture, carpets, mirrors, plate and vessels, with the most splendid effect. Never did Holyrood look so gay; and John Knox groaned horribly over the festivities and fascinations.

"Such French fiddlers and fillocks," he says, "and skipping not very comely for honest women;" and he records, with a sneering severity, the young queen's observation, that "she saw nothing in Scotland but gravity, which repugned her nature, for she was brought up in joyousi-

tie." Mary's uncle, the Grand Prior, now returned to France with Damville and Chastelar, (D'Aumale had gone back in the vessel that brought him over,) and the reformers began anew to protest against the mass. Randolph, the English envoy to Scotland, acted in concert with them, and encouraged their disaffection by the distribution of Elizabeth's gold—as we know from his correspondence.

In September, to dissipate her anxieties, the queen undertook a progress through the country to visit the royal palaces and towns, her uncle, the Marquis D'Elbœuf, the Lord James, and all her lords and ladies accompanying her on horseback, in gay and gallant order. But surprises, outcries and violence were mingled with the pleasures of her tour. One night, at Stirling, the whole court were roused by screamings of alarm from the queen's apartment, and the attendants, running to her assistance, found her bed in a blaze—the curtains having taken fire from a taper which had burned near them. She had scarcely recovered from this shock, when, one Sunday morning in the chapel, she found herself in the midst of a wild tumult of her nobles with drawn swords, because she had ordered mass and was going to attend it. The Lord James and the Duke of Argyll, her Justice General, rushed in and so mauled her chaplains in her presence, that priests and clerks fled from their places with broken heads. Randolph calls this fine sport, and says Mary shed a few tears. If she could have clearly foreseen to what all this violence was to lead, she would have shed a great many. From Stirling she went on to Perth, and there she was made to suffer also. As she entered the town she was greeted with some of those rude religious shows which usually insulted her creed, and which she certainly disliked with the Catholic spirit of a Guise. From fatigue and vexation—such as afterward prostrated her at Jedburgh, as we shall see—she fainted on her palfrey in the street, and was borne insensible into her palace. Randolph says she was subject to such faintings after unkindness and grief of mind. She soon recovered and traveled on, well received by the people, but (says John Knox,) under the displeasure of God—seeing that a great many fires broke out at that time, in the places she passed through. When she returned to Edinburgh, she put a stop to the carting and branding of some poor priests; "and so," groans John Knox, "the devil got freedom again!"

In the beginning of October, the English ambassador demanded her acceptance of the Treaty of Edinburgh. She had a council now, and for-

All the historians have presented him in the light of a menial and mere musician; but he was certainly the confidant and amanuensis of his mistress in her most important correspondence, which no Scot in her distracted kingdom would or could have carried on. Signor David seems to have soon begun to discharge his various duties, and, at the solemn dirge which the queen ordered to be chanted in her chapel, for her dead husband, on the anniversary of his decease in December, the Piedmontese sung in the choir. Mary's nobles regarded these things with dislike, and though she requested that those coming to court would appear in mourning, they refused, nor could she so much as persuade the Earl of Bothwell—who had not yet been arrested for the Arran conspiracy.

In the beginning of 1562, Mary's uncle, the Grand Prior, being on his way to France, passed through London and visited Elizabeth, desiring to bring about an amicable understanding between the queens. He was cordially received, and reported favorably of Elizabeth's disposition in the matter. In May, Mary sent her Secretary of State, Lethington, to London to arrange the preliminaries of an interview with her "darrest suster and consignace." The Queen of Scots certainly desired to be on good terms with Elizabeth, and would naturally count on her own pleading of her right of blood, in a *tête à tête* with that queen. But the latter was always sternly resolved to keep the Scottish sovereign at arm's length—always fearing her influence among the English, especially the Catholics, and also somewhat jealous of the personal celebrity of Mary. But on this occasion she gave Lethington to understand she would go to York to meet her kinswoman; and the latter gave joyous orders for the movement of her court and nobles to the south. In the midst of her preparations, Sir Henry Sydney came with a letter from Elizabeth, to say she could not "bide tryst;" and Mary read it with tears in her eyes. Elizabeth pleaded that the doings of the Council of Trent, under Pius IV., filled her, as a Protestant princess, with too much anxiety and distrust, to leave her free to enjoy the anticipated pleasure. The interview was put off till the next summer. But neither summer nor winter was ever destined to see those rival queens look on each other's faces or clasp each other's hands.

The year 1562 was marked by a proceeding on the part of Mary, for which she is blamed by the majority of her biographers. This was the executions and forfeitures of the Huntley Gordons. The history of this affair, however is only one

more proof of the helplessness of the young queen in the midst of her nobles. Since her coming into Scotland she had been swayed by her half-brother, the Lord James Stuart, who sought in the confusions of the time, the means of building up his own fortunes. He had just married the daughter of Keith, Earl Marischal, after having deserted his first wife, and had induced the queen to create him Earl of Mar. He now coveted the rich earldom of Murray, resting in legal abeyance and held irregularly by Huntley in whose family it had long been. He relied upon the interested favor of the poor queen, who felt herself bound to him for protecting her private chapel and saving the lives of her priests; and set before her the refractory conduct of Huntley, who had refused to vacate the disputed earldom. He pointed to the fact that two of the earl's sons were married to the daughters of the Duke of Chatelherault, then under a cloud of royal displeasure, and thus succeeded in exciting in her mind an angry feeling against the Gordons. The latter spoke of defending their patrimony with sword and buckler; and just at this crisis, Sir John Gordon, of Findlater, Huntley's son, stabbed Lord Ochiltree (with whom he had a dispute about land) in the street of Edinburgh—an act denounced by Mar and others as heinous and law-defying. Sir John was arrested and confined in the Tolbooth; but he contrived to escape and took refuge in the midst of his clan. The queen was now persuaded to undertake a royal *eyre* to administer the law in the northern part of the country, and include the Gordon district in the circuit. On her progress she visited several castles of the nobility, and was met by the Earl and Countess of Huntley, who prayed her to visit Huntley Castle. But the Earl of Mar led her to believe the Gordons meditated some violence against her train; and, in some histories of the time it is asserted, with a show of truth, that Huntley was resolved to deliver her from her brother, Lethington and the rest, and thus make a *coup d'état* after the wild fashion of the period. Mar, being wary, persuaded the queen to distrust the Gordons; and, refusing the invitation, she passed on to Tarnaway, the chief house of the Murray Earldom. Here she held a council, in which her brother, who had his patent ready, first sat as Earl of Murray. Thence Mary journeyed to Inverness, the castle of which, garrisoned by a few of Lord Gordon's people, refused to admit her. The country was raised by Murray's order, and the place was surrendered. At this time the queen underwent much fatigue on horseback, marching through a wild country,

in the midst of alarms, and expecting the ambushes or onsets of the Gordons. She liked the exercise and excitement, and exhibited the bold spirit for which her uncle Balafré had once complimented her. Randolph, who accompanied this warlike *eyre*, says she "repented nothing, but that she was not a man (the sentiment also of the gentle Desdemona!) to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword."

Huntley and his son were now summoned to appear before the queen's council. But they fled to their fastnesses, knowing they had no mercy to expect from Murray; and were, therefore, put to the horn. The old earl sent his countess to make an explanation before the queen, but Murray refused to admit her; his offer to abide a trial before the peers of parliament was also rejected. Then calling his clan together, he marched at the head of five hundred men toward Aberdeen, where the queen lay, guarded by the Earl of Murray with two thousand soldiers. Huntley was attacked by his fierce rival and defeated at the rivulet of Carrachie. He and his sons, Sir John and Adam, were taken prisoners; but the old chief did not survive the day of battle. Buchanan says that, being a corpulent man, he was smothered in the press. But the Gordons always said, and perhaps truly, that he was strangled by Murray's people, who knew what would please their commander. When Mary heard of the death of Huntley, and was piously requested by Murray to convene a council to give public thanks for such a mercy, she frowned on the messenger, and for a time showed a dark countenance to those about her. She grieved to hear of the death of her mother's old friend and champion, and secretly lamented the stern coercion under which she was acting. The all-powerful Murray now ordered Sir John Gordon, a loyal subject, and, if tradition speak true, an admirer of his beautiful queen, to be brought into Aberdeen, bound like a felon, and tried for treason. He was quickly found guilty, and beheaded on a scaffold in front of the house in which the queen lodged, Murray obliging Mary to go to the balcony and witness his punishment. Sir John, as he stood on the platform, saw her, and kneeling down, looked toward her with a gesture which plainly besought her queenly mercy. But she was helpless. Sobbing bitterly, she saw the executioner strike an uneffectual blow, which covered his face with blood; she heard the groanings and cries of the populace, and then,

with a shriek of horror, sank into a swoon. Six of the clan Gordon were hanged on that day; and Murray was preparing to send young Adam Gordon also to the scaffold, in his seventeenth year, when the queen, with a wild effort at independence, absolutely forbid it; and the youth was preserved to see better days and the restored honors of his house. The new Earl of Murray was now enabled to enjoy the broad lands for which he had enacted such atrocities, and the Chancellorship of Scotland, held by Huntley, was at his instance given to James Douglas, Earl of Morton, subsequently, like Murray himself, one of the bitterest and bloodiest of Mary's enemies.

Heavily and sorrowfully did Mary turn away from Aberdeen. With the loud *coronach* of the Gordons in her ears, and the omens of Sir John's fate attending her steps and overshadowing her thoughts, she entered Montrose, where suddenly her old poet-admirer, Chastelar, stood before her. Did she foresee that he too, in a short space, should lay his bloody head on the block, and with his last word and look, reproach her too fatal, too fascinating beauty? She apparently did not; for she gave him a cordial welcome, and listened with interest to his intelligence from France. At his first audience, he presented to her a letter which set a great many heads speculating as to its contents, seeing that it was long, and that the perusal of it seemed to give her satisfaction. They said it was a letter of love and compliment from the Mareschal Damville. It is not probable, however, that Chastelar came so far on such a light errand; and it is very likely that as much religion and politics as love was contained in that missive. At all events, this distinguished messenger was admitted to society of the queen, and soon enjoyed her confidence. He had brought with him "a book of his own making, written in metre," and presented it to her; and as she also had the tastes and pretensions of a poet, derived from James I. of Scotland, and that simple old René of Provence, who consoled himself for the loss of Naples in the composition of a poem, she allowed herself, in her frank sympathy with a lyric follower of the Muses, to forget in some degree the distance between them—just as she had previously waived her dignity in wishing for the experience and steel-jack of a man-at-arms. She would cheerfully respond to the poet's conceits, devices, and stanzas, by others of her own, and, giving way to the natural vivacity of her disposition, would allow him to accompany her on the lute when she sang in the circle of her

friends, and sometimes accept him as partner in the dance. This seems to have made the passionate young Frenchman presumptuous—according to the accounts that have reached us respecting him—and yet another tragedy was soon destined to mark the course of Mary's eventful career.

Meanwhile, the Council of Trent was in session, and France, as well as England and Scotland, was agitated by the religious dissensions of the time. Queen Elizabeth was alarmed by the menaces of the Popish princes, and turned a hostile aspect on the Guises, then all-powerful in France under Charles IX. In the beginning of 1563, Mary sent her secretary, Lethington, to London for the purpose of bringing about a reconciliation between her kindred and that queen. She also gave him orders to watch the proceedings of the English parliament respecting the succession of the crown. He was to appear before the houses, if need were, and publicly protest against any act which should set aside her claim. Mary's persistence in this pretension forms a remarkable feature in her character, and should be remembered as the chief cause of the hostility which was so fatal to her. Nothing ever stirred the anger of Elizabeth so much as the idea that Mary should have her eye so pertinaciously fixed upon the seat she sat in. At this time the Queen of Scots wrote letters secretly to the Pope, the Council of Trent and the Guises, declaring her obedience to the church, and her resolution to die rather than surrender any of her religious principles. She apologises for not having sent any of her prelates to the Council, but says she will strive to make them obey its decrees. The truth was, Mary wished to temporise—not desiring to do anything which may injure her pretensions in the minds of the English people, or raise a storm against her in Scotland. But circumstances made her caution of little avail, and in her own kingdom in particular, she was exposed to the fierce discontents of the reformers.

After her return from her progress, we find John Knox once more in flouting contact with the queen—scoffing at her “flinging and dancing” in the most sardonic manner, and turning the amusement of the court into vexation and tears. He got into the pulpit and inveighed against those unseemly proceedings, as a show of rejoicing over the success of the Guises and the grief of the French Protestants—quoting the story of Herodias, who danced off the Baptist's head. This was reported to the queen, who being displeased, sent for the preacher, and

in presence of Murray, Morton, Lethington and her ladies, asked him what he meant by insulting her from the pulpit. John, seeing so many of his friends present, was confident in his reply. He went over what he had said in the church, and Mary, listening calmly, did not seem to take the matter as affecting herself in any way, and said she was displeased with those who gave a different version. Knox, however, wishing to qualify his disclamation, went on to say that he did not absolutely damn the custom of dancing, unless people danced as the Philistines did, when God's people were overcome. In the latter case, they would certainly have their fitting reward—drink in the bottomless pit! “That,” added the theologian, “is nearly what I said.”

“It is certainly bitter language enough, Master Knox,” returned Mary, smiling coldly, “ye have said your say, and may now retire. And yet, stay,” added she, looking up from the piece of embroidery that had occupied her fingers during the interview—“we are not minded to blame ye for opposing our kinsmen of the House of Lorraine—they and you having different religions and different ideas; but we wish rather ye should address yourself to us, and when ye see anything ye mislike, come and tell us and ye shall be heard.”

Knox, turning round, replied that he was bound to consider her uncles the enemies of Jesus Christ; that if she would appoint a day, he would come to explain his doctrines; but that he could not afford to come and spend his time hanging about the ante-chamber. “Indeed,” added he, “I am not sure people are not at this moment blaming me for quitting my book and waiting upon the court.”

To this declaration the queen merely replied: “Ye cannot be always at your book!” giving him his dismissal with a half contemptuous movement of her hand. Mary's services of the mass were as harshly treated as her balls. One of her chaplains got a grievous cuff in the dark at Holyrood; and her minstrels and singers—Scotch and French—were so terrified, that they refused to chant on Christmas Day. A scarcity of food, which then began to be felt in Scotland, was solemnly attributed, by Knox, to the wrath of Heaven against the feasting and banqueting of the court. God, he said, had struck the earth wherever that wicked woman had gone, and cursed the fruits thereof.

Such was the terrible theology of the Scottish reformers; and such was the unhappy condition of the young queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chastelar's Love and Madness—He intrudes into the Queen's Chamber—Is Seized, Tried, and Executed—Knox opposes the Queen's Proposed Marriage—Angry Dialogues—Mary's mode of Life—Queen Elizabeth's Jealous Coquetry—She interferes in the Marriage Question.

Ich habe genossen das irdische gluck;

Ich habe gelebt und geleibet.

I've known the good that earth can show;

I've lived and loved—and die.—THEKLA.

Oh, who will bake my bridal bread,

And brew my bridal ale?—OLD BALLAD.

As the history of Mary Stuart progresses, marked with the destruction of those who stood near her and surrendered their hearts to her, we are compelled to think of that prediction of Nostradamus, made in the court of France during her girlhood. She had the fatal gift of beauty, which the poet ascribes to Italy. After the blood of Sir John Gordon, came the blood of Chastelar. A few months after the time of the Aberdeen tragedy, this impetuous poet met his doom. He was of a noble family, nephew of the Chevalier Bayard, and, as we have said, a favorite at the Scottish court. The queen was accustomed to take pleasure in his conversation, for he spoke and wrote admirably in the elegant language she loved so well; and her condescension and her beauty had at last the effect of setting him beside himself. One night, at Holyrood, the attendants of the queen were setting her bed in order for her repose, when they were startled by the apparition of the bard behind the hangings. They afterward reported that he was armed with a sword. On being discovered, he retired hastily and in confusion. The fright of the ladies was very great, and after a consultation, they agreed to say nothing about the matter till next day. When Mary heard of it she sent the discarded youth a message, ordering him to quit Edinburgh. She had probably become aware of his wild attachment, and feared he was about to become as mad as Lord Arran. A day or two, subsequently, being on her way to St. Andrew's, she rested at Burntisland, and at night, retired to her chamber, with her women. But she had scarcely entered, when she was surprised and offended to see the irrepressible Frenchman issue from behind the arras, and endeavor, in an incoherent way, to make an explanation and ask forgiveness. The alarm of the queen and her women brought others to the spot, and Mary, in a paroxysm of anger, bid them strike him with their daggers. But Murray rescued him, saying it would not be for her honor to slay him without investigation. He was brought to a

public trial at St. Andrew's, examined by the judges, and found guilty of twice intruding into the queen's chamber. For this the penalty was death, and they condemned him to die. Much intercession was made to procure his pardon from the queen; and gladly would she have let him go. But she was no more free to show mercy in this case, than in that of Sir John Gordon. A whisper had gone abroad that she must have encouraged him, and a pardon would have justified suspicion. It is stated that young Erskine, a cousin of Mary's attendant, Captain Erskine, tried to win over the jailer who had Chastelar in keeping. But the keeper was Murray's man, and he held his prisoner fast. In a few days—ten days subsequently to the offence—the unhappy poet was brought out of his cell to be beheaded. He kept up his courage to the last—as gallantly as the bold Estrampes, lately executed in the Island of Cuba—walking from his prison to the scaffold in the midst of Murray's guards, and reciting part of Ronsard's Ode to Death, as something suitable to his condition. Perhaps he was buoyed up, to the last, by some hope of a pardon. But if his ear continued open for the word of mercy, he was disappointed, for it never came; and the head of the gay, high-spirited bard and lover rolled on the scaffold. In this affair, the enemies of Mary have tried to implicate her in something wrong. Knox improved the occasion, with a stern joy. He said Chastelar got the reward of his dancing, and also asserted the queen had been too familiar with him, and allowed him to kiss her. But no one else has stated such a thing. Randolph, the English spy, who would have given his best horse for such a little fact, does not mention any matter of the kind. It was not brought out on Chastelar's examination. Knox was certainly too severe. He should have had more consideration in respect of the tender passion, seeing that he himself, a gnarled specimen of humanity, at the dry age of fifty-eight, was on the point of wedding the daughter of Lord Ochiltree, a sonsie, budding lass of nineteen years. The kiss is "not proven." In the midst of her women and servants, we may be sure the queen, even if she desired it, could have no opportunity for such an indulgence. But the death of the poor poet was a tragic piece of business, and proves the savage spirit of the time. Chastelar probably suffered for something more than his passion. He was suspected of being a Catholic emissary. Murray well knew that Mary was disposed to hold secret intercourse with people coming from the continent. The year before, she had received the

Pope's legate in her cabinet; and Randolph and Murray, going there unexpectedly, the matter was discovered. But Murray at that time exerted himself to protect the envoy and the queen, and acted so astutely that she agreed to give him the Earldom of Murray, and quell the Gordons. On the mere grounds of insult offered to the queen in her chamber, the punishment of Chastelar was certainly disproportioned to the offence.

The trouble of Mary's mind, in the midst of such events, was increased by the death of her two powerful uncles—the Duke of Guise and the Grand Prior, the former of whom had been assassinated by Poltrot. She went to her chamber and wept to think she had now so few true friends left in the world. Knox and the reformers, at the same time, kept up an outcry against the Catholics, and tried to hinder the performance of their ceremonies, in the Easter of 1563. The queen had an interview with Knox, and tried, by several arguments and the present of a rare watch, to mollify him. In the May of this year, Mary presided at the opening of the Scottish parliament in the Tolbooth. The ceremony was conducted with a great deal of pomp, and as she threw off her mourning-dress for the first time, and for that day, the bloom of her youthful beauty, heightened by the lavish adornments of dress, excited the general admiration—save in the mind of one man. John Knox looked upon this splendid show of authority with disgust. The hall was crowded with elegantly dressed women, who had come to do honor to their queen's pageant; and such was the blaze of feminine ornament and loveliness, that the stern old man could not contain himself.

"Such stinking pride of women," he says, "as was seen at that parliament, was never before seen in Scotland."

He records the "targatting (fringing) of their tails," as a thing which should provoke the vengeance of God. He also says that bills were at that time proposed in parliament for the reformation of dress and other enormities of the kind; but, deplorable to tell, "all was scripp'd at;" even Murray himself exhibited an indifference in the matter, highly reprehensible.

This parliamentary occasion, as has been said, was a very grand one. Mary, who usually used the French language, now made an effort to speak in the Scottish mode, and this created a great enthusiasm in her favor. But Knox scoffed at her speech, called it a painted oration, and ridiculed those who, on listening to it, cried out *Vox Dianæ!*—the voice of Diana! The flatteries of that day were mingled with much bit-

terness. The queen was obliged to give her consent to a penal law against the Catholic priests. When she pleaded for the liberty of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and others of the old clergy, Murray and the rest withstood her; and she wept bitterly, as Randolph tells us, to find her authority of so little avail. Since her coming to Scotland, her tears were accustomed to flow frequently and freely. At this meeting of her parliament, she protested in a decisive manner against the fatal Treaty of Edinburgh.

The question of her marriage had now been agitated for some time, giving rise to a number of rumors and intrigues. Philip II. of Spain, desired to wed her to his son, Don Carlos; the Queen Mother recommended the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor of Germany. Elizabeth, on her side, looked on these things with dislike, fearing that the league of any of the continental crowns with that of Scotland, may cause the Catholic cause to triumph in the latter kingdom, and perhaps in England. Her ministers kept up an active correspondence with her northern pensioners. Secretary Cecil fired the spirit of John Knox—which, however, stood in no need of firing; and the latter, always an English stipendiary, lifted up a voice equal to "the noise of six hundred blustering trumpets." He found the queen's marriage condemned in the Old Testament, and loudly let all Scotland know that God's vengeance would fall on the country, if they allowed the sovereign to wed a Papist. This made a great noise, and the poor young queen grew angry. She sent for the pious firebrand, and received him in her own cabinet, along with Erskine of Dun, a mild Protestant of the Melancthon order.

As her enemy entered, she began—Knox himself tells us—by exclaiming that never princess was so used as she was. She had offered him presence and audience, she said, whenever he would, and yet she could never get quit of him. "And at these words,"—he goes on, with the grim hard pleasantry of his kind,—"scarcely could Marnock, her secret chalmers-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the owling, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech." Never, certainly, in any royal biography, do we find anything more extraordinary than these interviews between John Knox and Mary Stuart;—the descendant of Norman William and Charlemagne overborne in her own palace, and as it were, on her throne, by the son of a Scottish peasant, and willing to move him by her tears! With the pride of a Hildebrand, Knox now glanced round at the consternation he had

occasioned, and said:—"May it please ye, madam, to believe if ye could once be delivered from the bondage of that error in the which ye live, ye would cease to be offended by my speech. For, save in the pulpit, there be not many who find offence in me; but in that place, I must obey the Almighty, and speak plainly and without fear of man."

"But what have ye to do with my marriage?" cried Mary, interrupting him, and flashing on him a displeased look, through her tears. The question was a direct one—calculated by its simplicity, to check the logician for a time; and so Knox wandered a little in his reply.

"What have ye to do with my marriage, man?" again asked the queen, steadily and coldly. "What are ye in the commonwealth, that ye speak in this manner?"

"A subject of it, madam," returned the old man, now speaking with decision, "and although I am neither earl nor baron in it, yet God has made me no unprofitable member of the same. Whenever the nobility of this realm shall consent you shall be subject to an unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lies to renounce Christ, and perhaps, in the end, do small comfort to yourself."

At these words, says Knox, the owling and weeping were renewed, and Erskine interposed to speak gently to the queen, and entreat her to be calm—Knox all the while standing severely by. When he saw her grow more composed, he addressed her, in a condescending way, to say he did not desire to see the weeping of any of God's creatures; that he had boys to bring up, and whenever he beat them, he took no pleasure in their tears; with more in the same pathetic and fatherly style. Mary, however, did not seem touched by it. She made no reply, but signified that he should leave her presence—go out of the room; which he did—Erskine remaining to soothe her, and Lord John of Coldingham, (who had threatened to stab some of those insolent preachers,) going in to see what was the matter. When the dour old carle had come out into the ante-chamber where many of the nobles and gentlemen were standing, he found, as he himself tells us, that they looked at him, as if they had never seen him before. They knew from the raised voices, that he had been saying something savage. So that, when he saw no one cared to talk to him, he turned short on his old enemies, the ladies, who were sitting round the room in their gay dresses, and began to worry them.

"Oh, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours, if it should forever abide, and that we

might pass into heaven with all this gay gear. But fie upon that knave, Death, who will come, whether we will or no, and when he has laid in his arrest, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, and the silly soul, I fear, will be so feeble that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targatting, pearl nor precious stones."

The fright and displeasure of the ladies at this address, may well be imagined, and also the good-will with which some of the younger gentlemen present would see the moralist whipped out of the palace—if any one would but undertake the task.

At this time, Lethington, who had been in France on the queen's business, returned, bringing with him some pictures, furniture and dresses which Mary had ordered. The latter were extremely rich and beautiful; and as she still wore mourning for Francis, it was naturally concluded those gay garments were procured for her approaching wedding. As Lethington came through London, he heard that the Earl of Bothwell was in Elizabeth's custody, having, in his escape from Scotland, been wrecked on the Northumbrian coast, and put into an English prison. The secretary interceded for him, and Mary wrote to Elizabeth requesting a safe-conduct for him to France. He was accordingly liberated and sent across the narrow seas. The Queen of Scotland, who had refused every suit made on his behalf, and disregarded letters which he himself had written, took possession of the Castle of Hermitage and placed it in the custody of other hands.

The records of that time, which have come down to us, show that Mary was fond of quitting the low-seated and unhealthy Palace of Holyrood, and renovating her health and spirits by her exercise on horseback, whether in royal progresses, huntings or eyres. It is interesting to consider the private circumstances and habits of the Queen of Scots. She loved equestrian exercise and dancing. If this last, as John Knox would assert, was sinful, Elizabeth was equally culpable, for she practiced her pavaues, brawls and galliards, to the grave. Like Elizabeth, Mary was fond of study also. She read Livy and Tacitus, with George Balquhanan, (whom she had gifted with the Abbey of Crossraguel,) marked whatever in these writers suited her tastes or circumstances, and loved to exercise her mind with what were called "devices," such as the French writers of the time considered the first exercises of the human wit. The making of modern seals with mottos will give some idea of this amusement. Mary had a library, in which

the poets had a conspicuous place, "twa gloib-bis, the ane of the Heaven, the other of the Earth," charts, maps and pictures for her walls. She introduced the plaiting of straw bonnets from France, had two elymosinars to distribute her alms and establish an advocate for the poor, whose business it was to defend them in the court of session. In her court she kept her four *Maries*—Beton, Seton, Livingstone and Fleming, with other ladies, demoiselles and maidens. For these she had provided fitting garments, horses and housings; and they were in the habit of accompanying her in all her journeys. The queen's ordinary wearing gowns were made, some of chamlate, some of damask, and some of Florence serge, bordered with black velvet. Her riding cloaks and skirts were of black serge of Florence, stiffened in the neck and other parts with buckram, and mounted with passaments (lace) and ribbons." Household books speak of her board-cloths, tapestry, Turkey carpets, (a novelty in a country where rushes were still strewn upon the floors of noble houses,) vessels of glass, chairs, stools covered with velvet, basquines, doublets and skirts. The basquines were jackets or corsets. The use of the corset had been brought into France from Italy, by Catharine de Medecis, and had become the fashion. But neither Diana of Poitiers nor Mary Stuart, it is said, wore them. These corsets were of steel, and very cumbrous to those who made use of them. Mary would be disposed to rely upon her natural symmetry, though it is not to be doubted that she wore a jacket of softer materials—showing the fashionable long waist of that time, so like that of our own day. She loved the game of chess, in spite of its traditions; but better loved hunting, archery, shooting at the butts and hawking. She was also fond of horticulture. She had gardens attached to all her palaces, in which she cultivated rare flowers from France; and she considered it one of her duties to plant a tree, wherever she had a fair opportunity. She had a hereditary love of music, and played the virginals—like Elizabeth—very well for a queen. She entertained half a dozen players on the fiddle, other players on the lute, virginals and bagpipes, and singers and organists, both for social and sacred music. She also maintained a portrait painter, Jean de Court, paying him about one thousand dollars a year. Her royal establishment was, in a great measure, supported by her jointure, as Queen Dowager of France, and her expenses were very strictly regulated. A Frenchman, M. Pinguillon, was the head of her household, and his book, still preserved,

shows how it was managed. Every person, from Madame de Briante, the French governess, who had come with Mary to Scotland, down to the queen's fool, Jacqueline, had a fixed allowance of bread, meat, wine, candle-light, coals and other articles. Mary's own table was supplied and served on the same principle of care and economy.

Toward the close of 1563, the Queen of Scots found herself sorely persecuted by the despotic John Knox, and was very sad and heavy-hearted in consequence. On one occasion, when mass was celebrated in Holyrood for the queen's servants, two reformers interfered, made a riot, and were imprisoned. Knox immediately blew his trumpet to all Scotland. Murray wished him to behave more gently, but he refused; and was brought before the council, at which the queen herself presided. He describes the whole ceremony of his examination, and laughs like a savage democrat, at the royal etiquette of the scene. He scoffs at the large chair of state, at each arm of which was an open tower, Secretary Lethington in one, and Maxwell in the other, and says, that when the queen saw him come in, she "gave ane gawf laughter," and her sycophants laughed too; which is not very likely. He was then accused of trying to raise an insurrection of the people, and was handed his letter, advising it. He did not deny it; but being asked if he did not repent such an act, he began to skirmish, and say there was nothing illegal in it. The queen declared no prince was ever so insulted, and the scene was exciting. One of the council was obliged to tell Knox he was not in the pulpit then. The latter said he was bound to speak the truth, and he slyly added, that honest and gentle natures were liable to be influenced by wicked advisers. The shrewd old man must have softened the queen somewhat, for she said—

"Ye speak fair enough before my lords; but the last time I spake with ye, ye caused me weep many salt tears."

Knox instantly entered into an explanation of that; and, being warmed by the discussion, talked intrepidly against all round. During the debate, the court-yard and stair-cases of Holyrood were filled by a great crowd, all anxious to know what should become of Knox; and the end was, that his Protestant friends let him go.

"That night," says the stern old narrator, "there was neither dancing nor fiddling at court, for madam was disappointed of her purpose, which was, to have had John Knox in her will, by a vote of her nobility."

No doubt, if anybody were expected to dance on that occasion, it should be Knox himself, as having most cause. As for the poor queen, she went to bed, unwell, and pondered the past and future of her royal condition.

She was now anxious on the subject of her marriage—anxious, not uncertain. She was greatly solicited, on behalf of Don Carlos of Spain, and she seemed in her letters to the Duchess of Areschot and Cardinal Grandville, to lean to that side. But her mind was made up, she had fixed her choice. Queen Elizabeth had expressed a wish she should marry an Englishman; and an Englishman was Mary resolved to wed. The Queen of England had given her to understand that her choice of a British subject would lead to a favorable consideration of the succession on which Mary had set her heart, and the latter was secretly determined to act on an equivocation, and try to draw from it what advantage she may. Elizabeth meant one Englishman—and Mary meant another. The queens, on this occasion, carried on a curious intercourse of duplicity. There is no evidence that Elizabeth desired Mary's marriage with any one. At first, she delayed to name the Englishman she meant, and beat about the bush by her ambassador, desiring to know how Mary was inclined, that way. At length, Randolph gave the Queen of Scots to know that Lord Robert Dudley was the man proposed by Elizabeth. Mary took the matter with the calmness of one whose mind was made up, and said she hardly thought her kinswoman could be sincere in wishing she should lower her dignity by marrying a mere English baron. She also made an affectation of disbelieving Elizabeth could ever give up the man to whom she herself was attached, by all accounts. It was an amazing labor of insincerity and double-dealing, on both sides; and, to carry on the farce, the queens sent their respective commissioners to Berwick, in order to discuss and agree upon this affair of the Scottish marriage. The men met at a table, in that frontier town; and it is likely, though history is silent as to the fact, that their greatest difficulty was to preserve the gravity of their faces in talking of the desires, orders and tendencies of the two rival queens, in such a delicate piece of business.

Mary, as we have said, had chosen the Englishman, and let all the foreign suiters go. This Englishman was Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a descendant of Henry VII., and Elizabeth's cousin, as well as her own. He was born at Temple Newsome, in Yorkshire, in December, 1545, about three years after the birth of Mary Stuart, in the

Palace of Linlithgow. His father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Lennox, being exiled from Scotland, had received an estate in England from the crown, and were ever carrying on intrigues in these two kingdoms, and also in France, respecting their claims and pretensions. Lady Margaret was a shrewd plotter. On the death of her father, the Earl of Angus, she boldly claimed his Scottish earldom, and signed her name "Lenvenax and Anguse"—to the indignation of those Douglasses in Scotland, who had challenged the title and estates, and who killed her son in the end, as we shall see.

Young Darnley, as he grew up, received a good deal of book learning from his tutor, and was made something of a spoiled child by his mother, who never failed to impress him with a sense of the royal chances that lay on two sides of him. His tutor, named Elder, was often sent by the Lady Margaret to convey messages from Temple Newsome and Settrington to the French court, where, on one occasion, he showed the little Queen of Scots, then twelve years old, a specimen of her cousin Henry's penmanship. The Lennoxes, at that time, looked forward with hope to the reign of Mary, expecting by her means to have their Scottish estates and titles restored. The Earl and Countess were Catholics, and young Darnley was educated in the old religion. Elizabeth, having discovered that Lady Margaret communicated with the French court, maintained spies at Settrington who regularly let her know everything that was said and done. One of these spies, Forbes, expressly states that Darnley delivered letters from his mother to Mary Stuart, at Orleans, during the time of her widowhood. When Mary returned to Scotland, the Lennoxes sent to congratulate her, and so showed their feelings in her favor, that Elizabeth had them all brought from Settrington to London and put into confinement—the Earl in the tower and the Countess at Sheen. Lord Darnley contrived to conceal himself; but, after a while, Elizabeth received him at court, and treated him with distinction.

On the day she made Lord Dudley Earl of Leicester, Darnley bore the sword of state before her in the procession; and in the evening, the queen presiding over her festivities, said to Melville, the Scottish Ambassador:

"How like ye our new-made Earl, Mr. Ambassador?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Melville, "he shows like the worthy subject he is, and I do esteem him happy in serving such a princess."

"And yet," returned the queen, "ye like better of yon long lad," pointing to the tall young Darnley, and alluding to the reports, then common, of a probable union between Mary and her cousin.

The ambassador answered that no woman of spirit would make her choice of such a man, that was liker a woman than a man; for he was fresh-colored, beardless and lady-faced. Melville had no wish, as he himself confesses, that Elizabeth should think he approved of Darnley, or had any dealing that way; though he had, at the moment, a secret charge to Lady Lennox, desiring she may obtain leave for her son to go to Scotland. Elizabeth knew that such a negotiation was going on. She had given the Earl of Lennox permission to go to Scotland and try to get back his estates; and, at the same time—the summer of 1564—she still continued to agitate the marriage of Mary with the Earl of Leicester. In all this, she played a doubtful, double-faced part. She could see how the going back of the Lennoxes to Scotland should bring Mary and Darnley together, and set Leicester aside. It is probable she was never sincere in wishing for her cousin's marriage with any one. It is probable she may have thought a marriage with Darnley would be better than a marriage with Don Carlos. At all events we may be certain she expected that any marriage made by Mary should turn out an unfortunate one, in the midst of the wild chances of the time. And she did not calculate in vain on such chances. The return of the banished Lennoxes troubled the Earl of Morton and other nobles, who had received lands which the new comer would claim, and gave promise of a Catholic restoration, that filled all the reformers with apprehension, and brought out John Knox with his loudest trumpet. And thus was laid the train of those rebellions and tragedies which destroyed the earthly happiness of Mary Stuart.

In the beginning of the year 1564, Mary, in view of the marriage she had resolved on, labored to conciliate her nobles, and gave some grand banquets for the purpose. She looked forward to some favorable change in her condition, with a husband, who, supported by Lennox and the Catholic nobility, would enable her to dispense with the ministry of Murray, whom she had always regarded as a selfish and double-minded man—as we see from documents in the Labanoff collection. This nobleman, in view of the coming changes, and the queen's discontent with the restrictions imposed on the practice of the Catholic worship, asked leave to retire to his estates,

and, in fact, did so retire, for some weeks, leaving the business of state in confusion and the minds of men in a ferment. Mary declared she was weary of the dreadful task of governing, and talked of going away to France and leaving the kingdom to the Earl of Murray. Still she tried to conciliate all parties by means of a royal hospitality at Holyrood, while the most agitating rumors continued to be spread abroad. At one time it was said the queen was going away to France; at another, that a French squadron was coming over to put down those who opposed her.

Meanwhile, Mary affected to maintain the most amicable feeling toward Elizabeth, and at her banquets would drink that queen's health in an open and cordial manner. She devised and composed a musical entertainment, in which occurred a Latin ode, written by herself and sung by her attendants, to the effect that, though Age and Time could overthrow Lælius and Scipio, they could never break the chain of amity which bound together the queens of England and Scotland. Mary certainly wished it may be so, that her succession may thereby be secured. But her secret thought was one of distrust and dislike of the English queen, and with justice, under all the circumstances.

After an exile of twenty years, the Earl of Lennox, in September, 1564, arrived in Scotland, and was cordially and honorably received by Queen Mary, who ordered that his outlawry should be reversed by proclamation. Chatelherault and the other nobles regarded these changes with discomfort, fearing the Lennox interest would now become all-powerful in Scotland. Mary tried to reconcile the Earl of Lennox and the old chief of the Hamiltons; but though they were induced to clasp hands and drink to one another, there was no sincerity in their show of amity. Chatelherault soon broke out, and refused to attend the queen when she went to open parliament for the purpose of having the restoration of Lennox legalized. Mary remained in the hall while Lethington spoke in favor of the act, and the peers voted for it—showing that she thought it necessary, by this means, to secure the success of the measure.

Meantime, the mind of Elizabeth was as agitated as if it was she herself who was about to be married, and she would talk feverishly with Melville, the Scottish ambassador, on the subject of Mary and her affairs. One day, on going to the palace, he found her walking in the garden, with an angry spot upon her brow. When she saw him, she broke out about a spiteful letter

which she said she had just got from the Queen of Scots, and to which she swore she would reply by one as spiteful. She showed him Mary's letter, but he declared he could not see any offence in it, and suggested that her majesty might not have understood some of the fine points and idioms of the French. This humiliated Elizabeth somewhat, and also half-convinced her; so that, tearing both the missive and her own reply to it, she said she would dismiss the matter from her mind. With all this gusty jealousy, she affected a strong interest in her cousin, and was in the habit of carrying Mary's portrait in her bosom. She would also kiss it, to make a show of friendship for the original. A day or two subsequently, she took it out and asked Melville if it was a true likeness. She also asked the color of Mary's hair, and thus went on:

"Which think you the fairer of complexion—ourselves or our good sister?"

"Madam," replied the politician, somewhat puzzled, seeing that his diplomacy had not provided him with any aid in such a case; "I think the fairness of both is not by any means their worst fault."

"Come, Mr. Ambassador," retorted the queen, smiling; "speak sad brow, and true man; try again!"

"Madam," said Melville, venturing on a little Scotch humor, "your majesty is the fairest queen in England and ours the fairest in Scotland!" As he spoke he bent his head very low—partly in deference and partly to hide the smile that played about his mouth.

Elizabeth now laughed aloud, but still persisted, saying he should not get off in that way; whereupon the sorely pressed envoy thus mended his judgment:

"The queens of England and Scotland, madam, are the fairest ladies in their courts. The Queen of England is certainly—indeed without any manner of doubt—what I may call, and do call, the whiter of the two. And, on the other hand, our queen is very lusive (lovesome)!"

"Now man," said the British queen, who did not seem to find anything excessively complimentary in the ambassador's *whiteness*, "can you recollect which is of the higher stature?"

"I think, madam," returned Melville, who began to be tired of the catechism, "that our queen is somewhat taller."

"Then," retorted Elizabeth, "she is over high, for I myself am neither over high nor over low."

She then went on to ask what were the amusements of Mary, and hearing she played on the virginals, inquired if she played well. The am-

bassador's mouth twitched and his eye twinkled again, as he answered:

"Yes, madam—reasonably well for a queen!"

Next day, Elizabeth allowed Melville to overhear her with her virginals, and then asked him which of them played with most skill. In that he gave the English queen the preference. A day or two after, she danced with her ladies, and then wished to know which movement he preferred, hers or Mary's. His answer was, that the Queen of Scotland did not at all dance "so high and disposedly" as her majesty—an answer which gives us a good idea of Elizabeth's grand stepping style.

Melville, shortly after, went back to Scotland, and, being questioned by Mary respecting the feelings of the English queen, on the subject of the marriage, declared there was in her neither plain dealing nor upright meaning, but dissimulation, emulation, and fear of Mary's princely qualities. On this the Queen of Scots gave him her hand she would never wed the Earl of Leicester. The Conference at Berwick, in this matter—between the Earl of Bedford and Randolph on one side, and Murray and Lethington on the other—came to an end and was no more thought of.

Having given conversations of Queen Elizabeth, referring to the passing events, we shall notice others between Queen Mary and Randolph about the same time—very characteristic, on both sides, of these memorable sovereigns. In January 1565, Mary left Edinburgh and took up her lodging in a private house at St. Andrew's, where, free from the fatigue of state and the espionage of her enemies, she found leisure to ponder on her approaching marriage. Here, in a few days, Randolph came to find her, bringing a letter from Elizabeth, who desired to know her mind truly in that matter of the Earl of Leicester! Mary read it and said nothing. For three days, says Randolph, she would be nothing but quiet and merry. At the end of that time, he begged to remind her of the letter.

"*Basta, basta, M. l'Ambassadeur!*" said the young queen, in her gayest and most fascinating manner—"I see now ye are weary of this company. I sent for you to be merry and see how like a *bourgeoise* wife I live with my little troop, and you will interrupt our pastime with your great grave matters. Prithee, sir, if you be so weary, return to Edinburgh and keep your gravity and great embassade, till the queen come thither; for I assure you, you shall not get her here, nor I know not myself where she is become. You see neither cloth of estate nor such appen-

ance that you may think there is a queen here. She who is at St. Andrew's is not the woman she was at Edinburgh."

"I am sorry to hear your grace say so," returned the ambassador, trying to catch the spirit of the conversation, "for at that place the queen was pleased to say she loved my mistress better than any other, and I marvel how places alter minds."

At this Queen Mary laughed, calling him shrewd knave, diplomatist, and other names, he says, than were given him in his christening; and the Maries, who were present, joined in the hilarity of the moment.

"Well, sir," resumed the queen, "and if I did say I loved your mistress, I will confirm my words in writing, and you shall have a letter before you leave this town. But for yourself, go where you will; I care no more for you."

In this cheerful way did she try to ward off the importunity of Elizabeth's agent; riding about a good deal every day and living like a private person. But Randolph still found means to make her talk of the marriage. She argued that, if she married a British subject, Elizabeth should recognize her claim to the English throne. Randolph said his mistress did not wish to be too strongly importuned on that head; to which Mary answered that she was not importunate: but that her good sister was dilatory. In the same conversation she observed with the sagacity and good sense that belonged to her character:

"How much better were it that we two, being queens, so near of kin, and neighbors in one isle, should be friends and live together like sisters, than by strange means divide ourselves to the hurt of us both, and then think that, for all that we may live in amity. We may say what we will, but that will pass both our powers. Why may it not be between my sister and me that we, living in peace and assured friendship, may give our minds to do some things as notable as any that have been done by our predecessors. Let us seek this honor against some other, and not fall to debate among ourselves."

Randolph smiled at the enthusiasm of the beautiful young speaker; and yet he may have been excused. For though her sentiments were just and generous, it would occur to any one who knew the state of the times, that such cordiality between a Catholic sovereign of the blood of

Guise and the chieftainess of the Protestant Reformation was a thing impossible—a vain idea. The conversation then changed, and Randolph wished to hear what she had to say about Leicester.

"My mind toward him," said Mary, losing her animation; and, with her eyes fixed upon her embroidery, she spoke with the duplicity which was employed by her rival, and which she could probably cope with in no other way; "my mind toward him is, as it might be to a very noble man; and such a one as the queen, your mistress, doth so well like to be her husband, if he were not her subject, I ought not to object against for mine."

Mary always affected to think Elizabeth herself was attached to Leicester, and thus warded off any intended slight of such a proposal, while she put the same argument forward to justify her hesitation and delay in the matter. In this kind of cunning Mary was fully a match for Elizabeth. In fact, both these queens were adepts in that dissimulation without which, in the opinion of Louis XI., no king could govern. The end of this conversation was that Mary professed herself willing to be guided, as to the marriage, by her good sister; a declaration which Randolph received with a great show of delight—as if that settled the matter, and there was no more to be said. He affected a strong wish to go instantly and convey the news to Elizabeth—before he had forgotten the words! Mary, however, bid him stay where he was. She would write a letter, she said. And so she did; and it is easy to conceive that it was as little to the real purpose as any letter that ever passed between the queens in that business—that "serious foolery," as Chalmers well terms it. To show that it was nothing more, it is only necessary to say that Leicester himself was no party to the proposal. One day in his barge on the Thames, he swore to Melville that he knew nothing of the matter; he never pretended to the hand of the Queen of Scots; and it was all Elizabeth's doing. Such was the terrible Tudor lioness, in respect to the delicate affair of Mary's marriage!

But the doomed bridegroom is now hurrying rapidly across the border into Scotland. "Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste," he posts to his fatal marriage bed and the midnight death-struggle of the Kirk of Field.

THE MASKED SPIRIT.

BY ALICE CARY.

ALL a-tiptoe, pulling down
Green limbs of a summer tree,
(Smiles half dimpling through a frown,)
Of his white hands twice the measure
Of ripe berries gathered he—
Berries sweet as wealth of bees,
Such as grow upon the trees
Of a great wood far away
Toward the sunrise; then, for pleasure,
Or in wantonness, he wove
For his long and yellow hair
Such a crown as poets wear
In the pictures of the books
Which they made with sadder looks—
Ah, to see him was to love!
In the dusky edge of night,
Softly dim as candle light.

Going through the broidered shades
Of the twilight. Myrtala,
Fairest of the rustic maids,
Home her pastured cattle drove,
(Near to the enchanted grove,
Where the masking spirit staid,
Twisting his fantastic braid)—
Wading knee-deep through the clover,
Dreaming dreams about a lover—
Dreaming dreams about a crown
She could make of berries brown
For his fair and thoughtful brows—
Going slowly with her cows

Knee-deep through the round red clover—
“Ah, to see her is to love her!”
Quoth the spirit-masker gay;
So he sang a herdsman’s lay,
Bringing all her cows that way:
Sung an old and pleasant rhyme,
Sitting on a bank of thyme,
Where, his bare feet hanging down
Looked like lilies washed in rain,
And his yellow hair and crown
Like the sunshine and ripe grain;
Like the sunshine and ripe wheat—
Oh, ’tis pity they should meet!
Simple-hearted maiden, she
Dreaming harmless dreams, and he,
Spirit of celestial birth,
Dressed so sweetly with the earth,
And with eyes and lips that smile
Mortal meanings all the while.

Of their meeting, if they met,
Not a word the legend tells:
But of day in clouds that set,
Of the winds in gusty swells,
And of cattle gone astray
In the rainy woods; of skies
Shutting all their golden eyes
From a heart undone. I pray
’Twas not that of Myrtala.

SONG OF THE PATRIOT PARTISAN.

BY CHARLES B. GILLESPIE.

UP! comrades, up! the moon’s in the west,
And we must be gone ere the coming of day,
The hounds of the foeman shall find but the nest,
The quarry they seek will be far, far away.
Their toils are around us, but ever in vain—
Let them girdle the forest and skurry the plain,
We’ll pass through their midst in the deep of the night,
We are lions in combat and eagles in flight.

When the hunters are wearied, the chase given o’er,
We come as the thunderbolt comes on the cloud—
We trample, we scatter, we are bathed in their gore,
We smite the oppressor, we humble the proud:

But few shall escape us, but few shall be spared,
For keen is the sabre that vengeance has bared—
And none are so mighty, so strong in the fight,
As the warrior that battles for freedom and right.

Though the swamp is our home, the green sod our bed,
Our drink from the river, and roots for our food
We pine not for other—we bow not the head—
For freedom is ever within the green wood;
No tyrant shall conquer, no fetter shall bind,
For true are our rifles, our steeds like the wind—
We sheathe not the sabre, we draw not the rein,
Till the spoiler is banished from valley and plain.

THE OSTYACKS.

A WANDERING TRIBE OF SIBERIA.

THOUGH Siberia, in its general features, is better known to us than many places of more importance, yet we are but little acquainted with the peculiar traits of character that distinguish its native tribes, amongst whom, perhaps, there is not one more distinctively marked by its singular customs and traditions than that of the Ostyacks.

The extent of country inhabited by these people can hardly be determined, as they move from place to place, and wander about among the mountains of Siberia, unrestrained by law or government. All that can be said with certainty on the subject, is, that they are scattered about in the neighborhood of the river Obi, between 59 and 62° north latitude, and 74 and 87° east longitude.

The men are of middling stature and tolerably well made, with flat faces, pale-yellow complexions, fair or reddish hair, and very little beard. Their manners are dull and inanimate, but their dispositions are gentle and good-natured. The women are sometimes pretty in their early youth, but age and wrinkles soon steal upon them. Here, as in most uncivilized countries, all laborious work falls to their share. They are, nevertheless, held in some estimation, and have the power of leaving a husband who beats or otherwise ill-treats them, their friends not being obliged, in such cases, to return the "kalim" or price that has been given for them. This "kalim" is usually paid in rein-deer, and amounts from ten to a hundred. An Ostyack is privileged to take as many wives as he has the means to purchase and provide for. Their marriages are celebrated with great rejoicings, and among the amusements usual on such occasions, pantomimes are performed with a spirit that could hardly be expected from so inanimate a people. No degree of relationship is a bar to marriage. A brother may wed with his sister, or a father with his daughter.

Hunting and fishing are the occupations of the men, but their most pressing wants are no sooner provided for, than they give themselves up to sloth and intemperance, and think their happiness complete if they have the means of intoxicating themselves. To accomplish this, an Ostyack will swallow a quantity of tobacco-smoke, and sometimes the tobacco itself; but nothing can equal his delight when he is able to obtain a certain kind of mushroom, which possesses the property of intoxicating. After eating it, he

becomes excited, and the stupid savage is suddenly metamorphosed into a poet and musician; that is to say, he sings in wild irregular notes the ideas, or rather the *words*, that spring to his lips, for *ideas* he has none. At length he becomes exhausted and drops asleep. On awaking he finds himself in a state of extreme weakness, but this does not lead him to regret the past; for he believes that *he has been happy*.

The cabins of the Ostyacks, which are partly hollowed out in the ground, are constructed with stakes, covered with the bark of the birch tree; in the centre is the fireplace, and at the sides are benches, which serve the inmates for beds; their only furniture consists of a stone or iron pot, a few vessels made of the bark of the birch tree, out of which they eat and drink, fishing nets, and bows and arrows; some of them have a knife or two, and those who possess an iron hatchet, or any such implement, are considered quite opulent.

The Ostyacks are remarkable for a want of cleanliness. In their cabins are huddled together, men, women, and children, who scarcely ever cross the threshold, dogs and foxes, that are reared among them. These, together with vermin, tobacco-smoke, fish, oil, rotten wood, etc., etc., cause the most offensive smells. Yet such is the force of habit, that the individuals who dwell in these huts are perfectly satisfied with them, and rarely leave them, even for the shortest space of time, except when necessity compels them to seek for food. This food (generally consisting of raw meat and different kinds of vermin,) added to the filthy habits of the people, brings on them cutaneous eruptions, similar to the leprosy, and so terribly are they affected with these disorders, that they may be said to rot away while living; but this gives them little uneasiness. If an ulcer appears on the face, arm, leg, or any other part of the body, they see it spread by degrees, and eat away member after member, until they disappear from the trunk, yet the miserable sufferers utter no complaints, nor show any outward signs of anguish.

The approach of death does not appear to cause them any alarm, nor do they strive to delay its progress by care or the use of remedies; nevertheless, they seem to prefer a violent to a natural death, especially if it happen while hunting the bear—and *for this* reason:—they believe that those who die a violent death, whether in

hunting or otherwise, go direct to heaven, while they who die on their beds, are, for a length of time, obliged to serve a harsh and cruel spirit, whose abode is under ground. Their religion is called "Schamanism," they believe in one Supreme Deity, and many inferior gods.

Their temples are the summits of certain mountains, to which they never ascend without fear and reverence. They believe that the dead are, in another world, subject to the same wants as the living in this, for which reason the clothes of each individual are buried with him, and a deer is slaughtered over his grave to supply him with food.

With the exception of the "waywodes," who are appointed by the government of Russia to collect the taxes, etc., there is neither chief nor superior among these people, nor is any distinction made as to rank, birth, or quality, the fathers of each family being its head and ruler.

The Ostyacks, as we have already stated, believe in the immortality of the soul, but their ideas on this subject are very confused; they are persuaded that the bear possesses an imperishable spirit as well as themselves, and they believe that this spirit has the power of pursuing and punishing them for any violation of good faith. This superstition leads to some singular customs; we give the following as an instance:—

Notwithstanding their belief in the immortality of the bear, they take great delight in hunting it. As soon as they succeed in killing one, they cut off the head and skin, and hang them on a tree, round which they march several times in procession, as if to do honor to the slaughtered animal. They then surround the carcass, uttering loud cries and lamentations. "Who are they that deprived thee of life?" they exclaim in melancholy chorus; and some of them answer for the bear:

"The Russians."

"Who cut off thy head?"

"A Russian, with his hatchet."

"Who ripped thee open?"

"A Russian, with his knife."

"Oh! 'twas a cruel and bloodthirsty deed," they cry, with one voice, "Yet we entreat thy forgiveness for him."

After this, they are persuaded that the spirit of the bear, while wandering through the woods, will seek to take vengeance on a Russian, and not on an Ostyack.

The waywodes take advantage of this superstition, while exacting from the Ostyacks the oath of fidelity to the crown of Russia; they cause them to assemble on a spot, on which

the skin of a bear has been spread, with a hatchet, a knife, and a piece of bread placed on it; a small portion of the bread is handed to each individual, but before he eats, he pronounces the following words:

"If I do not, all my life, continue faithful to the emperor, if I rebel against him, or refuse to yield him the honor and obedience which are his due, if I offend him in any manner whatever, may the spirit of this bear tear me limb from limb, may this bread that I am about to eat stop in my throat, and choke me; may this knife rip me open, and this hatchet chop off my head."

Such is their oath—and so sacred do they consider it, when taken under these circumstances, that they have never been known to violate it, even when under religious excitement.

Ignorant as they are, a principle of honesty prevails among them, that would do honor to a more enlightened people—the following anecdote will afford a proof of this:

A Russian merchant traveling from Tobolsk to Berezov, stopped at Ostyack, where he spent the night; on the following morning he resumed his journey; but had not proceeded far, when he dropped his purse, which contained the sum of one hundred rubles. Unconscious of his loss, he continued his way, while the son of his host, passing the spot shortly after, saw the purse lying on the ground, and stooped to examine it; having gratified his curiosity, he left it where it lay, and returned to his father's cabin; here he mentioned the circumstance, remarking at the same time, that he had left the purse on the road where he found it.

"You did right, child," said the father, "but you must now hasten back, and cover it over with the branch of a tree, to conceal it from the eyes of those who may be passing that way; and then, should the owner ever return to look for it, he will find it just where he dropped it."

The boy did as he was desired, and the purse lay hid among leaves and branches for more than three months; when the merchant who had lost it, returning from Berezov, went again to lodge with his old acquaintance, the Ostyack, to whom he mentioned the misfortune he had met with the last time he was there.

"Oh! it was you that lost the purse, then," exclaimed the Ostyack, in great delight at discovering the owner of it; "well, make yourself easy about it; my son shall show you the spot where it lies, and you can go and pick it up yourself. Accordingly, the merchant recovered his property.

Reindeer are used by some of these people for

drawing their sledges; but most of them prefer dogs for this purpose; from six to twelve of these animals are tackled to a sledge, which they draw along with amazing velocity. *Dog-posts* are established in these regions, similar to the *mails* of Europe, with regular relays of dogs from stage to stage; four of these creatures can draw a sledge, loaded with three hundred weight, a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues in a day.

An Ostyack has but little difficulty in providing himself with dress; if he is in want of a coat, he strips a deer of its skin, and without being over-nice, wraps himself in it while yet warm from the animal. A covering for the head is as easily procured; a wild goose is shot, and its skin is converted into a cap; sometimes the skin of the deer is fashioned into the form of a loose coat, and ornamented with bands of stuff

or leather of different colors. During winter and the rainy season, a fur cap is worn, which envelops the head, and leaves only a part of the face exposed. Shoes, stockings, and trowsers form a kind of pantaloons, in one single piece. This latter article of dress is generally made of the skin of the sturgeon. The skin of the bear is used for mourning. The dress of the women differs but little from that of the men, except in the ornaments which their vanity or the desire to please leads them to add to it; their head-dresses are composed of bands of cloth of different colors, twined round the head in such a manner as almost entirely to conceal the face.

Scarlet is the favorite color among the people of Siberia, generally, and the wearing of this color is considered a certain mark of opulence.

THE LAST OF THE JUSTINIANI.

A VENITIAN TALE.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

THE soft twilight of an Italian evening was bathing in purple splendor the spires and domes of Venice, and casting a golden radiance over the smooth waters of the Lagune. Innumerable gondolas crossing and recrossing each other in various directions, gayly adorned and resounding with strains of music, which mingled with the heart-stirring melody of gleeful and happy voices, link life and gayety to the scene. One only among them all, whose richly ornamented prow and canopy of silver tissue bespoke its occupants of no ordinary rank, floated in silence over the waves, sending forth no note of joy, nor interchanging friendly greeting with any which glided past it.

On its luxurious cushions reclined two young men, twin sons of the Justiniani, one of the noblest and proudest families of the republic. So perfect was the resemblance of the brothers, both in person and attire, that a stranger's eye could scarcely have detected the slightest difference between them, but a practiced observer soon saw how unlike was the expression of features that seemed cast in the same mould—as unlike, indeed, as were the characters of the two.

As the gondola moved noiselessly over the burnished waters, the young men sat in silence, each buried in his own meditations. The eyes of Angelo sparkling with the light of inward hap-

piness, roved from object to object, till they rested upon the bright heaven above, the soft glory of whose calm cerulean depths seemed to mirror back the peace and joy that reigned within his soul. Ziani's attitude was one of quiet, sad abstraction—his head drooped listlessly upon his breast, and his eyes remained immovably upon the white foam that curled around the gilded prow of the gondola.

Abruptly his reverie was broken—they had entered the grand canal, and a blaze of light falling across the water, flashed with sudden brightness on his eyes. There was a sumptuous fete at the Urseolo Palace, in honor of its young and lovely heiress, who, on this evening attained her sixteenth year; and as the gondoliers flung down their oars, Angelo arose and sprang upon the marble steps which led to its princely entrance. But Ziani remained motionless upon his seat—a deadly sickness came over him, and he vainly strove to rise in obedience to the impatient gesture of his brother. Angelo waited an instant, and then bounded toward him.

“Let us hasten,” he exclaimed, “the moments are ages, that detain me from the presence of the divine Isaura. Oh, my brother, would that I could see you roused by such an influence to the enjoyment of those exquisite emotions that thrill my soul with ecstasy!”

Ziani sighed deeply.

"Tarry not for me, my brother," he said, "I am no fitting guest for princely halls to-night; go you to meet the smiles that await you—but leave me to linger for awhile amid the harmonies of this lovely eve—they, sooner than the sound of revelry, will attune my soul to peace."

"Wherefore is it disturbed!" asked the impetuous Angelo; "it is a fancy, all. Come, then, with me, where warmer smiles than those which yon cold moon sheds down, shall awaken you to joy such only as enchanting woman can bestow. Come, let us begone."

And as the young noble uttered the last words, he sprang from the gondola, and began rapidly to ascend the marble steps toward the illuminated vestibule of the palace, his cloak of rich Genoa velvet falling back from his shoulders, leaving revealed the richly embroidered dress and jeweled ornaments that adorned his handsome and graceful person. When his bounding foot had nearly gained the summit of the steps, he paused, and looked back for Ziani—but there he still stood, motionless as a statue, at the prow of the gondola, and as the evening breeze lightly lifted the drooping feather of his cap, Angelo was struck by the deep dejection of his noble countenance.

In an instant he was again beside him, and eagerly grasping his hand, he asked in a hurried and anxious tone—

"My brother, what evil has befallen you? My heart shares all your sorrows, and if you have any cherished grief, I pray you not to hide it from me. The moment we cease to confide in each other, that moment is the golden bond of affection shaken, if not riven between us."

"May that never be!" said Ziani, fervently, a sharp pang momentarily convulsing his brow. "I have naught to tell, my brother, save that mine is a wayward mood to-night, and I would rather float over these golden waters for awhile, than mingle with the throng whose mirth I could not share; so let not a thought of me disturb your happiness, while you quaff full draughts of joy from the eyes of your beloved."

"And think you, my Ziani, that even bliss like this will content me, while you are absent and unhappy? Wrong me not by such a thought. Your love has been the elixir of my life, and without your participation in my happiness it can never be complete. Come then, my brother; many a bright eye in yon gay halls watches for your presence, and I would that you might this night find there a bride as fair as her whom I have chosen, that, as we came into life together, we

may together kneel at the marriage altar, with those dear ones whom God shall ordain to unseal the mysterious fountains of love within our souls."

Ziani's cheek grew deathly pale as his brother spoke, and he shrank from his words even as the wounded man from the hand of the leech, who buries his probe deep in the quivering flesh. But by a strong effort mastering his emotion, he briefly replied—

"I had promised to see Father Hilario this evening, my brother, so I will run swiftly to San Francesco, and come to the Urseolo Palace when I return."

"Nay, by St. Mark, Ziani, I stir not hence without you," exclaimed Angelo; "let the priest keep his ghostly counsel for a more convenient time—you have had too much of it already; moreover, you have not yet beheld my peerless Isaura, and on this her birthnight you cannot, if you love your Angelo, refuse to offer a brother's homage to the chosen of his heart."

"I must seem a very churl to resist your wishes longer, my Angelo, and yet I would indeed you did not so constrain me to obey them."

"And wherefore?" asked the wondering Angelo—"your reluctance seems a mystery which I would fain unriddle. I have promised my Isaura that she shall see you to-night, and challenged her to tell her own Angelo from his more noble brother. So I pray you, mar not my sport by your waywardness, for if it so chance that you are mistaken for her affianced one, you must, if she will have it so, stand in the bridegroom's place, and leave me to seek—what the world holds not—another Isaura."

Ziani's bursting heart could ill brook the gay jest of Angelo, and turning from him, he leaned in silence against the side of the gondola. A sudden doubt, a dark suspicion, darted across the mind of Angelo, and he turned a gaze of silent, stern inquiry upon the face of his brother. Ziani encountered the searching glance, and his conscious heart trembled at its scrutiny.

"Angelo," he said, "I should go mad to mingle with yon gay revelers to-night—sometime I will tell you why—it matters not now to mar your happiness, with any word or whim of mine."

"My happiness!" echoed Angelo, touched in spite of his latent jealousy by the sadness of Ziani's tone. "My happiness!" he repeated, "think you, it is dearer to me than yours—you know it is not—and bright as were the promises of this festive night, I can forego them all, if by so doing I may minister peace to the wounded spirit of my brother."

Ziani was moved to womanly softness by the generous, disinterested love of Angelo, and casting himself upon his neck, he exclaimed with affectionate fervor :

"Who can resist you, my noble brother? not your Ziani, who yields himself wholly to your wishes. Father Hilario must await my coming till another eve, this night I consecrate to fraternal love."

Angelo, with a beaming smile of gratitude, returned his brother's embrace, and together ascending the steps, they entered the lighted saloons of the palace. As the blaze of countless lamps shed their splendor around them, Ziani saw an unwonted cloud still overshadowing the gay brow of Angelo, and he reproached himself for having allowed his own selfish feelings to sadden, even for a moment, this night of joy. But amid the throng that was passing in, they found no time to interchange a word, and borne along with it, they approached the grand saloon where the young Isaura, with a chosen band of friends, was waiting to welcome her guests.

Angelo was so fortunate as to gain an entrance, but, separated by the crowd, Ziani, not unwillingly, yielded to the current that carried him in an opposite direction, and with it he passed on, threading suites of splendid apartments, till left alone he wandered into a spacious gallery where the light from candelabras of crystal, wrought in the furnaces of Murano, fell upon rare works of art, and precious foreign spoils and trophies which the munificent Urseolo had gathered at vast expense from distant realms, to enrich his princely palace.

Under other circumstances, the treasures of this unrivaled gallery would have offered subjects of exhaustless interest to the contemplation of the gifted and tasteful Ziani. Nor even now, distracted as was his mind, could he avoid feeling his admiration kindled to enthusiasm as he gazed on statues which the hand of genius had stamped with perfection—on the paintings, the mosaics, the bronzes that had been wrested from Rome, from the classic temples of Greece, from ancient Egypt, and even from the hallowed realm of India, to grace and beautify this, one of the most gorgeous palaces, of the great imperial republic.

The family of Urseolo was ancient and of patrician origin. It had given more than one Doge to the state, and was among the few whose names, at that early period of Venitian history, were enrolled in *Il Libro d'Ora*, the golden book of nobility. Between the head of this illustrious house and that of the Justiniani the strictest friendship

subsisted, and to insure its continuance, the only child of the Count Urseolo, the young Isaura, was betrothed in infancy to Angelo Murizèo, a boy of four years old, and the eldest by an hour of the twin sons of the Justiniani.

The parents of each party pledged themselves to see this union ratified when their children should have attained the respective ages of sixteen and twenty—but those most interested in the treaty, grew up in ignorance of the destiny in store for them. Angelo knew, indeed, that there was such a being as Isaura Urseolo, for he remembered his sports with her in early childhood—but beyond this he never gave her a thought, not having seen her since she was four years old, when, in consequence of her mother's death, she was placed in the convent of Santa Maria, the lady abbess being her maternal aunt. There she received her education, her retirement being broken only by occasional visits from her father.

But no sooner had she attained her sixteenth year, than she was withdrawn from her quiet cloister, exchanging her monotonous and simple life for the gayeties and splendors of her almost forgotten home, where she was to receive the addresses of her youthful lover, before entering with him into the most solemn engagement of earth. Yet when they met it was without any knowledge on either side, of the relation it was intended they should form, and which would doubtless have been consummated, so favorably were the youthful couple impressed with each other, but for an unforeseen circumstance which baffled the plans so long intended to unite them.

Angelo's first interview with Isaura was seemingly accidental. He had accompanied his father to the Urseolo Palace, shortly after her return to it from the convent, and his ardent and passionate nature made him at once a captive to her rare and exquisite beauty. The interest which she awakened in him was heightened by the intense and strange emotion with which she received his first greetings and attentions. The tender expression of her eye when it timidly encountered his, the bright glow of her young cheek, and the quick heaving of her bosom when he addressed her, filled his heart with rapture, and enkindled a passion which, unlike the changeful fancies of the past, promised to vie in depth and constancy with his deathless affection for Ziani.

When Angelo returned home, his father observing with joy the impression made upon him by Isaura, no longer hesitated to inform him of the union which had been so long contemplated, and

he received the announcement with joy—it sanctioned the indulgence of his passion, and explained to him the mysterious emotion of his betrothed, which he interpreted, but falsely, into fond partiality for himself, founded on a previous knowledge of their being destined for each other.

On the following morning, the young lover's fond anticipations of again meeting his mistress, and pouring into her ear the fond avowal of his love, were sadly disappointed by tidings that she had been suddenly seized with an alarming illness. For several days she remained in a critical situation, and when the dangerous crisis was safely passed, her physicians still enjoined such perfect quiet that she was not permitted to see any one, or to quit her apartments. During this weary interval, Angelo fed his fancy with thoughts of her sweet image, till his love became an all absorbing sentiment, and to him there seemed but her in the whole universe. Night after night he lingered beneath her balcony, gazing at her window, and softly touching his guitar to the love-breathing strains of his enamored heart.

Long continued this cruel banishment, and ill was it endured, for the daily report assured him of her convalescence, and yet he saw her not—till a few days before the birthnight fête, when he was admitted to her presence. But ah, how changed he found her—not less beautiful than before, though her lovely cheek was pale from recent illness, but then there was a nameless charm about her which was wanting now. The warmth and glow that like the soft flush of a summer sunset, had lent a witching tenderness to her beauty, was gone, and left it cold and passionless—exquisite, indeed as the statue which the tears and prayers of Pygmalion warmed into life, but far less sensitive than that—for still and mute she sat while the ardent Angelo, in passionate accents told his love—but his burning words failed to color, with one sweet glow of emotion, the transparent whiteness of her cheek, or to win one brief glance of tenderness from her sad and downcast eyes.

But when he spoke of Ziani—when he said that on the coming eve he would bring one, so like himself, to plead for him, that she could scarcely choose between the two, a flood of vivid crimson dyed both cheek and brow, and lifting her startled eyes, she scanned his person with a perplexed and troubled gaze, which he understood not then, but was taught by after circumstances only too faithfully to interpret.

Marvelously alike in person as were these twin sons of the Justiniani, they were in character

widely different, Angelo was gay, light-hearted and impetuous—a lover of novelty, and a worshiper of woman's beauty—tuning his guitar beneath the window of many a high-born maiden, and winning bright smiles and soft hearts wherever he whispered his flattering words. Ever ready was he also to join in the wild revels of his young associates, with an eager and hilarious joy that made him a coveted companion to the reckless and pleasure-loving.

Impassioned and enthusiastic to a fault, constancy of purpose was not one of his virtues—seldom, indeed, was it manifested save in the depth and fervor of his love for Ziani. In this there was no variableness, nor hitherto had any shadow for an instant darkened the bright and lucid stream of fraternal affection that flowed on fuller and broader as the brothers passed from the sunny fields of boyhood to the wider and richer landscape that stretched far away before the expanding vision of youth.

Some traits of character the brothers possessed in common, for both were high-souled and generous; but these qualities in Ziani were the fruit of lofty principle, in Angelo, they sprung from a reckless and too confiding nature. Gentle and retiring, Ziani loved to live apart from the world, to dwell amid the calm ministries of nature, and feed his love for the beautiful and grand by the contemplation of her ever-varying charms. He sought also to mature and refine his taste for art, by the study of those inspirations of genius, which the gifted hand portrayed on the breathing canvas, or stamped with power and beauty on the shapeless marble. Every living thing loved him, for his eye beamed with love on all—but it was reserved for one alone, and she the betrothed of Angelo, to waken the music of those mysterious chords which responded divinest harmony to her thrilling touch.

One day, in a listless search for works of art, Ziani strolled into a small chapel annexed to the convent of Santa Maria, where his footsteps were enchained by a painting of the Adoration, which had recently been placed above the altar. The grouping, the coloring, but above all, the inspired and elevated expression which the genius of the artist had thrown into the whole piece, transfixed and enraptured him, and day after day he returned to the delightful study of the picture.

But soon an added attraction drew him to the church. Entering one day when it was nearly vacant, he saw a young girl whose dress showed her to be a boarder in the convent, kneeling at her devotions on the steps of the altar. Scarcely

observing her he brushed hastily past, eager to gain a point from whence the painting could be seen in the most favorable light, when, startled by his entrance, she rose and retreated hastily toward a private door that led into the interior of the convent. Ziani's attention was attracted by her timid, fawn-like flight, and, as he gazed after her, the graceful shape, the airy step, the angel face, beautiful and fresh as an unfolding flower, which met his view, beamed on his wondering eyes like one of those seraphic visions whose ideal loveliness haunted his poetic fancy.

Duly now as morn and evening came they found him a lingerer before the altar of Santa Maria, gazing with an artist's love upon the divine painting of the Adoration, but turning ever and anon his restless eye from its rapt contemplation, toward the private door through which that living form of beauty had vanished from his sight. And, at last, when almost wearied out with baffled expectation, it dawned again, "a phantom of delight," upon his ravished vision.

She advanced with timid grace toward the nave of the church, the transparent folds of her white veil crowded round her face, and through them her soft, dreamy eyes casting their startled glances around, her step gaining more confidence as she proceeded, when, as she passed a projecting pillar, she caught a sudden glimpse of Ziani, standing with folded arms watching her approach. A quick start revealed her emotion, and like a frightened bird she turned to fly, but before she had gained one step the foliated carving of the pillar caught her veil and arrested her flight.

Blushing and trembling she strove to extricate the fleecy gossamer, but excessive agitation rendered her efforts vain. In an instant Ziani stood beside her, and silently disengaging the veil, he pressed it to his lips, and reverentially restored it to her. Not a word was spoken between them, but the girl lifted her beaming eyes for an instant to his face; and that eloquent glance, those beautiful blushes, long, long after mingled with his nightly visions and his waking thoughts, feeding with sweet aliment the passion then enkindled in his heart—a passion that never from that hour suffered change or decay.

But many days passed on before Ziani saw again the fair object of his love, and uncertainty brooded over his hopes—for he knew not even her name, and almost feared to learn it, lest it should not rank her with his own patrician order, where only he knew his proud family would permit him to seek an alliance. But to no one, not

even to Angelo, did Ziani speak of the new hopes and emotions that were awakened in his heart. They seemed to him too pure and hallowed to be made the subject of discussion; he might never see her more, and why name to another the adventure which would perhaps bring with it no farther issues, than those which he now felt had forever changed the whole aspect of his inner life. And so he shrined the sweet image of that angel girl in the deepest recesses of his soul, folding around it his own loving thoughts to guard it from the scrutiny of every prying eye—even as the rose closes her soft petals over the tender germ which she carries in her bosom, shielding it thus from the too rude contact of the night-breeze and the dew.

At length one eve—it was that which preceded the holy festival of Christmas—Ziani had lingered in the church till the purple twilight stole on, and poured through the narrow stained windows its many changing hues, deepening and darkening, till the lights upon the altars, and, those before the shrines of the saints, alone rescued the interior of the church from total gloom. He looked around him—the last worshiper had departed, and with a sickening feeling of disappointment, Ziani was slowly retiring, when a distant sound of female voices, singing in full chorus the vesper hymn, fell upon his ear, and arrested his purpose. The music came gradually nearer, swelling into sweet distinctness as it approached, and Ziani had but just time to retreat into the shadow of a massy pillar, when the door communicating with the convent opened, and a procession of young girls, led by two noviciates, entered the church. They were all laden with flowers, with which, when the hymn died away, they began, under the direction of the novices, to dress the high altar for the midnight mass.

The young man glanced eagerly over the train of lovely maidens, but his eye dwelt with a lingering and insatiate gaze upon one angelic form—that of the fair girl whose enchanting beauty had stirred to its very depths his slumbering heart. Motionless, as the pillar that screened him, stood Ziani, watching, entranced, her every gesture, as with flowers less fair than herself, shedding beauty and fragrance around her, she aided her young companions with graceful alacrity to deck with starry wreaths and bursting buds the consecrated altar. Their sacred task was quietly performed, the few words interchanged, being whispered in tones too low for his listening ear to catch; and when all was completed the youthful band retired, chanting an Ave Marie.

With the last sound of their footsteps, Ziani

stole from his concealment, and, approaching the altar, paused to admire the gorgeous flowers with which those fair and tasteful hands had crowned it, when his eye fell upon a missal which he had seen his beautiful unknown leave upon the railing of the altar, when she entered within it to arrange her flowers. Doubtless she had forgotten to take it away with her, and with trembling eagerness he seized it, and unfastening the jeweled clasps, he opened the illuminated leaves, and as he read, written in golden letters on the first page, the name of Isaura Urseolo, a thrill of joy ran through his frame, and in speechless rapture he pressed the precious volume to his lips.

This revelation of her name and rank gave sanction to his love, for she was not only his equal in rank and fortune, but also the daughter of his father's dearest friend—then wherefore should he not woo and win, if so he might, what most on earth he coveted? Too soon, alas! he saw the fatal barrier which shut him out from the attainment of this precious hope.

Rapt in a delicious revery, Ziani stood clasping the treasured volume to his heart, when the sound of an unclosing door caused him to look round, and through it, he beheld again entering the lovely object of his thoughts. She had returned for the missal, and regardless of all things else, she hastened rapidly toward the place where she had left it. It was gone—and casting a troubled look around, she first perceived Ziani's presence. At sight of him the color forsook her cheek, her very lips blanched to the lily's whiteness, and she grasped the nearest object for support.

"Be not alarmed, lady," said Ziani, in a voice low and soft "as the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets," yet tremulous with the deep emotions of his heart. "You seek this book," he added, "which approaching the altar for no unworthy purpose, I found lying here. Permit me to restore what I would fain keep, since—pardon me gentle lady—that I place a nameless value on that which has been consecrated by your touch."

He held the embossed volume timidly toward her, and as she mechanically took it from him, she raised her eyes full of innocent and bashful wonder to his handsome face, and then, as the light fell full upon the noble form and features of the young cavalier, whose image since their first encounter in the church had lived ever before her, a burning blush succeeded her late marble paleness, and her trembling lips strove to falter forth a few broken words of thanks.

Ziani was scarcely less agitated, but the emotions to which he dared not give utterance, were perhaps more eloquently expressed by the devotion of his manner, and by the thrilling language of his dark and lustrous eye. The opening of a distant door startled the young girl, and before Ziani could give utterance to the words of passion that trembled on his lip, she had fled—swiftly as a wild fawn she darted away, and when the lovely vision vanished from his view, he felt as though an angel had been with him and departed.

It was only an old lay sister who had entered to renew the wax lights upon the altar, and as she groped slowly forward her dim perceptions failed to take cognizance of Ziani, who at that moment would scarcely, had the Lady Abbess herself appeared before him, have found power to move from the spot where the beautiful Isaura had left him. There he stood recalling the broken accents of her low, soft voice, and treasuring up the brief enchanting glances of those tender eyes, which had kindled in his heart a hope dearer to him now than life.

But she was gone, and the spell did not long remain unbroken. Leaving the church, he threw himself into his gondola and fell into a delicious reverie, which lasted till the gondoliers threw down their oars at the steps of the Justiniani Palace. It was a gala evening, and the stately apartments were thronged with the gay and beautiful, but Ziani's heart, filled with its new emotions, longed for solitude, and stealing ere long from the oppressive gayety and splendor to the cool and fragrant garden, he hid himself in a bower of jessamin and myrtle which was his favorite resort.

But not long had he occupied his chosen retreat, when approaching voices disturbed his pleasant meditations. The speakers paused beneath a spreading tulip tree, where a seat was placed on which they sat down in the bright moonlight to continue their discourse. Then the youth recognized the voice of his father and that of the Count Urseolo—of him who called the beautiful Isaura daughter. They were so near that every word they uttered fell with terrible distinctness on his ear, paralyzing the very functions of life—for even as the searing flash of heaven smites with sudden death the lovely ones of earth, so smote those blighting words on the stricken heart of Ziani.

Angelo's union with Isaura was the theme which the wretched lover was doomed to hear discussed. The contract formed in the infancy of the parties, and now shortly to be ratified, the

introduction soon to take place between the youthful pair, the details of their future establishment, and in short every circumstance connected with the subject, were canvassed with a torturing minuteness that, like a poisonous mildew, blighted forever the fair buds of that sweet hope he had so fondly cherished. Yet there he sat, his face buried in his folded arms, chained by a strange fascination to the spot where the dismal knell of his happiness had rung its fatal peal upon his heart. Long, long after the sound of those voices had passed away from the spot, he remained there, struggling for self-conquest, nay, more, for that utter negation of self, which could alone enable him to rejoice in his brother's joy.

And so his bright and beautiful dream was ended. It was not for him to contravene the cherished plans of those who gave him life, and treacherously usurp the happier fortune of Angelo, for he might still win Isaura for himself—nay, the flattering tale told by her lovely eyes, whispered him how nearly he had already done so. But whether Angelo were yet informed of his blissful destiny or not, he would be true to him, nor doom him to the misery of wedding a soulless bride; for his brother's sake he would see her no more, and strive even to banish her image from his thoughts.

Ziani had from boyhood cherished a predilection for a religious life, and this first disappointment of the heart fixed his resolution to embrace it. But then occurred to him the pang, which such a step on his part might possibly inflict on Isaura; yet to his humble and unselfish heart it seemed a vain thought to imagine she could seriously regret one who had stood before her only as a stranger—or, if saddened for a moment by his absence, she would soon learn to concentrate the love of her young heart upon the gay and brilliant Angelo.

Indeed, aware of the perfect similarity of person which existed between them, so perfect that each was often mistaken for the other by their most familiar friends, Ziani cherished a secret and romantic hope that, when the destined lovers met, Isaura might see in Angelo the cavalier of the church, and wholly surrender to him the heart, in which Ziani could not forbear to believe that he had created the first interest.

And when Angelo was at last presented to the young Isaura, this generous hope of the self-sacrificing brother seemed on the eve of fulfilment, for she started when she heard the same voice which, in such impassioned tones, had once addressed her in the church of Santa Maria,

and as she raised her timid eyes to acknowledge his salutation and recognized, so she believed, the handsome features and graceful figure of the stranger of the church, she started with evident surprise and pleasure, the delicate hue of her cheek deepened with emotion, and her beaming eyes were lifted again to his with a glad yet bashful glance of silent recognition.

But before the interview terminated, she experienced a certain disappointment from the manner and conversation of Angelo. She shrank from his brilliant repartee, and his gay laugh was a discord to her. The sweet seriousness, the calm and gentle dignity which marked the deportment of Ziana, had during their brief and silent meetings deeply impressed her, and gave indication of a character perfectly opposed to that manifested by him who, being in exterior his counterpart, she thought the same.

When, therefore, she was told by her father that she must look upon the young Justiniani as her affianced husband, she was conscious that her heart did not warm toward him, and she marveled at its coldness, when once it had throbbed almost to bursting if she but marked the shadow of that graceful figure thrown across the pavement of the church. The agitation and perplexity of her mind brought on an illness which, as has been stated, made her a prisoner for several weeks, and during this time, she first learned that Angelo's twin brother exactly resembled him, and to her mind the mystery of her bitter disappointment in her betrothed lover was solved.

She longed now to see this glorious Ziani—this idol of her dreams—and in proportion as she dwelt on the hope of again meeting him, her repugnance to Angelo increased, and tintured her manner with an unaccountable coldness and reserve when next she saw him, which chilled his dawning hopes, and filled him with a thousand nameless fears. Many themes he essayed to win her interest—she ever answered coldly, and her look was abstracted; but when he named his brother—how the rich blood flushed and mantled on her cheek! and how in her soft, dark eyes brimmed up a soul full of woman's sweetest, most bewitching sensibilities! He saw it all, the watchful Angelo, and with a jealous pang, a deep distrust, such as had never before mingled with his love for Ziani.

Could he have seen her? When and where had they met? He knew not, nor could he believe it possible. Yet of late he had often remarked the unwonted sadness of his brother, which he had attributed to a growing love for a

religious life—for more than ever he shunned society, and passed much of his time with the monks of San Francesco. He revolved a thousand things in his mind to feed the doubts which he knew not how to shape—but undefined as they were, he was haunted by them, and to test the truth of his suspicions, he resolved that he would force Ziani to attend the birthnight fête of his mistress.

He accomplished this object with difficulty, as was seen at the commencement of our story, to which after these brief but necessary details, we now return.

Ziani shrank from the trial of meeting Isaura, but he so dreaded to awaken any suspicion in his brother's mind as to the true cause of his refusal, that he yielded to his importunity, and accompanied him to the Urseolo Palace. But when at the entrance of the grand saloon, he found himself, not without some little finesse on his part, separated from Angelo, he willingly followed a different direction, which led him to the remote and silent gallery over which harmony and beauty presided, where we last left him.

There several minutes passed on, and as none came to disturb his solitude, a feeling of security crept over him, and he gradually lost the poignant sense of his wretchedness in the increasing interest with which he continued to regard the rare collection in the gallery. Every moment becoming more absorbed in the study of the beautiful objects around him, he almost ceased to remember under what circumstances he stood in the home of Isaura, when a painting half hidden by a group of statuary, that occupied the front of the recess in which it hung, attracted his attention, and vividly recalled her lovely image to his mind.

Its subject was the desertion of Ariadne, and the artist had skillfully chosen that moment for portraying his heroine, when her first agony for the loss of Theseus had given place to a dawning hope of his return—its expression brightening the deep gloom of despair, which still lingered on her face. She stood upon the shore of Naxos, sending her straining gaze far out over the blue waters, in the vain expectation of beholding the homeward sail of her unfaithful lover; and her attitude was one of such perfect abandonment to grief and love, yet withal, so femininely graceful, so exquisitely expressive of tenderness and suffering, that only by gazing on it her whole heart's history might have been read.

But it was not the subject of the painting, nor yet its masterly finish and expression, that held Ziani motionless before it. A stronger spell

riveted his gaze, and it was, that the lovely face of Ariadne wore the features of Isaura—the same dark eye of liquid lustre—the same classic contour of the head—the softly rounded cheek—the delicately penciled brow—the gently parted lips, full and tempting as a bursting rose-bud—the same soul-subduing tenderness softening the intellectual beauty of the radiant face.

The name of the artist—a Genoese of eminence—was inscribed at the bottom of the canvas; but he had died several years since, while Isaura was yet a child, so that this striking resemblance must have been accidental, unless, as seemed probable, the Countess Urseolo had sat for the original of the Ariadne. Yet, to Ziani's eye, it wore so nearly the semblance of Isaura, as to divert his interest from every other object.

Wrapped in the sweet study of its every line and shade, he still stood before it, when steps entered the gallery, gay voices and merry laughter rang through its vaulted arches, and turning with a quick and nervous start, Ziani saw a bright troop of ladies, with their attendant cavaliers, advancing toward him. Among them, pre-eminent in loveliness, came Isaura, leaning on the arm of Angelo; but her lip was silent, and a sadness, ill in keeping with the festive hour, rested like a shadow on her fair young brow. She moved slowly onward, her eye fixed upon the motionless figure of Ziani, till, lifting it to his face, she encountered his agitated glance, when the hue of life rapidly faded from her cheek, and she sank fainting to the ground.

Angelo's eye with jealous scrutiny had followed the direction of hers, and his darkest suspicions were confirmed by her sudden illness. The hot blood burned upon his brow, but stooping, he raised her in his arms and laid her on a couch. Her friends gathered round her—her attendants were summoned, and leaving her to their care, he approached his brother with a look of haughty defiance.

"There is mystery here," he muttered, in a fierce and angry tone; "ay, and treachery too, which shall be answered for, or the bond of brotherhood is forever broken between us." So saying, with a face as livid as it had before been crimson, he ground his teeth in smothered wrath, and strode from the gallery.

Ziani, stricken with sorrow and dismay, had no power to reply to these first words of anger which were ever breathed toward him by his brother, and till his form receded from view, he remained gazing after him in silent grief and consternation; then with a bursting sigh, he

approached Isaura. Leaving her to the care of her women, the guests had dispersed themselves through the gallery, and the attendants, mistaking him for Angelo, drew back at his advance, in deference to the affianced husband of their lady. Still she lay insensible, and heedless of the regards that might be fixed on him, Ziani bent over her, and softly touching his lips to her pale brow, he plucked from her hair a white rose that was falling from the loosened tresses, and placing it in his bosom, turned with a lingering look away, and quitted the palace.

The remainder of that night he passed at San Francesco, in the cell of Father Hilario, where he sealed his resolution henceforth to devote himself to a monastic life. He had often spoken of this purpose as likely to be some day fulfilled, but had been withheld from it by the opposition of his father, who, as the head of a princely house, desired to see his sons filling high places in the senate and armies of the state—by the tears and entreaties of his mother—and by the strong affection which united him to Angelo, with whose life his own had been so beautifully blended, like two bright streams, that at their source have flowed into one, the gentle and the rapid—yet harmoniously mingling their glad currents as they glided rejoicingly onward through the flowery fields of life. But now their calm waters had become turbid—for a wild tornado of passion had swept over them, and formed new and diverging channels into which they separately flowed.

The scene in the Urseolo gallery had impressed on Ziani's heart the conviction that in order to restore his own peace and that of Angelo, the only alternative left was for him to retire from the world, and embrace a religious life. Father Hilario thought him designed by Heaven for this vocation, and after hearing his confession, he won his final consent by the most subtle and potent arguments, and together they sat out at early dawn for a monastery of Benedictines, situated in a romantic pass of the Tyrol mountains.

In boyhood Ziani had once, when traveling with his father, passed a night with these Tyrolean monks, and he had been charmed with the beautiful locality of their house, and the treasures of art and wisdom garnered within its ancient walls. Since then its remembrance had dwelt pleasantly with him, and in this day of sorrow, his wounded spirit turned toward it as a quiet refuge from the tempests that had blighted his youthful hopes, and as a safe asylum from the pursuit of his family, by whom he wished to

remain undiscovered, till time had reconciled them to his loss.

Angelo's heart beat high with hope and love, when on Isaura's birth-night he entered the saloon where she was standing, the fair centre of a brilliant and admiring circle. In his eagerness to approach her, he did not observe that the crowd had separated him from Ziani, till mortified by the coldness with which the lovely heiress received his homage, he watched her disappointed eye turn constantly to the door of entrance, and reading its expression, he looked around for his brother.

"Have you then forgotten your promise?" she asked, blushing deeply, as she inclined gently toward him.

Her faltering tone, her embarrassed air struck him painfully, by wakening again the dark suspicions of Ziani's truth. He turned on her a searching glance, and briefly answered—

"No, let us seek him; he is here, but the crowd has parted us;" and as he spoke, he drew her arm within his own and led her away.

"Shall I then see him again?" she softly asked herself; "and will my last doubt be removed?" and as this thought passed through her mind, her emotion did not escape the eye of Angelo.

He bit his lip with vexation.

"You are strangely solicitous to see this brother of mine, fair Isaura," he said; "what if he should find more favor in your bright eyes, this festive eve, than I seem like to win."

She answered in a tone slightly tremulous—

"If, as you aver, nature has formed you so alike, that it would baffle the nicest eye to detect a shade of difference between you, what cause have you to fear in him a rival?"

"There is a power, fair lady, which can transform the chosen object into its own ideal, and if you are able to discover my brother from myself, it must be through the omnipotence of a talisman like this."

She was silent, but he felt her hand tremble as it rested on his arm, and he became fearfully disturbed.

"I pray you, speak?" he said, impetuously; "can it be that you have already met the noble Ziani, and learned that beyond the outward form the resemblance between us ceases to exist. Is it so? and am I the dupe of treachery and falsehood? Tell me, lady Isaura," he added, with a flashing eye—"tell me if you have met my brother?"

"I know not," faltered the trembling girl—yet now inwardly convinced that the gentle be-

ing who had so deeply impressed his image on her heart, was not identical with the impassioned youth who stood with bent and frowning brow beside her.

"Keep me no longer in suspense, lady," said Angelo, striving to curb his passion, "there is some mystery to explain, and I would hear it now."

She answered abruptly—

"In the church of Santa Maria, annexed to the convent where I was educated, I saw one like yourself, so like, that when you first addressed me, I never thought that you were another; but when you came again—"

"Ay!" interrupted Angelo, with a scornful laugh, "you then saw in your affianced husband but the dim semblance of that brighter image which had preceded him."

"Not so—I said—"

"Ay, even so!" he interposed, "the chilling manner, the averted look—think you lady, I marked them not? And now—yes, now I see it all—the smile with which you greeted me when first we met, was for Ziani—and it was because I wore his semblance, and plead my suit in the tones of his voice, that I gained even a brief hearing from her, whose heart he had stealthily been beforehand with me in winning. Ay, he has made me deeply his debtor, this noble brother of mine—and I will thank him for his kindness, as I have never thanked him for a boon before."

"God forbid, that I should be the unhappy cause of dissension between you," she exclaimed earnestly. "True, I have met him, but it was by accident, and doubtless before this he has forgotten it. Let it never again be spoken of—for I would sooner reënter my convent, never more to quit it, than live to bring discord and hatred into hearts so long knit together in the holy bonds of brotherhood."

Her touching voice, and the pleading eloquence of her soft eyes, which, filled with tears, she turned imploringly upon Angelo, affected him deeply, and appeased the passion which for a few moments had spurned control. His fine countenance grew calm, and the expression of his eyes softened as he looked down upon her lovely upturned face. Tenderly clasping her trembling hand, he pressed it to his heart, with a low and smiling whisper, that dyed her pale cheek with burning blushes, even while it seemed to her that a hand of ice was laid upon her heart.

And thus they passed on through the lighted halls, Angelo's eye roving restlessly round in search of Ziani, and Isaura's wandering in the

same pursuit, though she secretly prayed that the brothers might not now meet. Troops of friends joined them before they reached the picture gallery, where the first object that met the glance of Isaura was the noble figure of Ziani, contemplating the painting of Ariadne—which was indeed a copy of her own mother's loveliness.

Angelo's quick eye immediately perceived his brother, and when he saw Isaura's cheek grow pale at the recognition, and beheld her sink without consciousness at his feet, he read in her sudden illness a confirmation of his jealous fears, and powerless to control his passion, he fled precipitately from the palace. Hastening home, he shut himself in his own chamber, to soothe by solitude and silence his distracted mind—but peace came not in answer to his prayer, and chafing at the confinement, he sought an open balcony, and with restless step, paced it through the night, watching every gondola that glided by, impatient for the return of that which should bring the false Ziani, to meet his bitter reproaches.

But the morning came without bringing him—the day passed on, and still he remained absent, thus adding proof to proof, so thought Angelo, of his guilt. The evening twilight fell—a Venitian twilight, beautiful and gorgeous, and with it came a letter from Ziani, which unraveled every mystery. With angry impatience Angelo broke the seal, but the stern expression of his eye softened as he read, for its gentle peace-breathing words were like oil cast upon the tempest of his wrath, and his fraternal love burned with a brighter, purer flame than ever, as he went on to peruse Ziani's frank and simple detail of his brief intercourse with Isaura. He described his first meeting with her in the church of Santa Maria—his repeated visits there in the hope of again seeing her—the accident that had prompted the only words he ever addressed to her—nor withheld the confession of the love with which her beauty and her sweetness had inspired him.

He went on to declare that he had never sought her since, but when he learned she was the destined bride of his brother, he had checked his passion in its very bud, and that his strength might not prove weakness, he had resolved to obey the early inclination of his heart, and enter at once upon a life of monastic seclusion. He touchingly besought Angelo to cherish, as he ever should, the sacred affection that had united them in bonds closer than brotherhood, and to beware how he suffered any evil report or unjust suspicion to disturb it; entreating him with all the earnestness of a last request, not to delay his

unión with Isaura, beyond the period named for its fulfillment.

"To me," he added, "even were I not voluntarily renouncing the tender ties and active engagements of life, she could never more be other than a cherished sister; and as the beloved of my Angelo's heart, whose happiness is dearer to me than my own, such she must ever continue to be. Seek not, my brother, to discover my retreat—let Time, which touches all things with its obliterating hand, pass gently on, and when we are able to recall, without pain, what now disturbs our peace, we will meet again. Father Hilario, under the seal of the strictest secrecy, is alone entrusted with the knowledge of my retreat, and through him we may sometimes hold communion with each other. Seek not to move me from my purpose, it is irrevocably fixed—therefore, my brother, resign yourself to it, and let the love of Isaura console you for my absence. I think of her as of an angel, whom I shall one day meet in the realms of bliss; and ever, my Angelo, for your united happiness, shall ascend the fervent prayer of your faithful
ZIANI."

Many efforts were made by the family of Justiniani to discover the retreat of their lost one, but all proved in vain. Father Hilario conscientiously guarded the secret, but through him tidings often came from Ziani, and the calm and happy tone of his letters gradually softened the poignant regrets of his mourning parents. Angelo alone refused to be comforted—remorse for his injustice toward his noble brother, and grief at their endless separation, preyed unceasingly upon his mind to the exclusion even of his love for Isaura.

In truth, he had seen her but once since the fatal birth-night; regarding her as the cause of Ziani's retirement from the world, his feelings toward her had undergone an unconscious change, though there were moments when her image rose in all its radiant loveliness before him, and his heart bowed down beneath the might of the passion she had inspired.

But she—poor blighted flower, how had she drooped and pined since the day on which she heard the tidings of Ziani's destiny. The light and joy of youth seemed fled forever—there was no longer gladness in her languid smile—no lightness in her step—no rose of health blooming in beauty on her cheek. She shrank from meeting Angelo, his very name mentioned in her presence disturbed her painfully, and with earnest prayers she besought her father to restore her to the quiet of her convent and the motherly care of her aunt, the good Abbess. As the marriage, at

Angelo's request, was at all events to be delayed, the count yielded a ready consent to her wishes; the more willingly, as his own time and thoughts were at that period engrossed by public cares and duties, which the political aspect of the state rendered peculiarly arduous.

Some difficulties had recently arisen between Venice and the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, who had long regarded with jealousy the vast maritime power enjoyed by the republic. Numerous instances of aggression on the part of the Greeks at length roused the haughty Venitians to an open declaration of war, and all ranks pressed eagerly forward to sustain the glory of the country—the rich placing their overflowing coffers at the public service, and those who had no gold to give, offering themselves to fight the battles of their country. The nobles summoned their retainers together, and equipped them at their own cost—the family of the Justiniani furnishing a hundred combatants for the cause—those of their own blood, and the descendants of faithful followers, who for centuries had fought beneath the banner of their house.

Angelo partook largely of the general enthusiasm, seeming to cast away his private griefs, while, with the ardor of his versatile and impetuous character, he engaged heart and hand in the exciting interests of the day. A passion for military glory and adventure banished from his breast the softer one of love, and he made an eloquent appeal to Ziani's patriotism, calling on him to quit the indolent repose of his cloister, and rally in defence of his insulted country around the standard of St. Mark. But the appeal was not responded to, and without the brother of his heart, the gallant Angelo went forth to meet the foes of the republic.

Proudly the young man stood beside his venerable father, on the deck of that noble galley which contained all, save the absent Ziani, who bore the ancient name of Justiniani, or clung to the fortunes of its princely house. And as the gorgeous armament, of which it formed a part, swept out to sea, whitening the bosom of the Adriatic with its swelling canvas, no eye gazed with more delight upon the splendid spectacle, and no heart beat with a prouder assurance of victory, than did that of the brave and youthful Angelo.

But alas! how vain are man's purposes, how futile the hopes and schemes, which he labors to perfect! God, in his wisdom, disappoints and brings his aims to naught. Such, and so sad to human foresight, proved the issue of this grand enterprise, which went forth strong and

self-confident to crush its foreign foes. The summer passed away, and still the Venitian fleet remained absent, redressing wrongs, and inflicting vengeance wherever due—but as the winter approached, some wily overtures on the part of the emperor, caused a cessation of hostilities, and the Doge, hoping for a final settlement of difficulties in the spring, retired with his armament to quarters at Scio.

But there, an enemy more relentless than the sword, assailed them, for the plague broke out in the island, and hundreds in a day perished by the fearful scourge. Sufferings such as only have a parallel in the history of the modern Crimean war, ensued—the Venitians were swept away like locusts before a northern blast, for the disease reveled with dreadful virulence in their quarters, numbering the noble Justiniani among its victims.

Father and son, kinsman and followers—all, all of that patriotic band, whose hearts were knit together by one common love, sank beneath the pestilence. The old man with his gray hairs, crowned with wisdom and honor, and the youthful son, glorious in the beauty and vigor of his opening manhood, slept together in death far from the tender hearts that loved them, and the gentle hands that would have closed with weeping love their dying eyes. The last thought of the ardent and affectionate Angelo was with his brother, and while yet his mind retained its consciousness, he dictated a few lines expressive of his dying wish and love.

“When you read these words, my Ziani, the heart of your dying Angelo will have ceased to throb with life—but its latest pulse beats for you and for our country; and I entreat, nay, I command you in the name of your departed father, never to let the name of Justiniani perish from its annals. All of our fated house, save you alone, my brother, will soon sleep in the tainted soil of Scio; but it is for Venice that we perish, and as the last of your illustrious race, it befits you, my brother, to forsake the shelter of the cloister, to call upon the church for a dissolution of your vows, and return to the palace of your ancestors, to cherish the age of our bereaved and sorrowing mother.

“Come forth, my brother, at the call of your dying Angelo, and let the love of the blighted Isaura console you for the afflictions of the past. Enter with her, who was the early chosen of your heart, into the holiest bond of earth, and through the long line of your posterity, let the illustrious name of Justiniani descend with honor to glow upon the latest page of our republic's history.

Farewell, my Ziani! my breath labors, and shadows gather before my fading sight—but, blessed be God, there is a world where we shall meet again. In this hope I am even in death, your loving
ANGELO.”

So perished the noble and patriotic Justiniani, whose resemblance to the Fabii was destined to be complete. “For,” says a late historian, “like them, they had given *all* to their country, and *all* had perished for her; as with them too, a single root was found for their revival. With the Fabii, it was a boy too green for arms, who had remained in Rome—a forgotten monk, drawn from the shade of a cloister, and released from his vow of celibacy, preserved to Venice a name which was again to give lustre to her annals.”

Sadly, when the spring opened, returned the miserable remnant of that gallant armament to the stricken Queen of the Adriatic. The voice of mourning was heard in all her dwellings, for in every home were missing the glad smiles of loved ones, who slept with the dead at Scio. Soon, too, the terrible pestilence swept its dark wings over the devoted city, and the lovely and beloved withered beneath its baleful shadow. They who had come back drooping and disheartened, from the graves of their comrades, had brought with them the seeds of the frightful disease, and sown them in the bosom of their homes.

The trappings of death saddened the gay and festive city, and the music of the guitar and the song of the gondolier gave place to the sound of bitter woe and lamentation; silent and dark stood her marble palaces, but nowhere reigned such utter desolation as within the lordly halls of the Justiniani. They who had once diffused through them the sunlight of happiness, and who were as nerves and sinews to the state, now mouldered in their distant graves, while in a darkened apartment of her once joyous home, lay the stricken wife and mother of that princely house, rapidly drawing near to the last mysterious change which is the doom of frail mortality.

An aged servant moved stealthily about the chamber, sprinkling scented waters over the rich carpet, and fumigating the air with burning pastiles, which emitted a pungent odor, while beside the bed knelt a young girl, who gently waved a fan of peacock's feathers above the pallid face of the dying. A profound silence reigned in the room, interrupted at intervals by the labored respiration of the sufferer, over whose sunken features a fearful change was gradually stealing. The young and patient watcher knew what it portended, but unused to

the aspect of death, she could with difficulty repress the sobs that struggled for escape.

The touch of a cold hand that feebly sought to clasp hers, aroused her, and looking up, she saw the deathly face of the lady turned toward her. Even in that moment the pale lips wore a loving smile as they parted to address her.

"God bless you, my child—my sweet Isaura—bless you, for the love you have shown to the deserted and bereaved, in her hour of sorrow and of death. May He preserve you from the pestilence which walks at noonday through the dwellings of our fated city—but I fear for you who linger here to give me comfort. Remain not when I am gone."

"Dear lady, God can guard me here as well as elsewhere, or should he smite me now, it will but shorten by a few brief years, a life that has but little left to make it sweet."

The lady groaned.

"Dear child, I know full well its flowers are withered. Would my Angelo had been spared to cheer it with his love. But yet, I murmur not—God's holy will be done with me and mine."

A thrill of agony shook the delicate frame of Isaura, and she drooped her face upon her hands to hide the gushing tears. A deep groan from the dying lady drew her attention, and springing up, she bent over her in speechless anguish. The features were settling into the rigidity of death; but as Isaura's warm tears fell upon her clammy brow, she looked up and said with a faint smile—

"I am passing away, my daughter, to the land which death never enters—they are there—and soon I shall see them again."

She spoke with effort, and Isaura's grief prevented her from replying. The lady regarded her with compassion, and striving to clasp her hand—

"Be comforted, my child," she said, "for truly you have been such, and more to me, and may God give to your dying bed the peace you have shed around mine." She paused, and with a brightening eye, looked around the chamber, as though searching for some object hidden in its obscurity. Presently she feebly said—"He is not here! Why comes he not to close my dying eyes? he who on earth is all that I may now call my own! But give him this, my daughter," and she drew a ring from her finger, "it is my marriage ring—and say to him—"

At that moment a light step crossed the chamber—a shadow fell upon the bed, and Ziani stood beside his mother.

"Thank God! it is my son!" exclaimed the

dying matron, as his arms enfolded her, and she lay motionless within their fond embrace.

"My mother, bless me! live for me!" said Ziani, inexpressibly affected.

"God ordains it otherwise, my son—but for one instant, you have arrested my spirit's flight—for one instant only, while I bestow on you my latest blessing and command."

"I wait to receive them—and when she who gave me life, has departed, my sweetest consolation will be in fulfilling her last wishes."

"My son, with this ring I received the name and plighted faith of your noble father—if then his memory be dear to you, place this circlet on the finger of one worthy to bear that honored name to posterity."

"Cheerfully I obey you—my vows are annulled, and on her who will sustain untarnished the name to which the virtues of my mother have added lustre, I bestow this token of my lasting love and faith."

As he spoke, he gently laid his mother from his arms, and turning to Isaura, placed the sacred pledge of an inviolable union on her finger, and as he marked it glisten there, he pressed her fondly to his heart, and imprinted on her bashful lips the first warm kiss of plighted love. To Isaura, suffering as she had, and worn and weary as she now was by her long and constant vigils beside the bed of illness, it was a moment of overpowering emotion, and she fainted on the breast that through every change had loved her faithfully and well.

Ziani bore his precious burden tenderly from the apartment, and consigning her to the care of an attendant, returned to his mother. She moved not at his approach—still and wan she lay upon the pillow, her white lips parted with a smile of triumph, that proclaimed the spirit's victory over death—it had ceased to struggle with the woes of earth, and winged its blissful flight to a world of rest and joy; and Ziani, the last of the Justiniani, stood alone with the dead, and bathing the clay-cold face with tears and kisses, and yielding up his soul to the deep luxury of grief.

In the quiet sanctuary of Santa Maria, Isaura awaited the period when health and peace should again shed their benign influences over the afflicted city of her birth. Ziani often sought her there, and every interview riveted still closer the ties that bound their hearts together. But when the cool, calm months of autumn approached, the ravages of the pestilence were stayed, and then at the altar of the church, within whose

sacred precincts they had first beheld and loved each other, they plighted their marriage vows, and from that peaceful shelter, Ziani led forth his gentle bride, to grace the princely halls of his paternal home.

And there, peace again visited their stricken hearts, and though the sweet familiar objects of their home awoke fond memories of the departed to chasten their bridal joy—they were memories of tender sadness fraught with life's deepest lessons, and rendered solemn to their hearts by

the stern teachings of death. And thus the dear voices of the lost, floating on the soft breeze, or mingling with the perfume of the flowers, spoke gently to their souls of the evanescent pleasures of earth, whose flowers and sunshine are touched with the shadow of decay, and unsealed their spiritual vision to behold that unclouded region where their treasures should never be taken from them, and where, in the ineffable presence of their God, their perfected souls should live and rejoice forevermore.

A PÆAN FOR INDEPENDENCE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

From West to East, a sudden splendor breaking,
Proclaims the advent of another day
Sacred to Freedom! newer hopes awaking
In distant nations, who behold her ray.
Lighting our shores with undiminished glory,
Still undiminished in the lapse of years,
And making grander yet the oft-told story
Of all our fathers won through blood and tears.
Our brave forefathers! few of their bright number
Remain to claim our reverence and our love,
In honored graves their war-worn bodies slumber,
In blessed mansions rest their souls above.
To keep their memories is our holy duty—
To them we owe this heritage of peace,
These fair possessions, these broad realms of beauty,
To which Time lends a bounteous increase.
No tyrant's hand can rob us of dominion;
No conqueror desolate our fruitful vales;
High soars our eagle with unruffled pinion;
Bravely our banner meets opposing gales.
Here are no slaves of old-world, dead convention,
Our motto, "Freedom come to all mankind!"
No interference, but firm intervention,
When men their fellows would in fetters bind.

When kings to Freedom's spirit bid defiance,
And trample down the people like base weeds,
And join their forces in unblessed alliance,
To wage a warfare of unrighteous deeds,—
Then to the nations cry we—Be strong-hearted;
Be bold and resolute, and full of trust;
The might of Freedom has not yet departed,
Nor her high altars level with the dust.
Her starry flag shall float above your legions—
Beneath its folds the doves of Peace repose;
Her power and glory shall pervade your regions,
And make your deserts blossom like the rose.
What though for long, long years of toil and strife,
Subjects and serfs your generations be,
Hope on, and struggle while there yet is life—
If not yourselves—your children shall be free.
Auspicious hour! all noble thoughts inspiring,
Well may we triumph at thy glad return—
Each mind and heart with loftier impulse firing,
Causing each breast with warmer love to burn,—
The love of country! Time cannot efface it,
Nor distance dim its Heaven-descended light—
Nor adverse Fame, nor Fortune e'er deface it—
It dreads no tempest, and it knows no night.

SONNET TO OLD LETTERS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Iconoclast is he who breaks the key
To this dear, treasured letter-box of mine,
That holds such sweet, sweet things from land and
sea!
I worship as a pilgrim at his shrine,
Forgetting all, save one blest image bright,
That thrills his being! And as holy light
From Bethlehem's star, shone for a few alone—
To these, fond memory's love-light lead me down

Thro' flowery paths, to days when change and
blight
Had never shadow'd o'er the love of life;
E'er I had cast a sad'ning thought on things
Of earth, that I so loved, all glory rife,
Or thought, *earth's purest happiness oft brings*
The deepest misery, or knew that fiercest strife
Could hide within the heart of one that gayest
sings.

UP THE ULLUM.

BY PERCIVAL SPUNYARN.

THE Rio Ullum is a small river in the Bay of Honduras, about twenty miles east of the port of Amoor. It is navigable only by boats, and is used principally to float mahogany down to the fleet of ships, which during many months in the year are assembled at its mouth. Its course is rather rapid, and its banks extremely picturesque. There is a heavy surf at its bar, which at times boats cannot pass without danger.

In the month of June, 1838, I was on board the barque Calcutta, at anchor off the Ullum. I was going to a small village some twelve miles up the river, for the purpose of consulting our stevedore—one Peter Byrnes; who was up the river selecting a large raft of mahogany. The sea breeze had set in pretty strongly, and the afternoon was fresh and cool; don't misunderstand me; it was only cool by comparison; the sea breeze had only modified the sultry atmosphere of the morning, the thermometer stood at 82° in the shade.

We don't put on dress coats and black pants when we go visiting in such a climate, and although we expected to meet the captain of the gang—a gentleman of no small importance among mahogany cutters—we only encased ourselves in a suit of duck, and, taking our pea coats to protect us from the chill of the evening, we stepped into our little four-oared cutter and started on our journey. I was accompanied by my friend Tom Carey. My little boat was pulled by four stout young fellows, with a steady-going old card as coxswain; she was the admiration of the whole fleet, and was, without doubt, a regular clipper. As we neared the bar, I could see the surf breaking on it in a remarkably unpleasant fashion. I had heard of the dangerous nature of the entrance, but had not paid much heed to it; I thought, perhaps, it was only a tale to frighten old women and youngsters: but when I saw the immense rollers tumbling in one after the other, I looked at them with something like dismay; however, with such a boat as we had under us, and as the coxswain said nothing, I did not fear to risk it. We had not got far from the ship, when one of the men called my attention to several boats which had put off from the ships in the fleet.

"Something amiss," said Tom; "look out ahead, coxswain, and see if you can make out what it is."

"Can't see anything, sir; can you?"

"No," I replied; "yet I can't see anything astern; it must be ahead—give way, my men! perhaps it's a boat capsized in the surf."

"Ay, ay, sir," broke in the coxswain, "you're right! see there, in the way of them two coconut trees; watch the next roller, and you'll see the poor fellers holding on to the boat."

I did see them, and knowing that the coast swarmed with sharks, I saw that their only chance of safety—in case they escaped drowning and got clear of the surf—depended on our being there to rescue them as soon as they got into smooth water, and before the sharks caught sight of them. I therefore urged my men to put out their strength; they nobly responded to my call, and we soon began to fly over the sea.

A most exciting thing is a race like this; time against life or death! and, as we bounded along, a multitude of thoughts flitted through my brain; it is perfectly astounding at what a rate the mind will travel under such circumstances. Our little boat seemed to know she was on an errand of mercy, for I never saw her skim so lightly over the water. Oh! she was a paragon of a boat—was that same gig of the Calcutta. Stout arms and brave hearts impelled her with a velocity I had never before witnessed, yet we were still some distance from them when we saw the boat come out bottom upwards, and two of the men clinging to her.

"One, two, three; that makes five, sir," said the coxswain, as three more cleared the surf and struck out for us.

"Thank God! they're all safe thus far," said I; "it's the Resolution's boat; I saw the captain and four hands go in this morning. Give way, my lads!" said I, encouragingly; "a bottle of grog each when you get on board."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the fellow who pulled the stroke oar; "never fear of that, but dam all 'grog,' in such a case as this."

I felt the rebuke; I felt I ought to have known a sailor better; "grog" is no incentive to him when life is in danger.

"One, two, three, four; I can only see four," said Carey; "one poor fellow's gone." "What's that?" "A shark! God help 'um!"

The water foamed from our bows; Carey and I held our breath and clutched the thwarts of the boat; still we flew onward.

"Another shark!" said Carey; "d'ye see him coming down to windward?"

"One, two, three; only three; another poor fellow gone!" "Give way, my bonnies! Hurrah! all together!—that's your sort." We were now close to them! the two men clung to the boat; one man still remained in the water; he flagged, he lifted up his hands imploringly, and his faint cry for help was drowned in the surging of the waves.

"Way enough—in bows—back water!" said the coxswain.

Carey had divested himself of his jacket and shoes and plunged in after him; he dived; he rose; he supported the drowning man, three strokes and we were alongside of them, we hauled them in board—just then a huge shark dashed past us. "Thank God, you're safe!" said I, squeezing my friend's hand.

The two men who were taken off the boat had sustained no other damage than a good ducking; we learned from them that the first man who went down was the captain, and as he was striking out strongly, only a few seconds before he sunk, in all probability both he and the other man were seized by sharks, for neither of them ever rose again.

It was a melancholy termination to our first attempt to go up the Ullum, and I felt the matter painfully at the time, as I understood both men had wives, and the captain a family to lament their loss. Of course, after such an occurrence, it was out of the question to attempt the passage of the bar, and we therefore made the best of our way back to the ship. I cannot avoid relating an incident connected with this sad affair which is strongly characteristic of the superstition of sailors. The boat in which this melancholy accident occurred was strong and well built, worth at least one hundred dollars; yet after we had taken the men off, there was not a man in the fleet would touch her, and she drifted away to sea; I must say she had a bad character, as she had capsized at the same place on a former voyage and a man had been drowned.

When we got on board, the appearance of the sky threatened one of those thunder-storms which at this season are common in these latitudes; we, therefore, made all snug for the night. A storm in the tropics is very grand, almost verging on the sublime; particularly in the neighborhood of high mountains. The lurid lightning plays among their tops; the thunder rumbling and then bursting with a terrific crash against their sides, seems hurled back again with double violence; rain falling in torrents—

in sheets—a black pall hangs over everything, which is ever and anon rent asunder by forked lightning. All this is very beautiful to contemplate, under cover, with a pipe and a strong tumbler of "grog." To have been caught up the Ullum without shelter would not have been pleasant; but here, snugly ensconced in the cabin of a good ship, I was fascinated; I sat up till the storm abated, smoked two or three pipes, and then retired to my cot to be lulled to sleep by the distant thunder.

The morning broke with a cloudless sky; the air was pure and refreshing; we took a hasty breakfast and jumped into our boat. The surf on the bar had subsided, and we entered the river without any trouble. I had heard that the scenery was picturesque, but was not prepared for anything so enchanting, and I could not help remarking to Carey how very inadequate language would be to convey a notion of the variety and beauty of the scenery. For some distance the margin of the stream was fringed with trees and shrubs; in the middle was a small island; this, too, was covered with tall cocoa-nut trees and bushes; and from which issued a cloud of parrots, macaws, and other birds of the most gorgeous plumage, that flew round and round uttering the most discordant sounds: monkeys, too, chased each other from branch to branch, chattering and looking wondrous wise, and when I pointed my gun at them it was evident they understood the nature of that weapon, as they all scuttled away like mad, except one old fellow who knowingly dodged behind a large leaf, and no doubt thought himself perfectly safe. The island extended for some distance, and the trees overhung, and formed a leafy canopy; a gentle breeze came laden with the fragrance of aromatic trees and plants; humming birds floated lightly across our paths, while a stream of water, clear and transparent, came tumbling from a neighboring rock.

Passing the island, the scenery became more striking and bold, and of an entirely different character. On our right, the bank rose with a gentle slope covered with fine grass, while in the distance the high land presented a succession of thickly wooded terraces, having the appearance of a spacious verdant amphitheatre. The river was wider and dotted with numerous small rocks, covered with stunted bushes. To the left the bank rose abruptly, and a thick forest extended far beyond the human vision.

It is at such a time, with the grand diorama of Nature passing before you, and the distant mountains frowning on you, that you feel how

far—in her simplicity and primeval splendor—she exceeds the descriptions of the most vivid imaginations. I confess I was somewhat carried away by all this; I was beginning to feel a quiet sentimentality stealing over me; my blood ran sluggishly in my veins; I saw I was but an atom on this vast earth, and that the duration of man's life was but as a moment in the cycle of ages; I felt my own littleness and the power of the Almighty; I wondered if in after ages those vast and fruitful plains would be peopled and cultivated, and speculated on the probability of those immense forests falling before the march of civilization; in fact, I was nearly lost in the region of fancy, when the sharp bite of a mosquito brought me up—as we sailors call it—all standing. I crushed the blood-thirsty insect, and cursed it for its impertinence in thus disturbing me, but I soon had cause to be thankful for the interruption, for without it I should perhaps have lost a most singular sight—that of two snakes in mortal conflict. When I first saw them they were cutting the most extraordinary capers you can well imagine, now rearing their heads and glaring fiercely at one another, and then with sudden springs trying to encircle each other in deadly embrace. One was a black snake, of the other I could not tell the species, but he was of a bright greenish brown^d, he appeared very cunning, but not so active as the black one. The black snake is the most common, as well as the most active, of the serpents of this country, and I could see that this was no exception to the rule, as the black one was more than a match for his adversary, who slowly retreated before his attack, till he came to a crevice in the rock, which was evidently his den; he then suddenly threw himself round the black snake, and commenced to draw him into his den. The black snake seemed now to have lost his wonted superiority, and although he had twined his tail round a stunted shrub which grew near by, yet he was gradually being drawn out straight. The struggle was tremendous, and to all appearance the black snake was getting the worst of it, for the folds round the shrub became less and less every minute, till suddenly and with a twist he let go his hold, and wound himself so rapidly round the other that he had no time to prevent it; but was obliged, in self-defence, to abandon his hold on the rock, and wind himself in turn about his antagonist. And now commenced the most extraordinary wriggling and knotting I ever saw, and in this state they rolled down the bank till they rested in a small hollow; suddenly the green one made a leap, and they both rose in

the air together, and then fell back again down the bank. It was all over; the last leap of the green one was his death-throe; the black snake slowly unwound himself, and after eyeing his foe with a keen glance, to make sure he was dead, he glided down to the river and laved himself in its flood.

I always entertained a most decided aversion to all kinds of serpents, and my first impulse was to put a shot in the victor; but after seeing him win such a hard fought battle, and then come down bleeding and wounded, to bathe himself wearily in the water, I could not do it, and I let him retire unmolested.

By this time I began to get most voraciously hungry, and dinner, that all-important business of the day, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. I commenced to speculate on the probability of getting anything to appease my appetite, and Carey wondered how Peter would satisfy two hungry fellows like us; we knew he was a first-rate purveyor, but then he did not know of our visit, and there are no shops or market in the bush; however, I trusted to my good stars and the reputation of our stevedore, and I am thankful to say I was not disappointed.

Turning an angle of the stream, we came upon a patch of huts, and saw two mulattoes scamper off to give note of our arrival, and shortly after we saw Peter Byrnes and the captain coming down to the landing-place to meet us. I could see by Peter's countenance that it was all right for dinner; there was no hurry, no nervous twitching of the face, no apology, but with an air of ease and satisfaction he assisted us from our boat, inquired if we had dined, and led the way to his log cabin. As we had some few matters of business to transact with the captain, and as Peter told us dinner would not be ready for an hour, we left him and went with the captain. Carey would speculate in the matter, and prophesied salt herrings or "salt horse;" but I was not to be deceived, I knew Peter's countenance was an index to his stomach, and that we might rest quiet on that head.

At the end of an hour we found ourselves in Peter's cabin; the furniture was not very recherché, but it was, at least, useful; there was a good sized table covered with a tablecloth, not the whitest; but a tablecloth of any description was deemed a luxury in the bush, and we knew that Peter intended to do full honor to our visit; the chairs too, although of mahogany—as was every thing about the place—were not suited to a London drawing-room, but they don't stand on

the latest fashion up the Ullum, and so Peter's chairs, rough as they were, did as well as the best.

On entering the cabin, our olfactory nerves were assailed by a most savory odor, and I could see Carey's face light up as the smell was wafted in at the open doorway; we had just seated ourselves, when Peter and the captain entered, followed by a black fellow bearing a large dish, containing a most delicious stew. I shall never forget with what satisfaction I saw it steaming on the table. Without much ceremony, we threw ourselves with one accord upon it. Oh! with what gusto did we dive into that dish. We had breakfasted at eight o'clock, and it was now four; so you may imagine we were ready for anything. We had just crossed the Atlantic, had had a rough passage, our poultry had been nearly all killed in a gale, and two of our sheep washed overboard, so that a fresh mess was a rarity. As we did not know if there was anything to follow, we continued attacking the stew till the dish was empty. Next followed a dish of small birds; as we had asked no questions about the stew, we asked none about the birds, but finding them tender and tasty, and as Peter and the Captain assisted in clearing the dishes with a vigor second only to our own, I was satisfied it was all right, and washed the whole down with a bumper of sparkling pale ale, which the captain had contributed to the feast. Seeing symp-

toms of something more, I protested against it, as I was almost done up, but Carey was determined to stand by Peter to the last, so we ended the matter by filling up with a dish of pancakes. Peter concluded the whole by producing pipes and a bottle of old rum; and now feeling in that blissful condition in which you have no desire to call "the king your cousin," we lay in our grass hammocks and smoked.

I felt my heart warm toward all my fellow creatures, and more particularly toward my friend Peter, and throwing aside all restraint, and feeling a strong desire to know on what I had dined, I boldly questioned him on the subject. But Peter had no desire to be questioned on that head; he hummed and hawed, and dodged about, but I was determined to know: and, gracious heaven! what do you think it was? Stewed monkey, and roast parrots! Reader, you never tasted monkey stew, of course you never did; and perchance, you may feel somewhat disgusted at the idea of such a dish; nevertheless it is a dish not to be despised, and one very common in the Bay of Honduras. I confess I felt rather queer at first, but the recollection of its delicious flavor, and the gusto with which we had devoured it, soon reconciled it to my mind; and many a time has the recollection of that mighty stew risen up to tantalize me, when I have been dining off "salt junk" in the cabin of the Calcutta.

THE SEA AND THE ROCK.

BY ILFRACOMBE.

Be still, oh sea. Grow still and calm, oh sea!

Wilt thou thus win unto thy wayward will

The stern gray crag, that with world's use is chill,
And make it bend down o'er thee tenderly?

Nay, nay, wild sea! Be still and calm, mad sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!

Thou deem'st thyself an heiress, richly dower'd!

Thy white foam pearls, so prodigally shower'd,
The lordly rock flings back in scorn to thee;
The scorn of such light offerings, changeful sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!

Dost think that it is beautiful or meet,

To fret and foam around so steadfast feet,
To trouble such high, hoar tranquillity?

Nay, nay, wild sea! Be still and calm, mad sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea

The shadow of the rock will only rest

In love upon a fair untroubled breast;

It doth not choose to be toss'd fitfully

With all thy wanton motions, changeful sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!

Spread out a broad unwavering expanse,

Unbroken by one wavelet's restless dance;

To thy beloved's feet steal quietly,

In rev'rent love Be still and calm, oh sea!

Be still, oh sea! Be still and calm, oh sea!

As the great stillness of the calm night sky:

As that calm deepeneth, the rock shall lie

Within thine arms, mirror'd more perfectly.

So hush thee, sea! Grow calm and constant, sea!

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.



WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

THE ideas of the poet and the painter are the same—the genius of the one is on a plane with the genius of the other—they receive their inspiration from the same sources; every great painter has the elements of a great poet, and vice versa. The difference between them is the language they employ to evolve their thoughts and creations. The one employs chiaroscuro, the other audible sound—the one addresses the ear, the other the vision. Both enter the temple of the soul, but at different doors—both reach the summit of fame, but by different routes.

To draw an exact line between the different departments of art, and to place each artist within his own boundary, and surround him by his own atmosphere, is a nice piece of work; yet all great artists, like the planets, have their orbits, their atmospheres, their suns, their moons, their stars, their satellites—the difficulty lies in *defining*. We would divide the *Historical* into two departments of art—the *Historical* and *Creative*. Those who select for their themes history, whether sacred or profane, we would place in the histori-

cal department; and those who give light and life to the shapes of their own brain in the creative, whether they are sculptors, painters, or crayonists—and the *Litmiñer*, (which word derives its signification from the Latin “*illuminator*,”) in the illustrative.

Allston comes properly within the historical department of art, although he painted landscapes and portraits of great merit. He and Huntington will take their niches in the galleries of posterity as the two principal historical painters in America in the nineteenth century.

The genius of Allston was universal; and in this respect he bears some resemblance to Michael Angelo, of whose works he was a faithful student—not an imitator. He has left meritorious works in almost every department of art—and many poems that might be truly called Wordsworthian.

The subtle and clear intellect of our great poet-painter was more extensively felt and recognized abroad than that of any other American, hardly excepting Washington Irving. About fifty of his

best pictures have found niches in the galleries of the nobility of England, and about the same number in the best homes of his own country. To show the high esteem in which he was held in England, we quote from his own letter:

"Next to my own country I love England, the land of my ancestors. I should indeed be ungrateful, if I did not love a country from which I never received other than kindness—in which, during the late war, I was never made to feel that I was a foreigner. By the English artists, among whom I number some of my most valued friends, I was uniformly treated with openness and liberality. Out of the art, too, I found many fast and generous friends; and here, though I record a compliment to myself, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of repeating the kind words of Lord Egremont a few weeks before I left England. 'I hear you are going to America,' he said; 'I am very sorry for it. Well, if you do not meet with the encouragement you deserve in your own country, we shall be very glad to see you back again!' This munificent nobleman had done me the honor to introduce himself to me, and is the possessor of one of my best pictures, JACOB'S DREAM. A home sickness, which (in spite of some of the best and kindest friends, and every encouragement that I could wish as an artist) I could not overcome, brought me back to my own country in 1818. We made Boston harbor in a clear evening in October: it was an evening to remember! The wind fell and left our ship almost stationary on a long, low swell, as smooth as glass, and undulating under one of our gorgeous autumnal skies, like a prairie of amber. The moon looked down upon us like a living thing, as if to bid us welcome. I had returned to a mighty empire: I was on the very waters which the gallant Constitution had first broken—whose building I saw when at college, and whose '*slaughter-breaking brass*,' but now grew hot, and spoke her name among the nations. This patriotic feeling is not a strange thing for which any credit is claimed; it would have been discreditable to have been without it."

On our artist's love of country we will here quote a passage from his own MS. letter, dated London, March 2, 1818:

"It is a foolish thing to be proud of any country, but it is both natural and honorable to love the land of our nativity—as the soil of our first affections, and the home of our kindred friends. I have always loved it; but it has become dearer to me as I have grown older, and been able to compare it with others. So, perhaps, may say the native of any other country; for as a man's

friends form the best part of the world to him, so the land where they dwell is also the dearest. The attachment which the Greenlanders bear to theirs is a striking proof of it—the very idea of whose cheerless sterility is enough to freeze the imagination of any other people. But there is wisdom in all this; for it is certain that to every habitable land Providence assigns peculiar comforts, only to be felt and enjoyed by those who dwell there."

Washington Allston was born at his father's plantation on Waccamaw, All Saints' Parish, South Carolina, on the 5th of November, 1779. He was the eldest son of William Allston, Junior, by his second wife, Rachel More, of St. Thomas' Parish, South Carolina.

At the age of four or five years he was in the habit of amusing his brother and sister by making imitations of birds from the pith and shiny part of the cornstalk; and from the recollection of one of these little birds he composed a sonnet, which he gave to his sister when she visited him at Cambridge, after a separation of thirty-six years.

"I used to amuse myself," says Allston, in one of his letters, "at the age of six years, by making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country. I built little cottages of sticks, and shaded them with miniature trees, which I gathered in the woods. From the forked stalks of the wild fern I made little men and women by winding about them different colored yarn. These were sometimes presented with pitchers made of the pomegranate flower. These childish fancies were the straws by which an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after life. These delights sometimes gave way to a strange love for the wild and marvellous. I loved to be terrified by the tales of witches and hogs, which the negroes used to tell me."

In 1787 Rallston was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, for his health, and was placed in the academy of Robert Rogers, Esq., a connection by marriage of the Allston family.

Here the little poet-painter plodded his tearful way through *the heaps of dry leaves that strew the time-honored road to college*, but not without leaving on them the marks of his discontent. His school books, from the speller up to Virgil, were filled with all kinds of drawings, which told too well that his thoughts dwelt not with them. His slate sometimes contained a picture on one side and a sum on the other; and sometimes, to the utter chagrin of his teacher in arithmetic, a picture on both sides. He seldom joined in any of the out-door sports of the boys. He devoted his leisure hours to

drawing and constructing small theatres, making and painting scenery and puppets to act in them. He spent much time in preparing plays for the boys, in which Harlequins and robbers were sure to be the most prominent characters. The dresses, parts and movements, were all planned by him. While at this school he drew and painted several small pieces in water colors. He here made his first group of figures from a scene in the tragedy of Barbarossa, in which the splendidly robed tyrant and the stern Selim, surrounded by black mutes, were introduced with much effect. He also designed and painted several scenes from the Mysteries of Udolpho—and one from the Mountaineers, in which Octavian figured. He drew a caricature of the French class, all seated at a round table, except one boy, who was represented in the act of reciting his lesson to the master, who was holding a pig in his hand, and directing the boy to pronounce *oui*, just like the noise made by the little brute. He made at this time a copy in oil from a painting of Mount Vesuvius, which was thought to be equal to the original. His next and last effort before he left for the University was a fine likeness of a St. Domingo black boy, who was one of the house servants. He painted him with a liberty cap on his head, with a tri-colored tassel and cockade—in one hand a boot and in the other a brush.

It was at this time that Allston became acquainted with the lamented Malbone, who subsequently became so celebrated as a miniature painter. They met in England, and were friends until the death of Malbone.

Our artist entered Harvard University in 1796. During his Freshman-year he painted several miniatures, and a landscape with figures on horseback, which was subsequently exhibited at Somerset House. Much to the amusement of the country people on their way to the Boston market, he painted on the front windows of his room various figures, representing Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt and his reception by the Musselmén.

His love for theatricals at this time was very strong—so much so, that he and his friends induced the manager of the Hay-Market Theatre in Boston to get up Schiller's celebrated play of the Robbers, and soon after a masquerade, in which he figured as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.

Allston thus speaks of his progress in art at the University :

"My leisure hours at College were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes. I do not remember that I preferred one to the other ; my only guide

in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape at the house of a friend in Cambridge that gave me my first hints in color in that branch. It was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master—the work, perhaps, of a moderate artist, but of one who lived in a *good age*, when he could not help catching something of the good that was abroad. In the coloring of figures, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum in Boston were my first masters. Pine had certainly considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio, from Vandyke, in the College Library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation. This copy from Vandyke was by Smybert, an English painter, who came to this country with Dean, afterward Bishop Berkley. At that time it seemed to me perfection. When I saw the original, some years afterward, I found I had to alter my notions of perfection. However, I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction his work gave me. Deliver me from kicking down even the weakest step of an early ladder."

Our artist left College in 1800, proceeded to Newport, where he painted several portraits of his friends ; also, St. Peter weeping after he heard the cock crow, and Judas Iscariot. From thence he made his way to Charleston, South Carolina.

"My picture manufactory," he says, "still went on in Charleston till I embarked for London. Up to this time my favorite subjects, with an occasional comic intermission, were banditti. I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat. The subject of this precious performance was robbers fighting with each other for the spoils, over the body of a murdered traveler—and clever ruffians I thought them. I did not get rid of this banditti mania until I had been over a year in England."

In 1801 Allston went to Europe to prosecute his studies, at the ancient shrines of art. To defray the expenses of this sojourn abroad he sold his hereditary property. His friends tried to prevent this sacrifice by offering to supply his pecuniary demands, but the painter preferred to be independent.

"I believe," says Allston, "that I was indebted to the interest that Bowman took in me for most of my College verses, and the Head of St. Peter. He proposed to allow me one hundred pounds a year during my stay in Europe, but this I declined. Such an instance of generosity speaks for itself ; but the kindness of manner that

accompanied it can only be known to me who saw it. I can see the very expression now. Mr. Bowman was an excellent scholar, and one of the most agreeable talkers I have known. Malbone, Fraser and myself, were frequent guests at his table, and delightful parties we always found them.

"I arrived in London," he continues, "about the middle of June, 1801, near the close of the Exhibition. The Gladiator was my first drawing from plaster, and gained me permission to draw at Somerset House; the third procured me a ticket of an entered student of the Royal Academy.

"Mr. West was President of the Royal Academy, and in the zenith of his fame. He received me with the greatest kindness. I shall never forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand: it is still fresh in my memory. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always readily and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtue.

"The next year after my arrival I exhibited three pictures at Somerset House: the principal one, a French Soldier telling a story (comic attempt); a Rocky Coast, half length, with Bandidi; and a Landscape, with Norsemen, which I had painted at College. I received two applications for the French Soldier, which I sold to Mr. Wilson of the European Museum, for whom I afterward painted a companion of it, also comic—The Poet's Ordinary, where the lean fare was enriched by an incidental arrest."

Allston spent three years in England, and then went to Paris with Vanderlyn. The Louvre was now in its full splendor. Napoleon had collected there the chef d'ouvres of the masters and schools of Europe, forming a gallery more splendid than the world may ever see again.

Allston thus writes from the Louvre: "Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, absolutely enchanted me, for they took away all sense of subject. When I stood before the Peter Martyr, the Miracle of the Slave, and the Marriage of Cana, I thought of nothing but of the *gorgeous concert of colors*, or rather, of the indefinite forms (I cannot call them sensations) of pleasure with which they filled the imagination. It was the poetry of color which I felt; procreative in its nature, giving birth to a thousand things which the eye cannot see, and distinct from their cause. I did not, however, stop to analyse my feelings—perhaps at that time I could not have done so. I was content with my pleasure without seeking

the cause. I am by nature, as respects the arts, a wide liker. I cannot honestly turn up my nose even at a piece of still-life, since, if well done, it gives me pleasure. This remark will account for otherwise strange transitions.

"I will mention here a picture of a totally different kind, which then took great hold of me, by Ludovico Carracci. I do not remember the title, but the subject was the body of the Virgin borne for interment by four Apostles. The figures are colossal—the tone dark and of tremendous depth of color. It seemed, while I looked at it, as if the ground shook under their tread, and the air was darkened by their grief. I may here notice a false notion which is current among artists, in the interpretation they put on the axiom, that something should always be left to the imagination, viz., that some parts of a picture should be left unfinished. The very statement betrays its unsoundness; for that which is unfinished, must necessarily be imperfect; so that, according to this rule, imperfection is made essential to perfection. The error lies in the phrase, 'left to the imagination;' it has filled modern art with random flourishes of no meaning. If the axiom be intended to prevent the impertinent obtrusion of subordinate objects, (the fault certainly of a mean practice,) I may observe that the remedy is no remedy, but rather a less fault substituted for a greater. Works of a high order, aspiring to the poetical, cannot make good their pretensions, unless they do affect the imagination, and this should be the test—that they set to work, not to finish what is less incomplete, but to awaken images congenial to the compositions, but not in them expressed—an effect that never was yet realized by misrepresenting anything. If the objects introduced into a picture keep their several places, as well in the deepest shadow as in light, the general effect will suffer nothing by their truth; but to give the whole truth in the midnight, as well as the daylight, belongs to a master."

The above is a profound criticism on art—one that all interested in art should read.

During the few months Allston spent in Paris, he painted several compositions, and made a copy from Rubens. He now turned his steps toward Italy, crossing the Alps by the Pass of St. Gothard. "I passed a night," he says, "and saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore—such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up hallelujahs almost audible."

The poet-painter passed four years in Italy, most of the time at Rome. The beautiful ob-

mate—the arts—the ruins—the silence of the Eternal City, met his intellectual wants, and gave birth in his soul to “MONALDI,” a creation full of beauty and genius. In Rome he was held in high esteem, both for his social qualities and his artistic ability. So perfect was his coloring—so closely did it resemble the great Venitian’s, that they called him the *American Titian*. In the great city he studied in a private academy, with Vanderlyn and Thorwaldsen. Here he also first met Coleridge; of him he says—

“To no other man whom I have known, do I owe so much intellectually, as to Mr. Coleridge, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has honored me with his friendship for more than five and twenty years. He used to call Rome the silent city; but I could never think of it as such, while with him; for meet him when and where I would, the fountain of his mind was never dry; but like the far-reaching aqueducts, that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living streams seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato, in the groves of the academy. It was there he taught me this golden-rule—never to judge of any work of art by its defects; a rule as wise as benevolent, and one that, while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure.”

The following beautiful Sonnet breathes the deep and lasting sentiments which the painter cherished for the departed poet:—

Sonnet—On the late S. T. Coleridge.

And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth, its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more

Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The human soul—as when pushed off the shore,

Thy mystic bark would, through the darkness sweep
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed

As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.

But he who mourns, is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living truths are left.

Allston thus pours out his admiration for the Shakespeare and the Dante of art. “It is needless to say how I was affected by Raphael, the greatest master of the affections in our art. In beauty, he has been often surpassed; but in grace, the native grace of character, in the expression of intellect, and above all, sanctity, he has no equal. What particularly struck me in his works, was

the genuine life (if I may so call it) that seemed, without impairing the distinctive character, to pervade them all; for even his humblest figures have a something, either in look, air, or gesture, akin to the Venustas of his own nature; as if, like living beings under the influence of a master-spirit, they had partaken, in spite of themselves, a portion of the charm which swayed them. This power of infusing one’s own life, as it were, into that which it feigned, appears to me the sole prerogative of genius. In a work of art this is what a man may well call his own, for it cannot be borrowed or imitated. Of Michael Angelo, I know not how to speak in adequate terms of reverence. With all his faults, (but who is without them,) even Raphael bows before him. As I stood beneath his colossal Prophets and Sybils, still more colossal in spirit, I felt as if in the presence of messengers from the other world, with the destiny of man in their breath—in repose, even terrible.”

Allston returned to America, 1809. In 1810, he was married to a sister of Dr. Channing; and in 1811, embarked for England, with his wife—accompanied by Professor Morse, who was his pupil.

His first work of importance, after he returned to London, was the “Dead Man Revived by Elisha’s Bones,” which is now in Philadelphia. His progress in this picture was interrupted by a dangerous illness, which, after months of suffering, compelled him to remove to Clifton, near Bristol. He imputed his recovery to the skill of Dr. King, a connection by marriage of the Edgeworth family. After some months at Bristol, he returned to London to finish his picture of the “Dead Man.” It was first exhibited at the British Institution, commonly called the British Gallery—an Institution patronized by the principal nobility and gentry: the Prince Regent was then president. It won the first prize of two hundred guineas from this Institution, and subsequently, was brought to Philadelphia by Mr. McMurtie, and purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy, for three thousand five hundred dollars.

The composition of this great work is founded on the following passage from the Jewish Annals: “And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year. And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived.” II. Kings, c. xiii., v. 20, 21.

“The sepulchre of Elisha,” says Allston, “is

supposed to be in a cavern among the mountains, such places being in those early ages used for the interment of the dead. In the foreground is the man at the moment of reanimation, in which the artist has attempted, both in the action and color, to express the gradual recoiling of life upon death. Behind him, in a dark recess, are the bones of the Prophet, the skull of which is peculiarized by a preternatural light. At his head and feet are two slaves, bearers of the body, the rope still in their hands by which they have let it down, indicating the act that moment performed; the emotion attempted in the figure at the feet is that of astonishment and fear, modified by doubt, as if still requiring further confirmation of the miracle before him; while in the figure at the head, it is that of unqualified, immovable terror. In the most prominent group above, is a soldier in the act of rushing from the scene. The violent and terrified action of this figure was chosen to illustrate the miracle, by the contrast it exhibits to that habitual firmness supposed to belong to the military character, showing his emotion to proceed from no mortal cause. The figure grasping the soldier's arm, and pressing forward to look at the body, is expressive of terror, overcome by curiosity. The group on the left, or rather, behind the soldier, is composed of two men of different ages, earnestly listening to the explanation of a priest, who is directing their thoughts to Heaven, as the source of the miraculous change; the boy clinging to the old man, is too young to comprehend the nature of the miracle, but like children of his age, unconsciously partakes of the general impulse. The group on the right forms an episode, consisting of the wife and daughter of the reviving man. The wife, unable to withstand the conflicting emotions of the past and the present, has fainted, and whatever joy and astonishment may have been excited in the daughter by the sudden revival of her father, they are wholly absorbed in distress and solicitude for her mother. The young man, with outstretched arms, actuated by impulse, (not motive,) announces to the wife, by a sudden exclamation, the revival of her husband. The other youth, of a mild and devotional character, is still in the attitude of one conversing—the conversation being abruptly broken off by his impetuous companion. The sentinels in the distance, at the entrance of the cavern, mark the depth of the picture, and indicate the alarm which had occasioned this tumultuary burial."

After the exhibition of the "DEAD MAN," Allston returned to Bristol, where he painted half-

length portraits of Coleridge, and his medical friend, Dr. King of Bristol.

His second journey from Bristol to London, was followed by a calamity from which his spirits never entirely recovered—the death of his wife—which left him nothing but his art. He had taken a house in London, and gathered around his hearth some of the choicest spirits of the age. Coleridge, South, Leslie, West, and Morse, clustered around his hearth-stone to discuss with him Philosophy, Art, and Literature. But scarcely had he settled himself in this beautiful home, when she who was its light and life passed away forever. The blow prostrated the painter.

"THE ANGEL URIEL IN THE SUN," is one of Allston's most poetical and sublimely treated works. It is the embodiment of the following passage from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 8d Book, when Satan reaches the region of the sun:—

"Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque fall; and the air
Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind,
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledged with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.

* * * * *

He drew not nigh unheard: the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known
The Archangel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes,
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errand over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land; him Satan thus accosts."

Uriel in the Sun, is a colossal figure, foreshortened, nearly twice the size of life. The painter says—"I surrounded him, and the rock of adamant on which he sat, with the prismatic colors, in the order in which the ray of light is decomposed by the prism. I laid them on with the strongest colors; and then, with transparent color, so intimately blended them as to reproduce the original ray; it was so bright, that it made your eyes twinkle as you looked at it. If the figure stood upright, it would be fourteen

feet high, but being foreshortened, occupies a space but of nine feet. It is in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford; and the British Gallery presented me with a hundred and fifty guineas, as a token of their approbation of '*The Uriel*.'

This subject embodies the beautiful and the grand. It lifts us up to the highest standard of genius. Only an artist of the intellectual grasp of a Raphael could successfully treat a subject of such a high poetical cast as '*The Regent of the Sun*.'

Our artist's next great work was '*JACOB'S DREAM*.' It was painted in 1817, and purchased immediately on its completion by Lord Egremont. The subject is sublimely and originally treated. Instead of a ladder, with a few angels, the artist has given the idea of a splendid vision, in which countless angels are ascending and dissolving into light as they ascend the immeasurable flights of steps, which rise above and beyond into infinitude.

Of '*Jacob's Dream*,' the artist says:—'It has been painted before, but I have treated it in a very different way from any picture I have ever seen; for, instead of one or two angels, I have introduced a vast multitude; and instead of a ladder or narrow steps, I have endeavored to give the idea of unmeasurable flights of steps, with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable. Whether this conception will please the matter of fact critics, I doubt; nay, I am certain that men without imagination will call it stuff! But if I succeed at all, it will be with those whom it will be an honor to please. There are many figures in this picture which I have always considered one of my happiest efforts.'

The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison, was painted for Sir George Beaumont, and is now in a church at Ashby de La Zouch. The figure is larger than life.

In 1818, our artist, seized with a home-sickness, which neither fame nor friendship could overcome, returned to his own country—soon after married the sister of Dana, the poet, and settled at Cambridgeport, where he resided till his death. He was elected associate of the Royal Academy the same year, and would have been an R. A., but for one of the laws of the Academy, which renders artists ineligible as academicians, who are not residents in England. He brought home with him but one picture—'*Elijah in the Wilderness*.' This picture was purchased in 1832, by Mr. Labouchère, and taken back to England.

After his return, he painted '*Jeremiah Dictating his Prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe*,' the

figures as large as life—Saul and the Witch of Endor—Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand; and continued to work at times on his Belshazzar's Feast, which was commenced in England. This has been called Allston's '*great picture*.' Of it, he says:—'I have but a few weeks since been established in my new painting-room, which I have built in this place, (Cambridgeport.) Belshazzar has been rolled up and reposing in a packing case, for more than three years, in consequence of my former large room in Boston passing into the hands of a new owner, who has converted it into a livery stable. Belshazzar will still remain some time in his case—some embarrassing debts, and my immediate necessities, being the cause. I must be free in mind before I can finish it. I trust, however, that the time will not be very long.'

We copy the following from a MS. letter to his brother, dated Boston, 1st Oct., 1824:—

'I am still fagging at Belshazzar's Court. He is a sad tyrant, and keeps me at work like a slave; but I hope soon to be rid of him. I think he ought to reward me well for the riches I have so profusely bestowed on him and his queen mother; having manufactured, at least fifty thousand pounds worth of jewels for them the last week. What generous fellows we painters are! We throw about our pearls and diamonds, as if they cost us nothing—which, in truth, they do. These visionary riches naturally make me think of my poverty. And yet I do not repine at it; I am far happier, I am persuaded, as I am, than if I possessed in substance all the jewels I ever painted. I am certain that had I possessed riches early in life, I should not have been so good an artist.'

Belshazzar's Feast contains three hundred feet of canvas. Shortly before Allston's death, he erased several figures, and altered his plan—and in the midst of these changes, passed into the spirit world.

'Belshazzar's Feast' contains the last touches of the great painter's pencil. They were not dry when he breathed his last. The work is a great fragment which future artists will gaze upon with reverence and veneration. We will now speak briefly of some of our artist's minor pictures.

In the picture of *Jeremiah*, the artist has represented the Prophet in his dungeon-cell, with no one present but the Scribe Baruch, and far in the distance, the sentinels. The moment represented, is the one just when the flood of inspiration is fully upon him, and before it has been committed to the imperfect organ of language. The beautiful mouth, seen through the

delicate beard, is not yet unclosed, and expresses in the firm pressure of the lips, the awful dignity of a man consciously full of God. It requires thought and silence to lift the soul to the height of this picture. There are two figures in this picture life-size—the Prophet and the Scribe. The coloring is rich, deep, clear—olive and purple tints. It is in the possession of Mrs. Gibbs of Boston.

“Miriam” is a three-quarter figure—fine in color, and full of tender, melancholy expression. Her voice swells o’er the dark sea of time, loud, clear, triumphant. The tones of her timbrel wrap the listener’s ear, and mingles its exulting sounds with the low moan of the Red Sea, that darkly bases the ringing melody of her voice, and whose hoarse murmur is also painted in the back-ground. It is in the possession of Mr. Sears of Boston.

“Saul and the Witch of Endor,” is a picture of three figures, beautifully painted. The artist thought it one of his best pictures. It is in the possession of Colonel Perkins of Boston.

We will now say something of our artist’s more ideal works. “Rosalie” is one of the finest expressions of sensibility ever given by art. It is given at that sweet moment, when the maiden, in the fullness of feeling, is just ready to love—yet does not love. The poet-painter has put into the mouth of this fair being of his imagination, the following beautiful poetry:—

“Oh! pour upon my soul again,
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

“No; never came from aught below,
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before;—that, with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see.

“For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears,
Comes from the very air I breathe—
Oh! nothing sure the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss.

“So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stoops on the highest clouds to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden reverie

First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.”

This is the very essence of poetry—and none but a true poet, in the highest sense of that term, could have created such an angelic form and have breathed into it so sweet a soul.

“THE EVENING HYMN” is another exquisite face and figure, accompanied by a fine landscape and Italian castle. The sweet song gushing from the lips of this lovely creature wraps the very ear of the soul. In possession of Mr. Dutton of Boston.

“THE TROUBADOUR’S SONG” represents a minstrel sent out by the lady of the castle to meditate some music for her evening festival. For some time his hand strays among the strings to no effect, then suddenly aroused by the thought of his mistress’ displeasure, he strikes the right chord, and a song in her praise bursts forth, and triumph illumines his features. “Jessica and Lorenzo” is as much a creation of Allston as if he had not borrowed the situation from Shakespeare. Lorenzo’s attitude expresses the abandon of his feelings. He sits with Jessica on a bank—her hand lying gently in his. His hopes have become fruition—his happiness is complete—but Jessica is looking down the future, wrapt in a sweet, holy melancholy. She is the Jessica of Allston—not Shakspeare—a high, pure, gentle spirit. This picture belongs to Mr. Jackson of Boston.

“BEATRICE.” This is the Beatrice of Dante. Celestial wisdom embodied in nature’s masterpiece. The figure is three quarters, and painted in the same style of “ROSALIE” and the “ROMAN LADY.” Softly and benignly, as when guiding Dante through the circling heavens, unfolding to him the highest truths that pertain to the regenerating soul, Beatrice bends her eyes on her lover, dissolved by his wondrous genius, and the passionate affection of his heart.

“THE CASTILLIAN MAID” represents a stage of love more advanced than that of Rosalie—but not so nearly consummated as that of Jessica. She is sitting on a bank, surrounded by a sort of ravine, covered with the softest foliage, amid which falls a little cascade into a placid stream. On this bank the maiden first heard the vows of love—and there parted from her lover when he went to the wars. She has gone there to meditate on the past. Thus Allston tells the story of her heart:

“Five weary months sweet Inez numbered
From that unfading bitter day,
When last she heard the trumpet bray
That called her Isidor away—
That never to her heart has slumbered:

"She hears it now, and sees, far bending
Along the mountain's misty side,
His plumed troop, that waving wide,
Seems like a rippling feathery tide,
Now bright, now with the dim shore blending.

"She hears the cannon's deadly rattle—
And fancy hurries on a strife,
And hears the drum and screaming life
Mix with the last sad cry of life.
Oh, should he—should he fall in battle!

"Yet still his name would live in story,
And every gallant bard in Spain
Would fight his battle o'er again;
And would not she for such a strain
Resign him to his country's glory?

"Thus Inez thought, and plucked the flower
That grew upon the very bank
Where first her ear bewildered drank
The plighted vow—where last she sank
In that too bitter parting hour.

"But now the sun is westward sinking:
And soon amid the purple haze,
That showers from her slanting rays,
A thousand loves there meet her gaze
To change her high heroic thinking.

"Then hope, with all its crowd of fancies,
Before her flits and fills the air;
And, decked in victory's glorious gear
In vision Isidor is there.
Then how her heart 'mid sadness dances!

"Yet little thought she, thus forestalling
The coming joy, that in that hour
The future, like the colored shower
That seems to arch the ocean o'er,
Was in the living present falling.

"The foe is slain. His sable charger,
All flecked with foam comes bounding on;
The wild morena rings anon,
And on its brow the gallant Don
And gallant steed grow larger, larger:

"And now he nears the mountain hollow
The flowery bank and little lake
Now on his startled vision break—
And Inez there!—he's not awake!—
Yet how he'll love this dream to-morrow!

"But no—he surely is not dreaming,
Another minute makes it clear—
A scream, a rush, a burning tear
From Inez's cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming."

This little heart-epic shows that Allston could also paint with the pen.

"THE TUSCAN GIRL" is another beautiful picture of the same kind, whose soul-history the artist has breathed forth in a sweet poem.

"Rebecca at the Well," in the possession of M. Van Schaick of New York. "The Mother

and the Child," "Gil Blas," are fine pictures. "Spalatro," from Mrs. Radcliffe's "ITALIAN," is one of the artist's later pictures, and is remarkable for the deep, rich style of its coloring. It is in the possession of Mr. Ball of Charleston, S. C.

Allston left in Europe and America about an hundred works. Who would think of saying that an author who had written an hundred volumes had dreamed away his life?

It is said that Boccaccio wrote an hundred tales. Can any one suppose that it costs less thought and labor to produce an hundred pictures than the hundred tales of Boccaccio?

That our artist sat in almost breathless silence through long nights and weary days, with his hands folded across his breast and his eyes fixed on vacancy, no one doubts, between whom and his great mind there is a common organ of perception. But was he idle? Was he dreaming? No! He was living the real life of the artist and the poet—that life which God intended them to live. He was sojourning in the realms of fancy; now he paused in the Plutonian regions to hear the cries of despair—now he sat on the brow of Heaven listening to the harps of angels—and now wandered on the confines of worlds for which there is no name—now he talked with beauty and received her soul, heart-lifting, brain-growing lessons—now he basked in the eye of fancy—now explored the caverns of imagination—now dallied with the fantastic beings of some orbless world—and now, with the goblet of his soul brimmed with the essence of truth and beauty, came back to earth to have it jostled and wasted by the jarring of dull and vulgar mortals, between whom and a soul so high, there is no language, no medium of thought, no sympathy, no appreciation.

The paintings of Allston are progress. To be fully appreciated, they should be seen collectively. The mind would then see how great a thing genius is, and how wonderful may be the creations of one mind. It would take in at a glance the length, and height, and depth of a mental world—the supernatural, the sublime and the beautiful, that stir the stormy passions in the strongest heart, and the sentiment that lifts the gentlest wave in the breast of the maiden.

There is a solidity in our artist's works that is not whim nor accident; it is done on a principle. The paint is laid on in thickest masses. The effects of nature are produced by combination; light is reflected and refracted over and over again, from object to object, until complete harmony is produced—harmony of thought, harmony

of color. He painted the whole process of nature, the last link in the chain being the outward layer of his covering. His great distinguishing merits are repose, harmony, and coloring. He justly deserves the title of the "AMERICAN TITIAN." He was the painter of chastity.

If Allston had cultivated letters exclusively, he would have done much for the literature of his country. What he has done in this department is an earnest of much power. Since his death, a volume of his poems has been published, which compare favorably with a similar volume of any of our poets. The quotations we have already given are fair specimens of his poetic style. The following sonnet will compare favorably with any sonnet Wordsworth ever wrote:

IMMORTALITY.

"To think for aye; to breathe immortal breath;
And know nor hope, nor fear, of ending death;
To see the myriad worlds that round us roll
Wax old and perish, while the steadfast soul
Stands fresh and moveless in her sphere of thought;
O God, omnipotent! who in me wrought
This conscious world, whose ever-growing orb,
When the dead Past shall all in time absorb,
Will be but as begun;—O, of thine own,
Give of the holy light that veils thy throne,
Beyond the reach of light, a blot in space!
So may this wondrous life, from sin made free,
Reflect thy love for aye, and to thy glory be!"

His "Monaldi" is doubtless his own mental autobiography. The descriptions of art and the death scene of Monaldi are very beautiful.

The Lectures on Art, four of which he delivered before the public, are clear, forcible expositions of its principles.

Allston was a fine conversationist, especially on art and spiritual progress. This was the bond

of sympathy between him and Coleridge, who was the best talker of modern times.

In person he was tall, slender, and very pale; in temperament melancholy; in manner gentle and serene. He lived above this world, and walked among his fellows more like a spirit than a mortal.

Allston died at his home in Cambridgeport, a little past midnight, on the morning of Sunday, the 9th of July, 1848. He had been at work all day in his studio on his *Belshazzar's Feast*. The last touches of his brush were still wet on the great monument of the best years of his later life. Before the family retired he had conversed with peculiar solemnity and earnestness upon the obligation and beauty of a true spiritual life, and on the realities of the world to come. He then seated himself at his nightly employment of reading and writing, which he usually carried into the early hours of the morning. At this occupation, in the silent solitude of the midnight hour, "with touch as gentle as the morning light," which was then approaching, his spirit passed to God.

The following lines "ON THE DEATH OF ALLSTON," are by Tuckerman:

"The elements of beauty, which in thee
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!
For nature's priest we shed no idle tear,
Thin mantles on a noble lineage fall; [bier,
Though thy white looks at length have pressed the
Death could not fold thee in oblivion's pall:
Majestic forms, thy hand in grace arrayed,
Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
And hues aerial that thy pencil stayed,
Its shades with Heaven's radiance illumine;
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy sway,
From the heart's records ne'er to pass away!"

SIR HUMPHREY'S FEAST.

AN ENIGMA.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS GARDETTE.

SIR Humphrey sat in his easy chair,
His feet in his slippers, his nose in the air,
His hands with a loving clasp entwined
O'er his jolly paunch—for he just had dined—
And his lips in a juicy smile were pursed,
As he sat there cozily taking my *First!*

Many a Lady and many a Knight
Had smiled on his left, and had quaffed on his right,
And sparkling glances and glasses were poured

That day at the noble end of the board,
While rounds of "roast," and flagons of malt,
Were served each poor *Second* "below the salt!"

Oh! many a merry laugh was laughed,
And many a gallant toast was quaffed;
While each fair Dame, between every sip,
Oft pressed my *Whole* to her ruby lip;
But the stalwart Knights their glasses drained,
With never a care that their beards were stained.

THE QUADROON GIRL.

BY VIOLET.

CHAPTER I.

THE tropical heat of noontide was over, but the air was still sultry and oppressive. A slight breeze had indeed sprung up, but too languid to raise the heads of the drooping flowers, it only whispered to them, perchance in praise of their luxurious grace, and then died again into stillness.

There was but one moving figure to be seen, and it ill accorded with the desolate character of the landscape, for Lucille, the Quadroon girl, was very beautiful, and, clad in the brilliant hues which so well became her, seemed to tread the lonely path by the light of her own loveliness.

It was indeed a dreary scene, for she was approaching one of those extinct volcanoes with which the island of Martinique abounds, and the rugged ground was seared and darkened by the hot breath which had passed over it. Here and there the masses of gray stone were clothed with the exuberant vegetation of that glowing climate, but for the most part all was bare and black, as though some ancient curse rested upon the spot, and chilled the generous hand of nature.

Lucille seemed little to heed the scene; her large eyes, dark as night, and swimming in liquid lustre, were sadly gazing earthward, and her small head set so proudly on the column-like throat, was bent dejectedly. Occasionally she raised it to reconnoitre, and at last a gleam of pleasure and recognition shot across her face. A stranger would never have dreamed of human habitation in that wild spot, but Lucille's eyes sought out a dark hollow in the rock, and already distinguished within it the stooping form of an aged woman. As she approached, her step quickened, and at last, seemingly in unconquerable impatience, she darted forward into the cavern.

"What, Lucille! and hast thou come at last?" said the old woman, "and will naught but sorrow ever bring thee to my side? Nay, deny it not, there are tears in thy heart, hanging like thunder-rain in the heavens; and see, the first touch of my hand has brought the torrent down!"

It was true, Lucille had flung herself to the ground in an agony of tears, the violence of her sobs shaking down her hair into a wilderness of darkness round her polished shoulders. Very soon, however, like the storm-drops to which

the old crone had compared them, the large tears ceased to flow, and she looked up.

"Mother, you are right," she said; "whether by the power of that dark art which all ascribe to you, or whether by the love you bear me, I know not; but you read clearly as ever the secret of my heart, and I dare not, if I would, deny it."

"Gabriel has deserted thee."

"It is so, mother, but oh! tell me, tell me at least that his heart is still my own—that he has striven to free it, but cannot."

Lucille, canst thou bear it? I *can* tell thee somewhat."

"Oh! mother, there is nothing I could not bear if only he loves me still—did I not tell you long since, when first I bent over him in that wild fever, that I could die content, nay, that I could live and see his face no more, if but once I heard him say that he loved me?"

"And thou hadst that wish."

"Yes! dear mother, you foretold that I should live to hear those precious words, and I did."

"No great wisdom was needed for that prophecy, child," rejoined the other, with a fondness of tone that came strangely from her thin, withered lips. "Even now, I marvel as I see thee, that he could ever gaze enough on those eyes of thine."

Hush! mother, hush!" said Lucille, impatiently snatching away a silken lock which the old woman was smoothing over her fingers; "you said you had somewhat to tell me, conceal it not, if it concern him or his."

"Thine own fears have sufficiently forewarned thee, my child." The girl hid her face in her loosened hair. "He will marry!" she whispered at last, as if afraid to give voice to the words. "But mother, may he not love me still? Oh! the white woman's eyes may be blue as our summer heavens, but will she love him as I have done? will her pale cheek burn as mine, at the sound of his footstep? will she toil for him through the heat of noon, and watch through the silence of night?" Lucille raised not her head, and her companion, in compassion as it seemed, broke the pause.

"My child, he *may* love thee yet."

"Oh! thanks, mother, thanks, your words are ever true—now will I cast off the selfishness of this sorrow, and, if only he will sometimes

say that he loves me still, be happy as of old." She sprang lightly to her feet, and began to wind her scattered hair around her beautiful head.

"Lucille, what of thy child? he is wont so to fill thy talk, and to-day thou hast told me nothing of him."

There was, alas! no shadow of shame on the young girl's cheek, as she answered:—"He is well, mother, and fairer than ever; you say that my skin bears scarcely a trace of the swarthy hue of our people, but his—oh! it is purer than moonlight, our darkness has all fled into his eyes! I would that they had been blue, but he has at least his father's rosy mouth, and clustering golden hair. Did I tell you, mother, that when last Gabriel saw him, he wept?"

"Thou didst not, child. I am glad for thy sake that the babe is so fair, perchance even yet he may save thee, or even if Gabriel wed this Madelaine de Beaucour, who is doomed by some fate or other to cross thy path in life, even her heart may be touched by the beauty of this child, and knowing the wrongs of our race, she may stoop to save him from poverty and labor, and set him amongst his father's people. Thou wouldst be a happy mother then, Lucille!"

"I know not that I *could* take aught from her hand," answered the girl, proudly, looking unconsciously so majestic in the queenliness of her beauty, that her companion wondered for the hundredth time how Gabriel Delacroix, even with his pride of descent and worldly ambition, could resist its influence.

A moment's thought, however, and she sighed deeply. What availed the charm of that mien, or the warmth of that heart? Did a European ever wed with one of her despised race? and was not Madelaine de Beaucour, whose name rumor had united with that of Gabriel, a daughter of the wealthiest family of all their wealthy oppressors?

Lucille at that moment was saddened by no such sorrowful reflections, her elastic nature had already thrown off for the time the burden of her grief. Of her poverty she thought little; a flower-maker by trade, she could always earn a sufficiency by the exercise of her graceful art, either amongst the luxurious ladies of the island, or by exporting her handiwork to Paris. To her position, sanctioned, alas! by custom amongst our race, there attached little idea of disgrace, and could she have hoped to retain something of her lover's affection, and to bring up her child in greater ease and refinement than

she had known herself, she might yet have been happy. "Mother," she said, after a pause, "it would relieve my heart to look upon the beauty of this white woman, Madelaine. I know her father's château well, I will take the boy in my arms, and if she is alone, I will even speak to her, and hear the voice that has charmed my Gabriel. She cannot see the child unmoved, for he is fairer than the fairest babe ever cradled beneath their rich roofs."

"Do as thou wilt, my Lucille," replied the old crone, fondly, "and," she added, with a bitterness that seemed far better to accord with her harsh features, "woe unto her and hers, if she show thee aught of the overweening pride of her people."

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright burning day, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, even through the cool jalousies of the Château Beaucour.

The fair Madelaine lay languidly on a sofa, the delicacy of her transparent skin, enhanced by the soft white drapery and rich lace in which she was robed. The room was partially darkened, and on one side of her knelt a servant, who gently agitated the air with a large fan of beautiful eastern workmanship, while, on the other, a young girl, who served as companion to the heiress, was reading to her the last French novel.

Within the shrubbery, and not many paces from the house, poor Lucille had lain, crouching in the stifling heat, for many hours; anxiety to accomplish her object, and the fear of detection, having induced her to take up her station much earlier than was necessary.

The excessive heat, and the want of nourishment, had made her very faint, though her child, whom she had fed and rocked to sleep in her arms, lay still and peaceful as a waxen image of infancy.

She had dressed herself with unusual care, and bore, in a light basket on her arm, some of the choicest specimens of her skill—delicate, night-blossoming buds, and gorgeous tropical flowers, imitated with wonderful accuracy and grace.

At length her child awoke, and she began to fear from his restlessness that she should be obliged, for that day at least, to give up her plan, when from the lofty door of the château, Madelaine de Beaucour, attended by a lady and gentleman, entered the grounds. Lucille's eyes dilated, and her bosom heaved; but no! it was not he, she saw that at a glance, and her gaze was

again riveted on the lady. Something like disdain flashed across her beautiful face as she looked, and then faded into an expression of relief and congratulation: truth to tell, the lady, with all the adjuncts of wealth and luxury around her, could not bear a moment's comparison with the dark-eyed Quadroon, and Lucille felt this instinctively.

Awhile she paused, irresolute, then caressing her child, slowly advanced, with her stately tread, to where Madelaine had seated herself; but her tongue failed her, and she could only silently display her gracefully-fashioned flowers.

The lady looked on coldly, and made no answer to her companion's warm comments on the rare beauty of the mother and child. Her gaze was directed to the proffered flower-basket, and after turning over its contents with a careless hand, she glanced at the Quadroon.

"Your own work, I suppose? Ah! I would have purchased some, for they are really very well done, but you have nothing all white, I see, and these gaudy colors hardly suit my complexion.

"Strange, is it not?" she continued, turning languidly to her companion, "that the absence of refinement in these people, should be so perceptible even in their dress—they all prefer those glaring colors."

"Nay," he answered, quickly, but with as little care to subdue his tones as she had displayed, "if they have all the gorgeous beauty of this splendid creature, they should wear no other hues."

Lucille stood motionless, only her curling lip betraying that she was conscious of their words—"Would the white magnolia, or the silver lotus, please the Lady Madelaine?" she asked in her soft rich voice.

"Yes; either would do," replied the lady. "You may make me a wreath of the white magnolia, I think, and bring it here by next week—not later," she added, with a half-smile, and waiving her hand in token of dismissal. But the young girl by her side had started up—"Oh! Madelaine, the child, have you noticed it? I never saw anything half so lovely! What magnificent eyes! May I not hold him a moment," she continued, with a pretty beseeching look at Lucille, and already taking one tiny hand in hers.

The mother's face softened, though she held the boy yet closer to her bosom.

Thérèse, Thérèse, of what are you dreaming?" exclaimed Madelaine angrily, rising from her seat. "I forbid you to touch the child; every

other girl, of common modesty, shrinks from these low born creatures, and the offspring of their depravity;" and she swept haughtily into the château with her companions, the abashed girl giving a deprecating glance at Lucille.

The Quadroon followed Madelaine's retreating steps with a look of fiery disdain, and long after the party had disappeared still she stood, transfixed to the spot, every muscle quivering with suppressed anger.

Her boy's soft fingers wandering in wonder over her averted face, recalled her thoughts, and she turned away with a step of yet statelier pride than the lady.

Through that night and the next, and again the next, two women sat together in the cavern of the gray rock. Of naught pure and holy was their talk, for as the hours sped by, the beautiful face of the younger woman was transformed to something like the bitterness and cruel rage of the elder. Her occupation accorded little with the expression of her features, for she was skilfully fashioning into all but living beauty, the snowy flowers and swelling buds of the white magnolia.

"Are you sure that it cannot fail, mother?" she whispered, after a long pause.

"As sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"But, you have not tried it," she added, hurriedly, with a creeping shudder.

For all answer the old crone tottered across the room, and uplifting the folds of a bright-hued shawl, which lay heaped upon the floor, displayed the motionless form of a small mountain goat. It seemed to have lain down and died there without a struggle, so peaceful was its attitude. The girl shuddered violently as her companion dragged the body across the cave, and precipitated it over the hill side.

"No son shall she live to bear him," muttered the old woman, fiercely, as she took the wreath from the girl's hand; then drawing a vial from her bosom, she poured into each open cup and half-closed bud, a few drops of clear white liquid.

The following day was one of rare festivity at the Château Beaucour. A grand fête, at which the heiress, in her bridal array, was to appear for the last time as Madelaine de Beaucour, had been planned; for the next morning was to see her the bride of Gabriel Delacroix. As she sat in her chamber, robing for the ball, she was told that a Quadroon girl waited without, asking to see her.

"Ah! my white magnolia wreath," she said, gayly, "'twill be more becoming than this tiara

of pearls; bring the girl here, Thérèse, quickly." With her own hands, Lucille placed the clustering flowers amid the lady's hair, and then retired with a deep reverence. Through the open windows she watched the bride elect, threading with *him* the graceful mazes of the dance, her cheek flushed, her blue eyes sparkling.

Still she watched on, and prayed with clenched hands, until she marked the lady's cheek blanch, and her hand seek her brow with a troubled gesture. Then she laughed wildly, and sped

away from the perfumed air and the brilliant light of that festive scene. Even as she fled, the bride had fallen to the earth, and was borne to her room, silent and motionless. Only when they uncovered her pale bosom, and loosened her shining hair, her hand, in obedience to some strange spell, sought the flowers on her brow, and none could remove them.

The next sun rose upon her, a bride indeed, in her bridal array, fair and flower-crowned, but cold, voiceless, and still forever.

ON CARELESS PUNCTUATION.

MANY writers utterly disregard punctuation, and leave it entirely to the compositor, or the corrector of the proof sheets—a dangerous, nay, an unpardonable negligence, which cannot be too much condemned. Let us cite an example or two of the evil consequences of a misplaced comma. Amazing as it may seem, it is certainly a fact, that the unfortunate King Edward II. lost his life from this apparently trifling cause. His cruel queen, Isabella, the "she wolf of France," commemorated by Gray, and with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of the prison at Berkley Castle, where he was confined, the following lines:—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word *refuse*, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse,"

the sense would have implied that the keeper was commanded not to harm the king, and the remainder of the line—

"To fear I count it good,"
would have signified that it was counted good not to spill his blood; but the comma, being by intention and most wicked design placed after the word *fear*, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear,"

the murder seems to be commanded, together with a promise of indemnification to the perpetrator; nay, after this manner of pointing, the remainder of the line seems to deem the action meritorious—

"I count it good."

According to the punctuation, the keeper took the lines in the worst sense, and the captive king was barbarously murdered in consequence.

In the priory of Ramessa or Asello (the locality of the story has been fixed in both these places), there once dwelt an abbot, of boundless charity

and benevolence, who caused this inscription to be placed over the gate of his convent—

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto;"

which may be rendered into English as follows—

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

But after his death he was succeeded by another, whose name was Raynhard, as greedy and covetous as his predecessor had been bountiful and liberal. He repaired the inscription, changing only a single point, which he placed after *nulli* instead of *esto*, so that the sense run after this manner:—

"Be open evermore, O thou my door,
To none, be shut to honest or to poor."

Afterward being driven from thence for his extreme parsimony, it grew into a proverb, that for *one point* Raynhard lost his priory. These two instances suffice to show the necessity of being very particular with respect to points or stops, since the misplacing of a single comma occasioned the murder of a king and the deposition of an abbot. The Viscount D'Orte was governor of Bayonne, in the reign of Charles IX. He received an ambiguous order from his sovereign respecting the Huguenots, which might be construed either way, according to the bias of the reader. The obvious intention was, that he should massacre them, but that it should not appear to be done by royal authority. He saw through the scheme, and returned the following answer:—"Sire, I have communicated your majesty's letter to the garrison, and to the inhabitants of this town. I have been able to find amongst them only brave soldiery and good citizens, but not a single executioner." He was not one of those ready instruments of mischief, those obsequious tools, of whom Shakspeare says, in the mouth of King John—

"It is the curse of kings to be surrounded
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life."

Editor's Table.

It has always been the fashion with lofty intellectual persons to undervalue and disparage the tastes and sentiments of the great mass of the people. We are told that the Hecyre of Terence, the Roman play-writer, was twice rejected—because the people, on one occasion, ran out of the theatre to see a boxing match; and on another, hurried to look at a set of gladiators. Horace says the Roman *plebs* preferred the gorgeous melo-dramas, with horses, mules and carriages on the stage, to the highest tragedies of the time. Charles Mathews, in one of his books, says that, at New Orleans, he once heard the audience interrupt Hamlet and call for comic singing. And yet we have an idea that the tastes of the many-headed monster are not so very bad, after all. Those old classic representations of Greece and Rome were rather heavy affairs—some of them positively stupid. It is easy to conceive how the audiences would rather look on a boxing match or fencing match, than listen to them. Then, as regards the New Orleans folks, we can well understand how some wretched performance of Hamlet—(one of those difficult plays which must be well represented, or it is intolerable)—would drive them to ask for some jolly minstrelsy, instead. The general sense, or the popular sense, is always genuine; and it is the element and source of success in both poetic and dramatic matters. The people dislike stupidity and platitude, and mostly love what is sensuous and exhilarating. It was for the gratification of the common mass that the grandest epic poems and dramas were written. Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, addressed themselves directly to the tastes and feelings of the common people, and thus secured an acceptance throughout all time. Let all our play-writers remember this. They are not to take classic models, of whatever country, and follow them with an industrious and cultivated plagiarism. They are to come down to the feelings and enthusiasms of the people in the streets and address *them*. Let them study the trials in the police courts, and watch the natural impulses of those about them. No one ever witnessed a street-fight or a perilous city fire, without witnessing, understanding, or feeling some of those wild impetuous emotions which belong to the genuine epic or drama. Instead of disparaging the tastes of the public, we ought to look on them as the tests and guarantees that the stage must not sink into platitude or plagiarism, and that the old fountains of heroic poetry and thrilling drama are still alive and flowing. Let us begin honestly with Virginia Minstrels and the melo-dramatics of Paul Jones and Putnam, illustrating the traditions and history of our war-born civilization, and drawing upon the local or general enthusiasms of the people; and we shall, in time, have our Marlowes, Shakspeares, Johnsons, Sheridans, and so forth. Our only hope of salvation in this respect, is in the vulgar tastes and instincts of the people.

The London Athenæum, we perceive, is rather hard on the verse of Mr. Charles L. Porter, ("Pebbles from the Lake Shore,") lately published in this city. The English critics, indeed, on most occasions, come out severely against our writers, and chiefly for the evidences of imitation visible in the works of the latter. They should be more lenient, seeing that a compliment is paid to their own writers by this very practice of imitation. But it is their trade to be savage; and they are so disparaged and affronted by so many American superiorities in other respects, and so many American promises of a farther series of superiorities, that they are rather glad to maul our people of the pen, and say they steal their versified or prosaic thunder. There is a good deal of truth in all this, nevertheless, and the rough breath of truth is only calculated to invigorate the moral and intellectual growths of this continent. It would be a blessing if John Bull were to insult us so grossly in this matter of poetry and writing books, that we would take an oath against imitating anything that is his, and so fall back roughly and gruffly on our own modes of thought, feeling and expression. Indeed, our literary men know what they have to expect for all their trouble in imitating the Byrons, Tennysons, Wordsworths, Smiths, and Dobells; they may count on being sneered at. They ought, therefore, to turn away from the paths of imitation, and gather all their impulses of poetry and prose from the fire, air, earth and water of this continent. The critic of the Athenæum, speaking of Mr. Porter's verse, says, that if people had antediluvian lives, that gentleman may, after a few centuries, ripen into a remarkably fine poet! Well may our disparaged bard exclaim, "Out, hyperbolical fiend!"

In the course of one's reading, he is sure to light on a number of instances showing how writers will plagiarise from those who have gone before them. Sir Walter Scott has a Dr. Dryasdust. The name, "As-dry-as-dust," was used a century and a half ago, by Stubbe, a writer who attacked the Royal Society of that day, in a satirical strain. George Canning, the famous English Minister, wrote a critique on

"The Queen of Hearts,
Who stole some tarts,
All on a summer's day."

Dr. Wagstaffe, in the time of Pope, Addison, and Steele, wrote a grave criticism on the History of Tom Thumb. In his classic burlesque of the "Knife Grinder," Canning was also an imitator of Mr. Ramsay, son of Allan Ramsay, who burlesqued in the same way one of the Odes of Horace. Some of our newest jokes, conceits, novelties, and so forth, are very often a thousand years old, and we know it not. But as the poet Gray says—

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

And as we write the lines, we remember that Gray plagiarized the idea from Prior—and yet the right of the latter to it was not a prior right. Davenant used it first. And we would lay a trifling wager that it was used by some other writer before Davenant. The words of the latter are—

“Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
'Tis better not to know.”

In Campbell's “Mariners of England,” occur the lines—

“The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
'Till Danger's troubled night be past,
And the star of Peace return.”

A correction in Campbell's own hand has been lately published, in which he says that the “*star of peace*” is all wrong; that he wrote it “*morn of peace*,” and that the latter was the correct expression—seeing that *morn* fitly follows *night*. Certainly, the corrected mode is better than the other, on figurative grounds. But “*star of peace*” is a good, a brilliant, and a classical phrase, nathless, and we are of opinion that few will adopt the emendation. People are always reluctant to change a phrase which they have long used and thought well of. Emendators of Shakspeare bid us read—“Know a hawk from a heron-shaw,” not “a hawk from a *hand-saw*.” The former is certainly the sensible reading. But what of that? Shakspeare wrote “*hand-saw*,” reader, as sure as you are there. Hamlet uses the common slang pronunciation which had made “heron-shaw” *hand-saw*, and which, by grotesque exaggeration, best served the popular purpose of contrast. “*Hand-saw*” suits the odd talk of Hamlet; but “heron-shaw” sounds too correct and pedantic for the—man's mood. We shall have nothing to say to “heron-shaw.” *Hand-saw* is the word—Shakspeare's word. Then there is that emendation of, “to the manner born.” People say “to the manor born.” This is unpardonable, and of a piece with half the corrections made in the poet's text. None of these people—these verbalists—ever did any good. Not one of them has brought out a beauty that lay hid before. They make some changes which you don't deny and don't value. But, on the whole, they make the text worse than they found it. That correction of Campbell, with which we set out, was an afterthought—and it must go for nothing.

Bristed thus relates in his easy, conversational way, the following anecdote of Count Quelquechose's five hundred franc dinner. The Count was a “good feeder,” to say the least of it.

“The Count de Quelquechose was one of your *vi-vours* about town, who united in himself two qualities that do not always go together, the *gourmand* and *gourmet*—in plain English, the glutton and epicure. So you may suppose a large share of his means was absorbed in what the transcendentalists call ‘appropriating to one's self a portion of the outer world,’ and it often became convenient to him to dine

at other people's expense; and he often did so, for he was one of those men whom it is a pleasure to see eat, he went into the operation with such a will. Once upon a time, the count made a bet that he would eat ‘to his own cheek,’ five hundred francs of dinner at the Café de Paris. Five hundred francs, a hundred dollars, twenty pounds sterling! You don't look duly astonished. Mind, he was not merely to order and partake of that amount of dinner, but to eat every morsel of everything he called for, (except, of course, bones and shells,) and drink every drop of liquor he ordered. Moreover, it was stipulated that he should not win if he died, or was taken seriously ill within forty-eight hours after the event. The match came off at the place and time appointed, in the presence of a select company. I wish I had the bill of fare to show you, but it was rather before my time, and I can only give you the prominent items of the performance. He began with some caviare, by way of a bet, which made good fifteen francs. Then came the *potage*, and this was his strong point, and what principally contributed to his winning. It happened that at that period the Café de Paris boasted among its exotic luxuries *birds'-nest soup*, at twenty francs the portion. The count called for and consumed *twelve* successive *potages*. When you consider that a French ‘soup for one’ is nearly or quite enough for two, not to mention the richness of this Chinese dish, you may wonder, indeed, that he had capacity or appetite remaining for the main body of the dinner. What the *entrées* were, I can't say; but his other principal resting point was the roast, composed exclusively of game, and comprising several of the rarest birds in or out of season; they had the double advantage of being dear and easily digestible. Meanwhile, you may suppose the umpires watching every plate, to see that it was fairly emptied, with occasional remarks like this—

“‘M. le Comte, here is a wing of a pheasant, not picked,’ and so forth.

“‘And the wine?’

“‘That did not help him so much as it might have done a similarly situated Anglo-Saxon. The French, as you know, are no great drinkers, to begin with; and the Parisian cafés have no very expensive wine in comparison with our hotel standard. The count needed all his wits about him, too, and could not afford to run the risk of disturbing his head. Two bottles of Johannisberg, (or what did duty for such at the Café de Paris,) at thirty-five francs each, and a bottle of the best Lafitte, at fifteen francs, was all he could do in that line.’

“‘He ought to have had some of our twenty-five dollar Madeira.’

“‘He did not require it, for he gained his bet “in hand,” as you may say, and the umpires announced the successful result as he was peeling a fine peach. Then came the *bouquet*.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said Quelquechose, looking round on the admiring company, ‘is the wager fairly won?’

“‘They all declared it was.

“‘*Garçon*, bring me a pineapple and a bottle of *Kerres*.’ (Xeres, or Sherry, to wit.) And forth

with he proceeded, over and above his bargain, to eat the entire pineapple, without sugar, European fashion, but *with* about two-thirds of the *Kerres* to keep all straight. 'And now, gentlemen,' continued the count, as he lit a cigar, 'double the bet; make it ten thousand francs to five, and I will eat a similar supper in two hours from now.'

"His auditors were fairly 'knocked;' not a man dared take him up. However, the losers partially consoled themselves with the thought that they had a loophole left; he might die or seriously 'indigest himself' within the two days. Vain were their hopes! The count continues to be well and flourishing up to the present time. You may see him now any fine day (when his finapces are in good order) parading on the Champs Elysées with his *dokkar* and his *steppair*."

During the recent wonderful combination of French and English royalties in London, the national airs of the two countries mingled in harmonious alliance, an alternate verse of each being sung in all public festivities. The "God save the Queen" can be hummed by every one—but the new national air of France was totally unknown to all, excepting a few old street-organs, who ground its melancholy measures round the streets of London; for the fashionable organs of Paris had laid it aside some twenty-five years ago. "Partant pour la Syrie," as it is called, is the composition of Hortense Beauharnois, Queen of Holland, and Louis Napoleon's mother. This ballad, or *romance*, as the French call this kind of composition, together with another by the same illustrious composer, enjoyed in its day, a celebrity insured to all royal composers; but of course the merit and fashion of the music went out with the dynasty of the author. "Portrait charmant," and Partant pour la Syrie, were perhaps remembered by none but the immediate followers of La Reine Hortense.

It was a good stroke of policy for Louis Napoleon to take this simple composition of his mother's as the national air of the New Empire—recalling, as he did, the Old Empire familiar with its strains, and appealing by the sentimentality of the homage to his mother's memory, to one of the peculiar traits of the French character—filial affection. "Vive Henri IV."—the national air of the elder Bourbon—"Où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille"—an old French air, the *family* meaning the people, adopted by the restoration—the Marseillaise—emblem of republicanism—were all dangerous reminiscences for the Imperial government; so, Partant pour la Syrie, which means nothing, and the words of which cannot be twisted into political allusions, was quite a little musical coup d'état on the part of Louis Napoleon. Thus prefaced, we refer our *gentle* reader to the music with the words, in the present number, now we believe translated for the first time.

There is a very good story told of the old French ghost-interpreter, Fontenelle, who lived to a very great age, on coffee and a quiet mind. The last is

rather funnily illustrated in the story. An old friend came one day to dine with Fontenelle, and, just before dinner, they fell into an argument about a salad which the cook was preparing in the kitchen. They differed with respect to the mode of dressing it—the old friend advocating melted butter, and Fontenelle being for oil. They found it impossible to agree on the matter, and a compromise was decided on—one half to be dressed with butter, and the other half with oil. The conversation then went on, till the guest, who had a tendency to apoplexy, fell down unexpectedly, and was "gone," before they could untie his cravat. Wondering for a moment what might be the subject of the friend's first dialogue in Hades, Fontenelle went to the head of the stairs and called out to the cook—"The whole with oil!"

LOVE.—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes between the ages of fifteen and thirty. Some have been known to have it at sixty.

Symptoms—Absence of mind—giving things many names: calling tears, nectar; and sighs, zephyrs. A fondness for poetry and much music; gazing on the sidereal heavens; loss of appetite; neglect of business; loathing for all things, save one; bloodshot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh.

Effect—A strong heart-burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleepiness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imagination bright—bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas; and then again, oceans of despair, rack, torments and pistols

Cure—Get married.

In a curious and rare old book, entitled "The Fifteen Comforts of Marriage," the bridesmaids hold an important discussion concerning the colors that ought to be used in dressing the bridal bed—not, say they, with yellow ribbons, for these are the emblems of jealousy—not with *feuille morte*, (dead-leaf color,) that signifies fading love—but with true blue, which signifies constancy till death; but that was objected to, as those colors will never match. Violet was proposed, as signifying religion—but this was thought too grave; and at last they concluded to mingle a gold tissue with grass-green, the latter signifying youthful jollity. For the bride's favor, top-knots and garters, the bride proposed blue, gold-color, popinjay-green, and lemon-color; objected to—gold-color signifying avarice—popinjay-green, wantonness. The younger bridesmaid proposed mixtures—flame-color, flesh-color, willow, and milk-white. The second and third were objected to, as flesh-color signifies lasciviousness; and willow, forsaken. It was settled that red signifies justice, and green, inconstancy. The miller, at last, fixed the colors, as follows:—For the favors, blue, red, peach-color, and orange-tawny; for the young ladies' top-knots, flame-color, straw-color, (signifying plenty,) peach-color, grass-green, and milk-white; and for the garters, yellow, signifying honor and joy.

Oleaver girl, who wrote these lines :—

"My heart is sick, my heart is sad—

But, oh! the cause I dare not tell—

I am not grieved, I am not glad,

I am not ill, I am not well!

"I'm not myself—I'm not the same

I am, indeed, I know not what;

I'm changed, in all, except in name—

Oh! when shall I be changed in *that*!"

—
All you who know young Sniffkins, are aware that he married old Miss Betty Blochet for her money—that he cannot touch it till she dies, and that he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day, Mrs. Sniffkins finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her belief that she was "poisoned," and that he, Sniffkins, had done it.

"I didn't do it," shouted Sniffkins, "it's all gammon, she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor—*open her upon the spot*—I'm willing."

—
The poet Claudian has written a little poem—or, as he himself styles it—an epigram—which, along with its intrinsic merit, is interesting as having suggested the most natural and agreeable lyric of one of the greatest poets of modern times, Alexander Pope:

"Happy the man, whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,"

is a time-honored and well-known piece of poetry. Claudian's, which is more so, in respect of the first, is less so, in respect of the last clause of the last sentence; and we have a thought of presenting it to the reader—though some would call an effusion, over 1400 years old, rather stale, just at present. It is all about an old man living near Verona—an old gentleman of Verona—who passed his life in his own village, without ever stirring outside of it.

The following is line for line with the original, and was once got up with great pains as a school-exercise :—

"THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

"Happy, who in his father's fields grows old,
His home in childhood still his home in age;
Who, hobbling with a stick, where once he crawled,
Counts many generations of one cot.

He is not drawn by Fortune's various calls,
Nor heeds the waves, a trader, nor the trump,
A soldier; nor has law-suits in the courts.
Untaught of things, to the near town a stranger,
He has more liberal prospects of the heavens;
Counts time by coming fruits, not consulships,
And Autumn knows by apples, Spring by flowers.
From the same field, he sunset sees, and sunrise;
And with that orb the rustic metes his day.

He can remember his great oak an acorn,
And, with himself, sees all his groves grow old.
He thinks Verona further than dusk India,
And fancies Benacus has got red coasts.
Meanwhile, with force unquelled and vigorous thews,

To the third race the hale old grandsire comes,
Another goes to Spain, and sees the world:
The first has more of life; the last, of the highway."

And yet with all this, we are informed that Claudian was a great courtier and parasite in the court of Honorius, the Roman emperor, and the camp of the commander-in-chief, Stilicho. No doubt, his experience with the latter may have helped to give him a real wish for a quiet life—especially, as Alaric, the Western Goth, was frightening all Italy at that time, hammering with his hatchet at the gates of Rome, and getting money to let them all off, *this* time.

The poetry is pretty good for an African—for Claudian was born beside the Nile. Yet, after all, it is only a cabinet imitation of that noble picture drawn by the hand of Virgil, and to be found at the end of one of his Georgics—the Second, we believe.

—
We obtain the following story from one of the heroes, Mr. John Palmer, as we shall call him:

"I was *en route* from New York to Philadelphia," says Mr. P. "several years ago—having comfortably seated myself in the cars at Jersey City beside a plain and rather sombre looking gentleman. My neighbor was of Yankee origin; indeed, I thought there could be no mistake about his having been grown in my own native Connecticut. He gave me a surly nod as I took a seat by his side, for he was like myself somewhat fleshy, and our seat was none of the widest. I settled myself down after a slight effort, however, by the Connecticut gentleman's side, and we fitted into each other as do bags of meal in a closely stowed wagon. For twenty miles we rode on without exchanging a word; I, busied with a New York paper, and my Connecticut friend being apparently engrossed with a view of the country through which we were rapidly passing. At Trenton, the cars gave a lurch, and I was thrown violently against my neighbor. He took the assault without a murmur, but his face, I thought, however, began to indicate no little discomfiture at the nice squeezing he was undergoing, and I was expecting every moment he would utter a complaint in good set English. He did not, however, and we arrived at Bristol, and on board the boat without having exchanged a single word.

"When the boat had left the wharf, I proceeded to the the forward deck for the purpose of smoking. I had not been there five minutes before I was joined by my silent companion of the cars, who asked me for a light. I handed him the weed I was puffing, and in an instant he was blowing a cloud as big as my own. He stood by my side for at least ten minutes, without addressing a word to me; at last, he opened a dialogue, which was as follows:

Connecticut Man. Are you a resident of Philadelphia?

John Palmer. Yes.

Connecticut Man. How long have you lived there?

John Palmer. About forty years

Connecticut Man. Do you know a family of Palmers there?

John Palmer. Yes, several.

Connecticut Man. Do you know one John Palmer?

John Palmer. I know three.

Connecticut Man. What do they do?

John Palmer. One is a conveyancer, another is a doctor, and another is a produce merchant.

Connecticut Man. Do you know where these Palmers hail from?

John Palmer. The produce merchant is a Connecticut man, and was born in Bridgeport.

Connecticut Man. Was his grandfather, on his mother's side, named Smith? Perhaps you don't know that though?

John Palmer. I do know—his grandfather, on his mother's side, was a Smith.

Connecticut Man. Smith of Danbury?

John Palmer. Smith of Danbury.

Connecticut Man. That's the John Palmer I'm looking for. I never have been ten miles from home before. My name is Smith; my father was a brother of John Palmer's mother; John Palmer is hence my first cousin, and I am going to Philadelphia, to pay him a visit.

The reader may guess the rest. Our friend Palmer and the Connecticut gentleman were cousins, and came together in the strange manner we have attempted to describe. How they had a good laugh over the circumstances; how they finally interchanged frequent visits; how their families are now intimate, we could relate if we had time.

—
If this is not new, it is just as good as new:

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansas candidate for Congress; "if I'm elected to this office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat going through a new cheese. My chief recommendations are, that at a public dinner given to General —, I ate more than any two men at table: at the last election I voted three times for the dimmycratic candidate; I've just bought a new suit of clothes that will do to go to Congress in; and I've got the handsomest sister of any man in Arkansas!"

—
"Ah! sir," said Miss Tabitha Jenks, a maiden lady of some fifty years' standing, to her cousin John, as he lifted the cradle across the room; "behold the fruits of matrimony!"

"Not exactly, Cousin Tab," replied Cousin John, "it is only the *fruit basket*!"

Cousin Tab turned away from Cousin John, saying, with a little twitching laugh:

"Cousin John, you're too funny, I do declare." There then came over her face an expression of most desperate melancholy.

In the reign of William the Conqueror, seven hundred and eighty-five years ago, according to a rare book, entitled *Vita Wulfstan, in Anglia Sacra*, ii. 258; the city of Chester became a very extensive mart for the traffic, by the Saxons, in English and Welch slaves, which was carried on to a great extent. The slaves consisted chiefly of the young of both sexes, and care was taken to select as many *enceinte* women as possible, in order to enhance their value. They were collected from all parts of England and Wales, for exportation to Bristol and to other places, for the continent. The frequent wars carried on by the Welsh furnished them with an immense number of slaves, and if more were wanting, their neighbors of the Northumbrian kingdom were always ready even to dispose of their nearest relations. Wulfstan, who was then Bishop of Worcester, endeavored by all his means to induce the inhuman Saxons to drop so barbarous a custom, which neither the king nor the love of God could induce them to lay aside. It was a moving sight to see, in the public markets, rows of young people of both sexes, of great beauty and in the flower of their youth, tied together with ropes, and daily prostituted, daily sold. Execrable fact! wretched disgrace! exclaims our indignant chronicler; men unmindful even of the affection of the brute creation, delivering into slavery their relations, and even their very offspring!

—
We were fishing at Schellinger's Landing, Cape May, two or three summers ago, in company with several city *habitues*. We were probably the most experienced Walton in the party, and yet we could not boast of any very extensive knowledge. One among us was intensely green, and we were greatly amused at the blunders he was constantly committing. Once he attached a lobster's claw to his hook, and bobbed away with such a tempting morsel for some time with the certainty—if one might judge from his looks—of getting a first-rate bite. Again he concluded to bait with a bit of Bologna Sausage, and with like ill-luck. At last, he got the proper bait, and soon after received a tremendous jerk, indicating the biggest kind of fish. In an instant he was pulling up, his face big with expectation.

"Here will be a treat for Woolman of the Mount Vernon," said he, as he hauled in. At last the finny stranger arose to the top of the water, and proved to be a flounder with a black back and a white belly, as thin as a split shad. Charley, that was the name of our companion, opened his eyes in astonishment, and blowing forth a protracted whistle, exclaimed:

"Hang it boys! just look—who would have thought it! I've caught the half of a fish!"

Charley had never seen a flounder before.

Talking of fishing, we have had many a good time with rod and line at Beverly, a small place on the Delaware, hard by the city. There it is the rock fish run at certain seasons. We have captured them of various weights. Generally speaking, however, they do not exceed a half pound each as an average. A friend, who sometimes accompanies us in our fishing

excursions—these rock fish excursions, we mean—is very cross when he begins his baitings, and he continues so until we leave the ground for home. He can't bear to talk. If a spectator appears, and presumes to address him, he gives him the shortest, crustiest answers in the world. Take a specimen:—

Enter a little fat man with ventilating hat, coat and pants, beard untrimmed, feet minus shoes, but with large incrustations of Jersey soil.

Fatty. (Seating himself by our friend, who scowls most ferociously and holds on to his line with a regular grip.) Pooty tolerable fishing here?

Friend. Can't you see by the quantity we've got in the basket?

Fatty. Why no, I didn't—(moves toward the basket, and, in doing so, draws his dirty feet over our friend's coat-tail, and upsets his pan of shad-roë). La! there is a pooty smart mess.

Friend. (Re-arranging the shad-roë, and casting a ferocious look at Fatty's dirty feet). Aint those your cows, neighbor, that have got into the corn over there. If you don't look out you'll have to pay damages. I advise you to see to them.

Fatty. (Stumbling back again and seating himself beside our friend). Oh, no; them aint my ke-ows—I don't own no ke-ows. Look a-here, I haint got nothing pertickler to do just now, and would like to jine you in a fish. What say? I've brought my line along, and want a little of that ar bait of yourn.

Friend. Well, I might as well be candid—no use in mincing matters. You needn't think to poke yourself in here, and use our bait. If you want to fish why don't you get your own bait, and go to some other ground? Don't come bothering around here.

Fatty. (Rising to his feet, and eyeing our friend with a look of mingled indignation and surprise.) You're a pooty feller! Do you think you can skeer me? Ef you do, you've missed a figur. Perhaps you own the Delaware; maybe this here wharf belongs to you. Do you know that my father fit the Hessians and British right up under them trees there? You're a pooty coot to talk to me in that way!

Friend. Go to the devil!

Fatty. Go there yerself, I don't keep no bad company. I'm an American, a Jersey boy. Whoop! darn me if I don't believe you're a squirt! You needn't think to frighten me!

Saying this Fatty made off, shaking his fists furiously, and threatening to return with a "posse nemetatus," as he called it, of his friends, and give us "reglar beans."

We sat awhile longer just to keep up appearances, and then gathering up our traps left, taking cross-outs, however. It was well we did so, for scarcely ten minutes had elapsed, before Fatty returned with his "posse nemetatus" of friends, each man with his joints greased for a rough and tumble. We should certainly have been forced either to apologize or get whipped. The moral of our simple sketch is, that when you go a fishing up in Jersey, you must not

take a cross man along; answer all questions which may be put to you; part with your bait like a man; nay, if desired, pick out your biggest fish, and present them with a low bow to your tormentor.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend, To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend: Should his differ from ours by any pretence We blush for his want both of judgment and sense; But should he come into and flatter our plan, Why, really, we think him a "sensible man."

"Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?"

"Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature.

"Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "*Ten Thousand a Year*?"

"No, madam," said Jones, "I never read so many in all my life."

An editor in Ohio thus writes to his subscribers.

"We hope our friends will overlook our irregularities for the past few weeks. We are now permanently located in the county jail, with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper for the future."

It now comes out that Currer Bell and her sisters were half Irish by blood—their father having been born in the parish of Ahaderly in the County of Down. In England they were known as the Brontes; but the father's name was Patrick Prunty, of a very humble family. In his youth, he was taken notice of for his talent and intelligence by the Rev. Mr. Tighe, rector of Drumgooland, who gave him a good education, sent him to England, and at last procured him a curacy in Wales—a very moderate reward, indeed, for all the intellectual cleverness which had attracted the notice of his superiors. *Prunty* and *Bronte* are so much alike in pronunciation that some of the curate's English friends easily prevailed on him to adopt the latter—which he did—just as legitimately as other families changed their names from *Perse* to *Percy*, *Carr* to *Kerr*, and so forth. And the change was an excellent one. *Bronte* was a right good name. It was the name of one of the grand Greek Cyclops who hammered in Vulcan smithy at Lemnos—*Steropes*, *Brontes* and *Pyræmon*. *Bronte* also means "thunder;" and furthermore, it was one of the titles of the immortal admiral, Horatio Nelson. The Rev. Mr. Bronte, therefore, sounded admirably. To every classic mind it was the Rev. Mr. Thunder—and this, at once, produced, of course, the idea of a pulpit *Boanerges*! The man soon got a wife, of British race, and the children of that couple were the three sisters who lately wrote novels, and roused the critics by the evidence of natural power, though unaccompanied by much cultivation or judgment. It is stated in the Irish paper from which these facts are gathered, that the sisters never forgot their relatives in Ireland, and that Charlotte lately sent them about six hundred dollars and copies of her works.

A new poet has started up in England among the vociferating juveniles of that part of the world. He is the son of that popular author and man of cleverness, (not genius) Sir E. B. Lytton—*umquhile* Bulwer. The young man was lately an attaché to the British legation at Washington. They say he is likely to rival Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell. His right to authorship comes from his mother as well as his father; and perhaps 'tis in appropriate right of both that he has called his first poem "Clytemnestra." His mother, as everybody knows, wrote books against his father, and abused him before the public amidst great sensation. She tried, in fact, to be

The moral Clytemnestra of her lord,

As poor Lord Byron called his own *dolce guerra*; this last, by the bye, being the term applied by an Italian to his own wife, in her epitaph. But Sir Edward cured himself of her Ladyship, and other complaints, with cold water, and is now likely to live for many years. We have no faith in his son's poetical talents. In the first place, his home and its associations was one which would deaden every genial pulse of poesy; and, in the next, the influence of such an imitative, conventional mind as his father's, must naturally have still farther unfitted him to be a poet. Besides, the young man has spent some time in that *red-tape* shop—a place no muse could ever live a moment in. "Clytemnestra" was certainly a dreary subject for his early pen, and dreary, we opine, must be the task of reading it to any who may undertake the same.

The foreign papers have a good deal to say about Count Waleski, the newly appointed minister of Louis Napoleon. It seems he is a left-handed cousin of the Emperor—or rather, to be plain, he is a natural son of the Napoleon le Grand, by a Polish lady, with whom that remarkable person fell in with at Warsaw. Lamartine says he met her at a fête, and at once became enamored of her. He loved, indeed, this once, with a tender and durable passion. The Countess Waleski was the wife of a noble Sarmatian, already advanced in years. To quote the author to whom we have alluded, "She shone, for the first time, amid the pomps of a court. She adored Napoleon—as what Pole then did not—genius, victory, and the fallacious hope of the independence of her country."

The Emperor carried off the admiring Countess—how the husband liked it, is not stated—and "He conveyed her," adds Lamartine, "to his camps, and to his conquered capitals. A son was born—the result of the attachment. A handsome residence at Paris, often visited at night by Napoleon, concealed from public view the ever impassioned mother of this child."

A change came over the fortunes of Napoleon, yet the Countess Waleski remained ever true. The wife, Marie Louise, deserted the husband, but the mistress had sacrificed everything that was dear to woman, to cling to the destroyer of her honor. Lamartine

tells us that she wrote to Napoleon when he tarried at Fontainebleau after his abdication, and expressed a willingness to accompany him in his exile. He consented to the interview, and the last night but one which preceded his departure for Elba, Madam Waleski was introduced by a back staircase, into the room adjoining the bed-room of her lover. Lamartine adds, "The confidential valet announced to his master the arrival of her whom he had consented to receive. Napoleon was plunged into that kind of dreamy stupor, which had overcome him since his fall. He answered that he would shortly call her, who, on his account, had braved modesty and adversity. The young lady, in tears, waited in vain the greater part of the night. He called her not. She heard him, nevertheless, walking in his room. The attendant again reminded his master of his visitor. 'Wait a little longer,' said the Emperor. At length the night having passed away, and day beginning to dawn, there was some danger of the secret interview being revealed; when the young woman repulsed, dejected, and offended, was re-conducted, in tears, to her carriage, by the confidential witness of her last adieu. Whether it was that Napoleon had lost all sense of feeling in the agitation of his mind, or that he was ashamed to appear as the cast-down captive before her who loved him as the victor and sovereign of Europe, he evidently had no compassion for her devotion. When the confidential servant entered his chamber in the morning, and described the hopes, the fears, and shame of the Countess Waleski, 'Ah!' said he, 'it is humiliating for her as well as myself; but the hours passed without my being aware of them. I had something here,' he added, touching his forehead with his finger. Despair, which softens the hearts of other men, rendered his hard and frigid."

By the way, Mr. Abbott, in his glorifications of Napoleon, forgot to tell this story about the Countess Waleski. Her memory has been kept alive by the distinction which has been bestowed upon her son, who is, it is stated, a rather weak specimen of Napoleonism.

Happening into a friend's parlor the other day, we found in the card-basket, on the centre-table, the following very significant billet doux:

"MY DEAR MRS. —,

Much obliged for the shawls which you were kind enough to send me to examine. They are exceedingly beautiful, but as I have concluded not to go above five hundred dollars for one, they are too expensive for me. Yours truly, etc., _____"

The reader may judge from this, what kind of shawls are considered expensive by our fashionable belles.

The Boston Bee contains the following polite hint

"Deacon —, is requested not to commence snoring in church, to-morrow morning, until after the commencement of the sermon, as several of the congregation are anxious to hear *the text*."

"Many years ago," writes a friend, "when a very young man, I was invited to attend a grand 'general muster' dinner—which had been prepared in the town of Gloucester, Rhode Island—on the very heights of Acote, and within the village of Cepachet, where Gov. Dorr liked to have fought a bloody battle. All the militia officers of the county were expected, and among them Gen. H., of Providence. Gen. H. was a good citizen, and I doubt not, a brave man, only he had no capacity to show it. He had, 'tis true, turned out with the company he commanded during the war of 1812, and did good service in helping to build several forts below Providence—the most prominent of them being at Field's Point and on Fox Point Hill. He had no opportunity to show his valor on the field, for the British kept away from Rhode Island, and hence, was not tested midst the alarms of the tented-field. His education had been slightly neglected in youth; indeed, to be plain, he had seen but little of school-houses, saving on the outside. He was especially honored at the 'muster' dinner, being selected to preside at the tables. There sat the general in all his glory—buff breeches, Wellington boots, and blue coat, with buff facings and gilt buttons. Before him were forty-two roasted pigs, each adolescent porker standing upon his legs, with parsley strewn over his back, and a corn-cob in his mouth, distending his jaws, and making him to grin the ghastliest of grins. A luxurious dinner was this; for roasted pig, in the days I write about, was considered the *no plus ultra* of producings, and never graced any but the most extraordinary occasions. The dinner passed, almost without a word being spoken; each man was too busy filling his inner man to do much talking. Knives and forks clattered loudly; eat, eat—nothing but eat, was the first order of the day. At last, the forty-two pigs surrendered, and nothing was left but their well-picked bones. Then came the toasts and the speeches. Whole bumpers of New England rum and severe cider were quaffed. The general was first called out, and responded to the call with the greatest alacrity.

"'Feller Sogers,' said he, 'this is a-glo-orious occasion. We are met here to eat our annual muster dinner. We hev done it—and done it manfully. You hev gone into them pigs as ef you was a' hungry, and I guess you was, tew. This reminds me, feller sogers, of Washington at Valley Forge, only Washington and his troops didn't hev no roast pig there. It was as much as he and his corpses of sogers could do, tew get vittels enough tew keep from starving. O-o-h! deary me, feller sogers, them was trying times. They was a great deal worse times than when the yaller fever broke out in Providence, and when the streets were obleeged tew be fenced in with inch boards. There was a monstrous sight of lumber used in that ar fencing, and Deacon Titus happening to git the job, made a purty good thing of it, I dare say. Feller sogers, I ain't agoing to detain you, 'specially as I know some of you haven't got any feed for your horses, and I presume the dumb beasts are aching for fodder, to munch. I will gin you a

toast, though, before I set down, and I presume you will all despond to it; it is in honor of the women-folks, up here in Cepachet, that classification of mankind, to which all bow with deferential superiority. I gin you then, feller sogers—The woman-folks of Cepachet, fond of the military, and vartuous in their kuriosity.'

"The general here gave three immense hawks, spat thrice over his left epaulette, and sat down, while the tables rattled with applause, the air rung with hurras. I left suddenly, for my horse was one of the impatient animals that was fodderless, and sighed for his familiar manger. Acote Hall, with all the past events, which are wedded to its history, was never so signalized by mightier doings, we will warrant, than those which were inaugurated by the forty-two roasted pigs, and the speech of Gen. H., which they inspired."

Marriage is like a silk purse, most agreeable to bear, when there is plenty of money in it. Marriage is like a mouse-trap, once get into it, and you are in *for* it, with a very slim chance of getting out. Marriage among fools, is like a boiled calf's-head, without the accompaniment of brains. Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday, served up cold on Monday, ditto with pickles on Tuesday, and hashed up on Wednesday.

One "Jeames Flaherty" was brought up before a magistrate, in New Orleans, for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him "how he could be so hardened a villain?"

"Please, your worship," says Jeames, "I was trying to get a good one."

We perceive, that in his description of the Bobolink, (Bob o' Lincoln,) in "Wolfert's Roost," Washington Irving, quoting some verses from the celebrated "Ode to the Cuckoo," attributes it to John Logan. It has been considered that this little poem was written by Michael Bruce, who died young, in 1767, and whose poetical manuscripts, on his death, passed into the hands of Logan. In 1770, Logan published a volume containing nineteen poems, "written on several occasions, by Michael Bruce." The preface stated that though the poems were printed under the name of Bruce, there were some in the collection not written by him; but the exceptions were not indicated. Logan subsequently claimed the Ode to the Cuckoo. Since then, Scottish critics generally have decided that Logan was a plagiarist, and that the above mentioned lyric was the production of Bruce. Washington Irving, it will be seen, adheres to the old belief of his boyhood, and the authority of the venerable old "Readers."

Coolidge used to thank God he had a name that could not be punned on. Shenstone used to do the same. Shenstone, we believe, had something to thank God for. But we are not so sure that the

former stood so well sheltered from that amusing kind of missile as he imagined :—

“ He was a mighty poet, and
A subtle-souled psychologist ;
All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new, on sea or land,
But his own mind—which was a mist.”

Very well, then. Certainly, he could be “ hit with one pun,” as Dean Swift hit Lord Bathurst. Some courageous friend of that misty philosopher might say: “ Our Coal-ridge is mined with a glimmering light.” The reader sees clearly, without the help of Italics, that this would have obliged the man to recant his thanksgiving, and confess his vulnerability by point of *paranomasia*.

From that quaint and spicy periodical, the Philadelphia “ Bizarre,” we extract the following tender verses, entitled “ Life and Death,” imitated from the French of Silvain Maréchal :

A year had scarcely fled,
Since Daphné, Daphnis,
In Hymen's bands were wed,
Sure of happiness.
In hopes to be a mother soon,
Daphné, quite wild
With joy, the tiny wardrobe spun
To clothe her child.

Revolving o'er a thousand schemes
For his child's sake,
Daphnis, lull'd in Hope's sweet dreams,
Thus to Daphné spake :
“ More blessed than his father's fate,
A shepherd plain,
If he's a boy, a farmer's state
He shall attain.”

By Hope transported, high we soar—
We need this power.
Misfortune is at our door—
'Tis thought afar !
Alas ! a fever's violence
Lays Daphnis low,
And in his veins the blood ferments.
How hard the blow

The scene both offer of despair,
None can express !
Where find so truly matched a pair
In such distress ?
Widow and mother Daphné finds
At once she's made :
And Daphnis, now a father, pines
On his death bed.

Daphnis, in agonizing death,
With piercing moan,
Demands, before he yields his breath,
To see his son.
“ My tie to Daphné be, and live
My place to fill :
With this last kiss, my soul receive,
To love her well.”

He kissed the child—embraced its form
Tenderly ;
Encircled thee with trembling arm,
Poor Daphné !
Last token of his tenderness !
Daphnis is dead. . . .
What heart has learned Daphné's distress,
And has not bled ?

OH, LADIES !—A writer on America, in an English periodical, says :

“ We admired, as every one must, the pretty faces and figures of the New York ladies. But it is a pity they follow the abominable practice of chewing the gum of the spruce fir, which, no doubt, is the cause of the early loss of their teeth. It is a most unbecoming habit. The jaw is kept in perpetual motion, like that of a cow ruminating.”

Ladies, do you chew ?

We must apologise to our readers for the non-appearance of “ Aspen Court” in the present and the June number of the Magazine. The story is being originally published in Bentley's Miscellany, but has not been continued in the last two numbers received—most probably on account of the temporary indisposition of the author. We expect, however, that it will be renewed in the next number, and forthwith concluded.

It is curious, as showing what little dependence is to be placed upon the human judgment, even in those things which a man is supposed to know something about, that one of the most successful dramatic representations ever written, the “ Beggar's Opera,” was refused by Colley Cibber, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre in London. He did not think it would take. He thought it out-of-the-way and rather *vulgar*. It had not dignity enough for a manager—though planned and writ by the first wits of the age.

The admission to the great exhibition in Paris will cost on the *reserved days* (*grands jours réservés*) five francs; on the second class days, one franc; and on the third class days, three cents. There will be no gratis days further than those at three cents, which may be considered as gratis.

Another relic of the classic age has been found in St. Louis, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, *from the fact of having his name engraved on it !*

One of the papers contains as an advertisement :

“ Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head !”

A country botch tailor, being sent for, the other day, by a poor widow, to make her son a new coat from his father's old one, unfortunately cut up his

own, (which he had thrown off before setting to work,) and never discovered the blunder till the jacket was made!

An Irish gentleman, at cards, having, on inspection, found the pool deficient, exclaimed, "Here's a shilling short! Who put it in?"

Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers—it brings up the very age with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and spirit more than the most labored descriptions of the historian. Who can read a paper dated fifty years ago, without the thought that almost every name then printed, is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph.

"We noticed on our way, (says M. Hae, in his *Travels in China*), a great number of monuments of a kind peculiar to China, and which alone would suffice to distinguish this country from all others; namely, triumphal arches erected to widowhood or virginity. When a girl will not marry, in order that she may better devote herself to the service of her parents, or if a widow refuses to enter the marriage state a second time, out of respect to the memory of her deceased husband, she is honored after death with especial pomp. Subscriptions are raised for the erection of a monument to her virtue, to which all the relations, and even sometimes the inhabitants of the village or district where the heroine has dwelt, contribute. These arches are of wood or stone, covered with sculptures, sometimes very well executed, of flowers, birds, and fabulous animals. Many of the ornaments and fanciful mouldings would do no discredit to the artists who decorated our finest cathedrals. On the front is usually an inscription in honor of virginity or widowhood, as the case may be; and on the two sides are engraved in small letters the virtue of the heroine in question. These arches, which have a very fine effect, are frequent along the roads, and even in the towns. At Ning-Po, a celebrated seaport in the province of *Tche-Kiang*, there is a long street entirely composed of such monuments, all of stone, and of a most rich and majestic architecture. The beauty of the sculptures has excited the admiration of all Europeans who have seen them. In 1842, when the English took the town, there was some talk of their carrying off these triumphal arches, and making with them a complete Chinese street in London. Such an enterprise would have been worthy of British eccentricity, but whether from fear of irritating the people of Ning-Po, or from any other motive, the project was abandoned."

Monsieur Jacqueminat, once, in an address to the electors of Paris, observed with a vehement shrug of the shoulders, "Gentlemen, I have shed *all my* blood for my country, and I am willing to shed it *again*."

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to see her

tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I imagined she had none." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh, "but it's *very long since*."

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow into women. (Doubtful.)

A certain notable housewife had observed that her stock of pickled walnuts was running remarkably low, and she spoke of it to the cook, who alone had access to them. The cook's character was at stake; and, unwilling to give warning, with such an imputation on her self-denial, not to say honesty, she nevertheless felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was destroyed. One day, the jar of pickles standing as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged preparing dinner, she happened to turn suddenly round, and saw a favorite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers, standing by the jar and dipping his beak down into its treasures, with evident satisfaction. The mystery was explained—the thief detected. Seizing a dish of scalding grease, with which she was basting a joint, the indignant cook dashed its whole contents over the hapless pet, exclaiming:

"Oh, you thief! you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you!"

Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird lost all its spirits, moped about, and never spoke, for a whole year. At length, when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head. The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were powerfully excited by the appearance of the gentleman's skull. Hopping upon the back of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of his astounded visitor:

"Oh, you thief! you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you!"

One of the panes of glass in the "Palais" of the great exhibition in Paris having got broken, it required, to replace it, that a scaffolding should be constructed, as it was unattainable in any other way. The expense of the scaffolding will be nine hundred francs; and the pane of glass will cost, with the labor of the workmen, etc., near upon a thousand francs, or two hundred dollars!

When a subscription was proposed for Fox, the celebrated English statesman, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and was wondering how Fox would take it—"Take it?" said George Selwyn, "why quarterly, to be sure."

Those satirical rogues, the Celestials—who, by the way, are not quite so chivalrous as we "outside" wan-

barians," treating their women, in fact, in a most shameful and barbarous manner—say many bitter things of the "fair flowers of creation," of which the following may serve as specimens:

"To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women."

"You must listen to your wife, and not believe her."

"If one is not deaf or stupid, what a position is that of a father-in-law! If with a wife and a daughter-in-law, one has also sisters and sisters-in-law, daughters and nieces, one ought to be a tiger to be able to hold out."

"The happiest mother of daughters is she who has only sons."

"The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax."

"The most curious women willingly cast down their eyes to be looked at."

"The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet."

"The finest roads do not go far."

"When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another."

"The most timid girl has courage enough to talk scandal."

Perhaps one of the best, happiest and most significant figures or similes ever employed, is the following, by Hobbes, "the Philosopher of Malmesbury:"

"It is with religion as with wholesome pills for the sick, which, swallowed whole, have the virtue to cure; but chewed, are, for the most part, cast up again without effect."

An English paper says: "There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned and duty forgotten; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to."

The last words of Frederick the Great of Prussia, were, "Higher, higher still!" and these words were afterwards recorded by his admirers, as curiously appropriate to his ambition and character, and emphatic of his renown. But the words were really used with reference to the water on the chest that was smothering him, while he begged the hussar, who was his sole nurse, to raise his head still more and more. The ancient Greeks and Romans, like the modern French, attached great importance to such words. The latter like them so well, that they make them after the event.

De Quincey, speaking of war, says: "A great truth it was which Wordsworth uttered, whatever might be the expansion which he allowed to it, when he said that—

'God's most perfect instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—array'd for mutual slaughter:
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.'

"There is a mystery in approaching this aspect of the case, which no man has read fully. War has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man, than has yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of the hearth—these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But, behind all these, there towers dimly a greater. The great phenomenon of war—it is this, and this only, which keeps open in man a spiracle—an organ of respiration—for breathing a transcendent atmosphere, and dealing with an idea that else would perish: viz., the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering. that finds its realization in a battle, such as that of Waterloo; viz., a battle fought for interests of the human race, felt even when they are not understood; so that the tutelary angel of man, when he traverses such a dreadful field, when he reads the distorted features, counts the ghastly ruins, sums the hidden anguish, and the harvests

'Of horror breathing from the silent ground,
Nevertheless, speaking as God's messenger, 'Blesses it and calls it very good.'"

The marriage of Miss Polly Schrecongost is announced in a Western paper; and we perceive that John Ollenbaubengrapensteinershobenbicher has a letter advertised in the Cincinnati post office.

"Every one," says Ruskin, "who is about to lay out a limited extent of garden, in which he wishes to introduce many flowers, should read and attentively study, first Shelley, and next Shakspeare. The latter, indeed, induces the most beautiful connections between thought and flower that can be found in the whole range of European literature; but he very often uses the symbolical effect of the flower, which it can only have in the educated mind, instead of the natural and true effect of the flower, which it must have more or less, upon every mind. Thus when Ophelia, presenting her wild flowers, says, 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you love remember; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts'—the infinite beauty of the passage depends upon the arbitrary meaning attached to the flowers. But when Shelley speaks of

'The lily of the vale,

Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of her tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavillion of tender green'—

he is otherializing an impression which the mind naturally receives from the flower. Consequently, as it is only by their natural influence that flowers can address the mind through the eye, we must read Shelley to learn how to use flowers, and Shakspeare to learn to love them. In both writers we find the wild flower possessing soul as well as life, and mingling its influence most intimately, like an untaught melody, with the deepest and most secret streams of human emotion."

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

THE late occurrences of most interest in the States have been the commotions in *Kansas*, where the great combustible question of the country has been rather vehemently discussed between the emigrants from the northern states and those from Missouri—the latter strongly protesting against Gov. Reeder, whose course was lately approved by a vote of our Pennsylvania legislature. Pro-slavery men were chosen in the late *Kansas* elections.—*Utah* has presented another subject of interest, arising from the controversy that agitates it. The Mormons have expressed themselves resolved to uphold their oriental and patriarchal system—(apparently countenanced by the resolution of Congress to introduce camels and dromedaries)—and also the supreme apostleship of Brigham Young. Col. Steptoe is reported to have declined supplanting the latter as Governor; and a vast amount of emigration from England, Scotland and Germany, is flowing into the Atlantic ports, to invigorate the policy and blood of Mormondom. The murderers of Captain Gunnison and his men were recently tried in *Utah*, and sentenced to imprisonment. It was said that the Mormons encouraged the Indians to discomfit and maltreat those United States surveyors and soldiers.—The Massachusetts Legislature passed a “personal liberty” bill, nullifying the fugitive slave law of the United States; and turned out one of their members, Mr. Hiss, for remarkable levity of conduct.—Col. Kinney’s *Nicaragua* expedition has got a heavy blow and great discouragement. He has been arrested and held to bail in New York and Philadelphia by the federal authorities, on a charge of filibustering; and his adventurous colleague, Mr. Fabens, late consul and commercial agent in Central America, has been removed by the President.—The Treasury Department has issued new regulations for the revenue service: among them is a provision that the stations of the different cutters will be permanent in future.—On 1st July a plan of registering letters was adopted in the Post Office Department.—Mr. Wise has been chosen governor of Virginia, defeating the order of the Know-Nothings in that state.—The State Department at Washington received information from the Viceroy of Egypt that he is about to cut through the Isthmus of Suez, and constitute a cosmopolite company, in which capitalists of all countries may take part. The proposed canal would shorten our road to the Indian seas by over 2000 leagues.—The Agricultural Bureau, established a few years ago in Washington, is to be discontinued. According to all the reports published on the subject of crops, in the Atlantic states, the coming harvest promises to be a plentiful one.—Two shocks of earthquake were recently felt at Cairo, Ill.; and, a little after, a tornado swept over Chicago. Another fierce whirlwind was felt in several parts of Georgia; and another in Lapeer county, Michigan.—In *California* the financial

crisis was passing away. A proposition was before the Legislature for the division of the state into three states—*California*, *Colorado*, and *Shasta*. An anti-gambling law has been sanctioned by the governor. The large and splendid steamer “*Golden Age*” was lost on the Quicaro Reef, on her way to Panama—about 250 miles from the latter place. The John L. Stephens took off about 800 passengers and all on board, together with the specie. To prevent the emigration of the Chinese, the Legislature has decreed a capitation tax on every one coming from the Celestial empire.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Nothing decisive has taken place between Santa Anna and the Acapulco man, Alvarez—though a variety of military movements are recorded on one side and the other. The most important news, after all, is the intelligence of the contract made between the Nicaragua Steam Ship Company and the Mexican government, by which the port of Manzanilla is thrown open to the steamers of that line. This place has a safe anchorage for large ships, and is 300 miles nearer San Francisco than Acapulco. Americans may establish a coal and provision depot there.

The Captain-General of *Cuba*, Concha, has been on the alert, ever since the apparition of Commodore McCauley in the Waters of the Antilles. Military preparations for defence were carried on, and several of the ports were placed under blockade. French and English war-ships were also hovering about the island. The Gulf squadron, under the command of Commodore McCauley, numbered nine vessels. No sign of a quarrel, as yet.

The Legislature of the *Sandwich Islands* was opened in April, by King Kamehameha. In his speech there was no allusion whatever to the subject of annexation. It concerned the Hawaiian system of education, trade, and internal improvement. He announced that he had appointed the hon. W. L. Lee the Envoy Extraordinary from the Hawaiian government to the United States, charged with the business of negotiating a treaty of commercial reciprocity, by which the island sugar, molasses and syrup, may reach us free of duty, and the islanders may receive all our products on the same terms. The withering away of the native population has been arrested. There are symptoms of an increase.

President Monagas, of *Venezuela*, lately sent a message to the Congress of that state, setting forth the hostile measures adopted by the government of *New Granada* in extending their jurisdiction over territory claimed by *Venezuela*, and hitherto in dispute. Congress, in response, invested Monagas with dictatorial powers, authorizing him to raise an army of 50,000 men, and negotiate a loan of 4,000,000 of dollars, to carry on the war against the *New Granadan* filibusters. From Aspinwall the intelligence is that the place is improving, and the rail-road

working well. A fire-company had been organized in that half-Yankeefied town.

In *Peru*, foreigners were invited to vote at the election for President and other officers of state. It was considered that the friendship of Castilla and Elias would be broken by the election of one or other of them to power. It was said General Echinique would be allowed to return. In *Buenos Ayres*, trade was injured by the war between Paraguay and Brazil. The squadrons of the latter were permitted to go up the waters of the Parana and Platte. Three American ship-captains and others belonging to England, had quarreled with a sentinel, in Buenos Ayres, and Capt. Lincoln was stabbed with a bayonet in the breast. The war between *Brazil* and *Paraguay*, is undecided—the latter having a force of 100,000 men, of all arms and ages. Brazil has established a protectorate over Montevideo. In *Bolivia*, the election of a president was approaching. The candidates were three generals. In *Ecuador*, the government were preparing against an expected invasion by Florez.

THE OLD WORLD.

Sebastopol is as far from the possession of the allies, as it was six months ago. After the last of the great bombardments, which ended on 22d of April, and had continued for twelve days, the fortress was as it was—the mountains of gunpowder, lead and combustibles hurled against it, left it as formidable as ever. The English and French journals then came out to explain and make statements. The London *Times* devoted a long, sounding leader to the task of saying the reason of the matter was, that the defences of Sebastopol are of earth—not of stone. Hence, it was very little use to fire at them. The *Chronicle*, another London paper, sums up with a declaration that artillery will never capture that stubborn fortress. It must be taken with the Minie rifle and the bayonet! Of the Sardinian contingent, 4,000 men had arrived at Eupatoria—the rest were to come when they were ready. There was a scheme of putting English and French officers at the head of Turkish regiments—but it failed. The Turks do not want to take the word of command from *Griouars*—heretics and infidels. The English and French commanders were pondering a change of tactics. They talked of turning about—crossing the river Schernaya, and attacking the Russian armies, preparatory to the siege of Sebastopol! They say that if the Russians in the field had not interfered, they could have entered that place long ago! As for the Russians, they confidently expect to drive the generous allies into the sea, and so get rid of them—in the midst of an enormous hallelujah to the Virgin Mary. And such a conclusion is not an unlikely one.

The *Vienna Conference* ended, like all the other crowd of conferences, in smoke. The Allies had made a tremendous noise of artillery at Sebastopol, menacing terribly, in order to frighten the Czar, and bring Gortschakoff to a mild mood of concession. But the Czar would not show fear or make any concession. Then the artillery ceased to play, and the

ambassadors of the great powers all went home, from Vienna. The difference between the Czar and his enemies, referred to the Black Sea. They wished to oblige him to build no more war-ships for that sea, and only maintain a few such in it for the future. But the hereditary policy of his house forbids any such compact. The conduct of Austria in this business is as sly and treacherous as ever. In spite of all the hopes and prophecies of the allies, that power will not war against Russia. It will have more conferences—make more propositions, and discuss them—but will not fight. Meantime, England and France, bleeding at every pore, see themselves scorned, baffled, and at the mercy of that cunning ally. Austria was about declaring her complete neutrality and her resolution to adopt in this business, the resolution of all the German powers. The result of all this may be, that the Westerns, as they call themselves, may have Germany as well as Russia on their hands.

On 22d April, Louis Napoleon returned to Paris, after his visit to the English court; and on the 28th, he was shot at by a Roman, named Pianori, in the wood of Boulogne. The man fired two pistols. He was arrested, and condemned to die. He persisted on his trial in saying he had no confederates in England or in France. But it is very probable he was part of a deep-laid European conspiracy to destroy the crowned heads most obnoxious to the cause of liberty. The Paris police have announced that they have discovered evidences of such a plot. About the same time, an attempt was made on the life of the King of Naples, at a review—but it was hushed up. They said it was a soldier who discharged his piece by mistake. The emperor has abandoned (if he ever entertained) the design of going to the Crimea. It was probably a mere report circulated for effect. The English fleet, under Admiral Dundas, was working up toward Gothland, through the ice. The Baltic and the White Seas are to be blockaded.

In *England*, the miserable failure of the national armaments has exasperated the people into a cry for governmental reform. A large meeting for the purpose was held in London. The newspaper stamp tax was done away with. Marriage was permitted with a deceased wife's sister. Palmerston was becoming as unpopular as Aberdeen. Lord Dundonald's plan of blowing up the Russian ships, at Sebastopol, was laid before a scientific committee of parliament. A telegraph line is established between the Horse Guards, in London, and the Crimea, so that Lord Raglan's despatches can reach England hourly! The English and French journals are discussing the plan of forming Moldavia and Wallachia into a sovereignty, like that of Belgium or Greece, protected by the great powers, and guarded by a prince of their choosing. The journalists of *Spain* are advising that a Spanish contingent be sent to aid the allies in the Crimea—in return for which the Westerns, they say, would guarantee Cuba to Spain. In the Cortes, Senor Avecilla, in the name of the democratic party, declared that the Spanish democrats never discussed with Mr. Soulé the sale

of Cuba. In consequence of the emperor's disapprobation of something said or done by M. Drouin l'Huys, at the Vienna Conference, the Minister of Foreign Affairs resigned his place, and was succeeded by Count Walewsky. M. de Persigny was appointed ambassador to England, instead of the count. Both in France and England much sensation was caused by the report that a beautifully built American ship had reached a Russian port in the Baltic, with fifty thousand rifles and five thousand Colts on board—all masked by a treacherous demonstration of cotton-bales. It is stated they came from Boston, as material aid to the Czar—who was, of course, to buy them.

The war in *China* drags its slow length along. Late intelligence shows that the rebels are not so successful against the Imperialists as at the beginning. On 17th of February, the latter assaulted and recovered Shanghai—they set fire to it, and a great portion of the city was destroyed. The rebels were either killed or dispersed, and the citizens were preparing to build up their dwellings again. There were some foreigners with the rebels, but they made their escape from Shanghai the day previous to the attack. The marines of the French frigate "La Jeanne" assisted in keeping order and preventing robbery. The English consul at Shanghai, by order of Sir John Bowring, returned the bonds for the duties given between 7th September, 1853, and 9th February, 1854. At Canton, the Imperialists defeated the rebel fleet, and the river is again open to the native traffic. The insurgents were also driven from their head-quarters near Whampoa, their fleet taken, Sanchow burnt, and Blenheim fort retaken. The Mings are, therefore, looking down, about Canton. The haughty pretensions of their chiefs or Wangs, who insisted on such homage from Europeans, calling one another gods and brothers of Jesus Christ, seem not to have worked very favorably for their rebellion.

The horizon of *Japan* looks very dark at present. An awful visitation has saddened the empire, and has been, in the minds of the people, an omen of evil for the American alliance. On 23d of last December, at nine o'clock in the morning, the town of Simoda, so lately appropriated to our trade, was destroyed by an earthquake—one of many that have apparently shaken the whole island of Nippon. It

began at Simoda with a tremendous concussion, followed by about thirty others. Then the sea rose thirty feet high, and rushed upon the bay and town. The latter was overwhelmed and swept in ruin for miles up the valley. On a sudden that fierce column of the ocean rolled back, carrying Simoda in fragments along with it. Five times that terrific march and retreat were repeated. A dense smoke brooded over the site of the town, and the atmosphere was filled with sulphuric gas; the earth, all the while, heaving and groaning with the volcanic elements of that wonderful soil. The Russian war-ship "Diana" was in the Bay of Simoda, and those on board were witnesses of a convulsion in which their ship was almost wrecked. It was driven up and down, and grated along the ground, by the foaming waters, in a helpless and terrifying manner. In this way it was injured so much, that it was subsequently lost in a gale of wind. Of one thousand houses in Simoda, only sixteen were left standing. The destruction of property and life was horrifying. The shock was felt all over the island of Nippon, as we have said. On 24th, the sea rushed over the beautiful and wealthy city of Osaka—the time-honored capital of the Mikado, or ecclesiastical Emperor of Japan—and nearly destroyed it. It was as if the Atlantic were to rush in upon Philadelphia or New York. In Yeddo Bay, near the capital of the Ziogoon, or secular emperor, a vast amount of damage was also done. It is not difficult to conceive what an influence these occurrences must have in setting the people against that intercourse our government has been lately laboring for. They say the Americans brought bad luck with them, and so did the Russians and English. The thirty thousand gods of Japan—the *Kami*—have, in the demolition of the very town appropriated to the Americans, shown themselves hostile to that treaty of commerce and fraternity. They have been angry with Commodore Perry, and angry also with John Bull's officers; for, a treaty was lately concluded between the Queen and the Emperor of Japan, by which the latter agreed to throw open his ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi to British ships, coming for repairs or supplies. What with the sea and the volcanoes, the Americans, the English and the Russians, the old Mikado may well believe the end of the world is coming—or the end of his sleepy dynasty, at least.

Review of New Books.

A Journey Through the Chinese Empire. By M. Huc, Author of "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet." New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is one of the most important books of travel published for many years. It records the incidents of a journey through the centre of China, in which the author came in contact with all classes of the population, from the dignitaries of the empire to the

poorest class of laborers. The author is something of a humorist as well as a keen observer, and is equally felicitous in the narration of incident, the description of scenery, and the representation of character. A great part of the information he gives is new, and it has the appearance of being reliable. The publishers have issued the volumes in a style of unusual elegance, and have added the fullest and most accurate map of China which we have ever seen

Westward Ho! The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English. By Charles Kingsley, Author of "Hypatia," "Alton Locke," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is difficult to state the exact impression that Kingsley's works leave on the mind of a careful reader, so mixed are his faults with his excellencies. He is a kind of inspired coxcomb, desperately conceited and desperately in earnest. He is eloquent—he is impelled by benevolent motives—he raves and screams against all forms of social wrong, and yet the reader cannot get rid of the impression that he is somewhat of an amateur in philanthropy. Little fopperies disfigure his roughest denunciations, and Leigh Hunt's jauntiness is strangely blended with a savage sincerity worthy of Carlyle.

"Westward Ho!" is not quite so characteristic of his mind and manner, as his previous writings. In describing such a period as that of Queen Elizabeth, he, in common with every man "whose limbs were made in England," cannot help delivering himself to the inspiration and aspiration of the time. The evident intention of the novelist was to show the superiority of that period of English life to the present, especially in manliness of character; but, with the exception of a satirical fling here and there, he seems to forget his purpose in the attractiveness of his theme. The various adventures of his hero enables him to describe the rural life of the period, the manners of the court, and the war in Ireland, as well as the character and aims of the sturdy sea kings who made war on the Spanish colonies in America. The romance evinces a thorough study of the literature, history, and social characteristics of the time. The author has especially caught, as by moral infection, the spirit which animates the accounts of the old English voyagers, and discovers, particularly, the quaint ferocity which characterizes their impressions of the Spaniards. In his own pages, and seemingly in his own heart, he has reproduced the passions of that day in respect to Spain. The closing scenes of the book are devoted to a long and vivid narrative of the gradual destruction of the Spanish Armada.

There are passages in the volume of great eloquence and beauty, especially the descriptions of scenery. As a novel, the events have little connection with each other, having no other bond than the casual one of the presence of the hero in each. Among the most interesting portions of the volume, are those in which Raleigh and Spenser, Drake and Hawkins, Grenville and Lord Howard, appear. The characterization is generally good, though there are frequent violations of probability in the incidents. The book, as a whole, is a splendid and striking production, fastening the attention it sometimes tantalizes, and compensating, by a certain dark, daring, and vehement life, for its not infrequent affectation and wilfulness.

The May Flower, and Miscellaneous Writings. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a series of some forty stories, sketches, and poems, the majority of them written before Mrs. Stowe attained her great reputation, but most of them worthy of her keenness of observation, geniality of sentiment, and knowledge of character. "Uncle Lot," "Love versus Law," "The Sabbath," "Little Fred, the Canal Boy," "Aunt Mary," "Cousin William," not to mention others, are full of merit. The insight into New England and Western life which the volume exhibits, is not more noteworthy than its delightful freshness and tenderness of feeling. The rich humor of the author is displayed in some of its sunniest aspects; and here and there, in the course of a story of rustic life, an elevated sentiment or great principle is expressed with characteristic vigor and vividness of style. We can cordially commend the volume as a most attractive collection of tales and sketches, suitable to every age.

Julia: a Poem. By Wesley Brooke, Author of "Eastford," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

A few months ago, we had the pleasure of noticing "Eastford," a novel, mirroring New England life and character, and here we have a poem in the rollicking verse of Beppo and Don Juan, from the same accomplished author. In the course of a brilliantly narrated love tale, which does not run so smooth as the verse, the writer indulges in that vein of rambling reflection and satire, for which the measure he has chosen is so well adapted. Many of the descriptions of scenery are beautiful, having the freshness, clearness, and dewy sparkle of a morn in June. The hits at the follies, fripperies, and vices of fashionable life, are generally in excellent taste and temper; and the satire becomes laudably vitriolic as the course of the story brings the author to the practice, common in genteel society, of selling handsome women to rich young men, and calling the bargain by the name of marriage. It is difficult to give specimens which will do justice to the merit of the poem, as a great deal of its fascination comes from the sprightly, rapid, almost headlong movement of thought, narration, and description, from stanza to stanza, the reader's mind following the author's too hurriedly to linger over the felicity of an epithet or the harmony of a line; but still, we are tempted to give a few extracts, illustrative of the ease with which the author weaves the chains of his difficult verse. Here is the description of his heroine:—

"Her eyes were very beautiful and blue,
Large, mellow, dark, and full of liquid motion;
I hardly know what to compare them to—
'Twas not the bright blue cruelty of ocean,
Nor that o' the upper depths; in short, their hue,
Such as becomes true love and pure devotion.

* * * * *
"I love blue eyes, but then, have no objection
To black, or any other pretty color;
I speak my mind, but under your correction;
Some prefer hazel, thinking they are fuller

Of love's sweet witcheries—make your own selection;
The black are bright; the blue, though soft, are
duller—

But, to my taste, those eyes are always dearest,
Wherein truth, love and honor shine the clearest.

“And hers were as clear as the untrampled sky;
Their beams were softer than the evening stars;
Her face, how radiant in its purity!

Her locks of wavy light—when morn unbars
His orient portal by the tossing sea,

And, showered with cheerful beams, his courier-
cars

Stream over heaven's bright arch—even so fair
Flowed round that young, fair brow, her glittering
hair.”

The best poems in this stanza are, we are sorry to say, pleasantly wicked. The verse, by its very movement, seems to suggest something brilliantly mischievous and impish. It is hardly necessary to say that the present poem is pure and sweet in its tone; and that its wit is not tainted with malice or immorality. Indeed, we consider it a great merit, that the author could have written so long a poem, in so hazardous a measure, without being tempted into the improprieties of his models.

History for Boys; or, Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe. By John G. Edgar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

A condensed account of the history of France, England, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Sweden, Turkey, and Russia, written in a style of much simplicity, clearness, and correctness; and containing a great deal of information in a compact form. We doubt, however, whether boys would obtain from it a taste for historical reading. The more complete treatment of events and characters, in the larger histories, would be more likely to fix their attention and interest, than such an abridgment as this. The account of the Siege of Constantinople, by Gibbon; of the Trial of Strafford, by Hume; of Thomas à Becket, by Thierry; of Joan of Arc, by Michelet; of Monmouth's Rebellion, by Macaulay—each would convey to the most youthful mind more vivid and definite impressions, and instill a greater taste for history, than the rapid but necessarily meagre narrative of Mr. Edgar.

Analytical Class Book of Botany. Part I., Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology. By Francis H. Green. Part II., Systematic Botany. Illustrated by a Compendious Flora of the Northern States. By Joseph W. Congdon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 4to.

An admirable work, either for private students or schools and academies, in which the object is to make the study of botany pleasing, without making it superficial, and to instill a taste for the science, as well as state its facts and principles. The work is finely printed, has pictorial illustrations in profusion, is written by one who has had great experience as a practical teacher of botany, and is placed at a reasonable price.

Tri-colored Sketches in Paris, during the years 1851-2-3. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Dick Tinto, the *nom de guerre* of the writer of these vivid sketches, is the correspondent of the New York Times, and this volume consists of a selection of his Paris Letters to that able journal, describing the last days of the republic and the first years of the empire. It conveys a most distinct impression of the social condition and political incidents of the time, ranging easily from a record of gossip to a chronicle of events, and is throughout sensible, brilliant, and full of information.

Travels in Europe and the East. By Samuel Irenæus Prime. With Engravings. N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. 12mo.

It might be supposed that by this time the public would be wearied with records of tours in Europe. They all go over about the same ground, and the differences in temperament in the authors are not sufficiently marked to produce much impression of novelty. Mr. Prime's volumes are fully up to the average ability and interest of such works, and are elegantly printed and illustrated.

Foster's First Principles of Chemistry. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo.

The study of chemistry has increased much within a few years among classes of people who are not commonly interested in science; and the present volume, which is illustrated by a series of the most recently discovered and brilliant experiments, may be safely commended as an excellent elementary introduction to more elaborate works. The directions are so pointed, exact and thorough, that the learner can easily perform for himself the experiments which illustrate the first principles of the science.

English, Past and Present. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Trench's previous works on “The Study of Words,” and “The Sessions in Proverbs,” have been widely and deservedly popular. The present volume on the sources and changes of the English language, combines novel information with an attractive style. It strikes us as being the best of the author's writings, and cannot be read without improvement and pleasure.

My Brother's Keeper. By A. B. Warner. Author of “Dollars and Cents,” etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of “Dollars and Cents”—one of the most successful of American novels—needs no introduction to the public. “My Brother's Keeper” is worthy of her reputation. Pure and sweet in tone, evincing no inconsiderable knowledge of character, and marked throughout by good principles, good taste, and good sense, it is eminently calculated to be popular.

Kenneth; or, the Rear Guard of the Grand Army.
By the Author of "*The Heir of Redcliffe*," etc.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The larger portion of this volume is devoted to a description of the sufferings, adventures and heroism of two young people, attached as prisoners to the rear guard of the French army, in its retreat from Moscow. Kenneth and his sister are both drawn with the peculiar power of the authoress; and the deep and quiet intensity displayed in the representation of the affections, and of those principles which have their source in the affections, fixes and fastens the attention of the reader in this volume, as in "*The Heir of Redcliffe*," and "*Heartsease*."

The Two Guardians; or, Home in this World.
By the Author of "*The Heir of Redcliffe*," etc.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of Miss Yonge, in her charming stories, is to illustrate and enforce moral and religious ideas, and each of her novels is devoted to some special principle, as each of Joanna Baillie's plays is to some special passion. The heroine of the present story "is intended to set forth the manner in which a Christian may contend with and conquer the world, living in it, but not of it, and rendering it a means of self-renunciation"—a theme which has formed the topic of many a sermon, but which few sermons could bring home to the mind and heart so powerfully as this novel.

Appleton's Educational Books. The great firm of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, in addition to their numerous publications in the department of *belles-lettres*, have for many years been engaged in issuing books of education. These include all branches, and are very generally of a high order of merit. Their grammars and dictionaries of the languages of Europe are admirably adapted to the learner, and exhibit a great improvement in method as compared with former works. These, we believe, are now generally adopted. Among their late publications, we notice several of more than ordinary merit, and which might be adduced in illustration of the improved processes in education, now fortunately so much in vogue. Carlyle describes a schoolmaster of forty years ago, probably his own, as a man who "knew of the human mind this much, that it had a faculty called memory, which might be reached through the muscular integument by the appliance of birchen rods." The schoolmaster who is now abroad, has a more comprehensive theory and a more intellectual discipline. Take grammar, for instance, and contrast the old juiceless books, the horror of every boy, with the "*Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language*, by John Mulligan, A. M.," one of the late issues of the Appletons, and well adapted to give students an idea of grammar as well as a memory of its rules. It awakens thought at every step. More philosophical in its scope, and abstruse in its thought, is A. B. Johnson's volume on "*The Meaning of Words*;

Analysed into Words and Unverbal Things, and Universal Things Classed into Intellections, Sensations and Emotions"—a work which will reward the exercise of thought it demands, but which requires the head of an advanced student to comprehend. Passing from grammar and words to rhetoric, we have a series of practical lessons in "*Composition and Rhetoric*," by G. P. Quackenbos—a volume excellent in its method, clear in its rules, and apt in its illustrations, but enforcing some maxims of taste which are not up to the improved principles of criticism current at this day.

The Appletons have also begun the publication of a new and complete series of geographies, by S. S. Cornell. The first, a *Primary Geography*, is before us, and contains only those branches of the subject which admit of being taught to the youthful beginner. The plan is admirable and original. The memory being addressed through the eye and intellect, and the definitions being accompanied by plates, what is learned is not easily forgotten. The questions are so searching and systematic that ignorance or imperfect comprehension is at once detected, and an understanding of the elements is thus made sure before the youth proceeds to more difficult branches of the subject. The utility and excellence of this plan, and its adaptation to save time while it imparts clear ideas, will be at once apparent, when we reflect that a confused perception of simple elements exacts painful labor in the advanced studies, whilst it gives indecision and uncertainty to all the information which is acquired. The mechanical execution of the geography is quite elegant.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED—NOTICES DEFERRED.

- Our World; or, the Slaveholder's Daughter.* N. Y.: Miller, Orton & Mulligan.
Zschokke's History of Switzerland. Translated by F. G. Shaw. N. Y.: C. S. Francis & Co.
Ellen Norbury. By Emerson Bennett. Phila.: T. B. Peterson.
Ironthorpe. By Paul Crompton. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.
An American Among the Orientals. By J. E. P. Boulder, M. D. Phila.: Lindsay & Blackiston.
The Patent Hat. Phila.: C. G. Henderson & Co.
Felicita. A Metrical Romance. By Elizabeth G. Kinney. N. Y.: J. S. Dickerson.
The Pickwick Papers, Old Curiosity Shop, Sister Rose, and David Copperfield. By Dickens. Valentine Vox. Cheap editions. Phila.: T. B. Peterson.
Tales from the Marines. By Harry Gringo. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Woodworth's American Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Blanche Dearwood. N. Y.: Bruce & Brother.
The Watchman. N. Y.: Long & Brother.
Schmitz's Manual of Ancient History. Phila. Blanchard & Lea.

Fashion.

JULY! It is a hard task to follow the fashions in this climate, in July; to be undressed in one's own room, with the blinds all down, and a pleasant book, tempts one more than all the caprices of fashion; still with a zeal which shows of what heroism woman is capable, the fair devotees of the inexorable goddess are as obedient to her decrees in July as in January. Indeed, there are more varieties in the summer months—what with capes, canezons, mantillas, and muslins—than in the sombre winter months. Besides which, London and Paris are in the height of fashionable display. England, taking advantage of the only month of the year, which, if it cannot be called summer, is at least not winter, shows off in her parks and her gardens, in her morning concerts and strawberry breakfasts, the Long-champs bonnets and mantillas. Then, in the evening, displays at sundry operas and balls, the glories of all the Parisian evening costumes of the preceding winter.

In Paris, in the long twilights, the alleys of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysée and the Boulevards, all the elegancies of out-door costume are to be seen. Therefore, have we fashions to relate, and so to our task.

DRESSES.

Plain glacé silks appear to be coming into favor; gros de naples, taffetas, with small flowers à la Pompadour, many on white grounds, some on black, the favorite and the newest being fawn-colored, with deep blue field flowers. Many of these dresses are made with flounces in the dress-piece, either terminated by a broad stripe, or by a wreath of flowers woven in the silk. There are, of course, smaller trimmings for the polkas to match.

Plain taffetas dresses are made also with flounces, which present some novelty. One in apple-green taffetas, though with a deeper green, had three double flounces; that is, the flounce was folded in the middle, the upper one a little shorter than the lower. On the lower flounce was a pinked ruche of the same silk as the dress. The upper part of the flounce was cut out into dress vandykes, edged all round with black lace, and fell over the lower flounce: the three flounces forming six, with the silk and lace thus amalgamated, produce a light and novel effect. The basque was trimmed in the same manner; but for the warm days, we should advise a white basque, with pink or light-green ribbons.

Another dress, in lilao and light-green, had three wide flounces, each flounce being entirely covered by rows of pinked trimming, put on very full, so that the original flounce was entirely invisible. A white tarlatane polka, lined with lilao tarlatane, made full, with deep guipure lace, fastened round the waist with a broad sash tied in front.

A dark imperial violet barège dress, made with six flounces in barège, (the barège being edged with

a quilling of satin ribbon the color of the dress,) and six black lace flounces falling over the barège; the flounces are gathered (one barège and one lace) and put on together. With this dress a black lace polka, with flowing bows and ends of black velvet at the waist and up the sleeves, is worn. This is a most distinguished toilette.

Another dress, of very novel and pretty effect, is of fawn-colored barège, with three flounces, embroidered in a deep scallop, with silk of the same color. Between each of the barège flounces is a flounce of plaid silk, also scalloped in silk. When a white basque is not worn with this dress, the basque made for it is of the plaid silk, the same as that which compose the flounces.

Muslins and lawns are all made with flounces, but most of the flounces have plain hems, when they are not à disposition, that is, with stripes or patterns woven in the stuff. White dresses, in mull or jaconet, are much worn. Many flounces for these dresses have ribbons run into the flounce at the top, forming heading.

BASQUES—MANTILLAS.

It was thought that the summer and the light materials necessary for summer wear would have obliged the basques to be laid aside—but Long-champs, the summer and the ladies, have decided that they shall be retained. They are too becoming to be abandoned, and yet so fanciful, that if not made with the greatest taste and simplicity are apt to get vulgar and *mal-porté*—that is, to be like garments worn by a class of people with whom none of our wives and daughters care to have any affinity. There is the translation of those two little French words, *mal porté*; how much can be said in two words in French which in our ponderous English takes as many lines.

Well then, to return to our basques: they are longer than ever, and have deeper trimmings, together with long depending ribbons from every seam. White material of every kind is made into basques, and trimmed and lined to match the various dresses with which they are to be worn. The newest trimming, however, is for a white embroidered muslin basque, six rows of close puffing in muslin. Between each of these puffings is a row of rosettes with long ends, made of black velvet ribbon of an inch wide. Terminating the basque is a deep lace which falls over the skirt. The sleeves are made wide with the same trimming, the puffing and the bows extending however up to the shoulder. Black velvet is employed as a trimming in everything; spite of the summer it has not lost its favor. Small ribbons of various colors can, however, be substituted. French people, however, are fond of dark colors, and never, even in summer, wear anything *voyant* or conspicuous in the streets—the light colors, pink and light blue, being almost exclusively reserved for evening wear.

Mantillas have not in reality altered in shape from last year—only their form is made up of various articles, such as lace, gimp, and moire antique, instead of being cut out of the whole *stuff*. White embroidered mantillas are much worn. A white *barège* mantilla, with insertions of white blonde and the flounces scalloped in white silk, is a most elegant mantilla, and may be worn with a light silk dress, and a crape bonnet; and compose an elegant toilette suited for visiting.

A black silk mantilla, made to come up rather high in the neck and suited to morning *negligé* wear, has two deep flounces set on to the mantilla in box plaits. Each flounce is terminated by black lace of about two inches wide, above which is an embroidery in black floss silk. The same embroidery is repeated round the mantilla.

An elegant white silk mantilla, in white moire antique and blonde, made in the form of a *talma*, has a trimming of white marabout fringe, and is fastened in front by tassels made of marabouts.

WEDDING DRESS.

As such things do come to pass as marriages, we think we shall find many interested in a description of a wedding dress which has met with the general approbation of the Parisian world of fashion.

The dress itself was composed of white moire antique. It had three skirts. Each of these skirts was embroidered in white floss silk, with a wreath of roses and lilies of the valley. The waist was made plain, with four points and short sleeves, edged only with a narrow Valenciennes. Over the dress was worn a polka of Brussels point, with three frills of Brussels lace, each headed by a broad satin ribbon. The polka was buttoned up to the throat with pearl studs, set round with small rose diamonds. The veil, in Brussels point, was fastened at the back of the head by a diamond comb; whilst the indispensable orange flower wreath was placed round the front of the head, between the double bandeaux. Gaiter boots in white moire antique, with large bows on the instep, completed the beautiful dress.

BONNETS.

This is the most difficult of all tasks. What are bonnets like? Of what are they made?—Of an amalgamation of every thing. What is their form or shape? None. They are a capricious combination of flowers, tulle, crape, silk, straw, velvet and ribbon, held together by a few wires and a few stitches—worn on the back of the head, serving as a back ground to faces more or less pretty, and two enormous bandeaux of pulled hair. Leghorn bonnets tried to come into fashion, but spite of all the feathers and flowers heaped upon them they failed to please, being found too simple for the occasion. Black lace, straw, and black velvet, are great favorites, mixed with pink and black roses.

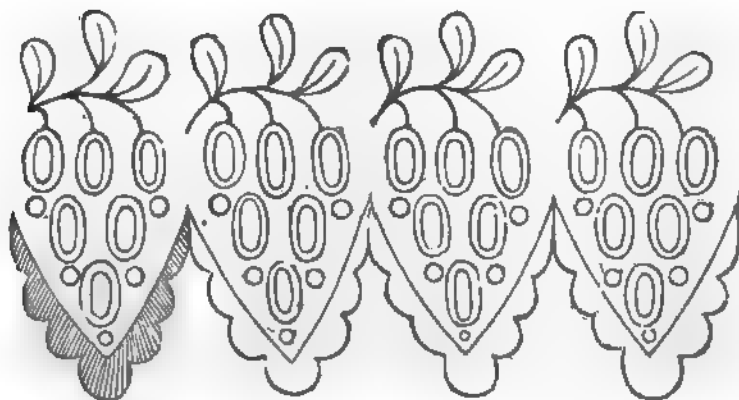
We will describe a Parisian bonnet lately imported. It was of pink crape. Between each puffing of crape were insertions of straw, embroidered in black velvet. At the side was a large bouquet of pink roses and straw flowers, with black velvet leaves. Round the edge was a black lace fall, of a quarter deep, thrown over the front of the bonnet, and falling at the sides. Underneath, several ruchings of blonde, with roses and black velvet. The strings were of black lace, lined with pink silk.

OUR FASHION PLATE.

Dress in lilac watered silk *barège*, trimmed à l'antique with black velvet. This *barège* is a new material, and looks like moire antique to the eye, only of course is much lighter.

White muslin dress, trimmed with three broad flounces, on each of which are three narrow ones—the last is headed by two. Bretelles made of pink silk, and edged with lace. Bretelles of this kind sit much better to the figure when cut out of silk crosswise, than when made of ribbon. The waist of this dress is made *à l'enfant*, full at the top, and gathered to a point at the waist.—Child's dress of white muslin and embroidery, with a silk apron.

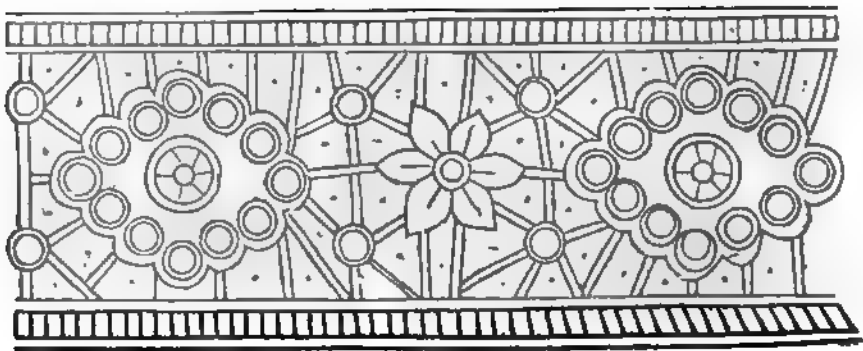
In this Plate are three fashions for dressing the hair, all simple, graceful, and suited to the warm season: the young girl's is youthful and becoming.

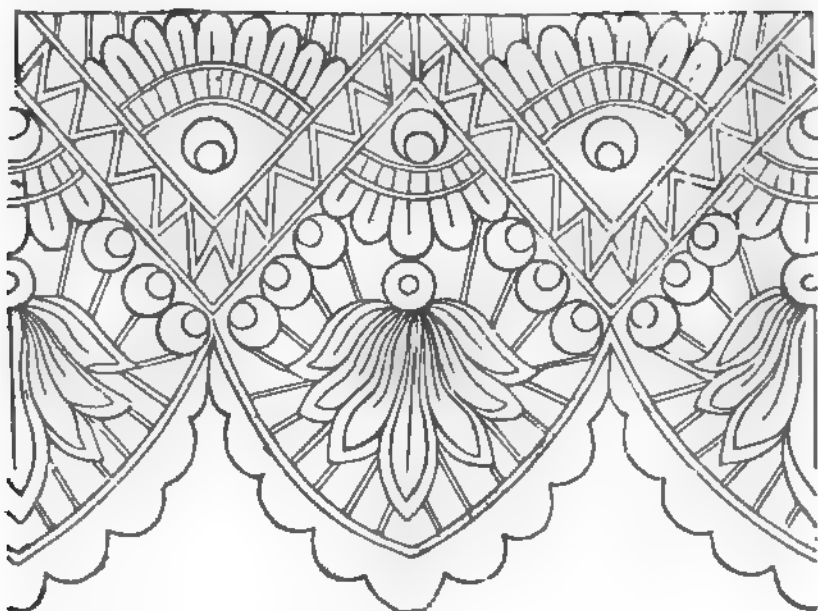


Broderie Anglaise for under sleeve or skirting.



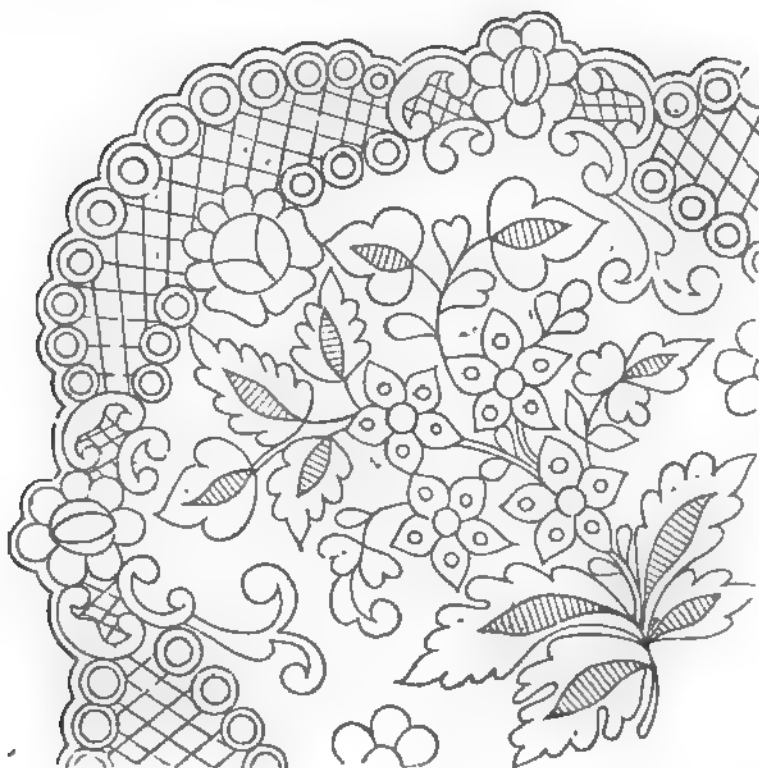
Design for a handkerchief. This is the corner, but the pattern is continued all round. The dots and crosses indicate lace or open work.





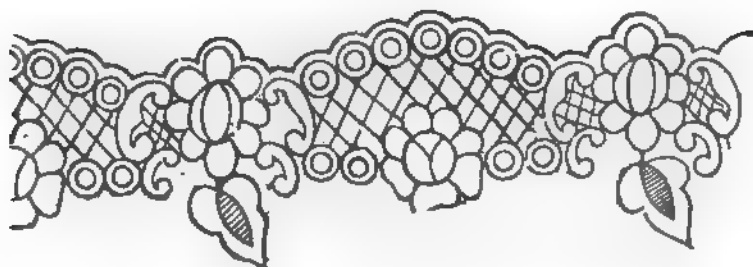
Guipure design for band and trimming of undersleeves. It usually requires half a yard of trimming, but in all guipure designs a little less should be em-

ployed, as the guipure is heavy and ungraceful when too full.

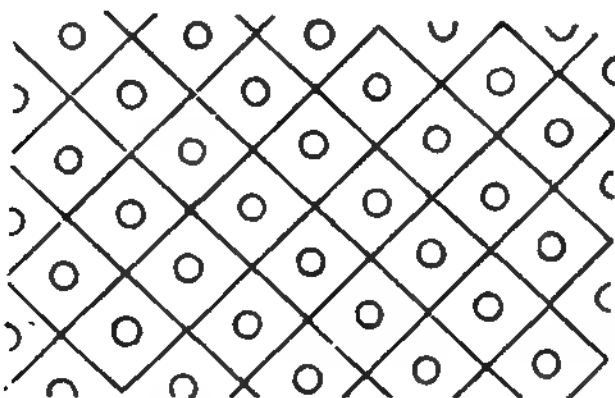


ploy for a pin cushion, to be worked on Swiss. This is one quarter of the pattern, four of

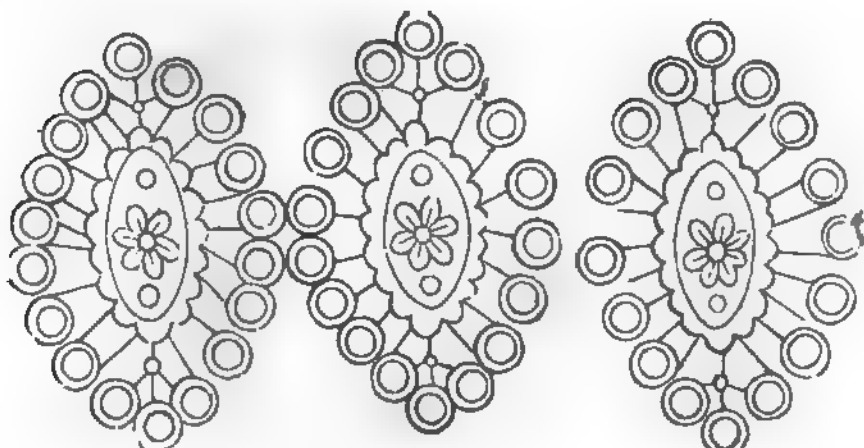
them being repeated, so as to form a square. Space sufficient in which to embroider a name or initials.



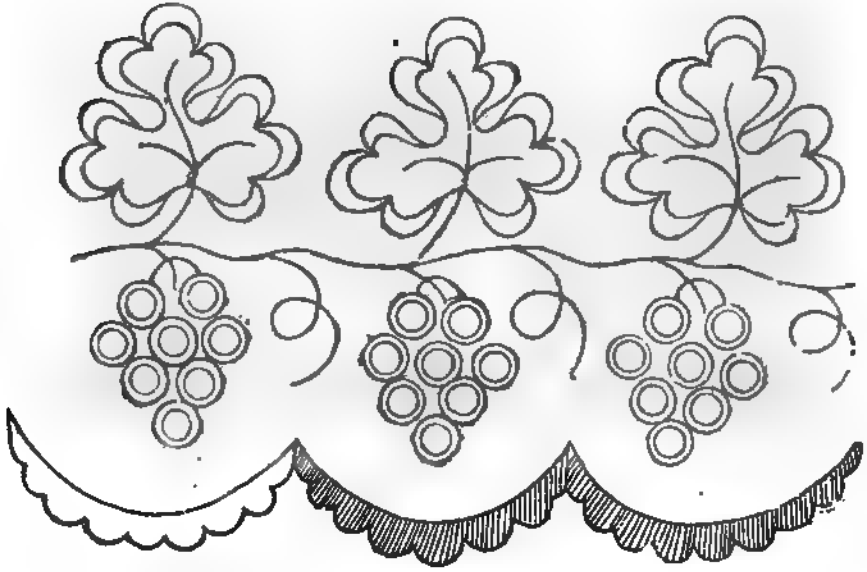
The trimming of the pin cushion to be put on full | The pin cushion should be lined with either pink or
all round. It should be about three inches wide | blue. It will be an elegant appendage to a toilet-
when completed, and will take a yard and a half. | table, and is a pretty present for a bride.



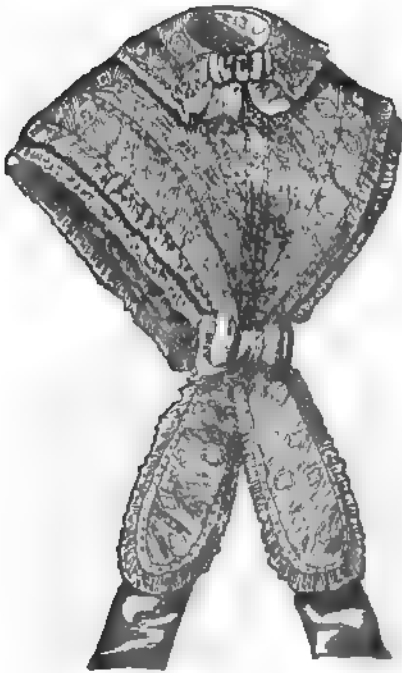
Pattern for working the muslin of a basque. It is very quickly done, and looks much handsomer than
any *broché* muslin that can be bought.



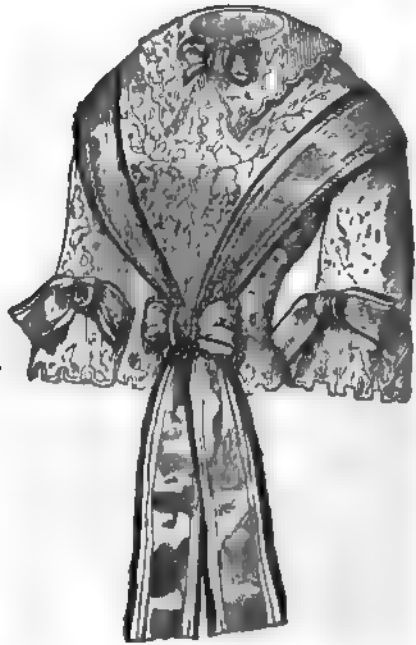
A design for a skirt, to be worked between the | more enduring fashion than that of a scalloped edge,
hem and a tuck, the same width as the hem. A | which is apt to get under the feet and torn.



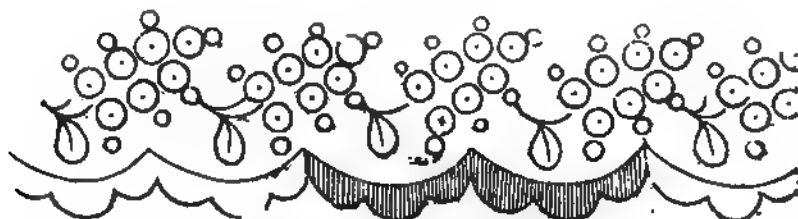
Another design for a skirt.



A *sola princess* of a pretty effect—to be worn with a low dress and short sleeves. It is made of embroidered net, or muslin. The ribbon visible at the neck and waist, is hidden under the ends of the embroidery.



A mullin basque, à la Grecque, over which are worn bretelles of ribbon, which appear to have taken possession of the fashions this year, and are added to almost every dress.



The trimming for the above—the whole to be worked on very clear mull or Swiss muslin. It will take six yards of trimming—two frills, however,

would look better round the waist, which will take a yard and a half more.

SAVING'S DEPARTMENT.



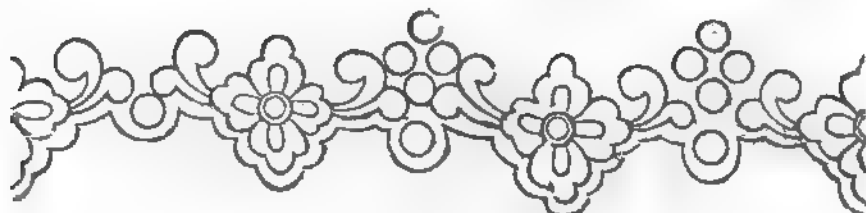
A cache-peigne of ribbon. This ornament for the head is made of ribbon or velvet with or without the fringe according to taste. The hair being dressed, this head-dress is placed on the comb at the back of the head, the ends falling over the shoulders, whilst the bows are fastened flat to the head. In black or brown velvet this cache-peigne can be worn in demit-toilette, such as silks or baroges with muslin basques; but in lighter colors they require full dress, or this as well as any other ornament for the hair is in bad taste.



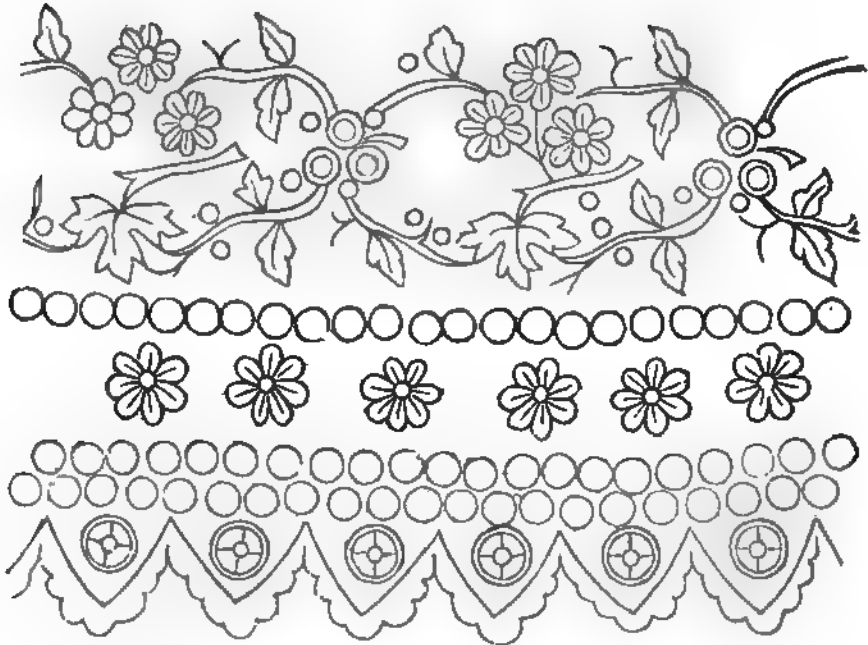
A new pattern for the waist of a baby's robe. By substituting a band of worked muslin between the waist and the basque (that even your baby should wear a basque!) the sash can be dispensed with, which, for a baby, will be found desirable, though of course the ribbon is more ornamental.



A pretty little basque, made in nanook muslin with embroidery, for the elder sister of the baby, between seven and ten years old.



A good pattern for a flannel vestment; can be done either in silk or worsted.



The skirt of a robe.



Design for a baby's shirt bosom and sleeves.

RINGS.

The summer, which brings the necessary fashion of mittens or mitts, as these substitutes for gloves are called, reveals the extraordinary love that prevails amongst our fair ladies for finger rings.

One or two are ornamental, though we have seen pretty hands look far better with the lines of their beautifully rounded fingers uninterrupted by any ornament; but we must oppose the bad taste of having the fingers loaded with a quantity of glass and plated trash, supposed to represent diamonds and gold, though no one is deceived by them. Imitation jewelry is even more to be deprecated than imitation lace; there may be a necessity for using the latter, but there can be no necessity or excuse for loading one's self with the former. None but savages should indulge in a passion for glass beads.

Of all ornaments, rings are the most ancient, and were symbolical in their origin. They are mentioned as existing in Egypt, in the time of Joseph. They were symbols of authority in the early Persian Empire, and worn by the governors of provinces. The Roman knights wore rings, the size of which was limited by law; and the priests of Jupiter wore rings, the size of which was unlimited. This custom the Catholic Bishops have preserved in the pastoral ring, which is a part of their costume. The Doges of Venice, we

all know, took possession of the government by the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic with a ring. Kings and potentates sent rings as credentials, with their ambassadors, before the days of diplomatic correspondence; and to this day the seal ring forms a royal signet affixed to all documents.

So that it appears that in their early origin, rings were exclusively worn by men. The Roman ladies, however, appeared to have borrowed, as an ornament, what was a symbol of authority only—for there is a Roman law limiting them to two, more being unbecoming, and denoting women of loose morals. So we cannot better advise our matrons than to imitate the Roman ladies in the pure days of the republic, let them wear two rings—the wedding-ring and a guard ring, whilst the young lady may be allowed two as souvenirs from friends. Rings should be worn on the third fingers, or on the second, but never on the first—there is nothing so vulgar because so unbecoming, as a large, round stoned ring on the first finger.

NEW SKIRT.

The last steamer from Paris brings a new invention for underskirts, which is entirely to supersede the crinoline—so ungraceful in the sharp folds it gave to the dress and the padded underskirt, on

tirely unwearable in summer. There are two species of new skirts—one is made of *Marseilles*, and has ten small flounces of muslin. In each of these flounces is a very thin and very narrow whalebone. These skirts are intended to be worn with silk dresses, moire antique, and so forth. The other skirts, intended for barège dresses and thin tissues, are made of white corded silk (something like the corded muslin used for underskirts) and are made with three or four flounces put on in box plaits. The lower flounce is five inches above the hem, and the hem is bound with a broad taffetas ribbon, which can easily be renewed when soiled. These skirts are very elegant, and add considerably to the grace of all the light worsted tissues, which fall well over silk, but never over anything cotton. Swiss muslin skirts should always be worn under barège dresses when silk cannot be obtained.

HOW TO WALK.

A science which all suppose to know without learning, and which many never achieve at all—it being far more difficult to walk well than to dance well; for, alas! we dance but about six years of our lives, and we walk sixty or more. Women, who are always apt to think of the effect they are producing, do not know how to walk at all, and from not having been taught the right way, whenever they desire to be particularly bewitching, are apt to try every variety of gait, which destroys, instead of enhancing their charms. Grace is the principal object to be attained. Now, grace does not mean helplessness; on the contrary, grace necessarily implies a certain degree of strength, or at least, the full development of the form. A lounging, slouching, as though the knees bent at the joints—a gait, supposed by many to be interesting—is perfectly painful to the spectator—a jumping, skipping walk, unlady-like in the extreme. To walk gracefully, one should walk naturally; that is, the limbs should all perform the functions for which nature intended them. The feet should be put firmly to the ground, the weight of the body being on the inner part of the foot, so that the big toe, made robust for that purpose, should be felt each time the foot is put to the ground. The body held erect, should then be well poised upon the hips, the upper part being immovable. The neck should be held erect, though not stiff; and the arms either fall naturally at the side, or be applied to carry either the parasol, handkerchief, or even parcel required. Physical weakness is not grace, nor would we (if we were a lady) allow any gentleman to support us by the elbow, poking us in the ribs and the hips with his elbow or his knuckles, as though he fancied we had neither spine nor muscle. In Europe, such an attention would be resented as an insult, and to a stranger following a couple in the public streets, the lady thus helped along by the gentleman, the whole ceremony has a most extraordinary appearance.

The dress may be, nay, should be, on rainy days, held up in the streets—but it should be gathered into neat folds into one hand, and not held out in both, as though for a forward two in a quadrille. It

is allowable to lift the dress, even above the ankle, rather than get muddy.

HOW TO BECOME CONVERSABLE.

However beautiful or fashionably dressed a lady may be, she can never gain permanent hold upon society, without that peculiar talent for conversation, which is the well-known *specialité* of French women—and which depends more upon a variety of information, and a certain intuitive tact in the use of it, than in any specially developed accomplishment, as a *virtuoso* or a *bluse*. Men of intelligence and of experience in the world, who are familiar with all great artists, and cannot but be bored by the grand scenes and arias attempted in private society, derive an ever fresh and exquisite pleasure from the conversation of a well-taught, observant, and appreciative woman.

Our correspondent, Laura, who writes us on this subject, says that she has been brought up in the country; but, being now resident in town, she feels herself miserably deficient in general information. How can she acquire the requisite amount of it? Every individual has a private gift, "mission," capacity, and stock of information. No two individuals can be educated alike. They may learn the same lessons, and read the same books, and see the same society, and yet they will grow up very different characters. Their impressions are different—their reminiscences are different—their imaginations and passions are different; and the more original they are, the more unlike others who have been educated along with them.

The best of all information for general chit-chat society is, *viva voce*, or live information; and this is only to be had in society itself. Therefore, those who see most society, are best fitted, because best trained for it. Nevertheless, to finish the lady and gentleman, reading is indispensable; and the fashion of the day prescribes the character of the reading, if you wish to be *à la mode*. Poetry, the drama, the opera, and music, in general, are indispensable for ladies. If you would be learned in their history, you may read Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*; Haslitt's *Criticisms*; Madame de Staël's *Germany*, (infinitely superior to her *Corinne*;) Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*; Hogarth's *History of Music*; Fétis' *History of Music*. With these, you may do very well, in respect to music and the drama. As to painting, we are sorry to say that we know of no American work that gives any adequate view of the art of artists of this country. America has made such rapid advances in painting, that our own artists furnish the staple for this species of conversation. Our correspondent, however, will do well to read Dunlap's *Lives of the Painters*, and Allan Cunningham's *Biography of Painters and Sculptors*. In regard to ancient art, it is necessary to have Pilkington's *Dictionary of Painting*, which contains brief biographies of all the great masters, with very correct and clear explanations respecting the different periods, styles, schools, nationalities, etc. It is an invaluable work.

Modern history is a frequent topic of conversation, now-a-days, with both sexes; and we advise our correspondent, if she is (as every American girl of course ought to be) familiar with the history of her own country, to make herself acquainted with the leading incidents of the French Revolution, (*Lamartine's History of the Girondists*, or *Thiers's History of the French Revolution*, will furnish the means) and especially with the fall, captivity and death of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and with the grand era of Napoleon I., without a pretty good knowledge of which, one is not safe in a modern drawing-room. For this, we would recommend the *Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes*, Michelet's *Women of the Revolution*, and anything and everything about Bonaparte, that can be got hold of—not forgetting the minute record of *Las Cases*. For the principal military events in the great Emperor's career, Mr. Abbott's work will answer the superficial needs of conversation.

As to a knowledge of contemporary light literature, the Reviews and Magazines are the great resource. With Graham, and the four British Reviews, republished in New York, our Correspondent need never be at a loss. If she reads French, she had better subscribe to the *Semaine Littéraire* and the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, in New York.

We have thus, as we think, laid out the mental programme for our unknown correspondent, which, if she follow, she will at the end of a few months find herself able at least to maintain an easy and respectable position in any society—and to rise as far above that as her natural intellectual gifts will allow her. All that we have above set down, is an easy task, and can be achieved by a resolute, ambitious girl, in six months, in the intervals of dressing, shopping, visiting and flirting. But should she find it necessary to encroach upon any of these employments, let her begin by curtailing, or altogether abolishing, the last.

GAS AND ITS EFFECTS ON FASHION.

The use of gas in houses is scarcely known in England, and not at all in Paris. In economical Scotland, gas in private houses is universal. It has been introduced by a few of the fashionables in the new villas built in the Champs Elysees, and at Passy, one of the suburbs of Paris, but now almost forming a portion of the city. The ladies, though charmed with the manner in which the brilliant light displayed their dresses and ornaments, did not quite approve of the effect it produced upon their complexions, and have invented a kind of small circular parasol of extreme elegance, made either of pink or white moire antique—or even guipure lace—lined with pink satin. These held before the face, give it a most agreeable tinge; and in mere receptions supersede the use of fans, which the climate of Paris renders rarely necessary.

ORIGIN OF PIN MONEY.

Who knows the origin of the term pin money, applied to the allowance given for ladies' clothes? Some

years ago—we know not how many—there was great distress among the poor classes at Altona, particularly amongst the Jews, who abound in that city. The young girls of the richer classes, after exhausting all the money their scanty purses could command, struck upon a new idea for procuring funds. They most diligently sought for and assembled all the lost pins—and having collected them, sold them to procure clothing for the poor. The parents of these young girls, touched by their charitable motives; and the rich merchants, shamed by their perseverance into charity, bought these pins at a price far exceeding their intrinsic value, so that soon the sum obtained became considerable. A committee was then formed, and a society, which still exists in Altona, under the name of "*Malbisk Aroomin*." Hence, from this circumstance, the money resulting from the sale of pins being applied to buy clothes, the expression of pin money was applied to allowances for the same purpose. How much pin money is now given, but how little is applied in the original way of which the young girls of Altona gave so bright an example!

TABLES.

The Potichomanie mania, a science of which we gave a description some months since, which is the art of converting glass vases into china, has entirely disappeared, and a new fancy art has taken its place. The ladies now get common deal tables made in elegant forms, entirely plain. On these, after carefully cutting out either engravings or colored plates—when these are all prepared, the wood is smoothly varnished and left to dry. When perfectly dry, the engravings and plates are tastefully pasted on to the table, for which operation either gum Arabic or common paste may be used. When these are arranged, another coating of varnish must be put over the whole, taking care that the engravings are dry before it is done. If the wood is not dark enough, then another coating of varnish should be added, never putting on one till the other is dry. The table, when finished, will have the appearance of oak, and the plates will appear as though painted on the wood itself. Groups of flowers are the best adapted for the centre of tables—some persons, however, have cut out the colored fashion plates, and made pretty looking tables, though any other kind of engraving is preferable. The expense of these tables is very trifling, and when finished, they are beautiful ornaments, and have the appearance of most expensive pieces of furniture.

APRONS.

English people, when they travel on the continent of Europe, are known by their habit of wearing black silk aprons as a part of their traveling dress. This fashion is much followed in the United States, and many ladies even in full street dress, wear a black silk apron. This is entirely an anachronism in dress, for an apron is meant to protect the dress, and should not be worn beyond the precincts of home. Girls, till the age of about twelve or fourteen,

may be allowed to make an ornament of this article of dress, but beyond that age aprons are never allowable excepting at the tea table or the dinner table.

Some fifty years ago there was an apron mania, and many were made in most expensive lace, which exceeded often the price of the dress. At a full dress ball, given at Bath, (then a fashionable watering place in England) the Duchess of Queensbury presented herself for admittance, wearing an apron of old point lace; an heir-loom, valued at a thousand pounds. The committee, however, refused her Grace admittance, declaring that an apron was but an apron, of whatever material it might happen to be.

BOOK-BINDING.

The fashion of binding books in wood is now so well known, that it almost amounts to an old fashion, though for works of devotion, there is scarcely any binding preferable to it. This idea was probably suggestive of the new binding in carved ivory. These book covers (made at Dieppe, in France,) have colored silks placed under them, which silk is visible in the various open spaces of the carving. A book bound in silk, is very pretty for ornamental works, such as albums and souvenirs. Gilding, however, takes with great difficulty on silk, and is very easily effaced. It is therefore a very pretty substitute to embroider in gold thread and colored silks, previous to giving the book to the binder, a pretty design with the initials of the person for whom it is intended in the centre.

NETTING.

This somewhat obsolete work has been revived with a new application, and appears likely to interfere with the crochet, so much the fashion hitherto, and which has been applied to everything.

Napkins for cake dishes and for fruit dishes, are netted in the finest Lisle thread—round each of these napkins is a fringe in Lisle thread, made to resemble moss. The netting being completed, it is lined with silk or colored muslin, the latter being the best, as it will allow of the frequent washing required.

The cakes and fruit placed upon these dishes, completes the dressing of the table, and shows that the young ladies are on household cares intent. A pretty custom has also lately been introduced at dinners of ceremony in France, it is that of putting in the wine glass at each place destined to be occupied by a lady, a bouquet of well-arranged flowers. To render this fashion complete, we suggest that a bouquet of cigars should be placed in each gentleman's glass. Flowers are an ancient ornament for the table. The Romans and the Greeks not only had them in profusion on their tables, but at their meals wore wreaths of roses round their heads and round

their necks—wreaths which were renewed in the course of the repast by slaves. Now, as these were not the days of "women's rights," and women, as we know, were never admitted to the table with their husbands and his guests, this monopoly of roses was exclusively for the sterner sex, who, spite of all classical and poetical traditions, must, we should imagine, have but ill become this delicate ornament.

ON ARTIFICIAL COLORING.

We give this ambiguous title to what we are going now to say, because the subject is a most delicate one. One, indeed, on which we scarcely dare to venture, and which we are sure will be deemed by most ladies a most unnecessary one, for every one will deny ever having had anything to do with artificial coloring—we mean as applied to faces. We make no invidious remarks, but we merely wish to say that the practice of "making up the face," as actors (the only people obliged to paint) is a most injurious one, and defeats the very object it has in view, that of embellishing.

The white powder, beside destroying the skin, destroys the play of the features and the expression of the face; besides which it is impossible to conceal its use, for, in a side light, it can always be detected. The best preparation, that is, the preparation which gives the most brilliantly white complexion, is bismuth and French chalk mixed with rose water, but then the bismuth has the inconvenience of turning black when submitted to the effects of an atmosphere impregnated with gas.

Rouge, whether carmine, vegetable or liquid, is injurious, because it obstructs the natural perspiration from the pores of the skin. Rouge besides gives a bold brilliancy to the eye and a hardened expression to the most modest. In Europe the use of rouge, so prevalent when powdered hair and perukes were worn, has gone entirely out with them. Neither in France, England, Italy or Germany, do the ladies ever paint; the Russian ladies of high rank are very fond of heightening their fair and pale complexions by the assistance of rouge. In all other countries the use of rouge is, excepting on the stage, entirely confined to a class whose morality and principles are as false as their complexions.

In the United States, however, the use of both white powder and rouge is universal; and, in the South, used without any attempt at concealment. The ladies of New York begin their toilette by making up their faces—the ladies of Philadelphia do not so universally adopt this fashion. In Boston it is almost unknown. But we have seen, in a small village in the state of New York, the farmers' daughters begin tidying themselves by powdering their faces from the flour barrel

PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

THE NEW NATIONAL AIR OF FRANCE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS, QUEEN OF HOLLAND

Translated expressly for Graham's Magazine.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a single treble staff for the voice and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

Du - nois, a young and gal - lant knight Set out for Sy - ri - a But

ere he sought the ho - ly fight, He hum - bly knelt to pray, "Oh

Vir - gin Mo - ther grant to me," 'Twas thus the war - rior pray'd "That



I.

Dunois, a young and gallant knight,
 Set out for Syria,
 But ere he sought the holy fight,
 He humbly knelt to pray
 "Oh Virgin Mother, grant to me,"
 ('Twas thus the warrior pray'd,)
 That I the bravest knight may be,
 And love the fairest maid!"

II.

Then tracing on the altar's stone
 His loyal soldier's vow,
 He for the wars set out alone,
 To lay the Moslem low;
 And when in battle furiously
 He brandished his good blade,
 He cried, "Oh let me bravest be,
 And love the fairest maid!"

III.

"Fight on! fight on! oh gallant knight,"
 His chieftain to him cried,
 "And if we win this bloody fight,
 My daughter is your bride—
 My Isabel, oh, fair is she,
 And true as thy true blade—
 And thou the bravest knight shall be
 And she the fairest maid!"

IV.

And at the Virgin's sacred shrine
 As knight and maiden knelt,
 The father blest their love divine;
 While they its raptures felt
 And knights and ladies came to see,
 And blest them while they prayed,
 And said, "The bravest knight is he,
 And she the fairest maid!"

I.

Partant pour la Syrie,
 Le jeune et beau Dunois.
 Venait prier Marie
 De bénir ses exploits:
 "Faites, oh reine immortelle."
 Lui dit-il, en partant,
 "Que j'aime la plus belle,
 Et sois le plus vaillant."

II.

Il traça sur la pierre
 Le serment de l'honneur,
 Et va suivre à la guerre
 Le comte, son seigneur;
 Au noble vœu fidèle,
 Il dit en combattant:
 "Amour à la plus belle,
 Honneur au plus vaillant."

III.

"On lui doit la victoire
 Vraiment," dit le seigneur;
 "Puis que tu fais ma gloire
 Je ferai ton bonheur.
 De ma fille Isabelle
 Sois l'époux à l'instant;
 Car elle est la plus belle,
 Et toi le plus vaillant."

IV.

À l'autel de Marie
 Ils contractent tous deux,
 Cette union chérie
 Qui seule rend heureux.
 Chacun dans la chapelle
 Disait en les voyant;
 "Amour à la plus belle,
 Honneur au plus vaillant."

LA MODESTE.

A WALTZ, BY G. MARCAILHOU.

From LEE & WALKER, Music Dealers, 162 Chestnut Street.

FALSE.

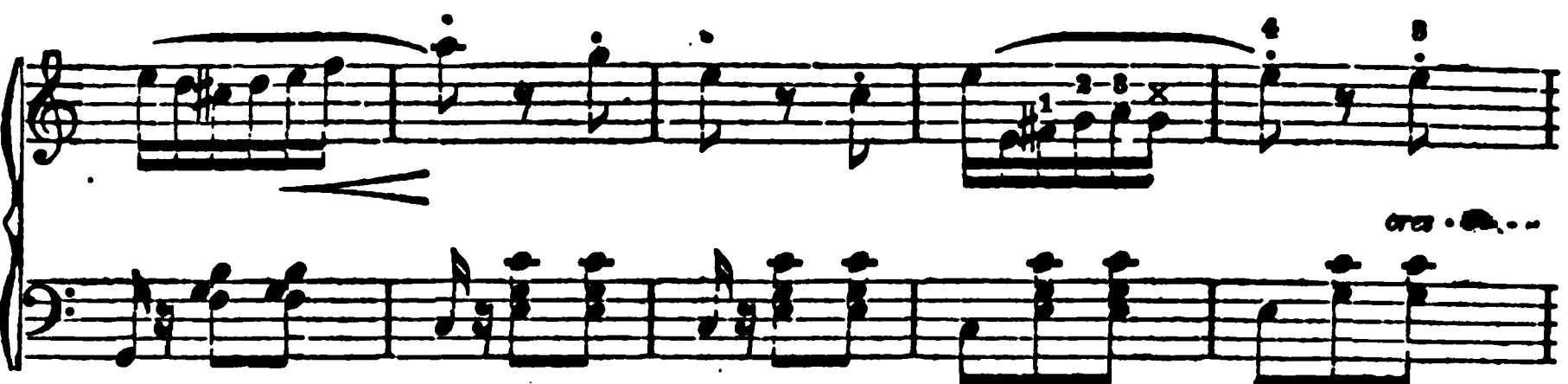
The first system of musical notation for 'La Modeste' is in 3/8 time, key of D major (two sharps). The treble clef staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A horizontal line is positioned above the first system.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a sixteenth note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic is marked at the beginning of the system.

The third system of musical notation shows the continuation of the piece. The treble staff features a triplet of eighth notes and a sixteenth note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic is marked at the beginning of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a sixteenth note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic is marked at the beginning of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes and a sixteenth note. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A piano (p) dynamic is marked at the beginning of the system.



Sips of Punch.



THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET



THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!



W. A. R. O. B. E. R. T. S. O. N. I. L. L. U. S. T. R. A. T. I. O. N. S.





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MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Continued from page 28.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Darnley comes from England to Scotland—Meeting with Mary at Wemyss Castle—His Personal Appearance—The Reformed Lords dislike and fear him—His Romantic Secret Marriage with the Queen brought about by Rizzio—He is made Earl of Ross—Conspiracy to seize the Queen and Darnley—Murray and the Protestant Lords go into Rebellion—Darnley created Duke of Albany—The Public Marriage and the Evangelical Serenade—Queen Elizabeth's Indignation—She sends Assistance to Murray and the Rebels, and sends Tamworth to insult Darnley—Knox insults him too.

The queen looked over the castle wall,
Beheld both dale and down;
And there she saw young Waters
Come riding to the town.

CHILDE WATERS.

This new master will have brief days in Scotland.—
RANDOLPH.

ON 3d of February, 1565, Henry, Lord Darnley, left London for Scotland, where his father, the Earl of Lennox, was already established. He came away with the consent of the enigmatical Elizabeth, and carried letters from her majesty and the Earl of Leicester, to the Queen of Scots and to Randolph. The motive of the English queen in letting the young man go, as well as his father, must be a puzzle. It is a hard task to explain the impulses of the ordinary female mind, and history must be baffled when it attempts to fathom the intent of Elizabeth Tudor, a despotic woman, full of jealousies and coquetries. The probability is, as we have already remarked, that she believed the marriage with Darnley would drive the Scottish nobles

into rebellion. She might have prophesied, with the foresight of Nostradamus, that it would end in blood. She let Darnley depart, and when he was on the point of doing what he went to do, she shrieked his recall, and fixing her fangs in his poor mother, flung her into the Tower of London; letting the world understand, by these acts, that the approaching marriage was not at all to her mind.

Outriding his servants, Lord Darnley crossed the Border, and proceeded, by hasty stages, to Edinburgh. Here he found that the queen was absent on one of her slow circuits, and rested three days, during which time he was visited by several of the Scottish nobles, who seemed at first to be favorably impressed by his manners, and called him "a fair, jolly young man." But there were others who disliked him from the beginning, knowing his Catholic education, and being persuaded that if he should marry the queen, they may expect the damage and curtailment of their estates. This is stated by Randolph, who knew everything, and to whom Morton, Glencairn, and others, had declared they had much rather another had come in his place—meaning the Protestant Leicester. At the end of three days, Darnley received a letter from his father—who was in another part of the kingdom—advising him to wait on the queen immediately. He therefore crossed the Forth into Fife, and went, on 16th February, to Wemyss Castle, where Mary was staying, with Melville, Rizzio, and some female attendants. This place, erected on a rock high above the waves of the

Firth, and commanding a noble view of Edinburgh and the surrounding scenery, was an old and lonely residence, affording but scanty accommodations for such a company.

Here, on the evening of the above day, the queen saw her kinsman, Henry Stuart, once again; though to many she seemed to be receiving him for the first time. He entered, booted and spurred, in his riding-dress, to show the eagerness of his respect; and as he bowed before the young sovereign in the flush of sharp exercise and a natural bashfulness, she was struck by the change which four years had made in his personal appearance. He was now in his twentieth year, of a fair handsome presence, and very slight and tall. Sir James Melville, to whom he was known in England, came forward to introduce him on this occasion to his beautiful cousin; and it was observed by those present, that she seemed satisfied with the man whom she had resolved on choosing for her husband. She blushed as she offered him her hand—which he took and carried to his lips—and, giving him courteous welcome to Scotland, she proceeded to inquire the particulars of his journey. A short conversation followed, during which he presented the queen with a letter from Elizabeth; and then he rose and quitted the room to change his dress, Mary, in a cheerful way, advising him to endure as well as he might the rather inconvenient quarters which the old house could afford him.

After he was gone, Melville and the ladies present began to compare notes, in a manner very complimentary to Lord Darnley; and the queen, half laughing, turned to Mary Seton, and said he was the fairest and best proportioned long man she had seen for a good while. Darnley's fresh color and height gave him an appearance of comeliness. But he was delicate and sickly, and had outgrown his strength. There is a portrait of him given in Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors;" and if he in any way resembled it, he must have been a very plain-looking youth, with very light, big eyes, and a closely cropped head—such a person as Mary Stuart would be very unlikely to fall in love with. But she seems to have thought him good-looking, and we have, therefore, no right to think him otherwise. The young people remained in Wemyss Castle for two or three days, and enjoyed themselves with a ceremonious cheerfulness. Darnley rode thence on 19th February, to visit his father at Dunkeld, and Mary went to Edinburgh. In a few days the young man proceeded thither also, and, to ingratiate himself with the reformers,

went, on one occasion, with Murray to hear John Knox preach.

But as we have said, the Protestant chiefs, with Murray and Morton at their head, distrusted and disliked him, and after his arrival, still continued to negotiate for Mary's marriage with Elizabeth's favorite. Chatellherault, Murray, and Argyll, entered into a compact that they would unite against and oppose "all but God and the queen"—the *all*, of course, meaning the Lennoxes and Darnley. At the same time, Lennox, on his side, made an agreement in opposition, with Athol, Caithness, and other lords; and the queen, on several occasions, declared she would not be restricted in the practice of her religion. This was full of menace for the Protestant lords and their pure doctrine; and thus arose the storm in which Lord Darnley was fated to perish. Just then, like the bird of storms, the petrel, the restless Bothwell, coming home from France, made his sudden appearance at his own castle of Hermitage, in the midst of his Liddesdale people. The reformers raised a great cry, for they knew the Border chief would be on the side of the queen in any strife of swords. Mary's advocates think it necessary to say he came back without her consent. But it is certain, he came home in the belief she may now want his assistance, seeing she was willing to free herself from Murray, and rely on the Lennoxes. And we may be sure that, though she had driven him out of the realm, his coming was not very displeasing to her. Having resolved to marry, she no longer regarded him with alarm, and knew that she may soon stand in need of his stout soldiership. Bothwell, however, made a mistake at this time. The period for his pardon was not yet come.

The Earl of Murray, who looked on the proposed marriage of the queen with dislike, and who received the support of Cecil and the English influence in his opposition to it, could now see himself on the point of being removed from his post of first minister and keeper of his sister, and prepared to break out in open rebellion. The changes threatened by the Catholic marriage alarmed the whole Protestant interest. The nobles of that party began to exclaim against the insolence of Signor David Rizzio, who was now recognized as the secret adviser of the queen, and the secretary of her foreign correspondence. So savagely did some of those chieftains feel on the subject, that in going through the rooms and passages of Holyrood, they would shoulder the little Piedmontese whenever they met him, and scowl at him in a terrible manner. David had

latterly put on a rather triumphant look, it was said, along with a more costly kind of dress, and his presumption was considered altogether unbearable. Sir James Melville, one whom the queen wished to retain at her court in the capacity of her friendly counsellor, told her one day, that Rizzio should stay a little more in the background, to avoid giving offence, reminding her of the fate of the too familiar Chastelar. Mary thanked Melville for his frankness, but said that David was her secretary and letter-writer, and that it was absolutely necessary he should be always near her, and in close intercourse with her. He was her servant, she said, and should do his duty in his proper office. The queen began now to grow more confident than heretofore, and looked forward to a restoration of something of the old Catholic ascendancy.

As for that ill-shaped, swarthy little Piedmontese, he was a greater favorite with Darnley than with Queen Mary, having made himself the confidant of the young prince, and acting as his go-between in the delicate and pleasant business of the courtship. David would carry messages, bring back replies, interpret them comfortably, and give hopes that looked as bright and happy as certainties. Curiously enough, that courtship was not concluded at once. Darnley first presented Mary with a ring; which she refused, with a grave coquetry; and in March, 1565, the affair, so closely watched by almost all the courts of Western Europe, was still undecided. Randolph and others affected to think the young queen was still weighing the merits of the Dudley proposal. But when Elizabeth, in one of her letters, written at this time, declared that even if Mary married Leicester, her title to the English throne could not be positively declared, the Scottish queen exclaimed her good sister was abusing her, and only making her waste her time. Whereupon, that good sister wrote so fierce a letter to Mary, that the latter, though possessing nerves of great steadiness, was greatly shocked, and burst into tears.

There was now an end of the Leicester project, and Mary prepared for her marriage with Darnley; but it was in the midst of much discouragement. Even her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, sent a messenger to dissuade her from such a union, representing at the same time, that Darnley was only a *gentil hutaudeau*, (a conceited, feeble coxcomb,) utterly unfit to be her husband. And this was the truth; as Mary afterward found out to her sorrow. But she was now fully bent on her object. She did not marry Darnley for love. Her nature was free from any of the

soft feelings or leanings. Her mind was clear, cold, and ambitious. Her great object was the crown of England, by way of succession; and the jealous enmity of Elizabeth only urged her to pursue this object with the greater earnestness. She knew that in marrying Darnley, she should doubly strengthen her pretension to the British sceptre, and she resolved to wed him, in spite of all the warnings and oppositions that may be offered. If he was weak and foolish, so young, he would grow older, and may grow wiser and better. This was Mary's secret thought now, as it was her open argument in a later day of grief and tribulation. In Scotland, as we have said, the feeling against Darnley was far stronger than that of personal dislike. The peers and people identified him with a Catholic restoration; and Mary could perceive a sentiment of opposition on every side of her, at this period. She now attended mass more freely than before, and the Evangelism of the land shuddered at the sinister omen. It not only shuddered, but spoke out. Mary, being on one of her circuits, visited, in passing, the house of the Laird of Lundy. As she was about to enter, the owner, an aged man, with white flowing hair and beard, knelt before her, and in a little speech, told her his house, his lands and his stalwart sons, were all at her service, but implored her not to have mass said in his homestead. The queen calmly asked, why? Whereupon the venerable old laird informed her he knew it was "worse than the muckle devle!" It is easy to perceive that the strife of religious feeling must have been very savage indeed, when the blood of a man, with one foot in the grave, could feel so hot and bitter on the subject—in the very presence, too, of his sovereign.

Mary now sent messengers to the various courts to announce her marriage with the Lord Henry Darnley. She sent also to Rome, demanding a dispensation to wed him who was her cousin german—his mother being the Lady Margaret Douglas, half sister to James V. But in this matter, which so nearly interested her, she neither waited for the dispensation of the Pope, nor the assent of the court of France, which she had demanded. Her marriage with Darnley is mingled with as much mystery as involved the wild act which annulled it, and it seems as full of romance as any other incident of her history. It is curious and will be new to the generality of readers, that Mary Stuart was united to her fatal husband, in a secret marriage, about four months before her public nuptials were celebrated. A document discovered, a few years

ago, by Prince Alexander Labanoff, in the archives of Florence, states this fact. It is a history in Italian of the doings in Scotland, from the time of Mary's arrival from France till after her marriage with Darnley, addressed to Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Tuscany; and it was, in all probability, written by David himself. The occurrence took place at Stirling Castle, where the queen, accompanied by Darnley and her court, took up her residence in the beginning of April, 1565. Darnley had an apartment of the castle to himself, with officers and attendants, while he and they were supplied from the royal kitchen. During his illness of a few days he was carefully attended, by the queen's orders, and supplied with everything he needed. It was after his recovery, on 8th of April, that the wedding seems to have taken place. With reference to it, the Italian writer says:

"David, thinking to do both the one and the other of them a pleasure, brought them to contract marriage; and they were, by a chaplain, Catholically wedded in the room of said David, without waiting for the return of the two that were sent to England and France. Of which the Queen of England being advised, she greatly complained to Lethington, who could hardly believe it; but the said queen, being well informed, assured him firmly of the concluded marriage, and so Lethington returned immediately to Scotland."

In the foregoing, the writer speaks of David's agency, and lays some stress on the act of doing the pair a pleasure, according to the common ideas of such things. But there was no pleasure in the business at all; and the gravest reasons of state policy were those which controlled the whole proceeding. Mary was afraid the marriage would be prevented, violently, or otherwise. It was this which led her to attach Darnley to her own court and keep him under her own roof. She knew that the Guises and the court of France were against the match, and felt of course that Elizabeth and her own reformers were bitterly opposed to it. Murray, she knew, was at that very moment gathering forces, and she might have received a hint of his design to seize Lennox and Darnley, and deliver them up to the English at Berwick, who participated in the plot. She was almost alone, surrounded by traitors or open enemies, and, bent on baffling them all, she agreed to wed her husband secretly; and this being done, she awaited with a calmer mind, the chances of events at home and the result of her messages to foreign courts and the Pope. That crypt-wedding, being buzzed abroad and revealed

to Elizabeth, was calculated to damage Mary in public report, and her enemies did not fail to take advantage of it. In the transaction, David Rizzio showed himself the sly and faithful friend of both parties; and the return he received from Darnley, before a year was at an end, was as ungrateful as it was ferocious.

The Earl of Murray and his party now began to show their dissent from the queen's views and policy. The former had promised to support her in her marriage, if she would allow him to manage matters, and pledge herself to discountenance the hopes of the Catholics. That idea of a Catholic restoration, threatening their rent-rolls, terrified them all; and Knox and his brethren kept up a continual thunder of warning and denunciation, which raised the ferment of men's minds. The queen's religion was outraged in her own palace. One day, a gentleman named Moffat, a pious, light-headed person, and as great a hater of superstition as the Laird of Lundy, came to the door of the Chapel Royal and, seeing a doctor of the Sorbonne in the very act of saying mass, drew his sword, under strong evangelical feeling, and made at him, hacking and hewing candlesticks, crosses, pictures, and everything in his way, while the poor idolator, who had fled at the first onset behind some tapestry, remained there trembling for his life, till the reformer had demolished everything and gone off satisfied. Such occurrences only the more strongly urged Mary to strengthen herself with the aid and influence of the Catholic Lennoxes, and win over to her side as strong a party of her nobles as possible. Bothwell was at Hermitage, ready to come to her with a drawn sword and a force of Border spears. But he was under the ban of outlawry, and the Earl of Murray and the Protestant lords loudly exclaimed against his illegal return. As matters stood, the queen could do no less than summon him to Edinburgh to answer the charge against him. A day was appointed for the purpose, and the Earl of Murray, the accuser, resolved to crush so influential an adherent of the queen, prepared his forces and came to Edinburgh, attended by an armed train of nearly 5,000 men. Bothwell, who was not in a position to maintain his quarrel against such a power, refused to appear on the day of assize; and his opponents were proceeding to deprive him of his honors and estates, when the queen interfered and ordered the court to be broken up. She would not calmly see a nobleman, who stood ready to be one of the stoutest champions of her cause, broken and beggared by those whom she knew to be her cruellest and

deadliest enemies. But, seeing that the Border Earl did not appear, she ordered him to leave the kingdom and return whence he came. Bothwell obeyed, and disappeared into exile, or under hiding. But the day was close at hand, he knew when he may again carry his pennon openly from Hermitage to Holyrood.

Mary having found it necessary to propitiate her jealous nobility and win them to her views, procured a document expressing their assent to her marriage and proceeded to obtain their signatures. In the beginning of May, she requested Murray to sign it. But he positively refused, saying he believed Darnley to be an enemy to the Protestant religion. Murray also knew that Darnley was an enemy to the earl's aggrandizement; for, the young man glancing over the map of the Murray estates, said the earl "had got too much." The dislike of the latter was sharpened by a strong personal consideration. The queen was highly incensed by his refusal, and the manner of it, and broke with him decisively from that moment. Chatelherault was induced to sign the documents, being promised that none of his estates should be touched; and Morton, in secret understanding with Murray, signed it, on receiving from the Earl of Lennox a demission of his claim to the earldom of Angus. A great number of powerful names followed in her favor, and her spirit rose. She wrote a letter to Secretary Lethington, then on his way from London to Scotland, desiring him to return to Elizabeth and say that, having been too long beguiled by her, the Queen of Scots was now about to choose her husband by the advice of the estates of the realm. Throckmorton says the letter of instructions wanted neither eloquence, despite, anger, love nor passion. At the same time Mary openly and bitterly reproached her brother, the Earl of Murray, for the unkindness and treachery of his conduct toward her. She was now resolutely determined on the marriage against all opponents. Throckmorton, who was sent by Elizabeth to try and stop it, by any effort of jugglery in his power, saw that it was not revocable, and wrote back to say it could only be dissolved in one way, and that was "by violence." That was just what Mary feared when she resolved to wed Darnley by anticipation in the secretary's room at Stirling.

The queen now held an imposing Chapter of the Order of the Thistle, at which she made Darnley, still in very delicate health, a knight; whereupon he, in turn, knighted fourteen Scottish nobles who were to be his companions. He was also created Lord of Ardmanach and Earl of

Ross; and, to a superficial observer, everything seemed to promise fair for the contemplated union. But the conspiracy which was to destroy the young prince was already on foot, and Murray and his adherents were arranging their programme of rebellion. Meanwhile, another element of sorrow and discomfiture was mingling with the unhappy fortunes of Mary. It grew up between herself and Darnley, and brought about the destruction of both in the end. The young man was haughty and self-willed; not much more so, perhaps, than other youths of the same rank; but in the midst of the machinations that surrounded him, the most unfavorable traits of his character were sure to be brought out and made visible. He was too young to be master of the prudence necessary to guide him through his difficulties. He had offended Murray by declaring openly that the Earl had got too much; from his sick bed he threatened at one time to knock the Duke of Chatelherault over the pate; at another, he threw a Protestant psalm-book into the fire; and, at another, he drew his dagger on the Justice Clerk, Bellenden, who had represented to him that the queen did not find it prudent, just then, to make him Duke of Albany; and the fact that Mary did not herself make the statement shows that she, too, had begun to experience his temper, and did not wish to discuss the matter with him. No doubt, Darnley knew that the greatest opposition was made against everything tending to do him honor and aggrandize him, and being incensed against the reformed nobles, he expected that Mary would have justified him boldly and with a high hand. He could not understand her prudent caution; and thus a feeling of dissension grew up between them, anxiously and cunningly encouraged by Morton, Lethington, and all the rest of the conspirators. These men began to affect great zeal for the queen, and take her side in every question of difference between her and Darnley. An opinion soon gained strength among them, as Randolph testifies, that God must either send the young man a short end, or themselves a miserable life, under such a state and government as they were likely to have. This is the key of the coming catastrophes.

Meanwhile, Queen Elizabeth was manoeuvring, in her own right royal fashion. She had allowed Lennox and Darnley to go to Scotland; and now, when she heard that the latter was secretly married to the Queen of Scots, she threw Lady Lennox and her son Charles into prison, and bid Randolph give Lennox and his son peremptory orders to come back to London. And

yet she had certainly connived at the chance of that marriage. "Queen Elizabeth was not sorry in her heart at the marriage," says John Knox, a strong witness in this case, "because, if Queen Mary had married a foreign prince it had been an access to her greatness." We must, therefore, come to the conclusion that Elizabeth played a fierce, double part, resolving to embarrass the Scottish Queen, and intending that her nuptials with a Catholic prince should be the signal of a Protestant rebellion in Scotland. And so it was. She saw the coming horrors and helped them along. If she was fated to be a barren stock, she was determined to make it a firebrand for her unfortunate wedded rival.

In the beginning of June, 1565, having been informed by Randolph that both Lennox and Darnley refused to obey her summons, she wrote to her ambassador promising to support the Earl of Murray and his party in their efforts to hinder the marriage—that is, the public marriage. She had heard of a secret marriage, or some foolish matter of that kind, and instead of desiring, for the honor of her kinswoman, that the regular ceremony may take place to repair the informality, she tried to spoil the whole business; and, if there was any infamy, leave her good sister and cousin weltering in it. None of the softer charities of woman ever grew upon the granite of Elizabeth's heart. She angrily incited Murray to forbid the bans; and he proceeded to take his course. Queen Mary summoned a convention of her nobles to meet at Perth, on 22d of June; but the Earls of Murray, Argyll and others refused to be present, the former declaring that the newly-created Earl of Ross, his father and their party, had laid a plot against his (Murray's) life. Grant, a servant of the latter, having insulted Stuart, of the royal household, the latter determined, it was said, to take his revenge on the arrival of Murray's people at Perth. It was expected that the Earl himself would interfere in any fight with his followers, and so give the Lennoxes an opportunity to kill him. Buchanan says Darnley intended to force a personal quarrel on Murray and have him stabbed—the first blow to be given by Rizzio. That last clause is George Buchanan all over. The advocates of Mary deny that any such conspiracy existed. She came forward and openly invited Murray and his friends to prove their assertions, promising them the amplest justice. But Murray refused to produce his witnesses, though repeatedly summoned to do so. It is very probable that some of Darnley's angry words gave rise to the report, and it was known

that there was no man in Scotland he hated more than Murray. If any scuffle had taken place at Perth, there were, no doubt, those who would not hesitate an instant to kill the plotting friend of Elizabeth and Cecil.

At all events, Murray's part was taken; and, with Argyll and other lords, he went into open rebellion, leaving his friends and fellow-conspirators, Morton, Lethington, Ruthven, Lindsay, and others, in close attendance on the queen, and prepared, should any reverse overtake those rebels, to use their influence for the protection of their property and their recall, in due time, from exile. This, it is necessary to observe, was a curious part of the strategy which hampered and destroyed the young queen. One half of her traitors were always to be in favor and hold the reins of power, that, in this way, they may ensure one another against the chances of rebellion or murder, and otherwise aid and comfort one another. As we proceed we shall perceive how the Scottish aristocracy carried out this treacherous and subtle system, to the overthrow of Mary.

While the queen's Convention sat at Perth, Murray presided over another which had met at his summons in Edinburgh, on 24th of June. The latter was encouraged by the "blustering trumpets" of John Knox, and the preachers who vehemently pronounced the church of God in danger, and called on the nobles and people to prevent by the sword, the marriage of the queen with a Catholic. The Congregation lords asked Randolph if the Governor of Berwick would receive and keep in custody the Earl of Lennox and Darnley, if these were delivered up to him, and the ambassador replied with a grim smile, that the English "would take their own, however they got them." The great object of the rebel lords was to pounce on the father and son, and convey them to an English prison, while Murray had a plan of his own for the imprisonment of Mary, in his mother's strong Castle of Lochleven. The quality of the ancient Greek drama—the fate which controlled its course—is visible in this history. Mary was, from the beginning, destined to be the victim of fraud and violence—foreign and domestic. She was destined to Lochleven before she married Darnley—before Morton, Maitland and Bothwell had destroyed him; and she was marked for dethronement before her forced marriage with that savage Border chief. We see the inevitable current which bears her along, and are thus enabled to form a true judgment respecting her history. Just at this juncture her Protestant nobles were preparing against her a sudden movement like

that by which Bothwell subsequently helped to discrown her. They meant to seize her, and the Lennoxes along with her, on the high road between Perth and Callander.

It was known, that at the end of June, she would leave the former place with Darnley, the Earl of Lennox and her court, and ride to Lord Livingstone's castle at Callander, where she was to stand sponsor to one of his children. Murray, Argyll and Rothes prepared to intercept them all, at the Kirk of Beith. The former lay at Lochleven, Argyll at Castle Campbell, and Rothes at a place called the Parenwell. Mary, however, had notice of their intentions, and leaving Perth at five o'clock in the morning with her train, surrounded by three hundred horsemen, rode rapidly past the Kirk, before her traitors were aware, and so escaped to Callander, where she attended the christening, and afterward listened to a Protestant discourse—for Lord Livingstone was a convert to the new creed. The conspiracy is vouched for by Mary herself; and near forty earls, barons and bishops, (Argyll and Rothes among them,) have left on record a declaration that Murray (who pretended to be sick, at Lochleven, at the time,) had planned the scheme for the purpose of giving up Darnley to Elizabeth, and putting the queen into a prison. A consideration of these things enables the reader to comprehend the deadly movements of that period, and to see the logical course of those events which Mignet and others have looked on as the eternal enigmas of history.

While the queen rested at Callander, she was startled by the announcement that the Protestant citizens of Edinburgh were in rebellion and encamped on St. Leonard's Crag. She immediately set out for the capital, where she found that the insurgents had dispersed on her approach. She fined some of the burgesses who had aided them, and took up her abode in Holyrood House. Lennox and Darnley still accompanied the court. The revenues of their newly acquired estates not being sufficient to maintain them according to their rank, the queen was obliged to provide them with money and necessities. On 9th of July, the English spy, Randolph, went to the gate of Holyrood and demanded an interview with the queen, but was refused admittance. He then drew off and looking up at the royal residence, came to the conclusion, which he expressed in his next letter to Cecil, that the whole day must have been solemnized to some divine God, everything was so still and silent. And Cecil in his Diary, says that, on 9th of July, the Queen of Scots was se-

cretly married to Lord Darnley, in Holyrood House. He seems to have jumped to his conclusion from the news sent to him by Randolph; but he was mistaken, apparently. There seems to be no reason why Mary should desire to be married a second time in secret. She dismissed from her gates, the spy who had lately only entered them to offend her, and he, in revenge, spread the report of the secret wedding to annoy and injure her. On the evening of the above day, the queen and all her court rode to Seton Castle, where they stayed two days. They then returned to Edinburgh and dined in the castle, whence Mary and Darnley, with a few attendants, went down, unrecognized, after dinner, to see the shops and people of the town. Next day she came "upon her feet" from the Abbey, leaning on Darnley and her servant Fowler, and accompanied by Ladies Erskine and Seton, the Earl of Lennox, Rizzio, and some others. "These strange vagaries," says Randolph, "make men's tongues chatter fast;" and Elizabeth is informed that Mary walked through her own capital "in disguise"—from which expression, the people of London might have supposed, if they pleased, that the Scottish queen went dressed in doublet and hose, with a cloak, a rapier and a slouched hat.

It is curious to find Randolph still insisting, in his conversations with Mary, that she should send back Lennox and Darnley, though common report said they were already united by what we must believe to have been a Catholic betrothal, such as almost always preceded princely marriages, at that time. But this only shows the desperate recklessness with which Mary's enemies strove to baffle and destroy her. Their opposition to her marriage was such, that she was led to act in a secret, underhand way, and then they tried to turn that to her disadvantage. It would have looked fairer for her fame, if she had acted openly. But she was in the midst of bitter enemies, and felt the fear and feebleness which naturally urge people into the ways of subterfuge. When Randolph still talked of sending back Darnley and Lennox, she refused to comply, but asked what else she may be able to do, to please her sister.

"You have wise men about you," said the ambassador, "who might find out what may stay the present evil, and the rest may be got in time. What, if your majesty would alter your religion?"

"What would that do, Mr. Ambassador?" replied Mary, composedly.

"Peradventure, Madam," answered Randolph,

"it may somewhat move her majesty to allow the sooner of your marriage."

"What!" exclaimed the queen, sharply and with an air of loftiness, "would ye that I should make merchandise of religion—that I should frame myself to your ministers' wills? Such a thing cannot be!"

Religion, indeed, was the rock on which Mary Stuart struck and perished. If she had been otherwise educated, and had, like the English sovereign and the Scottish lords, made merchandise of religion, she would have gone safely through life, and the world would not have so many of these Stuart biographies and histories to read. But fate would have it otherwise.

On 17th of July, she made politic and formidable preparations for her public marriage with Lord Darnley, and the chastisement of her rebels. She declared by proclamation, that she did not intend to disturb the Protestants or their religion, and summoned the vassals of the crown to muster at Edinburgh, forthwith, bringing with them fifteen days' provision. Her summons was obeyed, and the capital was soon crowded with chieftains and their armed followers. On 22d, the dispensation of the Pope arrived, permitting the union of the cousins; and next day the queen created Darnley the Duke of Albany, with much feudal pomp and circumstance, the nobility then in the city giving additional countenance and splendor to the ceremony. The bans of marriage were proclaimed according to the Protestant ritual, in the Kirk of the Canon-gait, between Harie, Duk of Albany, Erle of Roise, and Marie, by the grace of God, Quene of Scottis. On 28th of July, Mary, overruled by the passionate importunity of her young bridegroom, consented, with reluctance, apparently, to sign a warrant by which the Lord Lion King of Arms was ordered to proclaim Darnley King of Scotland, in right of the act of marriage, to take place with the queen, with whose name his own was for the future to appear, jointly, in all writs, letters and documents. Darnley was thus trumpeted, on Saturday evening, the 28th of July, before the gates of Holyrood and at the Market Cross.

On 29th July, 1565, took place the second nuptials of Mary Stuart—the Stirling ceremony having been only in the nature of a betrothal. At half-past five o'clock on that summer morning, she walked between the earls of Lennox and Athol into the palace-chapel, followed by all her court. Then those earls went to fetch the bridegroom, and when he arrived, the bans were read a third time. Mary then advanced with

him to the altar, dressed in the mourning garments which she had worn since the death of Francis II. of France, and they were married according to the rites of the Catholic church, by the Bishop of Brechin. No raven, shrieking thrice, was heard to flap his wing against the oriel that morning—an omen of evil, and a prophecy of the darker morning of 1567. But there were those in that chapel, who, better than any raven, could have foretold the disasters which were to tread, as it were, upon the heels of those festivities. Morton was there, the cruel and cunning Douglas, and the fierce eye of Ruthven, and Lethington's calm, hard heart, and counterfeiting brain. When the rite was over, and these Protestant lords left the chapel before the commencement of the Popish worship, the young king, willing to conciliate them, and no doubt urged to it by Mary, went out with them, leaving the queen to hear mass, with Lennox, Athol, and her Catholic attendants. Festive dancing followed, later in the day, and then a grand supper, with appropriate amusements—during which John Knox and his brethren were preparing a serenade for the newly-wedded pair.

The latter had scarcely retired to their apartment, when a great crowd, coming out of Edinburgh, thronged round the gates of the abbey, and kept up an orthodox tumult—a kind of evangelical *charivari*—till morning! Mary sent for the magistrates of the city, and alluding to the disgraceful hubbub, said she supposed it was produced by an impression that she was about to make some religious changes. But she assured them that while she would observe the rites of her own religion, she would leave all her subjects to profess theirs in peace. This calmed the burghers. On that day she caused her consort to be proclaimed King of Scotland, in presence of all her court and the nobles; but no one said "God save him," except old Lennox. It was considered among them all an extreme stretch of authority, to make Darnley, still a minor, king-matrimonial; and the exactions of his rank and state, and the way in which they were met, caused a good deal of uneasiness on the part of the queen.

Murray, Argyll, Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange, and others, having refused to appear at the wedding, were put to the horn and outlawed. Those godly lords, backed by Randolph, appealed to Elizabeth for help to redress their religious grievances, and received good assurances and ten thousand pounds sterling, through the English ambassador and the Governor of Berwick.

Mary, on her side, assisted by her consort and his father, prepared to assert her authority, and in August, her loyal nobles were summoned to bring their armed followers to Edinburgh. Mary then remembered that one of her most powerful territorial vassals—a chief capable of doing her good military service—was waiting to be called on; and accordingly, on 5th of August, she annested the Earl of Bothwell, and ordered him to come home. Protected by her husband, she no longer stood in awe of his reckless daring, and knew that his adhesion would be worth an army to her cause. At the same time she released from prison the Lord Gordon, son of the late Earl of Huntley, and soon restored him to his family honors and estates. She reversed the whole policy of the rebel Earl of Murray, and prepared to crush him with the sword.

Elizabeth still continued to send bullying and insolent letters to her good sister, about that marriage—willing that it should have no honeymoon. She ordered her messenger, Tamworth—one who brought three thousand pounds in his pocket for the Earl of Murray's party—to take a mandate to Holyrood House, but not to recognize Darnley, or pay him any sort of respect. Mary, knowing the nature of the man's errand, refused to receive him at court, and requested that he would write down what he had to say to her. He did so; and, in reply, the queen said, in effect, that she was not to be dictated to in that manner by her sister; that Darnley was king-matrimonial, and that the place she filled in the line of the English succession, was not an imaginary one—as should, with God's help, be seen. She spoke stoutly, thinking her fortunes were about to have a favorable turning, and that her army would soon enable her to put down her traitors and baffle the English machinations. Her courage was now about to be put to a sharp test. Disaffection was everywhere at work, encouraged by the reformed preachers. To conciliate them, Darnley went once to hear John Knox, at St. Giles', but the fierce divine made such bitter and offensive allusions, both to the queen and her consort, that the latter came home in a great rage, and the preacher was next day summoned before the council. He could not deny the severe words he used in the pulpit, and was suspended for the space of fifteen days.

Dark clouds were now gathering fast in the heavens, surcharged with storms, which, in bursting, filled the palaces of Scotland with murder and desolation, and left Mary Stuart disrowned and a captive.

CHAPTER X.

Mary, accompanied by Darnley, rides at the head of her army, and drives Murray and his friends over the Border into England—Elizabeth now denies she ever encouraged the latter—She orders them into her presence, and bids them declare as much before the Foreign Ambassadors—They do so, and are dismissed with bad language—Darnley's Discontents—He is secretly encouraged by Morton, Ruthven, and the rest—He agrees to join them in killing Rizzio, and bringing back Murray—Savage Assassination of the Piedmontese in the Royal Palace.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart; for, I must hold my tongue.

HAMLET.

The Severn shall re-echo, with affright,
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring.

GRAY.

The queen's army had now mustered at Edinburgh, and, on 26th of August, 1565, she marched at the head of it, accompanied by her consort, Lennox, and Morton, and attended by her ladies, to meet Murray and the rebel forces. The movements of the royal army were directed by the advice of the Earl of Morton, and he took care that no mischief should be done by means of any decided action. When the queen had left Edinburgh, Murray made a roundabout march, and got into it. He tried to recruit his army in the city, assisted by Knox and the preachers, who beat their drums ecclesiastic in his favor, and called on the whole country to rise in defence of the gospel. But their efforts were ineffectual, and quitting the capital, he went away into Dumfriesshire. Much marching, countermarching, scurrying and dodging followed, matters being so arranged by Morton, that his friends on the other side could not be overtaken. During this campaign of a month, Mary rode her palfrey with great courage and endurance, carrying, says tradition, a pistolet at her belt, and winning or overawing into allegiance the people of the disaffected districts she passed through. Darnley was on his charger by her side, dressed after the Persian fashion of Sardanapalus, in a very splendid and conspicuous kind of armor, and otherwise very gallantly equipped.

On 20th September, she returned to Edinburgh, and there, as she entered the court-yard of Holyrood, she saw the bold countenance of Bothwell, who, brought forward by Maitland of Lethington, and removing his cap from his head, begged permission to thank her for the clemency which permitted him to return, and hoped soon to have an opportunity to prove that his loyalty had suffered no diminution in his absence. Both the queen and Darnley received him with cordiality, and complimented him on the appearance of the Bor-

der troop which they saw in the court, with his pennon, and which he had mustered and equipped at a very short notice. Meantime, the hunted lords made complaints and protests against the Catholic influences of Queen Mary's court, and appealed against her to the Queen of England. This greatly irritated Mary, and embittered her mind still more against Murray. Being very much in want of money for the support of her cause, she wrote, at this juncture, to the King of Spain and the Pope, requesting aid, and protesting her own and Darnley's sincere adhesion to the Catholic religion.

But the time was at hand when she could no longer answer for the mind of her husband. The first serious difference between her and the unhappy Darnley, seems to have occurred about this period, on the subject of the lieutenancy of the Borders—an office which Bothwell had once held by hereditary right, but which Darnley now wished to confide to his father. The queen, who well knew that Bothwell was fittest for the duty, in a district so peculiarly his own, and that to supplant him, would be to enrage and drive him over to her enemies, could not agree with her husband on this point, and greatly offended both himself and his father by sending Bothwell off as her March-lieutenant. This shows what a difficult part she had to play among them all. The trouble with her consort was aggravated by the importunities of Cockburn, the English ambassador, and Castelnau, the French ambassador, who interceded with her earnestly in favor of the banished lords. But she held out against them also, and positively refused to pardon those who had insulted her so grievously and levied war against her. The ambassadors asked her if she was really determined to meet the rebels in battle and peril her life against them.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, spiritedly, "I would go through peril, rather than not maintain my authority as a queen!"

In this disposition she ordered her forces to be again put in motion, and set out, in October, with eighteen thousand men, to find Murray and the rebels. She followed them into Dumfriesshire, and so pressed and confounded them, that they passed across the border into the territory of their good friend Elizabeth—where, of course, Mary could not follow them. Finding himself beaten in one species of hostility, the Earl of Murray adopted another; and in this he was effectively seconded by Randolph. On 18th of October, the latter wrote to Cecil, declaring that the great hatred of Queen Mary against the earl, had neither a religious nor a political cause, but

proceeded from her consciousness that her brother knew something about her which was not to be named, which was very dishonorable to her, and which Murray, as a brother, detested so much, that he could be no longer to her what he was, nor could she do otherwise than hate him. With what a grave satisfaction Sir William Cecil received this deplorable account, and, nodding his wise head in the manner that has become historic, listened to the exclamations of the deeply-shocked Elizabeth on the subject! Randolph in his letter also mentions the queen's appointment of Bothwell as her lieutenant, instead of Lennox, and with a sly significance, saying nothing, indicates that extraordinary fact as something that may be connected in some way with the great grief which weighed so heavily on the heart of Murray, the banished brother. All this answered its purpose effectively, and was the beginning of a system by which Murray triumphed in the end, beating his unhappy sister to the earth, and blackening her fame to the succeeding generations.

Elizabeth's encouragement of Mary's rebels was so well known, that the ambassadors of France and Spain were instructed to speak to her on the subject. Those rebels being now the beaten party, the English queen took her part, and denied she had ever helped or patronized them in any way. She desired that Murray and the Abbot of Kilwinning should come to London, and, in an interview with the former, asked him how he dared to report he was encouraged by her.

"Madam," returned he, "we were ignorant of what your majesty had in your heart; but thus much we know assuredly, that we had lately faithful promises of aid and support from your ambassador and familiar servants, in your name; and further, we have seen your own handwriting, confirming the same."

This is reported by Murray's partisan, Buchanan. But Elizabeth was determined to down-face these men, and had them again brought before her, in presence of the ambassadors of France and Spain. They knelt at this audience, and Murray began to speak in Scotch, when Elizabeth sharply interrupted him, and bid him speak French. He did; and having, no doubt, been tutored since his last interview, went on to state that the Scottish rebels could not say they had any direct encouragement from her.

"Now ye have told the truth," broke out Elizabeth, haughtily; "for neither have I, nor any one in my name, stirred up your abominable treason against your queen. Therefore, pack

you out of my presence! Ye are but unworthy traitors."

Melville, the friend of Murray, says Elizabeth procured this false confession by promising anew to assist them to the utmost of her power. But this was not all. She then sat down and wrote a letter to her dearest sister and cousin of Scotland, to inform her, in effect, that it would have done her heart good to have seen the reception the Scotch rebels got at the English court, and the rating she gave them. With what a dramatic and unscrupulous boldness the good Queen Bess could sustain the rôle of sovereign princess! Murray played the shuffling and mean-spirited part which became him. Mary Stuart was certainly very glad to receive Elizabeth's missive, and hear how her brother was received, in presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors; without caring to consider, too curiously, the question of that queen's sincerity in the business.

But the absence of Murray and the rest did not leave the councils of Mary more united, or her affairs more prosperous. Elizabeth sternly refused to recognize Darnley as King of Scotland; and when that matter was debated in Mary's presence, her advisers, Morton, Lethington, and others, were of opinion that she should not quarrel with the English queen for such a cause, but act in relation with her, in her own sole name; and, in other respects also, affix her signature, singly, to all royal instruments. This advice was part of a plan deeply devised to sow dissension between her and her consort. It was highly displeasing to Darnley and his father, who expected to grasp a larger influence in the distracted kingdom than Mary could afford them. She refused, contrary to their wishes, to confiscate the estates of the Duke of Chatelherault and his kinsmen, who had been in arms against her. The Earl of Lennox expected to grow rich on the forfeitures of his ancient enemy, and was bitterly disappointed. All this time, Darnley showed himself unfit for the cares of government, and passed his time in hunting, hawking, drinking, and other amusements. He was, however, always ready to argue that the queen should give way in nothing, concerning her dignity and his, to the English enemy or the men of her council, but insist that his name should be as necessary and valid as hers, in all government matters. Mary was certainly in a painful dilemma. The young man argued justly. He had been created king-matrimonial, and desired to be recognized as such, and act in that character. But he found the queen fearful of breaking with Elizabeth, who had refused to give him his title,

and he also found that, in domestic matters of policy, Mary would act independently of him. The truth was, she knew his incapacity, and greatly feared his imprudence; she also feared that the Lennox influence may, through him, overbear her own authority. She found herself in all respects, both foreign and domestic, too weak to vindicate the position of her consort; and so the fate that was upon her, fulfilled itself.

Rizzio, though his advice naturally tended to favor the Catholic interests, was in the main, an honest adviser; and he was of opinion that his mistress should keep her authority in her own hands. Darnley and Lennox soon began to look on him with dislike; and the latter believed it was he who had counselled the queen to spare the Hamilton possessions. Darnley's jealousy of Rizzio's influence increased by degrees; and, about six months after the wedding, which the poor Piedmontese had done so much to bring about, the young king was actually partner in a plot to murder him—the corollary of which was the bringing back of Murray! The intrigues, plots and complications of that time seem as wild and inconsistent as they were savage. Lennox and Darnley professed the Catholic religion as strongly as the queen and Rizzio, and yet we soon find them working with the Protestants, Morton, Ruthven, Lethington and others, against their co-religionists and the queen. We find these Protestants, who mortally hated Darnley, now in league with him, and promising to make him in reality king matrimonial; and we find that stupid youth, who so lately helped to drive out Murray, whom he detested, and whose return he had strongly opposed, now plotting to bring that earl and the rest of the rebels home again! The history of Scotland, at this period, is a tissue of chicanery and an imbroglio to the general eye.

Toward the close of 1565, both the queen and Darnley made some efforts to restore the Catholic worship, among the nobles. The king-consort, his father, the Earls of Athol, Cassilis and others, went regularly to hear mass with the queen at the Chapel of Holyrood, and the former behaved scornfully toward Lords Fleming, Ruthven and Lindsay, who refused to accompany him to that service. The queen, on her side, tried to win over Huntley and Bothwell, her strongest adherents; but they refused to go to mass along with her. A great convention of the Catholic League took place about that time at Bayonne, where the royal families of France and Spain met to devise the most effectual means of supporting Catholicity in Europe. There is no historic

proof that Mary Stuart ever signed their compact; but she certainly wished it well, and tried, but in a very moderate and cautious way, to lead her nobility to the older faith. The attempt was, of course, a hopeless one; being tantamount to a request that they would restore those portions of the church lands that had become secularized in their possession. The French ambassador, commissioned by his court, now invested Darnley with the Order of St. Michael, and secretly advised Mary to refuse her consent to the return of Murray and his friends, who would of course be the greatest obstacles in the way of the Catholic ascendancy she contemplated. On the other hand, the envoys of Elizabeth, Throckmorton and Randolph, repeatedly interceded in their mistress' name, for the exiles, using a variety of arguments. The reformers of Scotland felt the greatest alarm—and Sir James Melville, a Protestant, whom the queen had requested to advise her as he thought for the best, pleaded with her on behalf of the outlaws. But she showed no sign of relenting. Melville then had a conversation with Rizzio, who had begun to hold his head very high, and found him so much opposed to the amnesty, and so heedless of warning, that he was compelled to tell him he feared a late repentance.

The queen was at this time in great want of money. She had exhausted her scanty crown revenues and her widow's jointure, and contemplated a means of relief which only tended to increase still more the opposition against her. During her minority the Scottish nobility had managed, in the confusion, to possess themselves of church lands to a vast amount, and held them without any sufficient title, for the most part. It was a law of the realm that the sovereign of Scotland, having arrived at the years of discretion, may, with the consent of parliament, revoke any grants made during the minority; and Mary, who had now reached her twenty-third birthday, resolved to rectify past abuses and strengthen her own feeble exchequer in this way. For this purpose she had summoned the estates to meet at Edinburgh, in February, 1566, when the question of forfeiting the estates of Murray and his fellow exiles, should also come before parliament.

It is not difficult to conceive the agitation and alarm of that fierce aristocracy of Scotland. The nobles trembled for the safety of whatever estates they had come by in the scramble, and therefore loudly protested against the danger which threatened the true church of God. The idea of refunding and disgorging is, we believe,

abhorrent to human nature. It roused those Celtic chiefs to a spirit of deadly resistance. They knew that their only chance of safety lay in the return of Murray; and for this they now labored and plotted, under the guidance of Morton, Mary's Lord Chancellor—a man who feared that scrutinizing parliament as much as any of them. If it should meet, they well knew the queen's friends were numerous enough to make the changes she desired; and they secretly prepared the bloody *coup d'état* which frustrated it.

Morton and the Douglasses managed the plot, assisted by Maitland of Lethington. They listened to the jealous complaints of Darnley against the queen's policy, and made a great show of sympathizing with him. They told him that it was all owing to the influence of her foreign secretary, who had more of her confidence than any of her own nobles—nay, than her own husband; which was, they thought, a very unbecoming thing and not to be endured. Such arguments were often offered when Darnley sat, after dinner, over his sherris sack and aquavite; and it is easy to conceive how they must have operated on the heated brain of the young man. His friends then told him that if the insolent favorite were once out of the way, they would bind themselves and the rest of the nobility to make him king matrimonial. "The hen should not crow before the cock," said the sinister Morton, smiling grimly upon the victim; and the latter took the bait and swallowed it. He plotted with the enemies of his house and his religion, against his wife—meaning to supersede her in her royal authority—and, in conjunction with his father, signed a bond which pledged him to the destruction of Rizzio and the restoration of Murray and the other exiles. A correspondence was carried on with the latter, in which the Earl of Lennox took part; and it is significant enough that the latter, whom the English were so lately longing to lay their hands on, now went across the border into Berwick, to confer with Drury and Murray and arrange the programme of their policy. This shows that Elizabeth's servants were privy to the conspiracy against Rizzio and that dreaded parliament. Randolph, the ambassador and spy, who was also in the plot, puts the fact beyond a doubt. In the middle of February, 1566, he wrote to the Earl of Leicester to say that Lennox and Darnley would try to come by the crown against Queen Mary's will; and that David Rizzio, with the consent of the king, "is to have his throat cut in ten days." And the writer goes on to furnish a

certain proof that the killing of the Piedmontese was only part of a larger and deeper scheme. He says there are things, more grievous still, intended against the person of the queen herself—and these he does not think fit to speak of in an official letter. Thus we perceive that the ministers and servants of Elizabeth, and in all likelihood that queen herself, were privy and consenting to the murder of Mary's Italian secretary!

In this month of February, Mary discovered that Randolph had, on the preceding August, been the agent by which £3,000 had been conveyed from Elizabeth's minister, Cecil, to the hands of the Countess of Murray, in aid of her rebellious husband. The discovery made her extremely indignant. She summoned her council—Darnley being, as usual, absent—and charged Randolph with his dishonorable conduct. The spy stood stoutly on his innocence; but the queen confronted him with Johnstone, the bearer of the bribe, confounded him, covered him with reproaches, and then had him carried by an escort out of the realm. He took up his abode in Berwick; and with the bitterest feelings of hatred and revenge, as Sir James Melville testifies, took part in the bloody schemes which were soon to overwhelm the unhappy Queen of Scots.

The deeply meditated murder was now close at hand. But there is a marriage to come first—a gay and splendid marriage, warmly promoted by Mary, and highly honored in her royal palace of Holyrood by her own festive presence and that of young King Henry. This was the marriage of the powerful Earl of Bothwell with Lady Janet Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntley. Mary was certainly happy to grace the union of the two families most devoted to her cause in Scotland. It was a secret relief to her to think that the wild border chief, whose feelings of admiration for herself had been a terror or an embarrassment, would be likely to change his feelings and reform his manners, as a married man. Though Bothwell refused to be married to his Catholic bride according to the rites of the ancient church, the king and queen united in doing him signal honor. Lindsay of Pitcottie tells how they made the marriage banquet at Holyrood, and how the feasting continued five days, with shows, joustings, and tournaments. Mary farther honored the occasion by making five knights. The circumstances of these nuptials, and the remarkable favor and approbation bestowed upon them by the Queen of Scots, are scarcely noticed in those histories from which we have been in the habit of receiving our ideas of Mary Stuart and her times.

But in the midst of these festivities, the queen's mind was troubled by secret intimations of some attempt meditated against her by her husband. He avoided her society, and spent much of his time with a crew of wild companions, with whom he was in the habit of drinking to excess. The queen often remonstrated with him, but in vain. One day, when both were in the house of a merchant of Edinburgh where they had dined, Darnley was indulging so freely that Mary tried to dissuade him; whereupon, conceiving his dignity hurt, "he gave her such words that she left the place in tears." He was now very much in the society of his murderers, the Douglasses, who took care to keep his mind embittered against Rizzio. The latter did not suspect their bloody designs regarding him, and was often in their company. On one occasion, he went with Darnley to visit George Douglas, called the Postulate, at his castle of Todsholes, and the three went out in a boat to fish, on a lake called Craneloch, situated in a very lonely part of the demesne. In the midst of their sport, and while Rizzio had his attention fixed on his line, Darnley, raising his eyes, saw the savage Postulate, inviting him by signs to stab the little Italian and fling him into the lake. But Darnley was not the man for a cool, deliberate atrocity of that kind; and the unconscious Rizzio was reprieved for a few days longer.

The plot was progressing. It was cemented by bonds and oaths, and involved the highest names in England and Scotland. Randolph and the Earl of Bedford, writing to Secretary Cecil, tell him that a knowledge of it was to be confined to Queen Elizabeth, Leicester and himself; and say that in Scotland Argyll, Morton, Boyd, Ruthven and Lethington were privy to it, and in Berwick, Murray, Rothes, Kirkaldy of Grange and themselves. David, they add, is to be dealt with in the presence of Darnley, and if, after that, she does not concede what they desire, they are to do something, they know not what! We thus learn the true character of that Rizzio murder. It was no hole-and-corner affair of Holyrood, growing out of Darnley's foolish fancies; but a conspiracy covering the whole island of Great Britain, so to speak. Darnley and his father having signed a bond on their side, Murray and the exiles signed another; these bonds binding them to sustain and defend each other mutually, against all opposers, and even against the queen herself.

The meeting of the dreaded parliament was now at hand. It took place on 7th of March, 1566. The queen desired that her consort should

assist her in opening it; but he, having agreed to prevent its intended action, respecting the outlaws, refused to accompany her, and went away to Leith, thinking his absence may induce her to delay. But she went alone, and did her duty in great state, ordering summons to be issued for the appearance of Murray and the other rebels on the 12th, to abide their trial for high treason. This, and her well-known intention to restore the Catholic bishops to their old places in parliament, showed the conspirators that the dangers they dreaded so much were just upon them, and that something should be done at once. One day passed in deadly preparation, and, on Saturday, the 9th of March, occurred one of the most savage and memorable assassinations on record.

That day was the last of poor Rizzio's life. Mary spent it quietly with her court and several of her nobles, in the palace of Holyrood. In the evening she sat at supper in a small tower-chamber about eleven feet square, inside her bedroom. In her company were the Countess of Argyll and Lord Robert Stuart, her natural brother and sister, Arthur Erskine, Beton of Creagh, David Rizzio and some servants. The queen and the rest were seated round a table; and Rizzio and Erskine were assisting at the unceremonious meal, and taking some refreshment from a small sideboard. Mary, who had always a good appetite, and who expected the birth of her child in three or four months, had been eating meat, cheerfully excusing herself, though it was Lent. While thus occupied, the party had not noticed that, after night-fall, a body of about four hundred armed men had been posted round the palace, by the order of Chancellor Morton, nor that he had brought over a hundred others into the house itself. At this moment the king was at table in an apartment underneath the queen's, in the company of Ruthven and several strangers not known to Mary's attendants.

Erskine, the Equerry, who had been moving about among the servants, now stood still for a moment, listening to the whispers of one of them who looked somewhat alarmed. The queen's quick eye observed this.

"What is the matter, Erskine!" she said, "what sound was that we heard, a little while ago, in the court-yard?"

The Equerry pushed the servant away, and, turning round, said he believed the Chancellor had shut the gates and posted a few halberdiers at them, to watch through the night.

"He did not advise us of this," rejoined Mary, and then, smiling, she added: "if he desires to

take trouble in guarding us safely, we surely have small matter of complaint—and it would be rather a rare charge to lay to his account. Where lies his majesty, David?"

"In his own apartment, Madam," replied the person addressed, a small, dark-complexioned man, wearing an evening gown of black damask, faced with fur, over a satin doublet, and having a slight dress dagger by his side. "He has company to-night. I heard Lord Ruthven's voice as I came through the lower hall." He did not add that Ruthven spoke in so low a tone that he could not have recognized it, if he had not listened cautiously at the king's door, for a moment.

The queen made no reply, but looked at the Countess of Argyll with a sigh, and was falling into one of those reveries that had latterly become very common with her, when a noise was heard in her bed-chamber into which the supper-room opened, and, immediately after, with a flushed face and an unsteady eye, the king entered the doorway, the attendants bowing and making way for him. He had come up through the private staircase leading from his apartment to the queen's chamber—a mode of entrance he alone was privileged to use. Mary looked surprised; but when he came and sat beside her and put his arm round her in a caressing way, she received him with cheerfulness.

"Have you supped sir?" said she, kindly; "our supper, you see, is not yet removed; and you are welcome. Will you take wine? Erskine!—nay, David—David, my good friend, pour out a cup of wine; our fair lord will pledge us!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the young man, with an impatient waive of his hand—No wine—no more wine, now!" His manner was restless and petulant, and he did not once lift his eyes to look at David Rizzio, who stood before him, cup in hand and trying to smile. "I did not intend to sup here, Madam," he continued, speaking somewhat indistinctly; "I am sorry I have disturbed you—I have come, I believe, to disturb you;—put away that cup!" added he, in a sharper tone; and Rizzio immediately retired to the sideboard. Darnley grew more restless, feeling that every one in the room was gazing on him with looks of inquiry; and the queen marked his eye fixed anxiously on the door.

She had scarcely time to ask another question, when a heavy tread was heard in her bed-room. Two servants stepped hastily from the cabinet into it, to see who was there, and instantly fell back again through the doorway, their eyes

riveted on one who followed them. All in the room started, when they recognized in the intruder, Lord Ruthven the wizard and manslayer. He was suffering from a deadly disease, and it was thought he was at that moment in his bed. But there he stood, in a loose damask gown, lined with light fur, a steel-cap, like a barret, over his ghastly face, a corslet on his breast, under his gown, and a long rapier by his side. He had followed the king, by way of the private stair already mentioned.

The moment he entered, the queen's heart throbbed—as she afterward said—with a feeling that something sinister was in hand. The late reports suddenly recurred to her; but, with a strong effort, she concealed her thoughts, and exclaimed:

“My Lord Ruthven, we had supposed you were confined to your chamber, and were about to inquire after your health. Your visit is certainly a surprise—through our own sleeping-chamber, too.” Then turning to Darnley, she added, “what is the meaning of this?”

While she spoke, all present continued looking on the aspect of Ruthven, with a wonder they could not conceal. Rizzio regarded him as intently as the rest, and turned deadly pale.

“What is the meaning of this, sir?” repeated the queen, in a sharper tone.

Ruthven prevented any reply from the king. “Madam,” said that gaunt intruder, in a hollow tone that slightly faltered, “I have come to-night for your good. There is one here who should not be here. Yon paltroon, David—we have to speak with him!” So saying, he pointed, with his sheathed rapier, at the trembling Secretary.

“What mean ye, man?” asked the queen, rising—and the entire company rose too—“what has he done?”

“Ask the king, Madam—he well knows—he will resolve you.”

“The king! what is this, sir?” exclaimed Mary, drawing herself up to her full height and looking toward her husband, who had risen and gone somewhat behind her, “speak, sir!”

Darnley could not meet her eye. He stammered something about knowing nothing of the matter, and looked in helpless agitation toward his confederate.

“My lord Ruthven, my lord Ruthven!” cried the queen, highly excited, “leave our presence, or abye the charge of treason!” and almost simultaneously the Lord Robert Stuart and young Erskine turned upon him and bid him, for shame, leave the royal presence. They had scarcely spoken, when a noise was heard without, the door

was rudely flung open, and half a dozen armed men crowded round it, and partly entered the cabinet.

“Stand off!” exclaimed Ruthven, with a flush on his pale face, as Lord Robert and Erskine approached him—“I will not be handled—touch me not, on your lives. Madam, no harm shall happen to you!”

For Mary had called out, in a loud voice, “What means this violence? Do you seek my life?”

“Not so, Madam,” pursued Ruthven, frowning savagely; “but we will have him out;” and his unsheathed rapier was seen flashing in his hand. The room was now in confusion. The Duchess of Argyll, who had called out several times, “quit the presence!” screamed violently, and Rizzio, running for shelter behind the queen, grasped her robe and cried, in a pitiable voice: “*Justizia, Justizia!* Justice for the love of God! Madam, madam, I am a dead man!”

“Fear nothing!” exclaimed the queen, standing full before him, her courage completely roused, “The king, the king is here. He will not allow them to injure you—in our presence, too. Speak, sir! Tell them the Lords of Parliament will decide everything. Speak, speak!”

But Darnley did not speak; or if he spoke, his words were not audible in the din. It was Ruthven's voice that was heard once more.

“Take back the queen, sir! Take your wife to you, for God's sake! Where is Kerr? George, pull him out! This must be done!” As he spoke, he pushed toward Rizzio, while Darnley, putting his hand round the queen's waist, attempted to draw her aside. But she resisted, shrieking, aided by Lord Robert Stuart, Erskine, and a spirited young lad, named Standen, while the Countess of Argyll kept crying, “a rescue, a rescue!” For a dreadful noise was heard from the great front staircase leading to the queen's bedroom; and, with the crashing of a portal and a trampling of feet, a score of savage faces darkened the door of the cabinet, just as George the Postulate, and others—intimidated for an instant by the attitude of the queen—made a fresh movement to grasp the miserable Piedmontese.

“Stand back, traitors!” screamed the queen, who thought some help was at hand in the throng—“It is I!—it is the Queen of Scotland! Help, help! help, all who love the Stuart. Where is Huntley? Morton, Bothwell, Athol! Ungrateful traitors, will ye not strike in, to the rescue?”

But the voice of Mary was no longer heeded.

“Madam!” shouted Kerr of Fawdonside, hold-

ing a pistol close to her breast, as she was forced by Darnley to a seat—"be quiet! Be warned!"

"Aye, aye, stand aside!" cried Clerk of Bellenden, breaking through the crowd, savage with drink and excitement. "Strike, and make way—this will do it!" and he thrust his rapier, as he spoke, in the direction of the queen herself. A cry of horror followed, and the weapon was struck up by the torch of Antony Standen, the queen's page, scattering particles of fire about the room.

"Fire, fire! and destroy your queen and her unborn child!" exclaimed Mary—and, as she spoke, the supper table was overturned with its dishes and viands, and David instantly throttled, while a roar of encouragement came from the crowd in the bed-room and round the door. Above the tumult was heard the shrill voice of Rizzio, calling for mercy; and then came the queen's passionate cry: "David, my poor David, my faithful servant, God have mercy on your soul!"

Out through the door they dragged him, and on through the bed-room, with a dreadful scuffling. The doomed wretch clutched at the posts of the royal bed; but they struck his arms with a harquebus, and broke his hold, and then forced him along into the lobby, where a crowd of enemies scowled upon him, killing him with their eyes before they could reach him with their hands. Some one now strikes him with a dagger, and, in a moment, a crowd of hands are stabbing confusedly at a writhing, shrieking object, which, after a struggle of horror, falls to the ground in the midst of them, bleeding from fifty-six wounds! So eager were the murderers, that they hurt each other in *jabbing* at the victim, and, as he sunk prostrate, one of them thrust Darnley's dagger into the body and left it there. The whole palace of Holyrood was now in confusion. There was a noise of clashing arms, mingled with calls; and a sound of hurrying feet, came from the stairs and passages, while torches were carried rapidly hither and thither, across the windows and through the court yard.

When the assassins had quitted the queen's cabinet, they fastened the door behind them, shutting in Darnley along with her and those who had occupied it previously. For a few minutes, Mary listened to the uproar with a beating heart, anxious to know the fate of her secretary.

"What are they about to do with him, sir?" exclaimed she, turning wildly to her husband, who, not daring to meet her look, kept walking restlessly up and down the room. "Are they about to injure the creature that loved ye so

much? My lord, he loved ye well. My lord, he served ye faithfully and truly, when there were none others to serve ye in all broad Scotland. Where is our secretary?" pursued she, vehemently, as a pale and frightened page came into the room; "what have they done with him?"

"Speak not of him, gracious madam," answered the man; "he is dead!"

"Dead! Slain in our very presence!" shrieked Mary. She paused a moment—and then, turning her inflamed and flashing eyes on her miserable husband, broke out—"Traitor, and son of a traitor! Base Judas, who came to betray us with a kiss! False heart, false blood—ungrateful subject and forsworn husband, begone! Henry Darnley, Mary Stuart scorns and loathes thee! Ah!" she continued, looking round the room, with her hand elevated, and her finger quivering in bitter menace, "they think they have conquered us; but that shall be dear blood to some of them!"

Exhausted and almost hysterical, Mary sunk into her seat. But in a few moments the detestable form of Ruthven, reëntering the room with others, aroused her. He flung himself into a chair, and saying he was sore felled by his disease, called for a drink.

"Is this your sickness?" exclaimed the queen, with a bitter scorn; "is this the loyalty of a Ruthven? But God has seen the work of to-night from the Heavens, and it is my dearest hope, in this moment of outrage and sorrow, that one may be born of me who shall root you and your posterity out of the land. And if this work should yet prove fatal to one or both of us—as well it may—I leave my vengeance in the hands of God, and under Him, to the swords of my kindred of France and Spain." She looked upward solemnly, as one who appealed to Heaven against the savage injustice of men.

"Madam," returned Ruthven, "these princes are ower high to mell with such a poor man as I am. I am not the cause of this thing, God wot. Look to others."

"Enough," said the queen, who had been weeping silently for a moment, with one hand to her face and the other pressed against her side; "enough! This is a caravanserai, methinks, not a royal presence. Sister of Argyll, let us go. Let us pass into our bed-chamber—if, indeed, we have in this place a chamber we can yet call our own."

The queen then went out of the room, and Ruthven, going toward Darnley, who had been looking sullenly through the window, whispered

something in his ear, whereupon the king followed Mary and those who had gone with her. She was now, in fact, under strict watch; no longer a free agent, but a prisoner in her palace.

Meanwhile, another scene of violence was enacted on the lower floors of Holyrood. A great number of lords were lodged in the house, that night—the earls of Bothwell, Sutherland, Huntley, Caithness, Athol, and Morton; the lords Livingstone, Fleming, Gray, and Tullibardine, and Maitland of Lethington. Morton, the chancellor, having arranged his plans and posted his soldiers, shut himself up in his room, and remained there; and Lethington acted in the same way. When the uproar of the murder was heard through the palace, Huntley and Bothwell, running from their rooms, got together the queen's servants, and, arming them with chance weapons, had a confused scuffle in the court-yard, with Morton's men. But the latter were too strong, and the others retreated to the gallery, when Ruthven, coming from the queen's cabinet, interfered with a loud voice, and tried to calm the apprehensions of Mary's friends, by protesting that everything done had been done by order of the king. Rather than fight against odds, the earls agreed to have

a peaceful parley; after which, they drank to one another. But, seeing that Morton had fastened and guarded the gates, and was master of all within the house, Huntley and Bothwell grew alarmed for their lives; and, in an hour or two, letting themselves down from the windows of their chambers, they climbed over the outer walls, and escaped from the fatal palace of Holyrood, under cloud of night.

Such was the slaughter of David Rizzio, one of the foulest and basest murders in history. Not because a favorite was violently put out of the way. But that the conspirators refused to kill him anywhere but in the presence of the young queen, that thereby the report of a criminal surprise in Rizzio's company may go abroad, and that Mary's life and that of her child may be periled by the outrage. The Scottish nobles not alone meant to murder her servant, but herself, her child, and with a still darker atrocity, her reputation with posterity! Human savagery could scarcely go further, than we thus find it among those evangelical peers of Scotland, with the pious Earl of Murray at their head, and the grave-nodding Cecil, Elizabeth's renowned minister, looking on with an inflexible wise face of approval.

THE HALLS OF MEMORY.

BY REV. A. J. WEDDELL.

In a dim and olden forest,
Where the quiet moonbeams play,
By the dusky shadows shrouded,
Stand the Halls of Memory.
Like the palace-domes of dream-land,
Built by the wild fevered brain—
High, they stretch their marble arches,
O'er the moonlit forest plain.

Near them, Lethe's deep dark river
Rolls its sad and silent wave—
Bearing earth's forgotten treasures
Downward to Oblivion's grave;
Whilst the Bells of Time keep tolling
On the watchtowers mournfully,
As the wrecks of life are passing
Unremembered to decay.

But through every opening portal,
Swift the light-winged hours press in,
And on rich and glowing canvas,
Paint each loved and passing scene;

Bringing from the fatal river
Treasures beautiful and bright—
And in crystal tombs enshrining
Every chosen form of Light.

Here the spirit, worn, may wander
'Midst the scenes it loved of yore,
And revisit friendly faces,
Fled from earth forevermore;
Whilst the radiant-painted canvas,
Our departed joys recalls—
And again, in sweetness bids us,
Live the Past in Memory's Halls.

There the visions of our childhood
Move beneath those arches high,
Like the shadowy forms of Angels,
In the cloudless moonlit sky:
Till by all around enchanted,
Age and sorrow pass away,
And our souls, forever haunted,
Walk the Halls of Memory.

THE GNOME KING.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF NICHOLAS GOGOL.

DURING the summer recess, in the colleges of Lower Russia, it is the custom for the students, many of whom are extremely poor, to travel through the country districts seeking subsistence. The philosophers and theologians frequently give lessons to the sons of the rich landed proprietors, and receive, in return, food, lodging, and even presents of clothes. While itinerating, every student carries a bag, in which to deposit the largesses of rye-bread, lard, fowls, and cakes received, even from the peasantry, in return for the songs and hymns which they are always ready to sing.

It happened, once upon a time, that two students, named Tiberius Gorobetz and Thomas Brutus, were wandering after nightfall in a lonely district of Lower Russia. All their provisions consisted of a large dried fish, which Brutus carried in his bag, and a few crusts of rye-bread in that of his companion. They had walked all day, and felt very weary, when a light gleaming in the distance announced the welcome existence of a cottage. The stars were shining in the sky, and showed a long, low building, standing in a court-yard. The students made haste to knock at the door; soon the rusty hinges creaked, and an old woman clothed in sheepskin appeared.

"Who is there?" asked she, coughing hoarsely.

"Two students: the philosopher, Brutus, and the rhetorician, Gorobetz. Give us lodging good mother!"

"Quite impossible; the house is full; and, besides, we don't want strollers here. Get away with ye!"

The students pleaded so earnestly and so humbly for permission to pass the night under cover, in any part whatever of the building, that its mistress at length yielded. Having premised that they were not to expect anything to eat, she enclosed Gorobetz in a small empty room, and Brutus in a deserted stable. The latter was rather the better domicile of the two; inasmuch as it contained a large bundle of straw, which served indifferently well for a couch. The separation between the two comrades had been effected so abruptly that they had not thought of dividing their provisions; so that, while poor Gorobetz, in his comfortless chamber, was fain to content himself with the dry crusts, Brutus, whose appetite was portentous, devoured the whole fish, from head to tail. Wishing, but in vain, for a draught of brandy to wash it down,

our philosopher nestled in the straw, with his head on a block of wood, and fell into a profound sleep. After the lapse of he knew not how many hours, the door of the stable slowly opened, and the old woman appeared.

"What do you want here, mother?" asked Brutus.

The hag did not reply, but advanced toward him, stooping, with extended arms. Her eyes gleamed with a red light, and a sudden terror seized the philosopher.

"Woman! what do you want? Go away in the name of God!"

But she, without replying, seized him with both her hands. He tried to rise and resist, but found his limbs powerless. Even his tongue became mute, but his heart beat violently. Suddenly, the old woman leaped on his back, struck him with her staff, and, impelled by some invisible force, he felt himself bounding onwards like a race-horse. The village was soon left behind, and a vast plain, bounded by a dark forest, spread itself before the eyes of Thomas Brutus. The crescent-moon had risen. The timid light of midnight, mingled with undulating vapors, lay slightly on the ground, like a transparent veil. The woods, the meadows, the valleys, the hills, all seemed to sleep with their eyes open. Not even the lightest breeze was blowing; and there was something hot and damp mingled with the freshness of the night air. The shadows of the trees and shrubs fell, long and pointed, over the smooth surface of the plain.

As Thomas Brutus galloped along, with the fearful rider on his back, he felt a strange sensation of horror mingled with pleasure. He looked down, and it seemed to him as if the grass beneath his feet sank under a sheet of crystal water. There he saw, clearly reflected, his own image with that of the hag riding on his back. Instead of the moon, some mysterious sun seemed to light up the green depths of the water. Sweet sounds seemed to ring in the distance, from the shaking of the tiny blue harebells. Then he descried a *roussalha** emerging from a tuft of tall reeds; he saw her limbs, white and round, but formed as it were of beams of light. She fixed her clear blue eyes on his, and singing an air of surpassing melody, approached the water's brink. With a sound of ringing laughter, she plunged in; and floating

* *Undine*, or syren of the North.

for a moment on the surface, while the clear bubbles covered her white throat like pearls, she plunged into the depths and vanished.

On and onwards ran our poor philosopher; covered with moisture, he felt a fiendishly-pleasant sensation, a sort of terrible enjoyment, which frightened him. He tried to recall all the prayers he had ever learned, and repeated a variety of exorcisms. Suddenly his pace was slackened, and he felt that the witch held him less tightly.

"Good! good!" thought Thomas, and he repeated the exorcisms with a loud voice. Rapidly he drew himself from beneath the hag, jumped in his turn on her back, and, seizing her staff, belabored her soundly. At first, she uttered loud and menacing cries; but, by degrees, her voice became soft, and sweet, and languid.

"Oh! I am quite exhausted!" at last she murmured, and sank motionless on the ground.

Day had begun to break, and the gilded cupolas of the churches in Kiev were gleaming in the distance. Instead of the hideous witch, there lay on the ground a lovely girl, with rich floating hair and shadowy eyelashes. Thomas trembled like a leaf; a strange terror seized him; his heart beat violently, and he ran away with the utmost speed. The country had no longer any charms for him; so he returned to Kiev, musing as he went on his strange adventure.

There were very few students remaining in the town, but Thomas found some acquaintances sufficiently hospitable to receive him; for in Lower Russia, it is not difficult to procure *galouchkis*,* milk, cheese, and *pâtés*, without paying for them.

One day, a rumor arrived, that the only daughter of a rich proprietor, whose estate was situated about fifty versts from Kiev, had returned home all beaten and bruised, and scarcely able to walk. It was added that she was at the point of death, and she had requested that the prayers for the departed, which are usually said during three days after death, should be recited by one of the students in the seminary at Kiev, named Thomas Brutus. Our friend learned this from the Rector himself, who sent for him, and told him that he was to set out immediately in a handsome *kibitka*, which this rich lord had sent for him.

Thomas Brutus trembled, without knowing why; a species of presentiment told him that something horrible awaited him.

Without hesitation, he refused to go.

"Listen, *Domine* Thomas," replied the Rector.

* Small cakes made of flour, and eaten steeped in milk, butter, or honey.

"No one dreams of consulting your wishes about it. I shall merely hint to you, that if you show any obstinacy, I shall cause you to be thoroughly well scourged with branches of young birch-trees."

The student of philosophy slunk away, not venturing to reply, but resolving, in his secret soul, to make his escape the very first opportunity.

While descending the broad staircase that leads to the court, Thomas heard distinctly the voice of the Rector, giving orders to his own servant and to another person, sent, no doubt, by the noble.

"Thank your lord, on my part, for his eggs and white bread, and tell him that I will send him the books he mentions, as soon as ever they are ready. And don't forget, my friend, to remind him that there is excellent fish in his ponds, especially some enormous sturgeons. In our market here, fish is bad and extremely dear. Javtqukh, give my lord's people a glass of brandy each. And mind, my friends, don't forget to tie the philosopher firmly; else he'll be sure to run away."

"Deuce take him!" muttered Thomas; "he must go thrust his nose into the business—the long-legged heron!"

Entering the court, he perceived a huge *kibitka* of the kind usual in Cracovia, and in which the Jew pedlars are accustomed to carry their merchandise about to the different fairs. Six tall strong Cossacks were waiting for him; their caftans, of fine cloth, ornamented with rich braiding, showed the wealth of their master.

"What's to be done!" thought the philosopher; "what must be will be." And addressing the Cossacks, he said in a loud voice, "Good morning, comrades."

"Good morning, Master Philosopher," answered some of them.

"Well, am I to go with you? What a fine *kibitka*!" he added, climbing into it. "If we had musicians, we might dance in it."

"Yes, 'tis a large equipage," replied a grave old Cossack, as he seated himself next the coachman, whose head was enveloped with a towel in place of his cap, which he had left in pledge at an alehouse.

The five others ensconced themselves within the depths of the *kibitka*, and took their seats on bags filled with all sorts of purchases which they had made in the town.

"I am anxious to know," said the philosopher, by way of entering into conversation, "if this *kibitka* were laden with salt or iron, how many horses would be required to draw it?"

"There should," answered the Cossack who was seated next the coachman, "be a proportionate number of horses."

After this satisfactory reply, the Cossack and his companions continued, during many versta, to smoke their pipes in profound silence. When, however, they arrived at a roadside inn, all cried with one voice: "Stop, *Averko*!" They got out of the *kibitka*, and entered a sort of dirty bar-room. The Jewish host ran out to meet them with demonstrations of joy. He brought in some sausages, covered with the corner of his robe, and after having set them on the table, turned away his head from the forbidden food. Every one sat down, provided with a large pewter drinking-cup. Our friend Thomas took share in the banquet; and after some hours, when he began to bethink himself of making his escape, he felt as if his feet were clogged with lead, and he saw such a number of doors in the room that it would have puzzled him to find the true one.

At sunset this worshipful company bethought themselves of resuming their journey. Having packed themselves into the *kibitka*, they set out, whipping their horses, and singing a song whose words and melody it would have been very difficult to distinguish. After having several times strayed from the road, they at length arrived at a large country-house. There was no light in the windows, but by aid of the stars the Cossacks and Thomas made their way into an extensive sort of outhouse or barn, where, amongst a heap of straw, they soon slumbered profoundly.

Next morning, when the philosopher awoke, he found the whole house in a state of agitation. the daughter of the nobleman had died during the night. The men-servants were running backwards and forwards, while the women were weeping. A crowd of idlers were peeping over the hedge into the court, as if there were something wonderful to be seen. Thomas took advantage of the general confusion to examine the premises. The dwelling-house was a long, low, thatched building, constructed after the former fashion in Lower Russia. A narrow pediment, high and pointed, pierced with a round window resembling an eye whose brow was greatly arched, was painted on the front, with blue and yellow flowers and red crescents. It was sustained by slender oak pillars, rounded as far as the middle, hexagonal at the base, and curiously wrought at the chapter. Under this pediment was a small staircase with benches at both sides; and similar pediments, but on twisted pillars, ornamented the other sides of the house, before

whose front grew a large pear tree, the top of which was cut in the form of a pyramid. Two rows of outhouses crossed the court, and formed a sort of wide street, leading to the principal dwelling. Behind these, near the outer gate, were two triangular cellars, roofed with thatch. Each of their three sides was pierced with a small door, and covered with sundry paintings. On one of them was represented a Cossack seated on a barrel, and holding over his head a large pitcher, with this inscription:—

"I WILL DRINK IT ALL!"

On another wall were depicted a huge bottle, flasks, a horse with his feet in the air, a pipe, a tambourine, and the inscription:—

"WINE IS THE PLEASURE OF THE COSSACK."

Through the round window of one of the outhouses might be discerned a great drum and several brazen trumpets; while a small cannon was placed at each side of the gate. Outside the enclosure were two windmills, and large gardens extended as far as a neighboring village, which was built at the foot of a steep mountain. All along the summit of the height grew tall thin bushes of heath, which showed darkly against the blue sky. Its naked, clayey sides, all furrowed by the marks of winter torrents, were sad to look at.

When our philosopher looked in the opposite direction, a totally different landscape presented itself. A village sloped gradually toward the plain, which was dotted with scattered hamlets, and watered by the clear current of the Dnieper.

"Ah, what a beautiful country!" thought the philosopher. "'Twould be pleasant enough to live here, and yet it is high time for me to think of flight!"

He turned into a narrow path, which was nearly hidden by the tall grass and shrubs; but ere he had walked far, he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder. He looked round, and saw the oldest of the Cossacks who had accompanied him last night.

"It will be no use for you to think of escaping, Master Philosopher. Come at once to our lord, who is waiting to see you."

"With pleasure," replied Thomas, trying to put a good face on the matter.

The noble, a man already old, with grizzled beard and moustaches, and bearing on his countenance a settled air of sadness, was seated at a table, with his head leaning on his hands. On the entrance of Thomas and the Cossack, he removed his hands, and gave a slight nod in reply to their profound salutations.

"Who art thou, honest man?" asked he, in a cold, measured tone.

"I am a student of philosophy; my name is Thomas Brutus."

"How hast thou become acquainted with my daughter?"

"I swear to you, my lord, that I never even saw her."

"And why did she choose thee to read prayers?"

"May a thunderbolt strike me if I know!"

"Had she lived but one minute longer," said the noble, sadly, "I should have known all about it. 'Do not allow any one to recite prayers for me; but send, papa, to the seminary at Kiev, for the student, Thomas Brutus. Let him pray three successive nights for my sinful soul—he knows—' but before she could add another word, she was seized with a convulsion, and died. Thou, honest man, must certainly be well known for the sanctity of thy life; and my daughter must have heard of thy piety."

"Who, I?" said poor Thomas, starting backwards with surprise. "The sanctity of my life! Why, my lord, although it is a shame to tell it, I visited the pastry-cook's shop on Holy Thursday!"

"However, my poor child's wishes must be obeyed. Thou wilt begin thy office to-day."

"May I just suggest to your lordship—Would it not be better to employ a deacon, or even a sub-deacon—holy men who understand the business? As to me, I have no voice for reading aloud; and then—"

"No matter, thou must do precisely what my daughter wished. If thou readest the prayers properly during three nights, I will reward thee liberally. If not—I would not advise the fiend himself to vex me."

No reply from the frightened philosopher.

"Follow me," said the nobleman, after a pause.

Passing through a vestibule, the noble opened the door of a large room. Its floor was covered with a red cotton carpet. In one corner, under the holy images, and on a high table covered with a cloth of blue velvet, ornamented with fringe and acorns of gold, lay extended the dead body. Thick wax tapers, surrounded with branches of *kalina*, stood at the head and feet, mingling their pale, unearthly beams with the light of day.

He did not see the face of the dead, for the father threw himself upon her, and for a time gave way to an uncontrollable passion of grief. At length, turning toward Thomas, he showed

him his place near the head of the corpse, behind a desk, on which were laid some books.

"Three nights will soon be over," thought our philosopher, "and then his lordship will fill my pockets with ducats."

With an effort he began to read, without moving his eyes off the book, and with a firm resolution not to look at the corpse. Soon he perceived that the father had left the room. He slowly turned his head, and—

A convulsive trembling seized him. Before him lay a woman of surpassing beauty, yet her marble features wore a terrific expression. He felt his soul stricken with affright, as if in the midst of joyous, festal music some one were suddenly to begin a funeral chant. A terrible resemblance struck him.

"The sorceress!" he exclaimed, in a suffocated voice; and, without again raising his eyes, he muttered the remainder of the prayers.

At sunset the coffin was borne into the church. The philosopher supported on his shoulder one of the corners of the bier, and it felt to him cold as ice.

With blackened walls, save where they were covered with rank green moss, and surmounted with three little conical cupolas, the gloomy wooden church stood at one end of the village. They placed the open coffin before the altar. The father knelt down, embraced his child for the last time, and then went away, having ordered his servants to take good care of the philosopher, and to bring him back to the church after supper. When they reached the kitchen, all those who had borne the coffin placed their hands against the chimney—a custom among the Lower Russians when they have seen a corpse.

Soon a large party of out-door laborers and domestic servants assembled in the wide kitchen; all, including Thomas Brutus, extremely hungry.

A female peasant, wearing a red cap, placed in the midst a large smoking pot of *galouchkis*, and each drew from his pocket a wooden fork or spoon. When their appetites were somewhat appeased, their tongues became loosened, and the conversation naturally turned on the dead.

"Is it true," said a young shepherd who wore, fastened to his leathern belt, so many buttons and plates of copper that he resembled an itinerant dealer in old metal, "is it true that our young lady had acquaintance with the Evil One?"

"Yes," replied the old Cossack, Doroach, "I would swear she was a sorceress."

"Hold thy peace, Doroach," said another. "Thou shouldst not speak of such things. God rest her soul!"

"Don't ye all recollect," said the coachman, Spirid, "what happened to the poor groom Mikita? One day our young lady came into the stable when he was rubbing down a horse: 'Listen, Mikita,' she said, 'let me place my foot for a moment on your shoulder.' The poor fool consented, and the young lady jumped on his back. Off he set, galloping like a race-horse; no one knows whither they went, but Mikita returned more dead than alive. From that time he gradually wasted away; and one morning nothing of him was found but a heap of ashes in his bed in the stable."

One wild story concerning the sorceress led to the relation of others. Dorooh, the old Cossack, told how she had gone by night into a peasant's house, and sucked the blood of an infant. Other anecdotes of her pranks, some ludicrous, some fatal, but all more or less of a mischievous tendency, were told, so that poor Thomas supped quite as full of horrors as of *galouchkis*.

He started when Dorooh said to him at last—"Come, Master Thomas, it is time for us to go to the church."

There was, however, no help for it; so, accompanied by three Cossacks, he set out for the gloomy little wooden church. Having seen him safely ensconced, and wished him good-night, his companions left him, and double-locked the door.

When our philosopher was left alone, he began, with a beating heart, to examine the building. In the centre was the coffin covered with black. Wax tapers, with heavy red wicks, were burning before the gloomy images of the saints; they partially illuminated the *iconostasia*,* and also the centre of the church, leaving the angles in deep shadow. The *iconostasia* was of great antiquity; its pierced carvings, formerly covered with gold, now only showed it in patches. The faces of the saints were completely black, and wore a strange, sinister expression.

Thomas Brutus looked around.

"Well," thought he, "what is there to fear? No human being can enter here; and as to ghosts and apparitions, I know plenty of prayers wherewith to fight against them. 'Tis nothing," repeated he, "we'll read the prayers."

And approaching one of the *kliros*,† he perceived some bundles of wax tapers.

"Good!" thought he, "I'll light up the church, so that it shall seem like noon-day. What a pity that one can't smoke here!"

* A wooden partition, covered with Byzantine paintings, which separates the nave from the sanctuary.

† Small lateral choirs, where the singers stand.

He fastened the tapers in every practicable place, and lighted them; but although the church was thus filled with light, it seemed to him as if the shadows in the roof became yet deeper, and the old saints looked out from their curiously-carved frames with a menacing expression. He approached the coffin, looked with terror on the face of the dead, and trembling, closed his eyes. What fearful, yet what radiant beauty! A strange fascination impelled him to open his eyes and gaze again and again. Had the appearance of the corpse been revolting, it would not have inspired him with such profound horror, but there was a strange unearthly life in the dead features, and it seemed to the philosopher that her eyes, although closed, followed his movements everywhere. He hastened to take his place in one of the *kliros*, opened the book, and began to read as loudly as he could. His voice, to himself, sounded strange and unearthly, as it broke the death-like silence of that old, lonely church.

"What is there to fear?" reasoned he with himself. "She will not rise from her coffin, for she will fear the word of God. And what sort of a fellow should I be, if I were to frighten myself for nothing? Come, I'll take a pinch of snuff. What excellent snuff it is!"

Nevertheless, while keeping his eyes steadily fixed on his book, an inward voice seemed to murmur to him—

"She is getting up—she raises her head—she looks!"

But the silence was as deep as ever, the coffin as motionless, the tapers as bright. Thomas began to chant a psalm, in order to stifle his fears. Yet each moment he could not refrain from turning his eyes toward the coffin. Still, all was silent; nothing was to be heard, save the low crackling of the taper, or the feeble noise of a drop of wax falling on the pavement.

Suddenly he looked up. The dead girl had arisen from her coffin, and was advancing slowly toward him, with closed eyes and extended arms, as if trying to seize some one. In the extremity of terror, he drew a circle around him with his fingers in the air, and began to repeat certain prayers and exorcisms against evil spirits, which he had learned from an old monk. The corpse advanced as far as the limit of the circle, but seemed to have no power to pass that invisible barrier. She suddenly became blue and livid, like one who has been dead several days; her teeth chattered, and her sunken eyes opened. But she evidently saw nothing, for she turned in another direction, and groped along the walls,

as though trying to seize Thomas. At length she went back and laid down in her coffin. Before our poor philosopher could at all recover himself, the coffin suddenly started from its place, and began to fly round the church, without, however, infringing on the magic circle. Suddenly the cock crew—the coffin resumed its place, and the corpse its usual appearance. Somewhat reassured, Thomas resumed his reading, and presently a deacon and an old sexton came to relieve him.

When he returned to the house, he lay down, and being overcome with fatigue, slept soundly until dinner-time. When he awoke, his nocturnal adventure seemed to him like a dream. At dinner the good cheer and the brandy completely reestablished his courage. He however avoided answering any question on the subject of his vigil; and, after having smoked a pipe or two, he felt quite gay. This happy frame of mind, however, sensibly became more sombre as evening approached. Before supper, all the people belonging to the house began to play at *kragli*, a game something like skittles, played with long sticks instead of bowls, and in which the winner has a right to ride on the back of the loser. Thomas had just begun to enter into the spirit of the game, when Doroach said to him—

“Come, Master Thomas, 'tis time to go to the church.”

The scene of the preceding evening was exactly repeated. Thomas Brutus traced the magic circle which had stood him in such good stead, and firmly resolving not to raise his eyes from his book, began to read the prescribed prayers. When about an hour had passed thus, he happened to cough, and pausing for a moment to take out his snuff-box, his eyes suddenly met the cold, glassy stare of those of the dead girl, who stood close to the circle. She evidently did not see him, but she commenced with a sound like the hissing of seething pitch to mutter conjuration. Suddenly a strong wind blew in the church, a flapping of wings was heard, claws seemed to be scratching the walls, and some enormous weight came against the door, and set its rusty hinges creaking. Just then the cock crew, and Thomas Brutus fell senseless on the ground.

The Cossacks who came to seek him in the morning, found him half dead. They were obliged to support him as far as the house, where a good draught of brandy in some sort restored him. One of the maid-servants, as she passed, clapped her hands, and exclaimed—

“Ha, ha! what has happened you?”

“What do you mean?”

“You are quite gray!”

A small, triangular, fly-stained bit of looking-glass, hanging in the kitchen, confirmed the fact to poor Thomas. He reflected for some moments.

“I will go to this nobleman,” he said to himself, “and tell him decidedly that I will read no more prayers, and that he must send me back to Kiev.”

He found the lord seated in his chamber, in the same attitude, and wearing the same expression as before; save that his hollow cheeks and pallid face showed how little of food or rest he had taken.

“Good morning,” said he, seeing Thomas standing at the door. “How do you get on with your task?”

“Oh, my lord, such dreadful work! I *must* go away.”

“What mean you?”

“Your daughter, my lord—no doubt she was of high rank, and beautiful, and all that, but, I must say it—she was leagued with the Evil One, and she terrifies me.”

“Read on, read on; it was not for nothing that she summoned you. She had a care for her soul, my poor dove! and she wished that prayers should chase away every evil influence.”

“My lord, I swear to you, that surpasses my power.”

“Read, read, my good fellow,” said the nobleman, in a persuasive voice, “there is but one night more. You will accomplish a good work, and I will reward you.”

“No matter what your lordship may offer me,” replied Thomas, in a determined tone, “I am resolved I will not read any more.”

“Listen, philosopher,” said the nobleman, and his voice became suddenly loud and terrible; “I don’t like such inventions. At your seminary you may do as you please; but not here. If I have you flogged, it will not be after the Rector’s fashion. Do you know what kind of things *kantchoukis** are?”

“Yes,” replied Thomas, lowering his voice. “Every one knows they are intolerable.”

“Ah, but perhaps you don’t know how my servants lay them on. They first flog, then pour in brandy, then flog again. Come, come, go on with your task. If you refuse, you will never walk again—if you obey, you shall have a thousand ducats.”

“Ah!” thought our philosopher, as he silently withdrew, “this fellow is not to be jested with.”

* Small whips made of strips of leather.

But, after all, what have I to fear? I have already read two nights, Providence will help me to read the third. What a number of crimes that cursed sorceress must have committed!"

During the remainder of the day and evening Thomas Brutus was so closely watched, that any attempt to escape would have been quite fruitless. At length—

"It is time to go," said Javtoukh, one of the Cossacks.

"A lighted match on thy tongue,* wicked wild boar!" ejaculated the philosopher; but, prudently, to himself. "I am ready," he said, aloud.

It was a stormy night; the wolves were howling in the distance, and even the barking of the dogs had an ominous sound.

"One would almost fancy," said Doroch, "that it is not wolves that are howling, but worse beings still."

Javtoukh and Thomas were silent. They reached the church, and the two Cossacks left our friend alone as before.

Everything looked as usual. The terrible coffin stood motionless in the middle of the church.

"I will not be afraid, I will not be afraid," repeated Thomas, stoutly.

And having surrounded himself with his protecting circle, he began to recite his exorcisms. The silence around was horrible; the flame of the tapers flickered, and filled the building with a yellow light. The philosopher turned over page after page of his book, and suddenly perceived that he was reading words quite different from those it contained; making the sign of the cross, he began to chant the prayers, when the silence of the church was broken by the coffin bursting with a loud noise. The dead girl rose up, looking yet more terrible than before, her teeth chattered violently, her lips were convulsed, and uttered strange hissing cries. A whirlwind entered the building, the window-panes were dashed in, the door was wrenched off its hinges, and an innumerable crowd of monsters rushed into the holy place. A confused tumult of wings and bodies jostling each other, filled the church. The unclean crew ran, crept, and fled all around, seeking the philosopher.

Sign after sign of the cross was made by Thomas, and he manfully muttered his prayers; yet he not only heard the monsters near him, but actually felt himself touched by the edges of their wings, their claws, and their horrible tails. He distinguished an enormous monster, that filled

nearly the whole of the opposite wall. It was covered with dishevelled hair, out of which looked two great, fixed, stony eyes. Above him there hung in the air something resembling an enormous ball, garnished with thousands of crabs' claws and scorpions' tails, from which hung clots of black clay. All were seeking for Thomas; but, thanks to his magic circle, they could not see him.

"Bring hither the Gnome King!" cried the dead sorceress; "bring him!"

Immediately the most profound silence reigned in the church—soon a hoarse roaring resounded in the distance, and then heavy steps struck the flagstones of the building. With a side-glance, the philosopher perceived that they were bringing in a kind of man of diminutive size, but broad and with twisted limbs. He was all soiled and smeared with clay; his hands and feet resembled the knotted roots of trees. He walked with difficulty, stumbling at every step. His eyelashes were so long that, his eyes being closed, they touched the ground. Thomas remarked with terror that his face was of iron. Two monsters led him exactly opposite the place where stood the philosopher.

"Raise my eyelids, I cannot see," said the King of the Gnomes, in a sepulchral voice. The whole troop flocked around to raise them.

"Do not look," said an internal voice to the philosopher. Yet he could not refrain, and he looked.

"There he is!" cried the Gnome King, pointing at him with his finger.

And all the filthy troop threw themselves on the philosopher. Terrified, he fell prostrate on the ground, and lay as one dead. Then resounded the crowing of the cock. It was the second time, but the Gnomes had not attended to the first signal. Now, in their consternation, they dashed themselves confusedly against the doors and windows, in order to escape the more quickly. But the time was past; they all remained firmly hung to the windows and doors through which they had sought egress. The priest who came next morning to read the office for the dead, dared not cross the threshold of the church, which remained always thus, with the monsters fastened to their place. All this, somehow, Thomas Brutus felt and knew as he lay motionless on the ground.

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"Get up, get up, you lazy fellow!" cried in his ear the voice of Tiberius Gorobetz. "I suppose you're not as anxious for breakfast as I am, seeing that you devoured the whole fish last

* An expression peculiar to Lower Russia.

night; and now you have slept till noon, with your head down, and your heels raised on the straw, after a fashion of your own?" Up got our philosopher, right glad to find that the sorceress of his dream was nothing but a nightmare.

The old lady in the sheepskin looked far more amiable by daylight than she had done on the preceding night, and furnished the two travelers with a substantial breakfast before they resumed their travels.

GENTEEL THIEVING.

ALL the thieves are not in Moyamensing, and for the very best reason in the world—it would not hold them. Not a quarter of the thieves are known—not half of them even suspected. Male and female, they pervade society, and carry on their depredations either so adroitly as to escape suspicion, or on so small a scale as not to be considered worth the trouble of exposure. Begging pardon of the district attorney for trenching upon his province, we propose to turn public prosecutor for the moment, and bring to the condign justice of types, one of these classes of malefactors, who have so long gone unwhipt of justice. We mean the Genteel Thieves.

And first, of the men. We shall make use, in our process, of the formula of the Code Napoleon, and examine the prisoner directly.

Prisoner at the bar—attention, reader! it is to you we speak! Listen! Have you never been requested by a lady friend to get a bill exchanged, or a note discounted, on the "coast," and fibbed her out of fifty cents, or a dollar, or five dollars, in accounting to her for the proceeds? Have you never executed a mission for a friend, in New York, or London, or Paris, and overcharged a few dollars in the "expenses"—reconciling your conscience by assuring it, in that confidential whisper, used only between a man and his conscience that it was "only a quiet way of getting paid for your own trouble?" Have you never, in the exercise of your profession, been entrusted by your client with money to make certain disbursements, of which a neat little percentage found its way into your own pocket? Have you ever been appointed, by a friend, executor of his estate, and failed to make sure that you were handsomely rewarded, from the first proceeds, for your *friendly* services—whatever might become of the legatees? Is your conscience free from the charge of having, at a crowded party, left early, for the purpose of exchanging your seedy paletot or rusty hat for a new one? Have you never designedly forgotten to return a choice book or engraving, which you had borrowed from a friend? Do you not distinctly remember, one stormy day last winter, stepping into the Girard House and borrowing an umbrella of the clerk,

"just to run down to the post-office, in time for the New York mail"—and is not that very identical umbrella at this moment skulking in a corner of your library?

And now, after an evening at billiards, when you have been in "bad play," have you never forgotten the exact number of games you have lost, and replied to the marker's question, "six," when it should have been eight?—and did you not quail beneath the sarcastic glance of the polite and politic marker, who chose to be quietly cheated out of three levies, rather than run the chance of losing a good customer? Or, forced to dine in a hurry at a down-town eating-house, do you not now and then make a point of forgetting the "extra bread" or "extra pickles" you have eaten, while rendering an account of your dinner to the clerk? If you are, and have been through life, guilty of none of these things, you are "one man picked out of ten thousand"—Diogenes may set down his lamp and himself—his task is over—he has found an honest man!

We have thus far been speaking to and of gentlemen—real gentlemen—of regular business habits and connections—whose characters are unimpeached, and whose credit undoubted, and to whom the insignificant amounts they contrive to pilfer, in the various ways to which we have alluded, must be a poor recompense for the self-contempt with which their conduct must inspire them. But there is another class of genteel thieves, whose depredations upon shop-keepers, tradesmen, and the public generally, are carried on systematically. Shop-keepers, landlords, and others, are for the most part well acquainted with these gentry; but the trouble and inconvenience of an exposure is generally so great, that they prefer either to submit in silence to their losses, or by some adroit means to make their unwelcome customers aware that their practices are known, and thus occasionally make them refund. A friend of ours, in the retail line, has given us a good deal of curious information on this delicate subject. Sometimes, he says, he finds it the easiest way to pass the affair off as a good joke, as he then gets paid for the stolen article, and all ends pleasantly. Kicking

a fellow out of the shop, he says, will do in some instances; but to do this safely, you must be careful in choosing your subject. There is an old gentleman, a family man, with daughters, and nephews, and nieces, who has been in the habit of robbing our friend for years. He never spends much; and for every shilling he spends, he will steal a dollar's worth, if he can. "So long," said our friend, "as it paid to let him alone, I did let him alone, making a profit out of his connection; but when his family married, and settled elsewhere, I hit upon a plan for stopping his depredations—and this is how I do it: Whenever he comes in, I fix him with my eye, putting my hands in my pockets, and staring at him point-blank. Whatever he wants, others serve him with, but I never take my eyes off his face. He can't stand that long—he's nearly done for, already—and I don't expect to be plagued with him above a month longer."

And now for the ladies—though this we feel to be extremely delicate ground, and we shall go over it lightly. The newspapers have lately recorded an instance, in Boston, of a well-dressed young woman being detected with fourteen pounds of old iron stowed away in her bosom—an offence which must undoubtedly have weighed heavily upon her! And in New York an ungallant shoemaker, in trying on a pair of boots for a lady customer, made some discoveries not altogether usual to the situation, which led to the calling in of a policeman, who detected, hung upon hooks attached to her garters and the inside of her dress, a great variety of articles which she had captured in her evening's foray—among which, we recollect, were several pairs of boots and shoes, a coil of rope, a salt mackerel, a Britannia ware tea-set, a mouse-trap, and other household utensils "too tedious to mention."

At the dry goods stores these female thieves—many of them of first-rate standing and respectability—are so numerous and well-known, that all well-regulated establishments keep a "floor-man," one of whose express duties it is to keep watch of them, to gently remind them of their little mistakes as they leave the counter, or to put the stolen articles into the bill, as circumstances may seem to render most expedient. The same friend, who has stood behind a counter for over thirty years, and whose observations we have already quoted, has furnished us with the results of some of his experiences in regard to lady thieves, which cannot be otherwise than valuable:—

"When I first opened shop," says Mr. John Brown, the friend alluded to, "I knew nothing

about it—had never bestowed a thought upon it; and when one day I saw a genteel young girl drop her cambric handkerchief upon an article which I usually sold for five dollars, and, taking both up together, convey them to her pocket, I seized her unceremoniously, hauled her into the back room, and had a couple of the girls search her. They found the article upon her, and I sent for a policeman and gave her in charge. Wasn't I a fool? She turned out to be the daughter of a clergyman of one of the most fashionable churches. She was bailed out in no time—the father came down upon me with a charge of conspiracy—my shop-girls who had searched her were either frightened or bought off, and ran away, and I was glad to withdraw the charge and pretend it was all a mistake. But I got the reputation of a monster with all the women; and I don't doubt the affair cost me altogether not less than five thousand dollars in loss of custom. I was finally obliged to protest loudly my sorrow at the mistake, and lay it all to my having been drunk—I, who ~~never~~ was so much as tipsy in my life!

"The next lady-thief who honored me with a visit, robbed me of a shawl worth twenty dollars, while purchasing some trifling articles, which she ordered sent home. I said nothing, but sent the other articles, and charged for the shawl in the bill. The next day, if she didn't have the impudence to bring back the bill, with a female companion, who was present when the package was opened, and to tell me that there must be some mistake, as the shawl was not in the package, as her "friend" could testify! I had nothing to say—admitted the mistake, and she went away, while I lost my shawl as the price of this lesson.

"Soon after, Mrs. —, wife of a *millionaire*, came in, and while looking over some cheap goods, managed to slip some very valuable lace collars into the wide folds of her open sleeves. When she had concluded, I invited her, under pretence of showing her a new and beautiful article, into the back room. Closing the door carefully, I said, 'Madam, you are not aware of what you have done. I have observed that at times you are very *abstracted* in your manner. (I couldn't help emphasizing the word a little.) Allow me to show you what you have been doing.' With that, I caught her firmly by the arm, and drew forth my property. She blushed as red as fire, and her eyes flashed—but recovering herself in an instant, she burst into a laugh, and cried, 'Really, Mr. Brown, I am much obliged to you: who would have thought I could have

been so *distracte*! Why, really, I should have robbed you without knowing it!" I bowed, said not a word, took my lace collars, and attended the lady to her carriage."

Lady-thief, number four, was a very wealthy old lady, and an inveterate pilferer. She had provided herself with a very large pocket, into which, during her frequent visits to Mr. Brown's establishment, she contrived to drop numerous valuable articles—not, however, without his seeing and keeping an accurate account of them. At the end of the season, he made out her bill, and included all the stolen articles. She paid it without saying a word, but she never traded with him any more.

We have room for only one more of Mr. Brown's experiences. One day, a fine, handsome creature came into the shop, and while looking over some goods and purchasing nothing, secreted several valuable articles—but in such evident trepidation as to evidently show that this was her first offence. Mr. Brown, who did not wish to expose her before the shop-girls, followed her out, and coming up to her as she was crossing ——— square, accosted her. She would have fallen to the ground, had he not supported her to a seat, where she fainted. When she revived, she immediately restored the property, and fell into a passion of grief and shame. He spoke to her kindly, and she at last told him her story. She was the wife of a gentleman who had led a dissipated life, and run through a fine property, and who was now hiding from the officers of the law, literally without bread to eat. She had obtained a situation as governess in an aristocratic family; she had pawned everything for his sake that she could part with; and it was to supply him with the

means of subsistence, that she had robbed. Mr. Brown offered to lend her the sum she wanted, upon her promise to repay it on the receipt of her salary: she accepted the loan, and repaid it punctually. She has since recovered her position—her husband has reformed—and she is still one of Mr. Brown's customers.

But we can go no further. Nor shall we here more than barely allude to the various grades of lady-thieves, who borrow their friends' dresses, shawls, collars, fans, bracelets—anything and everything—and under one pretext or another, manage to keep them; who go about newspaper offices, with whose editors they have struck up an acquaintance, and in his absence carry off books, magazines, stationery, concert tickets, or anything else they can lay their hands on; or who, under the guise of agents of some society, or some charitable mission, entice numerous small sums from the pockets of the credulous public. The whole tribe are an intolerable and incredible nuisance, whose perseverance and impudence are fully equal to their audacity. It is the conduct of such women as these that disgraces their sex, and makes the very name of woman contemptible to those who have been made the victims of their depredations. The best remedy we can think of would be to organize by law a court composed entirely of women, including judge, counsel, officers and jury, before whom these delinquents should be secretly tried, and punished according to the enormity of the offence. Meanwhile, the honest public of all classes, must continue to "suffer and be strong"—which is Mr. Longfellow's version of "grin and bear it"—under the constant peculations of the disciples of genteel thieving.

SONNETS.

BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

I.

Fain would I bear command, and, in my mind,
 Know that I sit in some uplifted sphere—
 Know that I hold a height above mankind,
 And truly say, none else is master here.
 Fain would I take the van of busy men,
 And live a life that none could live again.
 Time should not mar my deeds, nor render less
 Those high immortal features that express
 To every eye, without the aid of skill,
 Great logic engined with as great a will.
 Compared with this, how weak it were and poor,
 Only to live beloved and obscure!
 What were ten thousand loves, without the dower
 Of majesty, of majesty and power!

II.

I would not often look on crowds again,
 Nor through a war of dust and glitter run,
 Nor book my name in any strife of men,
 In towered marts that spread beneath the sun,
 And blench his gold with his retorted beams.
 They have their dreams, but here are better dreams.
 Give me my life to live obscurely here—
 Thousands may know, where one may hold us dear—
 They have their spires, but here are nobler woods,
 And sweeter music fills the solitudes
 Of bee, and bird, and brook—and here are flowers—
 Elms and the sward are dials of my hours;
 Then let me so on God, in nature, look,
 As the great soul of a most glorious book.

LOVE AND LAW:

WITH A TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

"I must have the money, sir, and so that's all about it!" said Mr. Shears; and he looked like a man who meant what he said.

"Of course you must, my good man, and of course you shall; it's merely a question of time. You want the money *now*, and I haven't got it. Now if you'd just take a bill at a short date; say ——"

"I'd rather not!" cried Shears, cutting him short (cutting being natural to Shears). "I don't want *your* bill, I want my own—*settled*."

"Now really you are the most unreasonable man, Mr. Shears! I've dealt with you for the last two years ——"

"And paid me nothing," parenthesised the tailor.

"I've introduced you to four customers."

"Two have cut away, one's dead, and the other's bankrupt," said the tailor again.

"You really ought not to speak so unfeelingly," remonstrated his customer. "How could the poor man help dying?"

"He's only a fourth of the damage; how about the other three? But its no use arguing, Mr. Jessamine—I want my money, as I said; and I'll have my money, or else I'll just go to my lawyer's and see what *he* can do."

"Now don't, Shears—don't do anything of the kind. I'll tell you exactly what he'll do. He'll charge you six and eightpence for attending you, and three and sixpence for writing a polite note to me; then he'll issue a writ which he wont serve, because I know how to prevent that; and he'll charge you two or three pounds for *that* luxury. In the end, I shall pay your bill, and you will pay the lawyer's; and the one will be almost as heavy as the other. Take my advice; draw on me for a hundred and fifty, as I owe you a hundred and twenty—hand me over thirty pounds, and the matter's settled."

It would pass our descriptive powers to depict the countenance of Mr. Shears when this unblushing proposition was made to him. He opened his mouth and his eyes to their widest extent, let his breath off with the force of a railway-engine whistle, sank into a seat, and exclaimed—

"Well, I'm blowed!" and we really think he must have been after the exertion.

Mr. Jessamine stood with his back to the fire, and watched him, with a benevolent and persuasive smile on his countenance, playing in the meanwhile with the charms which dangled from his watch-chain.

"You'll do it—eh?" he asked, mildly and trustingly.

"If I do I'm ——" Mr. Shears was choked by his own indignation, and rushed out of the room, and off to his lawyer's.

"What a brute!" soliloquised Mr. Jessamine, when the tailor had departed. "What an insensible brute! Upon my word I believe that the world is entirely changing. To think of a tailor refusing to lend you £80, when you only owe him £120! How dreadfully blind to his own interest—his interest in every sense of the word—for I should not mind allowing him 25 per cent.; and as the bill would be renewed four times in the year, that would just double his claim. Such fellows really are unfit to be tradesmen!"

With this reflection Mr. Jessamine sank into an easy-chair, lighted a cigar, took up *Ball's Life*, and perused a graphic sketch of the last "mill." Having finished this elegant and exciting picture of our civilization, Mr. Jessamine fell into a brown study. It was not his wont to think much about anything; but at the present moment he had reached a decided monetary crisis. If Shears had been the only importunate creditor he possessed, his mind would have been very little troubled; but Shears was only a unit among tens, whose joint claims made up a sum with four figures in it, while Mr. Jessamine's available property might be represented by one little circle, thus—0. We say his *available* property, because he undoubtedly had expectations. Who has not? Did you ever know an extravagant man who had not wonderful prospects? He may have spent all his own money, sold his inheritance, got into debt beyond the means of every relative he has, and, destitute of talents or profession, apparently have nothing but the workhouse staring him in the face; but rely on it if you talk to him you will find him firmly impressed with the conviction of his affairs being all right some day, when his grandmother's cousin's only son, who is an old

bachelor, and very rich, shall die. Certainly that extremely remote relative has never seen him, but what of that? He has no near relative of his own, and of course he would not leave his money away from his own blood—though this is precisely what remote relatives are doing every day of their lives—or deaths. However, there is no golden straw so slight or fragile that your spendthrift will not grasp at it, and hold on to it, and show his entire faith in its strength and firmness, by living and leaning on it till the remote relative has actually died, and bequeathed his fortune to some one else; when he has serious thoughts of trying to upset the will, on the ground of insanity—the insanity consisting in not leaving the money to a *vaurien*, whom he never saw, and never heard any good of.

Mr. Jessamine's prospects depended on the capricious will of an old lady, his paternal grand-aunt. This lady *could* leave him a few thousands, and generally seemed likely to do so; but when any new *escapade* of her grand-nephew reached her ears, she invariably opened her desk, took out her will, burnt it, and made a new one—leaving him a legacy of £50, and the rest of her money to an old toady of her own sex, whose chief occupation consisted in collecting all the information she could concerning the evil deeds of Mr. Jessamine. The obnoxious will was preserved till the aunt was pacified—or on the average about two or three months—when that was in turn destroyed, and another in her nephew's favor, duly signed and delivered.

At the present moment, Mr. Jessamine strongly suspected that one of the "wrong" wills was in force; and, therefore, superadded to his pecuniary troubles in the present, he had the fear of disinheritance in the future. Meanwhile, he had one slight consolation; his respected aunt was in excellent health, so that he fondly hoped she would not "go off the hooks" till he was restored to her favor. We will now give the result of Mr. Jessamine's reflections.

"It's a dreadful sacrifice, but I fear I must make it! 'That it should come to this!' as Hamlet says; but I see no other way—I must get married! I have long foreseen that such might be the miserable end to which my rash career was hurrying me; but I fondly hoped to avert the evil. It can be done no longer. Tailors, bootmakers, horse-dealers, wine-merchants, jewellers, and bill-discounters, all drive me headlong to one point—matrimony! The deuce is, that, so averse have I been to thus immolating myself, I have never marked down an object I'll be hanged if I know *whom* to

marry! It seems wonderfully ridiculous that a fellow like me,"—here he looked in the glass, and seemed extremely well satisfied with the survey,—“should not know what woman to take; but I positively don't. Let me see—I suppose I am personally acquainted with about a thousand marriageable women. Out of these about one-tenth would have *some* money—that reduces the number to one hundred; out of that one hundred, about one twentieth would have decent fortunes—therefore, I must know about five eligible women.”

Having finished this piece of calculation, he proceeded to recall the names of those among his female friends who were reputed to have fortunes; but he was puzzled to remember which were the really rich ones; as it is well known that every girl with a thousand pounds is called an heiress, and one with ten thousand is suspected of being richer than Miss Burdett Coutts.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hands a square-folded, blue-looking letter, fastened with a still wet wafer, and directed to “Arthur Jessamine, Esq.,” in a round, stumpy handwriting.

“Already! Shears is sharp to-day!” he exclaimed, as he opened and read as follows:—

“156 Carey Street, 17th March, 185—

“SIR,—I am directed by Mr. Thomas Shears to call on you for payment of £121 14s. 9d. Unless the same, with one guinea for my costs, be paid me by twelve o'clock on Thursday next, the 19th inst., I shall issue a writ against you for the same.—Yours obediently,

“Mr. A. Jessamine.” “JOHN STYLES.”

“Two days' notice to quit, I call that!” said Mr. Jessamine; “and really I'm half inclined to try Boulogne air. No—that wont answer, and Shears knows it wont: the rascal knows I can't afford to do it. I must raise the wind somewhere, and try in the meantime whether I can't get an extension of time. That will depend upon what sort of fellow Styles is. *Nous verrons.*”

Mr. Jessamine put on a quiet waistcoat and a black coat, and went forth to call on the lawyer.

Without being a nervous man, it is quite possible to feel a little want of self-possession when calling on a gentleman who has written to inform you of his legal intentions toward yourself. In the first place he knows you are hard-up—that alone makes you more or less contemptible in the eyes of every one. Next he suspects you to be a rogue—every lawyer

does. And lastly, he is not to be "bamboozled" as easily as ordinary mortals. Your little arts, your quiet flattery, your extreme politeness, your assumption of a business-like air, your pretence to regard the thing as a trifle soon settled, all this is thrown away, or very nearly so, on ninety-nine out of every hundred solicitors in the Law List.

Aware of this fact from an extensive personal acquaintance with the race, and from having paid them dozens of similar visits to the present one, Mr. Jessamine felt just a little trepidation as he pulled the lawyer's office-bell, and the door opened with a click, by means of some mysteriously concealed wire acting on the latch. Groping his way to the door marked "Clerk's Office," he demanded of a mealy-faced youth whether Mr. Styles was at home, sent in his name, and was ushered into that gentleman's private room.

"Mr. Jessamine, eh? come to pay that little account I wrote about, I suppose?" said Mr. Styles, who was a little bald-headed, brisk sort of man, all mental and bodily activity combined.

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Jessamine, who assumed an easy air, as much as to say we quite understand one another, and you're not so green as to suppose that I'm come to do anything of the sort."

"What then?" asked the lawyer, abruptly.

"I want a little further time," said Mr. Jessamine.

"Thought so—on what grounds?"

"I'm going to be married," was the quiet reply.

"Thought so—all the young men that can't pay their tailor's bills *are* going to be married I find," said the lawyer.

Mr. Jessamine smiled, and looked delighted with the joke. The lawyer was not a bit flattered—so the shot missed.

"May I ask the lady's name? Very rude, I fear; but you see, in a matter of business, politeness must be thrown aside."

"Ahem! well, really, I don't know that I can exactly—" began Jessamine, hesitating. *Mem.*:—Never hesitate when speaking to a lawyer; if you do, he brings in a verdict against your honesty without further evidence.

"I see," said the lawyer, "you have not yet made up your mind. So many ladies of large fortunes ready to have you, that you really don't know which to accept. I'm right, am I not?"

Jessamine burst out laughing.

"Exactly so," said Mr. Styles, interrupting the laugh as he pleased. "Now young gentleman, you don't quite expect my client to wait till you have first found a lady of fortune who will have you, and then married her, do you?"

"It will not take above a week or ten days to settle all that," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed!" said the lawyer, almost amazed (for it is not easy to surprise an attorney) at the man's impudence. "If you're married to a woman of fortune within a fortnight, I'll pay the debt myself."

"Done," cried Jessamine, jumping up.

"What do you mean?" said old Styles.

"I mean *done*: if I'm married to a woman of fortune within a fortnight, you settle old Shears's bill—it's a bargain, and I'm sure, as a gentleman, you won't try to back out of it."

The lawyer looked rather ashamed of himself. He had allowed himself to be betrayed into a promise that he never meant to make; but "pooh! nonsense!" thought he; I'm quite safe, he can't manage it in a fortnight." So he put on a contented face, repeated the promise, and bowed out Mr. Jessamine.

"He'll pay *that* bill," was the satisfied remark of the dandy as he left Carey Street.

* * * * *

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir—indeed I am," said a young lady, who looked rather agitated and frightened, to a young man who had just relieved her of an impertinent "gent," that was following and annoying her. The process pursued by her protector was a very simple one; he first trod on the gent's heels so as almost to upset him, when the little wretch turned round in indignation, he quietly observed—

"Yes, *I* did it; and if you don't walk off and cease from annoying that young lady I'll knock your head off, that's all." There was something so very determined in the tone and the look which accompanied the speech, that the "gent," giving a sickly grin, and muttering a faint bravado, did as he was told, and walked off. The young lady, thus aided, stopped to thank her good friend, who was no other than *our* good friend, Mr. Jessamine.

"I hope you'll take my arm, and let me see you to your home; for really it is not safe for a young lady to walk alone in the streets of London—especially at dusk," said he.

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently!" she exclaimed, in rather a romantic tone.

"By granting my request," was the reply.

The young lady smiled and took the proffered arm, while Jessamine thought himself a lucky fellow, for his companion was young and pretty.

Jessamine was one of those men who have a superabundance of the small change of conversation, ready for use at a moment's notice. Learned ladies might pronounce him shallow; slow ones would think him frivolous, and be slightly afraid of him; dull ones would wonder how he could talk so incessantly; but ordinary specimens of the sex—dear, lively, sensible, impassioned, unlearned ones—always pronounced him delightful. The one that now hung on his arm became quite of that opinion; she had never listened to so charming a talker; never seen a more elegant, a more handsome, a more distinguished looking man. Jessamine was fast adding another to his list of conquests, which was already as long as Cæsar's.

As for the lady herself, he soon discovered her to be extremely romantic, tolerably well educated, and a degree below his own station in society. She was nicely dressed, however, and had a charming voice. Altogether Jessamine was well pleased, and almost regretted the necessity which made him look only for a fortune of money instead of a whole treasury of charms.

Did the lady live in the city? It was a strange place for so romantic a being to inhabit! Yet they were proceeding directly toward Temple Bar. Jessamine was too well-bred to ask impertinent questions; he consoled himself with thinking that time would show him the fair one's abode. "Why did she not take a cab, instead of dragging the poor man such a distance?" asks a spinster of a certain age, who thinks the *incognita's* behavior scarcely proper. We answer, truly and faithfully, because she preferred a walk, with a handsome and agreeable young man, to a ride in a stuffy hack-cab. This may have been impropriety, but certainly it was good taste.

They turned up Chancery Lane.

"Gracious powers! where *can* she live?" thought Jessamine. "She isn't a Jewess, or I might suspect her of being the daughter of a sheriff's officer!" He shuddered at the very thought.

"You see in what a horrible quarter of the town I am compelled to live!" remarked the beauty, in a plaintive tone, apparently guessing his thoughts.

"Do you live in Chancery Lane?" asked Jessamine.

"Not far from it. Is it not shocking—I, who love flowers and green fields, and the face of

nature in all her beauty, to be compelled to pass my time in a dull, dark, smoky city like this!"

"A caged skylark," said Jessamine; "but where are you going?" he asked, as they turned into Carey Street.

"It is actually in *this* street that I live!" she replied.

"What number?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No 156," was the reply.

"And your name—?"

"Styles:—is it not an unpoetical one?"

Jessamine was staggered. He had promised himself the pleasure of passing a quiet evening with his pretty friend; of being thanked by her parents, and smiled on by herself—in short, of doing a great many things which a man who had to marry a woman of fortune, within a fortnight, should have dismissed from his thoughts altogether. But then Jessamine, like a good many others, had his good points; and could not keep from liking a pretty face, a gentle nature, and a sweet disposition, when he should have treated these things as so many "springes to catch woodcocks," and having nothing to do with the main point. Here were all his little plans scattered to the winds; he had been protecting, walking with, almost making love to the daughter of the very attorney that was going to serve him with a writ, unless he were married to a fortune by that day fortnight!

They approached No. 156, and Jessamine held out his hand to bid farewell to his pretty companion.

"I hope you'll come in," she said, urgently. "Indeed, papa will be most happy to thank you for your kindness to his unfortunate child."

"I need no thanks," said Jessamine, hurriedly; but I must entreat one favor of you."

"What is it?" she asked.

"That you will mention no more of this evening's adventure to your father than you are obliged; and, above all, do not describe my person to him."

She looked surprised.

"One more request; may I write to you?" he said.

Beauty blushed and hung her head; but she was romantic, and loved mystery, and so she whispered "Yes," in a very faint tone.

"A thousand thanks? I rely entirely on *both* your promises," cried Jessamine, and lifting his hat, with a graceful bow, he took leave of the attorney's daughter, and hastened away from the detestable street.

That evening, pretty Amy sat a long while in

her chamber before she could remember that it was time to go to bed. Her thoughts were all centred on one object—Mr. Arthur Jessamine. Never had she met any one so engaging, so noble-spirited, so handsome, so clever, and, above all, so *mysterious*. There was as much fascination in the last quality as in either of the others; for Amy knew the world only through the medium of poems and novels—at least, the world she cared for. Her own domestic circle was limited to a busy father and a cross aunt. Her mother had died in her infancy; alas, for the child that is left to the mercy of the life-storm, without the aid of the only hand that can guide it safely through the tempest!

* * * * *

"It's perfectly ridiculous," muttered Arthur Jessamine to himself, as he rose next morning, and lazily made his toilet, "it's perfectly ridiculous to think that I should have tossed about my bed all night, with scarcely a moment of sound sleep; and all from thinking and dreaming incessantly of the pretty face of little Styles! Upon my soul, if I go on like this, I shall deserve to marry for love, and live on cold meat!"

It was a fact, nevertheless. Mr. Jessamine had been quite unable to drive pretty Amy's face out of his head. The more resolutely determined he was to wipe the remembrance of her from "the tablet of his memory," the more perversely those dark eyes and jetty ringlets fixed themselves before his mind's eye; the more incessantly the tones of that musical voice vibrated in his ears; the more entirely was he occupied with her picture in every way.

He sat at breakfast, and listlessly sipped his coffee and played with a French roll.

"Let me see—about this woman of fortune. There's Jane Langley—bah! she's so lanky. How different from—hang it! why can't I think of something else? Stay—there's Mary Wormsley—she's rather pretty, and anything but lanky; a little *too* plump if anything, but certainly pretty; but then she's so stupid! How charmingly that little girl did talk last evening! There's Julia Craven—rather a fine girl, not stupid either—but too masculine for my taste; and then her voice! I never heard so musical a voice in my life as—. Confound my folly! There's Kate Trevelyan—very rich, indeed! I think I *must* call on Kate this very day! She's not exactly handsome, and she stoops so awkwardly. There are very few girls that walk so gracefully as—" he stopped abruptly, ran to a side table, spread his desk, took up a scented sheet of note-paper, and began to write:—

"Since we parted last evening, I have thought of nothing else than yourself. It is rather rash to avow so much, but I cannot help it. I almost begin to think you are a witch—no, you are too beautiful for that—a fairy, then—who is resolved on plaguing me to death, by fixing my eyes, my heart, my brain, on an object that never — but I am afraid I am writing nonsense, or what you will call such. I am dying to see you again—may I? and when and where? The messenger who brings this is thoroughly trustworthy; he will arrange anything you please. Write—pray, write at once to
ARTHUR."

Calling his faithful valet, he entrusted the letter to his care, giving him all necessary hints to enable him to convey the note, so that it might reach the hands of Amy, and no other.

"I wonder what will become of it!" he said, when he had fairly sent it off. "I never knew a fellow so determined on cutting the throat of his own schemes, than I appear to be! Instead of calling on Kate Trevelyan, the heiress, I am scribbling nonsense to Amy Styles, the penniless; instead of marrying a fortune, and making the attorney pay a tailor's bill, I am making love to his daughter, and running the risk of marrying *her*! I can't help it; if the devil has fairly taken me under his especial charge, he must do what he likes with me."

Bob, the faithful valet, was a clever fellow. He went to Carey street, and called at one of the public houses there, where he got into a confidential conversation with the pot-boy, touching No. 156 and its inhabitants, after discovering that No. 156 had its beer from those premises.

"Daughter pretty?" asked Bob. But this was only a bit of curiosity, because Bob had nothing to do with that matter.

"Rayther!" was the reply; which, being accompanied with a wink, meant "very."

"Close watched, I suppose—no followers allowed?"

"Just so."

"A gent I know," (Bob would hardly have been forgiven if his master had heard him call him thus,) "wants to get a letter to her—don't mind standing a sov."

"I'll do it," said the pot-boy, eagerly.

"How do I know that?" asked sly Bob.

"Lor' bless you! I keep company with her maid, I do," replied the pot-boy.

Bob had caught the right man, and he was almost sorry; for he was nearly as fond of cunning as Mr. Dickens' honored friends, the detectives. However, the matter was soon settled, the

letter conveyed, an answer procured, and Bob returned triumphantly to his master.

Two hours later, Mr. Arthur Jessamine and Miss Amy Styles were walking arm-in-arm through the least frequented avenues of Kensington Gardens.

"Do you know, Amy—may I call you Amy?"

No answer, but the slightest possible pressure of his arm, which he returned with a squeeze hard enough to have made her cry.

"Do you know, Amy, that I am a very poor man? I am afraid, too, that I am a very bad one."

"Oh no, oh no!" cried Amy, hastily, and then blushed at her own enthusiasm.

"You are a little angel!" exclaimed Jessamine, who, among all his fashionable friends, had never before met with a perfectly artless, naturally romantic, and yet thoroughly frank-hearted girl. It was like rain falling in a desert—the desert was unused to it, but it drank it in not the less gratefully.

"You are an angel!" he said, "and I—it is no use to deceive you or myself, Amy; but I feel that even already *I love you!*"

How the little hand trembled on his arm as he uttered these words!

"And you, Amy—you?" and he looked into her eyes to know how *she* felt.

The eyes only glanced at him for an instant, but the cheeks were covered with roses, and the tongue uttered not a word. The eloquent silence told all.

"Now listen, Amy: I am a poor man. I am more than that—I am in debt. You know what that is? You would not link your fortunes with mine, would you?"

Again Amy said nothing, but cast one trusting look at him, and gave a little convulsive sob.

"I'm a villain!" cried Jessamine; "upon my soul, I am. I have no right to ask the love of such a creature as you are—so good, so beautiful, so noble, so trusting! But, Amy, we should be very poor—except what my aunt would allow us, (and that would be very little,) we should have nothing to live on. Could you endure poverty?"

"I fear nothing," said Amy, speaking for the first time. Jessamine was more enraptured than ever.

"Your father would never consent to our union, Amy!"

"Why not?"

Jessamine told her the whole history of his interview with her father, which startled her greatly.

"No—he would *not* consent," she said, after a pause.

"And would you—could you—?" he began.

"I am yours—what you ask, that shall I do," said Amy, in faint, but firm tones.

We should not think it fair to say how Arthur Jessamine responded to these words, but content ourselves with remarking that there was not a soul in sight of them, and bonnets are worn conveniently *off* the head, now-a-days.

When Arthur Jessamine returned home that evening, and recalled the events of the day, he was rather at a loss to realize the idea that he had sworn to love and marry the penniless daughter of a hostile attorney—he who had only known her a day, and who accounted himself one of the most insensible and cold-blooded of mortals. And with such an opinion of himself, he might have lived and died, but for an accident. Believe it, good reader, there are many of us whose hearts are like tinder, though the spark may never chance to fall, that is to set them alight—and we think they are incapable of warmth!

We are not writing a novel, and so have neither the inclination nor the time to linger over our story. We must therefore pass over the next ten days, though they were crowded with incidents to the lovers, and hasten to conduct our readers to a little sea-side place on the Welsh coast, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jessamine sat on the beach the morning after their wedding-day. They had not run away to Gretna Green—a clumsy contrivance of our ancestors—seldom resorted to by the present generation. Their bans had been duly published (or muttered) in the church of the parish, in which Arthur resided. In that same church they had been privately married, at ten in the morning, and had started off in a hack-cab to the railway station, with only a necessary supply of clothing for their luggage.

"Amy, do you repent?"

Amy nestled close to her husband, linked her arm more closely in his, and glanced with loving reproach into his face.

"Do *you*?" she asked.

"No—no—I never knew, never guessed what happiness was, till now!"

Amy's eyes filled with tears—tears of overflowing joy.

"You wrote to your father—I must do so now. The sooner the better—don't you think so?"

She made no opposition; so they sauntered to the little hotel where they lodged, and he wrote as follows:—

"SIR—Your daughter will have told you of the step we have taken. As a man of the world, you will, of course, condemn it; but if you will believe the oath of a libertine, I swear to you to do all in my power to prevent *her* from ever repenting it. We are both penniless; but I have hope and trust, such as I never felt before, that I shall yet live to place your daughter in the position she deserves to occupy. My aunt, I am sure, will assist us; and, while I do not now ask for *your* aid, I trust the day will come when you will not refuse us your favor. I am, etc.,

"ARTHUR JESSAMINE."

The letter was sealed and posted.

"Arthur, how much are you in debt?"

"One thousand one hundred and twenty pounds, dear!" replied Arthur, with a terrible sigh.

"How much was the tailor's bill?" asked Amy.

"About one hundred and twenty; but why do you ask, little curiosity?"

"That reduces it to one thousand, then," said Amy, unheeding his remark.

"How so?"

"Because papa must pay *that* bill."

"Why? You don't understand; he was only to pay it in case I married within a fortnight a woman of fortune."

"Just so," said Amy, with a little knowing smile; "am not I one?"

"You are something ten thousand times better!" cried he, rapturously.

"Shall you love me less for having ten thousand pounds?" asked Amy.

"What?"

"Look at that," said Amy, producing from her dressing-case a paper which the perfectly astounded Arthur perceived to be a bank receipt for £10,000 Consols, standing in the name of Amy Styles.

"Amy!" he cried; he could say no more for surprise and bewilderment.

"No one has made us a wedding present, Arthur dear; but *I* make you that one. The money was mine, and it is now yours. Forgive me for concealing the possession of it till now—now that I know how truly you love me for myself alone."

We cannot describe the scene that followed; the reader must imagine it, and will draw the moral also. The first thoroughly disinterested act that Arthur Jessamine did, brought him a higher reward than all the cleverness and cunning could ever have procured him—a fond, loving, beautiful and trusting woman for his wife, and a fortune that made him independent of the world.

It is but fair to add that old Styles was not long obdurate, and never had cause to regret his leniency in forgiving the runaway match. What troubled him more than all was the fact of his own hastiness having led him into a rash promise, and left him to pay Arthur's tailor's bill.

The venerable aunt is gathered to her grandmothers; and, as Arthur never went astray after marriage, she died with one of the "right" wills in force, and her grand-nephew inherited fifteen thousand pounds.

M O S E L L E .

WHERE rolls in silent strength the Rhine,
'Neath Ehrenbreitstein's martial steeps,
A gentler stream 'mid groves of vine
To join its kingly current sweeps:
From smiling plains of sunny France,
By flowery mead and wooded dell,
And fields where erst oft gleam'd the lance,
Sparkles and winds the blue Moselle.

I saw the hills of far Lorraine
Rise o'er these scenes of fruits and flowers,
As evening deepen'd, and the strain
Of music stirr'd the rustic bowers
To dance, and song, and careless play,
While rosy lips and bright eyes tell
That hearts as innocent as gay
Love the green banks of soft Moselle.

The flowers bright blossom'd; clusters blue
Festoon'd the vines that crown the wave;
But, though thus rich the varied view,
'Twas memory all its sweetness gave;
For one who dwells by shady streams,
In that green isle I love so well,
Thinks not her presence throngs the dreams
That gild the waves of fair Moselle.

Adieu, dear stream! I ne'er may gaze
Upon thy glancing waters more;
Yet tranquil thoughts like summer haze
Shall ever gather round thy shore;
And though around my struggling bark,
Life's storms should frown and surges swell,
One scene no gloom can tinge with dark—
Thy vine-wreath'd bosom—calm Moselle.

THE PERI AND THE FAIRY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

DEAR children, if you die, let no false sprite
Allure your spirits from their home of light.
Thus taught me an old hermit long ago :—
Some angels, saved from the eternal woe,
Less guilty than their arch angelic prince,
Sprites of air, earth or water—ever since
Await the coming of the Lord from Heaven
Of these, from God's bright legionary driven,
Some speak with cherub voice ; but trust them not !

Banished away a thousand years from glory
They would betray you into purgatory !
You need not ask me how or whence I got
The tale I shall relate : 'tis very old,
And I shall tell it as I heard it told.

THE PERI.

Where goest thou, small spirit ? stay, listen to me !
My palace of beauty is open for thee.
Come ! look not for Heaven—'tis a difficult way—
New-born and just dead, thou wilt wander astray !

Thou mayest sport mid the flowers and fruitage of gold
In my gardens of pleasure, young spritee ! and behold
From my bower thy sweet mother lamenting dis-
tressed

O'er a cradle yet warm with thy innocent rest.

I am fairest of Peris—my sisters rule o'er
The realms of the Orient ; among them I soar,
As shines among flowerets the flower that is sought,
When the heart goes astray in Love's passionate
thought.

A turban of silk is encircling my head,
And my bracelets are rubies of exquisite red.
Three eyes, all a-flame, gleam incessantly bright
On each fine purple wing, as I wave it in flight.

My form is more white than a sail far at sea ;
But no paleness it knows ; and where'er it may be,
Like the light of a star it is luminous there—
Like the breath of a flower 'tis perfuming the air.

THE FAIRY.

I am the Fairy, my beautiful sprite,
And the lovely reign is mine
Where, red and bright, the sun from his height,
Sinks to the warm blue brine,
I love the west, which pays homage to me ;
And its vapors, lightly rolled,
I touch, as they flee through the upper sea,
And tinge their edges with gold.
And my magic halls, red, purple and dun,
I build in the clouds of the setting sun.

The light shines through my wings of blue,
To the sylph's enchanted gaze ;
While over me seem to wave in the beam
Two tremulous silver rays.

And my hand is clear, of the tint of the rose,
And my breath is the odorous air,
That sighs thro' the fields at the evening's close,
And a star seems set in my hair ;
And songs and smiles for ever entwine
Their spells on this magical mouth of mine.

And I have grottoes of rarest shells ;
And tents of the boughs of trees ;
And I rustle the leaves and raise the swells
On the bosom of sunny seas.
Then follow my flight and I'll show thee, sprite,
Where the wandering cloud goes home ;
And the small bright springs first leap to the light—
Come, sweet companion, come !
Wander with me and I'll teach to thee
The talk of the birds in the greenwood tree !

THE PERI.

Mine is the Orient, where the Sun appears
All glorious, like a Caliph in his tent ;
Or, thro' the pure broad azure he careers
Like a gold ship on regal message sent,
Bearing an emir to the harmonies
Of sacred flutes athwart the azure seas.

All gifts are showered around the eastern zone :

In other climes where happy fruits arise,
The bitter, too, abound, but God looks on
His ancient Asia with propitious eyes,
And there, around, more flowers to earth are given,
More pearls unto the wave, more stars to Heaven

I reign from the hoar catacombs that, formed
Like mountains, are but sepulchres, away
To that long wall, by nations vainly stormed,
Which, as a belt encircling old Cathay,
Holds a vast empire in its winding girth,
A world unknown within the bounds of earth.

I have vast cities, famed on every shore :

Warlike Damascus, royal Ispahan,
Cachmere, Golconda, flowery Lahore,
Bagdad, in ramparts, like a mail-clad man ;
Aleppo, whose dense murmurs on the breeze,
Seem to the distant shepherd like the sea's.

Mysore is seated like a sceptred queen ;
Medina's thousand towers, all spired and blent
With gay Kiosques and golden arrows keen,
Seem like the cohort of an armament
Camped on the plain, while from afar appears
O'er lofty tents the glittering of its spears.

Thebes standing yet, seems, on the desert sands,
To wait its people absent since the dawn ;
Madras, a double-city, broadly stands ;
Afar, unrivaled Delhi towers alone,
Where, turret-crowned, twelve elephants can march
Abreast beneath its gate's triumphal arch.

Fair child! among such marvels fly with me,
Come o'er the roofs, with flowers and garlands gay,
To the swarth Arab's roving camp, and see
The Bayaderes dance round at close of day,
And the tired dromedaries, at the brink
Of the cool desert spring, stoop down to drink.

With fig-trees and thick sycamores o'erspread,
The Moorish minaret's pewter dome upswells,
And mother-o'-pearl pagodas roofed with red;
And porcelain towers, with all their gilded bells,
And, in the gay, blue junks, a palankeen
Of purple, with its curtain's silvery sheen.

I'll part, for thee, the platan-leaves that shade
The bathing young sultana, dreamy-bright—
We'll go to cheer the too-desponding maid,
That fears that she is forgot, and opes at night
The door, to hear that voice upon the breeze—
To her far sweeter than the bengali's.*

Once, in the East, earth's paradise was set,
And Spring perennial strews, with lavish hand,
Our garden-hemisphere with roses yet.
Joy lives forever in our happy land:
Thou who art mourning, follow us and see;
Seek Heaven no more—an Eden waits for thee!

THE FAIRY.

My happy country is the nebulous West—
There soars the white cloud, on its lofty quest,
With vapory aspect changeful; and full oft
Some lone one, glad or grieving, who, by fits,
Pursues a dream, or mourns a shadow, sits
Watching its slow bright passage far aloft.

There is a charm for grief in mists, that wreath
The hills, ascending from the lake beneath;
In mountains, where stern winter seems to stay
Forever; in the star, like lonely hope,
That blends its dawning in the azure cope
With the soft cadence of declining day.

Our shadowy skies will please thee, Heaven-removed,
And mourning for thy mother, child beloved;
The sigh of brooks, the valley's echoes gay,
The forest voices blending with the breeze,
Will give the vagueness of the harmonies,
That rocked thy cradled slumber yesterday.

Shun the horizon's tamely blue; behold,
Mists, vapors, thunder-clouds, sublimely rolled,
Temper the sunbeams in our varied heaven—
While to the gazer's eye their shadowy forms
Assume the shape of billows roused by storms,
Up from some world unknown, impetuous driven.

* The bengali is an Indian singing bird.

On our rough brine the wind exalts for me
The thundering tubes columnar, air and sea;
My songs can stay the storm in its career;
And, for my feet with liquid gold besprent,
The Rainbow sets its glorious archway bent
From cataracts of crystal tumbling sheer.

Mine are the Alhambra's Moorish porticoes,
And that sea-grotto, with its basalt rows
Of pillars, where the waves of Staffa roar.
I aid the fisher, king of wintry seas,
To build the smoky shelter from the breeze,
Upon the site of Fingal's halls of yore.

Startling the night with counterfeited morn,
There, at my voice, a ruddy meteor borne,
In crossing flames vaults all the Northern air;
The hunter stands upon his rock afar,
And fancies he beholds a blazing star
Bathing in ocean all its fiery hair.

Come, infant sprite, and see my sisters gay,
People with merry wisps, the grave abbaye;
My dwarfs shall serve thee and my giants grim;
Come, wind thy horn upon some trackless height,
To guide the viewless dogs that, thro' the night,
Pursue the chase along the forest dim.

Thou'lt see, in feudal hall, the baron bold,
Loosen the sandals poor of pilgrim old;
And, on stern walls the blazoned heraldries,
And for her handsome page, in accents faint,
A lady, praying, lone, her patron-saint
Stained on the window-glass, in golden dyes.

'Tis we who thro' the Gothic churches go,
And to the fitful breezes, loud or low,
Open the sounding naves; when pale moonlight
Silvers the leaves, the shepherd sees our band
Dance to a mystic measure, hand in hand,
Round hamlet belfries, with fantastic flight.

What soft enchantments in the West are met!
Heaven is too far; thy wing is weak—forget
That steep and weary voyage, far from earth;
Around our rudest ground, there is a spell;
The stranger deems the region where we dwell,
Far sweeter than the country of his birth!

The little sprite, with less reluctant ear,
Heard the fallacious summons—almost won.
Earth has such charms to win the spirit here.
Sudden he vanished in the upward sphere;
He caught a glimpse of Heaven, and he was gone!

THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, 'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

Continued from page 12.

CHAPTER II.

Ye Companye parteth Companye—It buildeth ye wigwamme—Fredde Somertonne whileth away a wette daye, tellinge “Howe hee raisedde ye winde in ye Islande of Elye!”

To say that the companye slept soundly, and were troubled by no nightly visions, after 'Ky Sly's droll narration of the parti-colored nuptials and the discomfiture of the doughty Dolittle, is to say, merely, that they slept on hemlock tips, in a shanty overhung with pine boughs, fragrant with aromatic perfumes from the resinous cedar branches, which snapped and crackled at their feet, now flashing out into a fitful blaze, now wreathing odoriferous clouds around, as sweet as those which entranced wandering Ulysses' soul in the magic grotto of Calypso.

To say that they arose from their lowly beds refreshed and strong as giants about to run their course, is to say only that they started from their slumbers at the stentorian whoop of Sly, reverberating through the long-drawn forest aisles, long before the earliest village chanticleer, where villages and clearings are, had saluted the first paly streaks of dawn. The sky was still dark overhead, so much so, that the feathery branches of the tall evergreens, which tossed and sighed in the incense-laden breeze above their heads, presented to the eye only a solid vault of blackness, unrelieved by the brilliant ground-work of a morning sky, and checkered only by the ruddy gleams, which flickered fitfully upward from the watch-fire, tinging the deep verdure with a brighter green, and gilding the russet boughs, till they glanced like that magic spray revealed to Æneas by the voice of the Cumæan sibyl among the black oak-shadows of the Avernian grove. To the eastward, however, where one of the long vaults of the pine-wood opened on the lake-shore, and gave a glimpse of the distant horizon, a faint yellowish lustre was creeping up the blue vault, converting its deep cærulean hue into a greenish, transparent tint, like that of the pale aqua-marine.

One solitary owl, of all the tribe which had made the haunted woods resound their melancholy minstrelsy, during the earlier watches of the night,

was wailing, far away, in some hollow dingle of the hills, whither that faint precursor of the morning had not yet penetrated. The long protracted howl of the gaunt wolf, which had, once and again, come sweeping to the hunter's ears on the wings of the night-wind, from the distant heights of Tahawus, the Indian “mount of thunder,” was heard no longer; but, in lieu of these, the mournful, quavering cry of the awakened loon swelled up from the lake, and the lively twitter of a few matutinal phebe birds and small wood-wrens, arousing from their slumbers and calling to their mates among the pine-leaves, began to be heard above the drowsy hum of the night insects, and the diminished din, which the katydids, those shrill cicadæ of America, had continued until now, while revelling over their pure potations of the cold night dew.

Then, as the east lightened more and more, and the edges of the thin clouds, floating high in the pure atmosphere above the limpid lake, began to assume an amber tinge, to brighten into living gold, and then to blush rosy red, the liquid notes of the wood-thrush might be heard rising sweet and mellow from every shrubby brake, and the sharp, saucy chirrup of the American robin rang merrily among the tree tops.

Once or twice, during the early, gray gloaming, while, after the refreshing bath in the clear ice-cold waters of the lake and the brief forest toilet, the woodmen were employed about their camp, each at his own allotted labor, a singular and inexplicable sound came surging over them in mid-air, without their being able to discover or even conjecture its cause. It was not the fitful voice of the breeze, which sometimes roars like a distant cataract among the billowy tree-tops; it was not the far sound of falling waters; it was not the gathering of a storm among the hills; it was not, once again, that strange, mysterious noise, unutterable, indescribable, which is, at times, heard by the wandering trapper or wild hunter among the mighty Adirondacks, smiting his secret soul with supernatural horror, and which has gained for one spot in those stern

solitudes, the strange appellation of the "Whooping Hollow," supposed, as it is by many persons, to be referable to subterranean agencies of fire or water, or to the escape of pent-up gases, which may not unnaturally be deemed to exist in these mineral and confessedly volcanic regions. It was a peculiar, soft, rushing or whizzing sound, which would rise, as it were, out of the distance and silence, sweep rapidly over their heads, far, it would seem, above the loftiest of the pine-tops, and passing over, die away again, until the forests were once more hushed, unless for their own peculiar music. Intervals would ensue of some ten or fifteen minutes, and then that fleeting stream of sound would recommence, grow louder and louder, till it overpowered the songs of the birds and the sough of the west-wind, and then decrease and vanish.

Fred Somerton was the first who noticed it, and called our attention to this singular, harmonious noise—

"It is Walter Scott, I think," said he, after he had fixed our observation, "who has pointed out, that there is nothing in nature so like to what one imagines of the cry of an Ossianic spirit, as the low wailing sigh which succeeds the lull in wild, gusty weather, when 'rocking winds are piping loud;' but, if he could hear this sighing rush through the dark skies, like the flight of vast aerial armies, he would, I can almost swear, have discerned in it the unnumbered flap of ghostly vans, the swift resounding march of those 'millions of spiritual creatures,' which 'walk the earth unseen,' during the hours of darkness, fleeing to their dim dwelling-places before the unwelcome advent of Heaven's blessed light. What can it be, Frank Forester? You are the more knowing of us three, in the sounds and sights of the wilderness; though I suppose there are a precious lot of both, for which, you would find yourself hard enough put to it, if you were called to account."

"A precious lot, indeed," replied Frank, "and this, most assuredly, is one of them. I should have said it was the wind in the leaves, if there were breeze enough to make it, or if it were, in anywise, continuous; or the sound of a torrent, mellowed by distance, if it were steady, or if there were any torrent, tumbling down the rocks here-away, that we might hear, rising and falling with the wind; but there is not a waterfall of any weight, within these twenty miles."

"And this noise does *not* rise and fall *with* the wind; but either comes and goes whither it listeth, *like* the wind, but independent of it," said Alfred Armiger; "or, as I am almost in-

clined to think, makes its own wind, and brings it with it. Hush! there it comes again. It is wondrous sweet and solemn."

But while they were listening and marvelling, up came, from the lake shore, whither he had descended, some time before, for the purpose of catching brook trout, for our breakfast, at the outlet of a small spring brook, crashing over the sere leaves and dry branches, which thickly carpeted the ground, the heavy tramp of the matter-of-fact, unimaginative Sly.

"Hello! boys," he exclaimed, while he was yet as far as it was possible for him to make his voice heard—"what the plague are ye all about, lounging and lazing here round the fire, when the pigeons is drivin' overhead as thick and as black, and e'enmost as low as the big rain clouds, when a storm's a brewin'? Come, git up, dew, good lads, and buckle to your guns, right away, and hurry down to the shore, so as you can see 'um. There's a big roost on 'um, I'll warrant it, a mile or two away yonder to the northward, and they're a driftin' away to the southward, like a thundergust. They'll be done flyin', tew, as soon as it's well light; so ef you wants to git the nicest kind of a mess for dinner or lunch, or whatever it's you call it, jest up with your shot-guns, and off. Jothe and Jack Hardyman, they'll take the canoe and skirt out into the lake, jest off the shores like, and gather what falls in the water."

"Pigeons! so they are, by the holy poker!" cried Frank, on whom the solution of the enigma flashed as clear as light, the moment the word was spoken. "Pigeons, and a roost, and the rush of their countless wings! and we, fools of fond fantasy, dreaming of Ossianic ghosts,

'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
While ye mingle may.'"

"Sperrits," exclaimed the literal-minded Sly, stooping as he spoke to one of the small liquor kegs—"Sperrits! What, afore you go? Waall I don't know as there be so much harm in that thought, nuther; for this here is a fever and agy kind of place, like. But, for my part, Frank, I'll not mingle mine none, that's sartain! but jest take it clear. Here's whiskey, and that's what you calls white, I reckon; and here's the old Jamaiky sperrits, and them's red; but what you means by black and gray sperrits, that's above my count, I reckon. Look lively, though, ef you *will* drink, for them flocks is gittin' scarcer and scarcer, now, and afore long they'll have quit flyin' altogether."

Loud and obstreperous was the burst of merriment which hailed 'Ky Sly's application of the words, and commentary on the meaning of the well-known quotation; and these were still renewed, once and once again, at the curious quaint expression of the woodman's quizzical and shrewd features, as, half aware that he had made some blunder or misapplication of what had been said, though utterly unaware wherein his blunder lay, he turned from one to another of the party proffering in turn to each, in vain, the pannikin of "sperrits," with which, saving himself alone, no one seemed at all inclined to grapple, until his brother Jack did him reason.

And here, while the whole party were busily occupied in hunting up powder-flasks and shot-pouches from the corners of the shanty, in which they had been disposed; and taking possession each one of his own familiar gun, I will pause to observe that, with all due reverence to that great departed genius, the late lamented Cooper, with all proper respect to my friend, if I may so presume to designate him, Mr. Hammond, whose delightful "Hills, Lakes and Forest-streams" have charmed so many readers, the musing, philosophical, half-sentimental, half-romantic woodman, moralizing wisely and pleasantly on the habits of all the animal kingdom, drinking deep lore from the pages of the great unprinted book of nature, learning the love of God, the love of his brethren, the love even of the brutes, which he is compelled to slay for his livelihood, imbued with high tastes and perceptions of the external beauty and the inner meaning of the rude, the grand, the soft, the stern, the magnificent and the sublime of picturesque scenery, is to me the inhabitant of the unknown realms of poetic fancy, and of those realms only. No meditative "Leatherstocking," wiser in the untaught lore of nature, the simple yet sublime philosophy of the forests, than the sagest of scholarly and college-bred divines, no quietly droll and originally perceptive "Tucker," have I ever encountered, in my wanderings by mountain, morass, wildwood and lonely river.

Many a one have I met, indeed, of whom it might have been spoken and spoken truly, as in the words of the last mentioned worthy:—

"Let me tell you Squire, twenty odd year in the Shatagee Country, and among the Adirondacks, brings a man acquainted with a good many curious things to talk about, and he needn't tell anything but the simple truth, to get up a pretty tall name, for shooting, as you say, with something besides a rifle. Between old Pete Meigs and I, we never stretched the honest truth.

Any man that went with him into the woods, might be sure that, strange as the story might be the old man told, it was gospel truth. He was proud of his knowledge of the ways of the wild animals, and the things he'd seen in the woods, and he was principled against deceivin' the man that trusted him. No man ever came back after a tramp in the woods, that wasn't wiser, and that in solid truths, than when he started."

Yes! many a rude, wild forester have I met, on whom your finical and superpolished man of cities would have looked with a cold, careless eye; whom your snug, indoor naturalist would, perhaps, have tried to elucidate, as to facts of natural history; but who yet had stored up a fund of facts, who possessed a treasury of accurate and real information as to the times, the seasons, the habits, the "*ways*," in a word, of the wild animals, that would have dismayed a fanciful and theorizing Buffon, but rejoiced the heart of a Cuvier, a Bucklard or an Audubon. But it is in the observation, and the certain knowledge of bare facts only, that I have ever found them rich; and neither in the application of those facts to theories, nor in drawing from them the simplest of deductions. I have never met a moralizer, never a theorist, never an enthusiast, in the pursuit even of the knowledge which he had pursued; never one, who could appreciate the utility of that knowledge, in an abstract sense, or understand its appreciation by others, as anything more than a useful adjunct to the arts of venery and forest-craft. Above all, never have I met, in all my life, a single natural man unformed by culture, and untinctured by the humanities of letters, who had even a remote perception of that love of natural beauties, and delight in the contemplation of the picturesque, which so fills and captivates the mind of the cultivated man; and which is, I believe, almost the surest standard of his artificial education.

To the hunter of the woods, the dawning of the most gorgeous sunrise that ever kindled earth and air and water into glory, is but the morning of a fine autumnal, or a hot summer's day. The most magnificent array of mustering storm-clouds is but to him the gathering of influences portending a "pesked stormy day;" the deep forests are deep forests only; lonely, perhaps, and prized for their loneliness, since the loneliest places are the chosen haunts of his quarry; but neither grand, nor solemn, nor speaking any language to his heart, beyond the mere dry matter of fact of the case.

To him the most sublime of precipitous crags is but a plaguy, break-neck kind of place; and the noblest prospect over the wide expanse of lake and level forest, island and green savannah, and secondary heights, laughing in the sunlight, or emerging half-seen from the mist, are valued only in proportion to the actual extent of the view spread before the eye, to the accurate information gained of the face and topography of the surrounding country, to the probabilities of its abounding with game for the hunter, or of its opening a wide field of mill-sites and cultivable champaigns to the adventurous settler, or of vast mineral wealth to the prospecting mineralogist—things utterly apart from the wild romance of natural scenery, which, to his uneducated taste and unformed capacities, are altogether as a sealed book.

Of every one of this class, whom it has been mine to know, how shrewd, quick and observant soever, though dull and unpoetical the truth, it might with truth have been predicted in the words of the poet of the fells, the pure and simple-hearted Wordsworth—

In vain through every changeful year,
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose, by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more.

And I am, in some sort, inclined to the belief that not only a delicate and artistic culture is necessary to prepare the mind for the appreciation of natural beauties, but that the admirer of such, in order to be a genuine and thorough admirer of nature, should have been, at times at least, a dweller amid other scenes, devoid of the picturesque, the sublime, and the romantic; that he should have known the lack of these, and learned to value them by the very force of contrast.

Such was not 'Ky Sly; such was not my old and trusty friend, Tom Draw; both knowing where to find the shadiest wood-bowers, the coldest and most sparkling sources; but knowing *that*, in consequence of their appreciation of their real merits, not of their ideal beauties; both loving to lie softly on the thick mossy greensward, and both rejoicing to feel the balmy west wind breathe gently on their heated brows, but regarding neither with the artist's eye, or the poet's fancy; but having no farther praise to bestow on the one than this, that it came soft and pleasant to tired limbs and aching bones; or, on the other, than that it "smelt good, breezin' up from the buckwheat, arter the late rains." More than this, I have never found in the coun-

tryman; and more than this, unless it were some quaint fun, scarcely considered by himself to be fun, that party looked not to find in the redoubtable 'Ky Sly, of Slyville.

Half an hour followed, during which the reports of the ringing shot-guns from the lake came full and frequent; and during which, Frank Forester, who found little sport in that sort of gunnery, known as flight shooting, and practiced upon animals which he never could be induced to regard as *game*, took up his gun and stole off into the woods in a direction whence his quick ear had detected a distant rolling noise, like the rapid beating of a muffled drum. This he had recognized for the drumming, as it is technically called, of the male bird of the ruffed grouse, being, like the gobbling and strutting and tail-spreading of the peacock and turkey, his mode of collecting his seraglio of hens about him.

At the end of that space, the old tin horn, blown up loudly from the camp-fire, recalled all hands; and all made their appearance laden with the dainties of the wilderness. Frank brought the drummer, whom he had shot, in the very act, upon his log, three plump hens, and a couple of the great northern or varying hares, which turn white in winter, and which some persons call wood rabbits; which had bounced out of their forms among the fern and briars, as he stole gently with an Indian foot, through the wood-paths, and so had fallen victims to his rapid aim.

Fred Somerton and Alf Armiger were not far behind, bringing in literally by scores, the fat and tender young of the wild roost, which had not donned the glistening plumage of maturity, but were still garbed in humble gray, showing therein their fitness for the board of the forest epicures.

But breakfast was by this time bounteously provided from stores ready at hand, before this liberal but unexpected supply. The great tea-kettle bubbled and over-boiled with strong, black tea; the trout, broiled woodman's fashion, suspended from slim twigs before the crackling blaze, split open and held apart by skewers of juniper-wood, each transfixing its morsel of fat pork, had cooked the sea-biscuit soft in their savoring drippings; a pile of great mealy potatoes, roasted in their jackets under the wood-ashes, such as would have made the cockles of an Irishman's heart rejoice, sent up volumes of steam from a broad platter of freshly stripped birch bark; a tin pannikin filled with rich honeycombs from the pilfered stores of the wild bee, by the brisk and sweet-toothed darkey, who had found

out the bee-tree in his hunt after dry, light wood, perfumed the air around; and, to complete the delicate repast, 'Ky Sly, who always kept a bright look out, toward the main chance, and who, on his own hook, had smuggled a griddle and a bag of rye meal in among the stores, was tossing off slap-jacks in a profusion and with a skill which showed that he had taken not a few lessons from the book of his own neat handed "Hatty."

With hunters' appetites and hunters' glee, all fell to the savory and wholesome messes; and by the time that the sun had rolled away the thin mists from the breast of the lake, and showed the whole rotundity of his great disc above the tops of the pine forests, which formed the limit of the horizon, breakfast was fully discussed; the sable servitor was busily employed washing up and stowing away the utensils in our light barks; while the band, careless and happy as if they had been in deed, as they were in feeling, monarchs of all they surveyed, lay at their ease on the dry leaves, inhaling from the long pipes the calm consolation of the Indian weed, and perfecting the plans for to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, all to be spent in freedom, sport and jovial exercise,

Where no *dun's* footsteps e'er intrude,
To break the sylvan solitude.

The welcome stock of game, which had, as if of its own set purpose, come into their larder, fully sufficient to last them for, at the least two days, with the help of a very moderate supply of the foreign delicacies, and of the trout, which they were sure to take by trolling, while speeding on their way, rendered it unnecessary that they should, as it had at the first been proposed, give up a whole day, before proceeding on the trip, to a general hunt, by separate squads, for the purpose of procuring game enough to subsist them, until they should arrive on the best shooting grounds and choicest waters.

So it was put to the vote and carried *nem. con.*, that they should get under way forthwith, and sail, wind favoring, or paddle in the calms, or against adverse breezes, without varying a yard from the direct route, or turning aside to take the most tempting quarry, or ever pausing to shoot or snare such as should offer, unless it should throw itself directly into their way.

It was seven and a half by 'Ky Sly's vast turnip-shaped pocket horologe, the only thing, be it observed; of the watch kind in the possession of the party, when they pushed off into the silver expanse of the lake. There was not a ripple on its surface; not a motion in the clouds, which, in the water, as in the air, floated double cloud

and shadow; not a quiver in the golden leaves of the aspens, which slept like golden trees in the clear depths of unfathomed water. The sails, therefore, were furled, our light masts struck, and with oar or paddle they broke the bright mirror, over which they sped, into ten thousand sparkling, many-pictured fragments, cheering the way as they went with many a hunting call, and many a hunter's chorus.

The scenery, through which they journeyed, was of the most glorious; but, as they dashed onward with unabated speed and undiminished cheer, they had not the time to tarry to examine it, nor have I the space wherein to describe it.

Mountain after mountain cast its huge shadow across the watery path; bay after bay opened its long-withdrawing shores, now lined with snow white sandy beaches, now green with natural savannahs and bordered with beds of water-lilies, now fringed with dense underwood, or walled with giant precipices, to their fleeting gaze; island after island rose from the bosom of the waters, revealed the depths of its forest aisles or woodland meads to their eyes, as they shot by it and again sank in the wake and vanished into distance.

Long before noon, they had gone over twenty miles of distance, and the negro's heavy bateau, heavy as compared to the light skiff and birch canoe, had long been left hull down in the rear, when the hunters' appetites, sharpened by the Spartan whet of honest labor, began to tell them, in spite of the hearty morning meal, that the hour for the mid-day draught and mid-day morsel was approaching.

Nor were they not prepared for this; for if their tardy friend of the bateau had in charge the more ponderous of the stores, each boat had its own slender apparatus, biscuit and salt and pork, its own flagon and the cups and hunting knives of its crew, and what more is wanting save the light-wood, the chemical match, and the fish, flesh, or fowl, of water, earth or air.

Four of the pigeons had been duly plucked and cleansed before starting; and, just as the sun reached the zenith, "the company" landed on an islet rock, not fifty yards in diameter, conspicuous for its one singularly shaped pine tree, resembling more the tufted stone pine of Italy, than the Heaven aspiring cones, erect on giant trunks,

"Fit for the mast of some tall admiral,"

which are peculiar to the northern forests of America. This spreading tree, shooting out its branches, almost horizontally, at some twenty feet above the root, overshadowed half the area

of the island, like a huge green umbrella; and under its shadow, not ungrateful during the languid heat of the hazy Indian summer noon, there was speedily gathered a pile of dry drift-wood, which before many minutes, had blazed up into a quick glancing fire and subsided again into a pile of white-hot embers, above which the pigeons soon exhaled odors, sweeter to those hungry epicures, at least, than gales from Araby the blest.

While they were grilling to a turn, Frank made it eight bells, and spliced the main brace, with a moderate pull of the old Jamaica, duly tempered with the clear lake water. The whole halt, including the fire making, time calling, the cookery and consumption of the nooning, did not in all occupy above half an hour; but that brief lapse had allowed old Jotham, who had continued all the time plying his oars with his long, measured stroke, to make up so much of his lee way, that he was in clear view at about a half mile's distance, as they put out from the isle. One of the party instantly jumped ashore again, heaped a fresh pile of drift-wood on the embers, placed a liquor flask in a conspicuous position by the fire, planted a fish spear, with a red flannel shirt hung out on it for a signal, on the shore, and reëmbarked, with a loss of two or three minutes to the van guard, and a gain to the good old darkey of a drink and a meal, which he would probably have hesitated to take, however hungry, without orders.

As they got under weigh, some one fired a heavy duck gun, and as the old man turned his head at the well-known signal, a wafture of the hand indicated the meaning of the notice, and they soon afterward saw him put in, make fast his bateau to the shore, and land at the extemporaneous flag-staff.

In the meantime, the canoes sped onward, meeting no adventure, and the hunters adhered strictly to their resolution not to diverge from the direct line, though more than once they were sorely tempted.

The first time, on opening the headlands of a beautiful little bay margined with green savannahs, which were in their turn bordered by feathery coppices, under whose cover it would have been easy to creep up to leeward within easy gunshot, they descried a noble buck with wide-spreading antlers, feeding perfectly unsuspecting along the shore, in company with a pair of slim and graceful does. It was a sore temptation, but they had meat in plenty, and time was scarce, and they were strong and resisted.

Again, when the sun was getting low, they

saw a huge bald-headed eagle make a stoop from his perch, on the bare summit of a dead weather-bleached pine, at a plump of young wood ducks, some thirteen or fourteen in number, which were about half grown, though unable to do more in the way of flying, than to skim along the surface with outstretched wings and pendant legs, rippling the glassy surface—*technically* known as *flappers*; in which state of flapperhood, be it known to all sportsmen, epicures, and asses, who are neither one nor the other, they afford the most sport to the gunner, and most succulent delight to the *gourmet*.

The eagle, for once, missed his stoop and lost his supper; the flappers scuttled away, all necks, wings and legs, in the wake of their anxious mother, into a narrow belt of wild rice, which waved round a projecting point of marsh, and were in an instant lying *perdu* in the safe shelter of the herbage.

The great shadow of the discomfited eagle's wings, magnified to ten times their size, as he soared slowly and sulkily upward to the sun, flitted across the rice marsh; and the woodman well knew that, if they chose to pole the canoe through the tall stalks, under the influence of that terror, not a skulking duck would rise from its covert until the bows of the light bark should almost touch it, and that not a bird of the plump could escape them.

Fred Somerton, who was a late importation from old England, now on his first experiment of American woodcraft, and who had never seen, much less shot at, a live wood duck, which he knew, however, to be the most lovely of its tribe, begged hard to be allowed to have one *shy* at them; Alf Armiger puffed a large whiff of smoke through his nostrils, and swore that, stewed, with the suspicion of an onion, a whole red pepper pod, a table spoon of Worcestershire sauce, and a gill of Jamaica, in default of port wine, they would not go so bad for supper; and Frank, who cared more for the shooting than he did for the eating, though he cared a good deal for both, partially sympathized with Fred, and would have ceded the point; but Sly was stately, dignified, inexorable; so the wood ducks were left alone in their glory, and the little flotilla shot on to the outlet of the lake, which they reached when the sun was about two hours high.

This outlet is a swift, arrowy, glancing stream, of some thirty or forty feet in width, rushing in a clear volume, five or six feet deep, over a succession of long inclined planes of snow-white gravel, now and then darting in a long, swift shoot over a limestone shelf, worn as smooth and

as slippery as glass by the action of the current, and occasionally, though seldom, sleeping in a deep tranquil pool, as black as ink, with the white bubbles, from its last swift descent, eddying like beads of pearl over its dark bosom.

The distance between the upper lake, from which it had its issue, to the lower and far smaller pond of which it was the feeder, is not, it is probable, much above three miles in a direct line; but measuring all the sinuosities of the stream, it must have been fully thrice that distance. Now it was Sly's great ambition to clear this defile and encamp on the lower lake shore that night, even if it should be necessary to borrow an hour or two of moonlight; and this for solid reasons. In the first place, this done, one other day's paddling would bring them to their appointed place, which he described as the very paradise of trout fishers and gunners. In the second, the ground, at the outlet, was too wet and soft to afford a proper camping ground, and to a woodman's eye, it was clear that there was neither hard wood nor light wood to be found within many hundred rods; the whole neck of low land, between the lakelets, being covered with a small growth of thick set and tangled white cedars.

On, therefore, all agreeing to the necessity, they pushed manfully, the black evergreens over-canopying the whole channel of the brook, and suffering only a feeble twilight to enter those silent recesses.

So swift, however, was the current now, that it was no longer necessary to use the paddles in order to give propulsion to the skiffs; for the stream unaided swept them on at the rate of, at least six miles the hour, and in the rapids it was the steerman's duty, who alone wielded his light implement deftly in the stern, to check their way, lest they should be swept on some stony point, or into the stag-horned branches of some fallen tree, which would have impaled their light bows, and brought them to a disastrous stand.

This task devolved, of course, on 'Ky Sly, Frank Forester, and Jack Hardyman; for, although Alf and Fred were sufficiently *au fait* with the paddles to keep them moving briskly and in time, as mere propellers, neither one of them was at all up to the nicety of the art of steering a canoe. These, therefore, in virtue of their greater experience, taking their positions in the sterns of their respective vessels, the others were directed to place themselves forward, gun in hand, in order to take advantage of whatever chances might offer at duck, plover, snipe or bittern, all of which were said, at times to fre-

quent the swampy margin of the outlet; with no other charge than to keep an occasional look-out for boulders, snags, or any other chance obstructions in the channel, of which they were instructed to keep the steersmen duly notified.

And here, as they sped gayly onward, Frank's canoe leading the way, Fred Somerton was speedily remunerated for his loss in the refusal of 'Ky to permit his *chasse* of the wood ducks; for, as they rounded the very first reach of the whirling brook, up sprang, on swift and startled wing, three of those lovely water fowl, one of them a superb drake in the full glory of his plumage, two of which fell, right and left, to the rapid discharges of his two barrels.

Before they reached the shore of the lower lake, where they were to encamp, for the night, no less than five wood duck, five little bitterns, a great snow-white egret, and a dozen or two of plover and sandpipers of different varieties, had rewarded the delighted gunner's skill and patience.

Arrived at their camping place, not until the moon was up, where they were joined, two hours later, by their sable-liveried henchman, the usual formalities of camp-pitching, fire-kindling, cooking and supping having been duly performed, after the tea-kettle was exhausted, and the pipes smoked out, the whole party were so thoroughly done up by the incessant labor of the day, that they were glad to stretch themselves on their bed of hemlock tips, and were in a few minutes buried in sleep so calm and composed that all the vociferous hooting of a huge Virginian horned owl, who had chosen to locate himself, for the night, among the topmost boughs of a gigantic pine hard by, and who passed at least one half the hours in yelling out his discordant defiance against their watch fire, failed in the smallest degree to trouble their repose.

Long before daylight, the vigilant Sly once again aroused them; and, after a hurried meal, while the skies were yet black as midnight, refreshed from their healthful slumbers, they once more launched their barks, but this morning, with a fresh and favoring breeze, before which they spread their light sails, and careered joyously down the lake.

It was scarcely yet broad daylight, when they reached its extremity, whence there were two ways of proceeding; one by a portage of about half a mile, which carried them over a bold strong neck or promontory, direct into the waters of the long lake, at the embouchure of one of the tributaries of which lovely sheet they proposed to erect their wigwam—the other, by a long de-

tour down the course of a sullen, stagnant, winding watercourse, through two smaller ponds and their connecting links of wood creek, into the same lake, at a point some twenty miles distant.

By this roundabout course, it was necessary that Jothe should proceed at all events with the bateau, since that roomy and commodious transport was of too ponderous materials and of a construction far too cumbersome, to be carried over the crags and through the difficult wood roads by which they must proceed, if they determined on the portage.

A council was therefore called, and, pipes being lighted, the question was discussed *Indico more* over a good smoke; when it was decided that the baggage-boat should proceed by the detour and join them at the falls of the White Water, on the following day, Hardyman being detached to the aid of Jothe; while the sportsmen, with 'Ky and the lighter vessels, should cross the neck and strike at once into the lower sheet of water.

The negro and Jack were detained, until they should all have got across, since their sturdy aid was invaluable, as many trips had to be made in order to bring across all the baggage, part of which, as the axes and provisions for a couple of days, had to be transferred from the bateau, of which they must hold themselves for a time independent, to the lesser boats.

By ten of the clock, they were across the ridge, launched and careering under sail, dead before the breeze, which freshened up so much as to curl the lake into a succession of small white-capped ripples, over which they bounded gleefully, "blessing the roughness for the speed it gave."

That day, they made no halt for luncheon, contenting themselves with a bit of biscuit and cold fried pork, saved from the morning's meal; for they had a long day's run before them, and their guide noted signs in the time, which told him, beyond a doubt, that there would be rain on the morrow, and that, therefore, no time must be lost in reaching their destination, and in preparing a wigwam, which should shelter them securely from the descending torrents, which his knowledge of the woods revealed to him beforehand, as clearly as though they had been written in a book.

"In the afternoon," I quote here from Mr. Hammond's delightful and graphic description of the signs of a coming rain, "in the afternoon, a haze gathered in the air; a veil, of thinnest gauze, seemed to be drawn over the heavens; a halo surrounded the sun; the tree-frog sang

louder than ever; the ducklings sported more joyously, and all the signs, spoken of by the guide, became more strikingly manifest."

By dint of steady perseverance, sometimes plying the paddle in aid of the sails, sometimes, when the puffs came too strong to suffer them to persist in carrying on, striking the canvas altogether, and trusting solely to the stout ash-blades, they conquered time and distance.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, they made a long stony point, running out far into the lake, and on rounding it, entered a narrow, blind-looking channel, among tall wild rice, water-lilies, and marshy plants of all kinds. Up this they paddled for something better than a mile through low marshy meadow-land; the stream, however, at every hundred yards' distance becoming more marked, more distinct and swifter, until it, at length, determined itself into a manifest and considerable river. At a mile from its mouth the canoes entered the high ground, where its margins were clothed with tall forest trees of hard-wood timber; oak, hickory, and maple, with a few scattered chestnuts, and, here and there, the colossal trunk of a black-cherry tree.

Another mile, and the banks became steep, abrupt and broken, with the gray rocks, at times, cropping out of the thin soil, while the hard-wood timber yielded to tall and thrifty evergreens, noble spruces, beautiful feathery hemlocks, and, now and again, a colossal pine, among which the silvery stems, the dark puce-colored sprays and twigs, and the golden yellow leaves of the birches, the white poplars and the aspens, glittered out in beautiful contrast and variety.

Suddenly the gorge seemed closed before the face of the voyagers, by the sharp turn which the river made round a sheer rock of schistous limestone of some sixty or seventy feet in height, about which it swirled fiercely, at a tremendous speed over a shallow bottom of the same formation; which was broken here into a succession of low sloping steps, down which the torrent, for now it was little else, rushed in a long arrowy rapid, with a descent of some five or six feet in the space of less than a hundred.

Up this, with some expense of labor, and some exertion of nerves and sinews, the vessels were forced; another angle was turned, and they, at once, opened one of the most beautiful scenes their eyes had ever witnessed. It was a large, calm, circular pool or basin of more than three hundred yards diameter, bordered on all sides by a beautiful confusion of broken crags, smooth, yellow, sandy beaches, dense woods growing

almost into the waters, and barred at the upper end by a huge mass of shattered crags, feathered with birch and poplars, springing from every cleft and cranny in its sides, and crested, like the casque of a warrior, by the dense plumes of the dark tufted evergreens.

Down a chasm, in this rocky wall, not above twenty feet in width by seventy or eighty in height, overcanopied by the rich hemlocks, which dipped their feathery branches in its snowy foam, plunge after plunge of clear dark green water, alternating with floods of cream-like surges, rushed with a voice of thunder—raging at being thus compressed into that narrow compass—the wild, impetuous river.

One unanimous exclamation of wonder and pleasure burst from all lips, at the unexpected and romantic spectacle, which thus met their eyes; and 'Ky Sly pointing with his paddle to the descending sheet, exclaimed in a voice of triumph—

“Waal! ya-as. I kinder thought you'd holler some, when you comed to see that ar'. That ar's the fust fall of the 'White-water,' and thar, near on to it, we're to camp this here night of grace, fellers. So let's git ashore. You'll have time enow to study the falls out, I tell you, fur I'm blamed ef I don't 'bieve we'll have a storm will keep us housed these tew. days. So bustle, boys, afore it comes on to us.”

It needed, you may believe, no farther exhortation to stimulate the young men to the utmost; they had yet a good two hours' of daylight left them, wherein to build, furnish, and secure the wigwam; and it is wonderful how much work four pair of stout and energetic arms, directed by a clear and comprehensive intelligence, and working with a will, can accomplish even in a shorter time.

At about thirty yards' distance from the edge of the basin, a little below the fall, there was a flat ledge of rock about a foot above the level of the water, sloping gradually upward to the north, when it disappeared beneath a rich deep vegetable mould, thickly covered with the most beautiful green moss that can be imagined, forming a natural carpet some twelve or fourteen feet in width, by a hundred or two in length, running immediately below the perpendicular face of a step or ledge of limestone rock, varying from two to four yards high, the flat top of which was again covered with the same moss, and above which the hill rose in a succession of the same sort of shelves or ledges.

At twelve feet distance from the front of this cliff, and with the same space intervening be-

tween them, 'Ky Sly had soon driven two stout forked uprights firmly into the earth, with a cross piece laid upon them parallel to the face of the rock, which was at that point about nine feet high, at an elevation of five feet from the ground.

From the rock to the cross-piece a number of camp-poles were laid for rafters, lashed to the beam, at one end, with strips of birch-bark, and secured at the other by flat stones, heaped on the extremities, which rested on the ledge. These rafters were then covered with plates of birch-bark, stripped from the largest of the trees in the vicinity, overlapping each other like shingles, and secured by a few nails, which had formed part of the cargo, and by small slabs of the slate-like schistous limestone, which naturally splits into thin flakes, laid here and there over the intersections.

This afforded a roof as secure as that of any slated or shingled house; and, when the two ends were closed by rows of thin rods reaching from the ground to the eaves, interwoven with spruce and hemlock boughs, so as to be perfectly impervious to any ordinary rain, and curtained without, as a farther protection, by the boat-sails, the party were as comfortably housed as they desired, and in condition to set the weather at defiance.

So soon as the boats were unladen, leaving Fred Somerton and Alf Armiger to the necessary duties of making the camp-fire, cutting hard wood for the night, cooking supper, and stowing away the traps in the wigwam, as the night had now fallen, Frank and 'Ky Sly stepped into the birch canoe, carrying their knives and rifles with them, in addition to a broad, flat board, set up perpendicularly, so as to make a sort of screen, in the bows, with a narrow shelf attached to the front, on which was secured a large wax candle, such as are used in carriage-lamps.

Paddling rapidly down the stream, they soon reached the spot where they had observed the moist green savannahs on the shore, and the luxuriant beds of lily-pads, which bordered them, as they came up the river; and here, confident that they should not be long without finding venison, they lighted their candle, and stole along, warily and noiselessly, within the shadow of the shore. Nor had they far to go; for, before they had been absent from their friends a single half hour, the glaring light was reflected from the eyes of an unhappy stag, which stood at gaze, in timid and foolish admiration of the blazing candle.

For a moment, his eyeballs only glittered out of the darkness, like two globes of living fire;

but, in a second or two afterward, as the little bark shot up noiselessly to within twenty feet of the motionless animal, his curved branching antlers might be indistinctly made out, above those fatally lustrous balls; and then the whole of his tall and graceful form looming up, gray and large, against the shadows, as he stood knee-deep in the shoal water, among the broad lily-leaves.

Then came the sharp crack of the deadly rifle; a gush of white smoke shut out the view, for a moment; and, when it cleared away, the gleaming eyes no longer reflected the candle-light, and no living thing was discernible, within the illuminated circle. But a feeble splashing sound, as of something struggling with faint efforts in the water, and a low sobbing bleat, announced that the missile of death had been sped surely on its errand.

The next instant, the canoe ran alongside of the scarcely gasping carcase, and Sly's keen knife, severing the jugular, speedily extinguished the last relics of life, and the noble buck died without struggle; so mercifully mortal had been the wound, planted right in the centre of the forehead by the unerring shot.

"A beastly murder enough;" said Frank, in low and almost sad soliloquy. "How men can call this fire-hunting sport, and pursue it for fun or pastime, is to me one of the mysteries that set all revelation at defiance. I should just as soon think of going into a sheep-fold and knocking over a fat wether, for diversion, as I should of going out in this sneaking, snobbish, cowardly fashion, for any other purpose than to get the meat."

"Waal!" responded the practical-minded 'Ky, "the meat had to be got, enyways; and it be got neaw. So I kinder think we'd abeout as well be shapin' towards hum; for I felt a big drop on my face this minute, and afore twenty minutes we'll have it up and deown, as sure's you shot that ar' buck; and a mighty nice, clean shot 'twas, tew."

"Nothing to brag of," replied Frank, who had laid aside his rifle, without so much as reloading it, when Sly had hauled the animal into the boat. "It was not twenty feet away, and I could see the sight of my rifle, fair against the twirl of hair on his forehead, as clearly as he saw our candle. A child could have shot him as well as I."

"I carn't say for that," said 'Ky, dubiously. "There's some children, I dar' say, might; but then agen, there's a heap more as mightn't. The ball's right through the middle of the curl, cnyhow."

It now began to rain in earnest, and before they had made their way back to the camp, at the falls, both the adventurers were, as Sly observed, "a pootty consid'ble degree wetter than they was when they started, and the honor of the thing warn't so much to be bragged of nuther; but the venison *was* fat, there was no gainsaying that, and seein' as they wouldn't have nothin' else to do but eat and drink, and smoke and snooze, to-morrow, it was just as well to have the critter, anyways."

A mighty watch-fire was blazing gloriously, as they rounded the angle into the basin; and in the light thereof, as they passed to and fro in front of the ruddy glare, intent on their culinary cares, Fred Somerton and Alfred Armiger stood revealed.

"I swow!" said 'Ky, as he saw how these green and inexperienced woodmen, as in the plenitude of his own conceited powers, he had loftily looked down upon them, had been employing their spare time, "them boys is *some*, arter all."

When they saw that the rain was going to be a real direct downfall, with no wind to drive it in this direction or in that, but a downpouring deluge, against which no fire could hold out, they had set to work on their own hook, and had cut four long, light, forked staddles, which they had planted a little wide of the four corners of the blaze, and got slender poles on the top of them for string pieces, at least ten foot from the ground; and upon these, by means of extemporaneous, twelve foot, wooden pitch-forks, they had got rafters into place, and covered the whole with a mass of wet reeds, wild rice, moss, and river trash, which effectually sheltered the fire from the falling deluge, while the latter kept the green stuff so thoroughly saturated, that the heat could not dry it up to the point of ignition.

When the hunters had sufficiently admired the genius of the kitchen builders, for so they termed their edifice; and when the kitchen builders had bestowed sufficient encomiums on the glorious buck, who, when divested of his leathern coat, promised to *cut up* far more wholesomely fat than a Wall Street millionaire, whose death is lovelier far than his life hath been, and fuller of promise to his rejoicing kinsfolk, 'Ky and Frank Forester disembarrassed themselves of their dripping garments, donned dry red Californian shirts and trowsers, and draped their plaids or blankets about their shoulders, and resolved to be as cozy as might be. Then all sat down 'round the supper-kettle, which steamed and bubbled in the midst, offering no inapt representation of a magic

caldron; the two last comers themselves in no small degree resembling a pair of rubicund *Samiels*, if one can imagine *Samiels* in pairs, or think of them as sitting down, in cozy conference with Caspar and his brother foresters of the Freischutz, over a seething tea-kettle, and hissing rasher. As on the previous night, so soon as they were filled and satiate, like Homeric heroes, of food and drinking, like those same heroes, they speedily and safely bestowed themselves upon their hemlock beds under the blankets, not of Tyrian hue, and slept serene in undisturbed repose, until, above the green leaves of the forest,

“The ladye of the light, the rosy-fingered morn
Rose from the hills.”

Then all arose, and found, as 'Ky Sly had distinctly prophesied, that the weather was neither more nor less than a steady down-pour of rain, without a prospect of abatement, a ghost of a chance of pulling a trigger or casting a line on that day, or for all appearances, on the morrow either.

After the wigwam, therefore, had been put in order and cleared out, the blankets rolled up, the hemlock couches freshened, wood cut and piled for the fire, the dogs fed, the breakfast cooked and the men fortified, so soon as the pipes were replenished, it began to be asked what should be the order of the day, beyond listening to the deadened roar of the cataract, the heavy patterning of the shower upon the roof of the hut and among the forest leaves, and gazing out despondently upon the long lines of the descending rain, which fell so thick as to present a sort of gray veil to the eyes of the hunters, and to conceal from them, even the foilage of the trees on the farther shore.

“Well,” said Frank, laughing, “I don't see that there is much for it, other than that we should ‘sit on the ground and tell old stories’—not perhaps exactly of ‘dead kings,’ but of such things merry or dolorous, as have befallen any of us in our various peregrinations, whether in parts foreign or domestic. Mr. Sly gave us his experiences the other evening as to ‘the parti-colored wedding.’ Cannot some one of you boys come up to the scratch, with some yarn that will take the shine out of those same queer nuptials? I think, Master Frederick, I've heard tell of a strange adventure in which you bore a part, in the Isle of Ely, once; so, suppose you let us have that.”

“Well,” answered Fred, “I'm agreeable, if you want it. I was not the actor, only a witness; but it is about the coolest example of raising the wind, I ever heard of; and it did end in some mar-

rying and giving in marriage, like our friend Sly's yarn, though not, as in his case, personal or particular to me the narrator. The best part of the whole is, that it is true to the letter, and that there be those living, of good repute, in the good city of Philadelphia, who knew the originals, and, an' they list, can speak to the truth of what I tell.”

“Away! with you, then, or it will be dinner-time before you get through.”

“Aye, aye, sir. Once upon a time, as the story-tellers always begin, when George IV. was king, a lot of us junior and senior Sophs. thought it advisable to remain at Cambridge, as is sometimes done by the superstudious, who intend to take high degrees, during the whole of the long vacation, lasting from the middle of May to the latter end of October, instead of returning home to our fathers' houses, and anxious mothers, who, I am afraid, had in this particular instance, a very strong and not wholly unfounded suspicion that we were out.

“It must be understood, that when young men *stay up*, as it is technically called, to read, during long vacation, it is expected of them to keep the most regular college hours, to observe the most stringent college rules, to eschew supper givings and wine parties, to be more studious, in a word, than in term-time, and in the strictest sense,

‘To shun delights, and live laborious days;’ this being the implied and received condition on which it was permitted to ‘stay up.’

“Now, it so fell out, that on this particular long vacation, we who had resolved on staying up to read, were, by no manner of means, the most determined reading men, in the University, but belonged rather to the gay set, although we all intended to make a dash at the honors.

“It was not, therefore, very surprising that, after sticking to it very regularly for some three months, until the first days of September, rising at six, reading fourteen hours a day—”

“Readin' *fourteen hours!*” exclaimed 'Ky, thunderstruck, at what seemed to him the audacious immensity of the falsehood. “*Fourteen!* Waal! I have heern some whoppers in my time, but sich a one as that 'ar. *Fourteen!* Whe-ew! Whar' did the books come from? Say! Jest as ef you could make me believe as there be enough on 'em in the world anywheres.”

“Not presuming to dispute your calculation, as to the amount of volumes in all existing libraries,” replied Fred Somerton, quietly, “I shall beg leave to reiterate that, of reading fourteen hours a day, we got pretty considerably tired by the end of three months—”

"Guess you did, likely," put in Sly, who clearly believed himself mystified. "I could believe that, anyhow."

"The rather that we limited ourselves to three glasses of port wine per diem, and instead of larking our thorough-breds across country, constrained ourselves to a one hour's constitutional gallop on the Trumpington Road. By the middle of September, then we voted we had read enough—"

"Read everything, I guess, as was to be read, as ever was writ, or printed, afore that time, I sh'd say," interrupted 'Ky.

"And so, it was determined that we would 'stay up' no longer, but ask for our *absits* and away! One bright September morning, when the sun was glancing brightly on the hoar frost, which spread its lightsome net-work far and wide over the stubble fields, from which the rich crops had been harvested, and over the broad green leaves of the turnips, when the woods were beginning to put on their red and yellow garniture of autumn, we got under way, and off for the fens of Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely, and thence into the great game preserves of Norfolk and Suffolk; where some of us had friends and relatives, and where we hoped to obtain permission to shoot over lands swarming with hares, rabbits, partridges and pheasants, and inaccessible, for the most, to the ignoble vulgar, the *oi polloi* of the University.

"We set out, then, a dashing cavalcade, no less than four two-wheeled dog-carts, each drawn by two splendid well-groomed prads, driven tandem fashion, and piloted by a gay and gallant gownsman, perched on a driving seat as high as the box of the Norwich mail, which rattled up Bridge Street and into Jesus Lane, just as we set off in procession.

"Broad-brimmed beavers, Newmarket cut-aways, blue bird's-eye neckerchiefs, white corduroys and white-top boots, set off each dazzling driver; and, by the side of each, leaned back, with folded arms, the smallest and most jauntiest of tigers. Behind the seat of each, was strapped in its neat oak case, his Manton or his Moore, the luggage was stowed unseen in the well, and from the gratings of the boot, out-peered the sagacious faces of high-bred, racing-looking pointers, or silky setters, proving the taste and judgment of the respective owners.

"The first team was driven by your old friend, Harry Archer, Frank, who was the best whip, the prime shot, and the king of the company, with his Yorkshire groom, Timothy, beside him; a black cob, perfect in shape, style and action,

and well up to twelve stone weight on his back and twelve miles an hour, in the shafts; and, on the lead, a superb '*gray Orville*' thorough bred, that had won a king's plate at Northallerton, and carried his rider across the Catterton drain brim-full, where it was twenty-eight feet from bank to bank.

"Next in place, came the hero of my tale, John King Hawk, a Somersetshire man, nothing less, not over-above tall, but 'tight and trim, and light of limb,' active, good-looking, if not handsome, clean-built, strong and brave, one of the briskest boys in the University, and among the best of its classical scholars. He *wagoned* a pair of strawberry roans, rare ones. Neither of them showed much blood, nor had any hunter cut about him; for their owner was better at *tooling* a team, than at sticking to the pigskin; but they were handsome, round built, square-action *prads*, good for eleven miles the hour, and groomed quite up to the mark.

"After John King drove a gigantic Scot, a Highlander of the Northwest Highlands, Angus McTavish, known in his college, solely as 'the laird,' and one of the best, if not *the* best, of the lot.

"His wheeler was a bay, sixteen-hander, a prodigious slashing trotter, which had been, *scarcely*, defeated by the world-renowned American 'Rattler'—his leader a vicious, lean, ewe-necked, chestnut mare, which Rintore had sold to 'the laird,' because he could not ride her, and which 'the laird' hung on to because no one but himself could drive her.

"Last of the stud came I, with a blood bay hunting-mare in the wheel, and a jet black blood-colt by 'Jerry,' on the lead, thinking myself as good as the best of them.

"Every tandem carried its key-bugle, and each had, in one of its company, master or man, one who could make it 'discourse most eloquent music.'

"Whither we went, or what we did, it is not in the province of this history to relate. Suffice it to say, that we slew our game in the field, and the arch-enemy, Time, as it became true-bred Cantabrigians to do—that September passed, and October came; that pheasants succeeded to partridges; and, in short, that the happy vacation-days were well nigh at an end, and term-time close at hand, when, on a gorgeous autumn evening, we came spinning along, altogether, at a rattling pace, some two hours before the sun should go down, over the capital macadamized road which leads by a descending plain into the pleasant town of March, in the Isle of Ely, three

good days' drive from the famous University, which we were bound to reach on the third day thereafter, on penalty certainly of *rustication*, perhaps—since we were absent in some sort without leave either parental or academical—of expulsion.

"Wild and free-hearted, we had laid no plans, had kept no accounts. We had started from the banks of the slow Granta, each with pockets full of tin; we had paid our bills just as it happened, one to-day, one to-morrow, and no questions asked or references required, as the advertisements say; and no one of the party had so much as an idea, what any other had in reserve in purse or portfolio.

"At about a mile distance from March, there is a turnpike gate, in the flat; and down we came to it, all four, dashing along in high style, with perhaps fifty yards interposed between each spanking team.

"Up to the gate, came Harry, the gray in a hand gallop, the black cob in a solid, square, twelve mile an hour trot.

"'Next team pays,' shouted Harry, to the bowing gate-keeper, as he shot through the gate, not choosing to break his pace.

"'Next team pays,' shouted John King Hawk, impudently resolved to keep the second place.

"'Hoot awa, mon! ax t' lawin o' the last mon,' cried the laird, impotent to pull up the vicious chestnut, whose head was well down, and tail well up, preparatory to a set to.

"Up came I—'Six shillings if *you please*, sir,' said the grinning pikeman. Into my pocket went my dexter claw, in search of change, and found eighteen pence.

"'What change have you got, Jack?'

"'Three half-pence, sir,' with a knowing touch of his hat, replied my Jack, well known as the 'cunning Cockney.'

"'Blow a halt, Jack,' cried I, pulling up square.

"So the bugle sounded a halt; team after team pulled up, and a council of war was held, at the end of which it appeared that, after paying the toll, we stood thus financially, clearly in a bad fix.

"Harry Archer, £0 0s. 0d.; Timothy, £0 0s. $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; John King Hawk, £0 0s. 0d.; boy, Peter, £0 0s. 0d.; the laird, £0 0s. 0d.; man, Donald, £0 0s. 0d.; Ned Somers, £0 0s. 0d.; Cunning Cockney, £0 0s. $\frac{1}{4}$ d. In a word, our funds amounted to one penny sterling, from which eight hungry men, eight hungry horses, and eight hungry dogs were to be fed, bedded and liquored; and a hundred miles to be traveled in the next two days;

on the pain of loss of degrees, loss of all hope of serving his majesty in army or navy, in the church, or at the bar. No friends, no acquaintances, no banks, no hope of a loan!

"'It's no use crying; forward ho! sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' shouted Harry, and away we went, with a clash of hoofs, a rattle of wheels, and a *tan-tà-ta-rà-ra-rà* of all the four key bugles, through the half-deserted streets of the quiet, little town of March, in the Isle of Ely, and up to the door of the Red Lion, as if we had been the owners of hundreds each, instead of the sum, equitably divided, of one half farthing sterling to each individual of the party.

"Such cavalcades seldom entered March; and as we dashed through the streets, windows were thrown up, and heads, black, brown, red and gray, ringletted, braided, cropped and curl-papered were protruded by scores. As we reached the Red Lion, out rushed the fat landlord, hat in hand, all broad grin; the smirking landlady, all genteel welcome; the pretty barmaid, all fuss and flutter; the hostlers, waiters, even *boots*! all agog, and on the alert, for the anticipated golden harvest.

"'The first thing,' said John King Hawk, 'to be done, is to see what we can have for supper.'

"'Anything you please, gentlemen,' said the landlord.

"'Everything in season, that is,' smirked the landlady.

"'And what may be your ideas of anything and everything, might I inquire?' asked John King Hawk.

"'Prime beef steak, sir; young fat chickens; Yorkshire ham, cold, not cut; hare and partridge, gentlemen; home-brewed ale, that I boast of, gentlemen; some old port, that I bought a bargain at Parson Vinesauf's auction, and some London Particular Madeira, as my lord gave me, when I quit his service to set up the Red Lion.'

"'Ah! that is something,' said John King quietly; 'well, we'll say hare soup, beef steak, fricasseed chickens, cold ham, partridges, roast, with bread sauce, all the vegetables you can raise—put the London Particular into cold water, the port—half a dozen, landlord!—to the kitchen fire. We'll sup at eight o'clock. Horses into the best stalls. Eight pounds of old hay each, a bran mash at sunset, two quarters of old oats. Can you manage that, landlord?'

"'Yes, sir,' with a profound obeisance.

"'Then,' said John King Hawk, 'we had better take a walk, I think, and look out for the second thing.'

" 'And what may that be?' asked I, something scandalized and thunderstruck by the proceedings.

" 'To see how we can raise the wind, to pay for this supper; and to keep us till we can get back to Cambridge.'

" 'A much harder matter than ordering supper,' said I.

" 'Not a whit more than eating it,' replied John King, 'fortune favors the brave.'

"And so she did that time. For, before we had walked a quarter of a mile down the neat high street, we came to a pretty house, the best we had seen, with a carefully kept flower-garden in front, a green door and a brass knocker and doorplate, on the latter of which was inscribed, in legible characters, 'John King Hawk, M. D.' 'Ring the bell.'

" 'Fortune *has* favored us,' quoth our comrade, 'and I *will* ring the bell. It is my *cousin*.'

"Suiting the action to the word, heeding no remonstrance—for it needs not be said that *our* John King Hawk had no cousin, in the town of March, in the Isle of Ely, and that he, and we all knew it—he *did* ring the bell.

"The door was opened by a spruce, jovial-looking, bald-headed man, of forty or forty-five years, dressed in a broad-skirted black coat, drab kerseymere breeches and mahogany top boots, looking much surprised and a little frightened at the sudden irruption of such a lot of dandy cantabs.

" 'I beg your pardon sir,' said *our* John King Hawk, 'is this *Doctor* John King Hawk?'

" 'That is my name, sir,' the M. D. made answer.

" 'And you are from Tiverton, in Somerset,' said *our* John King.

" 'From somewhere in Somersetshire, sir, my family came two hundred years since.'

" 'Allow me to take you by the hand. I am a John King Hawk, too; and from Tiverton in Somerset; our family have long known that a branch had settled somewhere in the Eastern counties, and have long been in search of our lost cousins. It is by the merest accident that, passing through your pretty town, I have by good luck alighted on you. I *must* not lose sight of my new cousin. You *must* sup with us. We have ordered a first-rate supper at the Red Lion.'

"At first the Doctor was surprised, and thought it all a hoax; then, when he was con-

vinced that *our* man's name was truly 'John King Hawk,' and that he *did* truly hail from Tiverton in Somerset, he began to debate sagely on coincidences, then to admit the possibility of cousinship; and, finally, for he was a jolly little soul, he accepted our invitation to supper.

"The landlord's supper was better than he had boasted it: his home-brewed ale was curious; his port crusty; his Madeira *really* particular. We had a glorious evening of it, and, before the doctor went home, the least bit in the world mellow, he had learned the unsatisfactory situation of our finances, and had from us a promise that all four would dine with him the next day early, and make an evening start for Cambridge; and we had from him a 'Please pay to Henry Hase or bearer fifty pounds sterling,' in other words, a Bank of England flimsey for that satisfactory sum. There was a very pretty Marion Hawk, the doctor's daughter, at dinner, and in after days *our* John King Hawk made her a wife, without the trouble of changing her name. The day but one after that, we were in Cambridge; saved our time; returned the other John King Hawk his £50 flimsey; took our degrees in due time, and, what was the funniest thing in the whole story, it turned out at last that *our* John King Hawk and the other John King Hawk were cousins."

"That's not the drollest pint in that 'ar story, by a darned long shot," interposed 'Ky Sly, "leastways if so be, as you've told the story true."

"What is it then!" asked Fred Somerton, a little dryly, for 'Ky's interruptions had in no wise delighted him. "What is the drollest point then, if you please, Mr. Sly?"

"That you ever paid the man back his fifty pounds," responded Sly, "ef ever you did pay it back—but that I don't say as I believe, for one."

Great was the discomfiture of Fred Somerton, and great the rejoicing over it.

'Ky Sly's prediction held good as to the endurance of the rain, throughout that day; but just before sunset, the weather slackened sufficiently to give us a chance of catching a few rousing, speckled trout, which took the scarlet Ibis fly furiously in the discolored water; and the sun, setting with a clear gleam in the west, just before he went out of sight, gave us pleasant auguries of a fair day and fine sport for the morrow. And we turned in, rejoicing.

PARISIAN BIOGRAPHIES.—No. I.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE, THE DRAMATIST.



For the last five-and-twenty years, London has been stealing its dramatic literature from Paris. Having made a cat's-paw of London, the theatres of the United States, profiting by the larcenies, all translated to their hands, have scarcely represented one drama that was not "taken from the French."

Now, almost all dramas "taken from the French," are taken from the works of Monsieur Eugène Scribe, the most prolific, the richest, and the most successful of all dramatists, past and present.

Augustin Eugène Scribe was born on the 25th of December, 1791. His father kept a small linen-draper's shop, at the corner of the rue de la Reynie near the rue St. Denis, at the sign of the "Black Cat"—for in Paris, all trades have signs, as in ancient times. The house and shop are now converted into a magnificent confectionery establishment, and the present proprietor, fearful that the "Black Cat," under whose auspices the great Scribe was born, should be forgotten, has put two most ferocious looking grimalkins over his door.

Scribe's father died when he was still an infant; and Madame Scribe, selling out her shop and stock, came with her son to reside in the quartier St. Roch. She had been left in easy

circumstances, and was a kind and affectionate person, whose sole delight appears to have been to spoil her only child Eugène, whose subsequent career has more than justified all her partiality.

Scribe was educated at the college or school of St. Barbe, which, by a singular coincidence, has been the school at which most of the literary men who have risen to distinction during the last fifty years, have been educated. Casimir Delavigne was Scribe's intimate friend; but all the pupils of the college of St. Barbe are staunch friends and allies of each other. To have been a pupil of St. Barbe's, is claim sufficient on any other pupil of the same college, in all the straits which beset a literary and artistic life.

The members of the press in Paris, though editors may occasionally have paper squabbles between themselves, have a great *esprit du corps*, and are all strong allies against the general public. The great authors treat the very youngest of literary aspirants with friendship and distinction.

Now, to be a Barbiste, was like belonging to an order of Free Masonry—the grand ceremony of which consists in an annual dinner, still held on the 4th of December of every year, at one of the great restaurants of Paris, *Lemardelay*.

The ambitious mother, determined that her son, who had been so distinguished at college, should not be a linen-draper's clerk—so she set him to the study of the law.

But the future dramatist had very little taste for so dry an occupation, and usually, instead of going to the *École de Droit*, he found himself by some roundabout way, at Montmorency or Ro-mainville, with some companions of his own age, as little in love with Themis as himself.

He, however, in some way or other contrived to pass his examination, and was articled to an attorney; but, after some most ridiculous mistakes, and some astounding absurdities, which might have furnished the foundation of a farce or a comedy, the lawyer made Scribe a present of his articles, and advised him to retire from the profession.

At this critical moment, Madame Scribe died, leaving her son an income sufficient to allow of his living idle, and Scribe made good use of the privilege, by doing nothing all day, and by going to the play every night with his sworn friend and companion, Germain Delavigne.

Soon Scribe got bitten with the desire to be-

come a dramatist—so he and Delavigne set to work and concocted a vaudeville. This they took to the fashionable dramatist of the day, Monsieur Dupin, who encouraged them to put their piece upon the stage.

They eagerly followed his advice; and on the 2d of September, 1811, Scribe's first piece, called the *Dervis*, was played, and failed.

He immediately set to work and produced another, called *Sancho Panza's Island*—but so little favor did this meet with, that it was not allowed to proceed to the end, and the unfortunate actor who played *Sancho*, was pelted with apples from the stage.

Again, Scribe, nowise discouraged, tried his luck, and again his piece, under the title of the *Bachelor of Salamanca*, failed utterly.

"You must be born under an unlucky star; I wouldn't try again, if I were you," said Delavigne.

Scribe, however, persevered; and to secure success, associated himself with Dupin. Together, they wrote a vaudeville called *Barbanera*; but Scribe's ill luck prevailed over Dupin's habitual good luck, and again he failed.

Scribe, who would not be defeated, now wrote an opera, and that, too, failed like the rest.

"And yet," said Scribe, "I can write a play! I see where I am wrong—I have followed the beaten track. I have put exaggerations and eccentricities on the stage. Let us try a little every-day life."

So, to work he went, and produced "*A Night in the Guard-room of the National Guard*"—and at last, after years of fruitless labor, he attained his object, and was successful.

All the songs of this piece were written by Casimer Delavigne, his old schoolfellow, and the author of two of the most successful tragedies of modern days—*The Children of Edward IV.*, and *Louis XI.*

Scribe wrote *Le Mariage Enfantin*, the same little comedy which the Bateman children play under the name of "The Young Couple."

Scribe was now on the high road to fame, and he determined that it should also be the high road to fortune—for he refused to sell his pieces at the prices offered by the managers hitherto, and established for himself a regular revenue from a per centage on each representation of the piece.

He had, by this time, attained his thirtieth year; he wrote fast, and took with him able associates, so that he might write still faster. Young aspirants for fame crowded his ante-room, as though he had been a king or a minister, and managers waited at his door, imploring a piece

of some kind, though it were merely a vaudeville in one act.

About this time, it chanced that the Duchess de Berri, who, all Italian as she was, preferred a play to an opera, went to the *Gymnase*, when one of Scribe's comedies was given. It struck her fancy, and Scribe was appointed the sole dramatist of this theatre, for which he wrote one hundred and fifty-two comedies and vaudevilles. The court patronized him, and the public idolized him. His fortune was made. But, spite of all this, he never neglected the free-list, and he engaged a person whose regular occupation, for which he received a stated salary, was to distribute, during the three first representations, free tickets, and to see that their possessors were seated in different parts of the house, so as to lead the opinion of the public.

Scribe was very fond of remodelling the pieces submitted to his judgment. One day, Dupin, who had been forgotten by the public, in the whirlwind of Scribe's success, brought him a piece to look over. Scribe set to work, and fancying he was merely giving a few touches, rewrote it entirely. When he had finished it, he gave it to the *Gymnase*, and in a few days it was announced.

Scribe invited Dupin to dinner, and then took him to his private box at this theatre.

"What do you think of my piece?" said Scribe, after a few scenes.

"I think it charming, delicious; but don't talk, for I want to listen."

Scribe obeyed; and at last the curtain fell, and the author's name was demanded. The manager, coming forward, declared the piece (*Michel and Christina*,) to be by Scribe and Dupin.

"What does he mean?" exclaimed Dupin.

"He means what he says, and you are an unnatural parent, not to know your own child."

"How should I?" replied Dupin; "you have changed it at nurse."

Scribe was delighted at the trick he had played, and ended by persuading Dupin, as he had himself, that most of the piece originated from the imagination of his friend.

Scribe is no poet; and yet he has written more than three hundred thousand lines—a great many more than either Lamartine or Victor Hugo wrote.

Scribe's greatest trials have been with the musicians. "Rossini, Auber, Herold, were all bad enough; but Meyerbeer," said Scribe, "is enough to kill any man." Without any regard to the dramatic situation, Meyerbeer would suddenly pounce upon Scribe, and say,

"In that scene, where you have made the hero soliloquize, I want a piece for seven voices."

"For seven voices!" said Scribe. "How am I to bring the people together without finishing the opera?"

I don't know, for I only write the music; but done it must be."

Poor Scribe! down he sat; and at last, the seven people he had worked so hard to disperse, in order that they might sing solos and duets, were brought together.

Meyerbeer, meantime, went on with his music, and Scribe triumphantly brought him the scene, arranged as he had desired.

"I am sorry you took so much trouble, for I only want two people—I have decided on a duet; cut out the others."

Poor Scribe, again! The opera of *Robert le Diable*, made his hair turn gray. Meyerbeer was too much for him.

But greater trials now awaited Scribe. The revolution of 1830 made him lose his patroness, the Duchess de Berri, and Dumas' and Victor Hugo's forcible and highly wrought dramas, made him lose his public.

Scribe's indomitable courage and perseverance, again came to his aid. He withdrew from the public for a year, and then produced his comedies of a higher class—all of which have been successful, and all of which have been translated into English.

Scribe has realized, by his dramatic works, three millions of francs. This appears an enormous sum, but when we see that Scribe is as generous and charitable as he is rich, there is nothing to be said as to the source of his fortune. Many winters he has sustained as many as twenty or thirty families of workmen out of work, and assisted in the most delicate manner, authors without publishers or money.

Scribe writes, even now, as much as ever, though he does not often put his pieces on the stage. He rises every morning at five, and proceeding into his library, writes till twelve o'clock, when he goes to breakfast, and then receives his numerous visits. He has an alphabetical list of his pieces. In making this list, he discovered that three letters were wanting, that he had no pieces beginning with a K, a Y, or an X; so he forthwith proceeded to write the *Kiosque*, (the Summer House,) for the *Opera Comique*; *Yelva*, for the *Gymnase*; and *Xacarilla*, for the Grand

Opera. Then he was satisfied—there was not a letter of the alphabet forgotten.

Altogether, he has written three hundred and forty-five pieces, besides two or three novels—in which he was, however, not so successful as in his dramatic writings.

Scribe married, late in life, the widow of a liquor merchant—a lady much younger than himself, renowned for her beneficence and generosity, and three times as rich as himself. His wife was desirous that he should leave off his arduous labors, but he persisted; and in order to conciliate her, he promised her that the profits of every piece he produced, should be for the benefit of the poor. Then, she said no more. Both she and her husband have become a second Providence for those around them.

Scribe is a man of gentle and even temper. He has, it is true, had few things to ruffle it; nor has he ever known the early struggles, nay, the sufferings and privations, attendant on a literary life. He was in easy circumstances when he began life, and now he is surrounded by every luxury—frequenting the most aristocratic and intellectual society, during the few months he spends in Paris—enjoying in summer the delights of his magnificent country residence of Sericourt, in company with his amiable and gentle wife.

As to his talent, many have denied it altogether, whilst others have called him a genius. His great fault is a want of depth and solidity, which scarcely allow of his works descending to posterity. His great art lies in the construction of his pieces, in his charming and natural style, and in the sparkling brilliancy of his dialogue. If he is not profoundly dramatic, he possesses a certain degree of sensibility, which, though it may not produce any very profound emotion, yet often makes the tears flow softly down the cheek.

Much of his success may certainly be attributed to his tact, and the way in which he adapted himself to his audience; but still, the real element of triumph was in his pen, and in his genius.

Scribe has been the first to acknowledge it—for he has taken a pen for his crest, and beneath it has engraven this motto, which few literary men of any country, would be able with truth to do:—

"*Inde Fortuna et Libertas.*"

(Hence came Fortune and Independence.)

THE OLD BONNET.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"I do wish Sallie Curtis would not wear that old bonnet!" exclaimed a lady, as she entered the parlor of a fashionable boarding-house, which some half dozen families miscalled "*home*"—that sweet word, which the *heart* can only apply to the place that shelters our own household band!

"Why does Miss Curtis' bonnet *trouble* you?" asked her husband, laughingly.

"Trouble me? indeed it does—it takes away all my comfort in church! It looked badly *enough* in the early part of the season, but now that all the ladies in the pews around them have such elegant new hats, Sallie and her mother do look most forlorn in their old straws!"

"Is her mother's as bad as hers?"

"Yes; and a hundred times worse. It is shameful for ladies in their position to dress so meanly! I beg your pardon, Mrs. T——, I did not see you," said the last speaker, with a blush.

"Oh, you need not apologize to Ma, she sees Cousin Sallie's hat in the same light in which you do, and aunt's too!" spoke up a young lady, at the side of the person addressed.

"Yes, indeed; and I am not surprised at their being the subject of remark. I told them it would be so, when I saw them fixing up their bonnets, (for they trimmed them themselves with ribbon they had in the house;) but I hoped then they would only be worn for a few weeks, until cold weather set in; but they are bent on making them do service during the entire winter! Such a foolish notion as my sister-in-law has in her head; because this is a hard winter, and business men are cramped for money, she is determined to save a dime wherever she can, without causing actual suffering to herself and family! I am lecturing her continually on the absurdity of her course, but I cannot move her. I told her that Sallie could not possibly do without a new bonnet this winter, even if *she* did. A married lady, you know, may occasionally enjoy the privilege of being careless about her own dress; people take it for granted that in her anxiety about her family, she has forgotten herself; but it is absolutely necessary for a young lady to be always well dressed, and I am sure I am ashamed of Sallie, this winter! My Julia wouldn't wear her best hat, even for 'a hack bonnet'."

"No, that I would not!" said the young lady.

"I should be afraid of losing caste, if I did so!"

"But I thought Mr. Curtis was a man of wealth!" said an intimate friend to Mrs. T——, in a lower tone.

"He is considered so; but now even the wealthiest men are embarrassed, you know. My husband says that one dollar, this winter, is worth more than *two* were last year!" she said, laughing.

"But *you* are not obliged to economize?" and the speaker glanced at the rich velvet, costly furs, and the "lovely hat," in which Mrs. T—— was arrayed.

"Me! oh, I can't do it; and if I *could*, where would be the use of worrying and slaving myself to save a little here, and a little there? What would it all amount to, in the end? A few hundred dollars, which, if my husband is going to fail, could not prevent him, and which I may as well enjoy while I can! My sister-in-law says that if her husband becomes involved, it shall not be through any extravagance of hers; and that she is resolved to make no unnecessary purchases this winter. I represented to her that with all her efforts, she could not save more than a trifle, and that she had better give up the struggle and take things as they come; but her earnest answer was—'No, Elizabeth, although the sum may be ever so trifling, I am resolved to exercise self-denial, in order that I may have the satisfaction of feeling that I have *done what I could*!' It has really become quite a mania with her, and Sallie is just like her mother. Whenever I tell her of anything she needs, her reply invariably is—'I can do without it at present, for we wish to economize,' or, 'we are trying to retrench.'"

"What a pity! She is *such* a fine-looking girl, when well-dressed!"

"I know it; and I am so glad you alluded to her dress, for I mean to tell her it has been remarked upon, and I shall do my best to prevent her pretty face being seen again under that old bonnet!"

The ladies who carried on the above conversation, had a listener, of whom they little dreamed. Mr. R——, a wealthy and elegant gentleman, who had spent several years in Europe, and had lately returned home, with nothing to do but to seek enjoyment and a wife, lay on a sofa in the adjoining parlor trying to read, but unconsciously taking in all that the ladies said.

"So Miss T—— would be afraid of losing

caste, if she wore as old a bonnet as her cousin's, would she?" he repeated to himself, sneeringly. "How finely her position in society must be established, if so slight a thing as a straw hat could hurl her from her place! When will our women have that noble independence which should be their birthright?" and as the voices died away, he lay musing for some time upon the old straw bonnet, and its wearer.

Despite the eloquent way in which Mrs. T—— reported to her niece the remarks that had been made upon her old bonnet, Sallie's pretty face was still seen under it at church, and on the street.

"You foolish child!" the aunt persisted, "what are ten or fifteen dollars to your father, in his business, when he has thousands of dollars to pay out almost every day?"

"Very little, I know; but then the *consciousness* that I am trying to lighten his cares, is a great deal to me; and mother says that the feeling of independence, which we call forth by our self-denial, will be of lasting benefit to me."

"Pshaw! you don't know the disadvantage it may prove to you! Just at an age when the appearance you make will have a great influence on your future destiny; it is all-important that you should look as well as possible; and *what* girl can appear well in an old bonnet?"

"Mother, just think of it," exclaimed Julia T——, a few days after, "Sallie fancies she can go to that party in the white dress that she has worn, I don't know how many times!"

"You don't mean to say that she has not a new dress for this occasion?"

"So she says."

"Well, then she had better stay at home, that's all!"

"So I told her, myself. I wouldn't go into society in an old dress, if I never went at all, for I should not expect to receive the least attention! But let me tell you the funniest thing you ever heard, Ma!" continued the young lady, laughing immoderately, as if she had just recalled something excessively ludicrous. "She thinks she can't even afford a new pair of gloves for the party, and so what do you suppose she has done? Taken soap and milk and cleaned the pair she wore to Mrs. C——'s; I laughed ready to kill myself, when she showed them to me with the assurance that they were 'just as good as new!'"

"How *did* they look?"

"I couldn't see for laughing; and just think, mother, they have dismissed the seamstress, and Sallie is going to do the family-sewing, until times are easier, she says!"

"Why, is there anything especially wrong in her father's affairs?"

"Oh, no; only the old story of, 'he is embarrassed, and I wish to do what I can!'"

It is said "stone walls have ears;" I do not know how true it is, but somehow or other, Mr. R—— overheard this conversation, as distinctly as he had the one about the old bonnet.

One word respecting that gentleman. Young ladies said he was about thirty; certain spinsters had affirmed that he was "all of thirty-five," while he laughingly owned to thirty-three; but he was so lively and interesting in conversation, that even very young girls forgot his age.

After the above revelations respecting the economy of Miss Curtis' toilet, he certainly expected her to present a shabby appearance at the party; and he began to dread seeing her pass through the trying ordeal of feeling herself the most illy-dressed person in the room; and enduring the slights consequent upon that circumstance, she did not appear until quite late, and as he looked around upon the rich satins and gorgeous silks, in which many of the guests were arrayed, he found himself hoping that she might not come at all.

"There is one young lady here, dressed in such pure artistic taste, can you tell me who she is?" inquired a friend at his elbow. "There, talking to that very tall man with the light hair!"

Mr. R—— looked, and recognized Sallie. But he sought in vain for evidence of her dress being old, or unfit to grace a scene like that. Its snowy folds were a positive relief to the eye, dazzled by so much splendor, while her dark hair—which formed so fine a contrast to her alabaster skin and white dress—was most tastefully arranged, and ornamented with a few white rose-buds. The effect of that simple toilet was perfect, but he remembered what had been said of the gloves, and looked eagerly at her hands.

"If they are the same, she was right in pronouncing them as good as new," he said to himself; and so absorbed was he by these *profound* reflections, that he almost forgot to reply to his friend.

The crisis that business men had apprehended came, and those whose credit had stood highest, were the first to fail. Among them was Mr. Curtis.

"So it seems that with all your worrying and economy, you were not able to keep your father from failing!" said Mrs. T—— to her niece.

"No, aunt, we did not expect to be able to do that."

"Then your wisest course would have been to enjoy life while you could. Here you have been denying yourselves all winter to no purpose!"

"But, as mother says, we have the satisfaction of feeling that since father has been pressed for money, we have not caused him one needless expenditure!" and she looked radiantly happy.

"Will you permit me, Miss T——, to ask you a direct question?" inquired Mr. R——, of that young lady, as they found themselves left alone in one of the parlors.

"Certainly," was the gracious reply, "ask me any question you like, since I can use the privilege of replying to it or not, just as I happen to be in the vein!"

"But I hope you will deign to answer this one in which I am greatly interested—is Miss Curtis much depressed at her father's failure?"

The question was different from what Julia had anticipated, but she replied with a laugh—

"Depressed! you should see her! Were I in her place, I confess that I should be plunged into the depths of woe, at the thought of the retrenchments, and the change that must be made in their style of living; but Sallie is as light-hearted as a bird!"

"Perhaps she does not realize it yet!"

"Oh yes she does; and she has her plans all laid out as clearly as we had to note down the various revolutions on our historical charts at school, and she talks about their moving into a small house, and keeping only one servant, as gayly as if she were planning a pleasure trip! And that is not all, she says she has been reviewing her studies with the view of teaching, so that they can thus continue her little sisters at the expensive schools they are attending. Just think of her stooping to become a teacher, isn't it absurd?"

"I confess, I should prefer seeing her occupy a *different* position," said Mr. R——, with emphasis.

As long as her father lives he ought to be able to support her, and I told her that if I were in her place, I would reserve that degradation for some greater emergency; but she said she would rather prepare herself, by her own exertions, for any emergency."

"I suppose they see no company now?"

"Oh yes, just the same as usual.

Mr. R—— called on Sallie that evening, and to his delight found her alone. He was really relieved at seeing no cloud on her young face, but instead, such a joyous expression as only springs from a happy heart.

In a manner not to be misunderstood he told

her how glad he felt at seeing her thus, and she answered frankly—

"Why should I not be happy? my father is reduced, but he can never be dishonored! Perfect integrity and uprightness have characterized all his dealings, and if he has been unfortunate, the way in which he bears up under it makes me more proud of him than ever!" and tears filled her eyes as she spoke. "I don't know much about business," she added, with a smile, "but I am told that all father's liabilities are to be met, so that no one else is to suffer through his failure."

"But do you not shrink from the changes that must take place?"

Sallie wondered to herself why it was that she felt so perfectly free with Mr. R——, it seemed as if they had known each other all their lives, as she answered—

"Oh no, there is nothing very hard in that! Cousin Julia has been trying to convince me that I ought to be very wretched, but she did not succeed in her mission."

There was a pause, and then the conversation was renewed by Mr. R——, but we are not going to tell the reader what he first said, though all the light that he can get upon the subject from the remarks that follow, he is welcome to. Mr. R—— spoke for about ten minutes in an earnest tone. Sallie, at first, looked down, and then raised her eyes to his face with an inquiring glance. At length she said—

"Had you spoken so, to me, half an hour ago, I should have supposed you ignorant of the change in our circumstances; but you know all."

"I do!" was the answer, and he went on to tell Sallie of the effect that knowledge had produced upon him, and again the conversation was too earnest and too low for our ears. At last he seemed to be urging her to reply, and if we give her answer, just as it fell from her cherry lips, we shall have to record the very trite words, "ask father!"

"Are you aware, sir, of my failure!" inquired Mr. Curtis, in answer to something Mr. R—— said to him next morning in his counting-room. "My daughter is now penniless!"

"I know all that," was the reply; "but she is a fortune in herself!"

"That is *most true*; and, since you can appreciate her, take her, and may God bless you in proportion as you make her happy!"

"Thank you for the precious gift!" said Mr. R——, much affected; "and now, sir, may I talk a little about business?"

The merchant bowed.

"I have lately received, from a relative, an unlooked-for gift of thirty thousand dollars, upon condition that I will go into some kind of business. I have been puzzled to know how to invest it, for, of business matters, I am sorry to say, I am most profoundly ignorant. You have experience and patience to bear with my want of knowledge; now, are you willing to consider my ready cash equal to your practical information, and so take me as a partner?"

The business arrangement being satisfactorily concluded, Mr. R—— was urgent to have the wedding take place as soon as possible.

"Why didn't you offer him the use of your money before, it might have saved his failure?" asked a friend of Mr. R——.

"I did long to do so, but was afraid to have the girl I loved feel that she was *under obligations* to me! I never could have hoped to win her affections then!"

"Pshaw! that would have been the very way to get her!"

When Mrs. T—— and other friends were offering their congratulations to the blushing Sallie, her husband said—

"By the way, aunt, did I ever tell you what caused me to fall in love with your niece?"

"Her own loveliness, of course, drew out your love!"

"No such thing! it was her old straw bonnet!"

"Why, aunt, you told me, I don't know how many times, that my old bonnet would prevent my ever marrying!"

"How had that fright of a hat anything to do with your admiration?"

"Why, you see, I wanted a *companion* in a wife: not a mere doll to please my fancy by her pretty face and costly dress; so I said to myself, 'a girl who can reason thus correctly about economy, and who has *independence* enough to carry out that reasoning by wearing an old bonnet, has a mind above the ordinary herd, and powers of which any man might be proud?'"

"CAMPO SANTO DI POVERI"—NAPLES.

"To the Campo Santo," said I, seating myself in one of the nondescript street vehicles, drawn by *impossible* horses—brutes of which you would "*a priori*" pronounce that none of them could survive one mile of the many they gallop through daily. The driver nodded intelligence, and we entered the "Strada di Toledo," that characteristic thoroughfare of Naples, which is, from dawn to dark, what Fleet street is from four to six o'clock in the afternoon, with the slight difference that one is all business, the other all idleness; but its roar and tumult are intensified by Italian vivacity, the embroilments and blocking up of the way are aggravated by the absence of all semblance of footpath—for the Neapolitan enjoys in perfection what the Frenchman calls "*la totalité de la rue*"—and I defy the most absent man on earth to abstract himself from all interest in the sights and sounds of the full tide of life which whirls and eddies round him. Such contrasts, too! Now a mountebank—now a monk: now a flaunting equipage—now a flambeau'd funeral, goes past; roaring laughter at "*Pulcinella*" (greatly droll on his parent earth) mingles with a roaring "*De profundis*" from the confraternity of brown, frowzy, sandalled officials, who jostle and stumble their way through the throng, heralding some corpse to its last home, their great tapers flaring in the sunlight,

and dropping—not grace, but melted wax—on the passers by; while attendant urchins—incipient lazzaroni—creep in the wake of each burly friar, and try to catch and treasure up the droppings of their ill-held funeral lights. High above all lies the *dead man*! borne aloft in full holiday attire, *bouquet* in bosom! his prim, *pinched* features painted into a horrid mimicry of life, his attire ball-room like, his face heavenwards! and his way through the buzzing, swarming life about him, toward dust and worms in "the house appointed for all men living"—well! I have, many a time and oft, pitied the miseries of a poor "walking funeral!" winding and elbowing its way through the full tide of London life to some city churchyard! It was sad enough to see the hackneyed undertaker's man carelessly heading the procession, as if ashamed of the shabby set out, while behind, two or three bowed down mourners—a widow and her little ones, or it might be, two orphans hand-in-hand with handkerchief to eye, made their way through the reckless jostle of the unsympathising crowd. I have seen this—and always thought it a touching sight—and have occasionally stood at the door of one of the "silk palaces" of St. Paul's churchyard, while the omnibus monsters roar and tear by round the carriage-way, to look at a further scene scarcely

less affecting. It is very striking to contemplate a little group—the curate in his surplice, and half a dozen figures in black round him—all absorbed from the bustle without, in their sad work of consigning “earth to earth” in the area within. These *were* contrasts, but still there was no indecency in them, they showed the incongruous realities of life and death, which were, and should not be, brought into such hard proximity, still, in that proximity lay the only incongruity; but the Neapolitan funeral seemed to me something more utterly, intolerably indecent! It was not merely a funeral, making way in its misery through a very unsympathetic stream of human existence, but the whole “set out” seemed in itself so “*very a sham*.” The corpse a “*sham*” of life—the full dress, instead of the decent grave-clothes in which we do homage to death; a “*sham*” of gayety and worldliness, and the howling fraternity who filled the street, as they performed their “*funzione*” of devotion and mourning, the greatest “*sham*” of all. If there was a really sorrowful heart in that funeral train, it must have felt that the whole “getting up” of the thing, under guidance, and for gain, of the church, was a “perfect mockery of woe.”

“I suppose I shall see that procession again at the Campo Santo,” thought I, as we struggled side by side at a foot’s pace through the thronged Toledo. Presently we emerged on the broad level suburb leading toward Capua, whereupon my charioteer began to “go it,” and I to meditate on the scene I had just passed through, and that to which I was hastening.

My visit was a pilgrimage in discharge of a kind of vow, in which I had bound myself after reading “Willis’s *penciling*” of the “Campo Santo at Naples,” that if ever I had opportunity I would compare his terrible picture with the reality. After a mile or two, my driver halted before a large, handsome, arched gateway by the roadside, above which the ground rose precipitately, into a hill on which pyramids, obelisks, urns, and glittering spires bristled up everywhere from among cypress and other trees; the inclosure was obviously a cemetery—but as obviously not *that* I wanted to see.

“Campo Santo di Poveri. This is not the place,” said I.

“Ah, signor, pardon,” said the driver, “how could I know? All the *Forestieri* come to this *bellissimo luogo*! As for the poor, they are *up there*”—pointing to a by-road which ascended the hill to the right hand, nearer the city.

Our route brought us behind and above the

hill on which the great, the gay, the rich, and the renowned of Naples, paid the tribute of “dust to dust.” Above me, yet on the brow of a higher eminence, was a long, sombre façade, the front of that Campo Santo of the Poor I was bound for; and as I looked below and above, and saw beneath me the funeral cortège with which I had made my way through the Corso, now composed into stately, decorous order, and winding “its long array” into the “grave-grounds of the rich,”—while above, a poor man with a little white bundle under his arm, accompanied by a sobbing female or two, was wending his way to the “burial portal of the poor,” the contrast pressed itself strongly on the thoughts, and brought to mind these exquisite lines of Felicia Hemans:

Some talk of Death, as something which ’twere sweet
In glory’s arms exultingly to meet—
A closing triumph—a majestic scene,
Where gazing nations watch the Hero’s mien,
As undismay’d, amidst the tears of all,
He folds his mantle—regally to fall!—
Hush! fond enthusiast—still obscure and lone,
Yet not less terrible, because unknown,
Is the last hour of thousands: they retire
From life’s throng’d path unnoticed to expire.
As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect’s little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone—
Such is man’s doom; and ere an hour be flown—
Ah! start, thou trifler—such may be thine own.

By the time I had wound my way up to the front of the Campo Santo di Poveri, the poor funeral train had disappeared, the long, gray vestibule was deserted, and on a bench beside the portal lay the *little white bundle*. It was the coffin of a poor man’s infant, left there for the species of interment I am about to describe, decorated with the poor man’s bit of sentiment, in the shape of a small nosegay, withering upon the coffin in the hot sun: “sweets to the sweet” sounds delicately, and to think of both these frail sweets to be presently flung into the charnel house within!

I had left my carriage at the bottom of the lane, and now found myself in absolute solitude in front of the great building (originally an hospital), the curtain-wall of which rose before me; not a soul near that I could perceive, I tried two doors at each end of the long, arcaded vestibule: both were locked; the rich dead below had their porters’ lodges and rangers,—the poor dead it seemed could take care of themselves. I walked out into the lane, and at the furthest end of it I perceived a small wicket leading to the smallest

of huts, and here I found was the residence of the *Custodè* of the great building adjacent. He was ready at call to show me its wonders. As he unlocked the great door, he cast a careless glance at the tiny coffin which lay near. "There will be more and larger presently," he said.

We entered the great flagged area, honey-combed beneath our feet into three hundred and sixty-five great cells, or cellars, with a small square aperture in the centre of each overhead, closed by a flag-door with a ring. One of these flags was forced open daily, to receive the dead poor of Naples for that day, and closely cemented at night, not to be opened until the returning day of next year. As we walked across the great court, everything was perfectly clean and silent, not a blade of grass grew in the interstices of the flags, not even a bird lighted to look for a worm; the only sign of life within the inclosure was a slight, but terribly significant indication of its uses, namely, a large and peculiar species of scarabæus, or beetle, running about in all directions, its living and birth-place being obviously the chambers of the dead beneath our feet. The only other thing to attract notice, was a machine not unlike the large, clumsy carriage-setter, sometimes seen in old-fashioned primitive inn-yards; this was, in fact, my friend the *Custodè's* sole implement of trade, being a powerful lever to lift the trap-door of the cell as required: it was his substitute for the sexton's delving-tool.

The *Custodè* was all civility—as accommodating in his way as the keepers of the Museo-Borbonico below, and like them for a "consideration." "Did I wish to see a *Camera*?—some did and some did not." "Yes." "Which should it be: that of yesterday, or of last week?" "Few went beyond a week! it was, perhaps, neither pleasant nor wholesome" (*ni ameno, ni salubre.*) Now, I was curious, perhaps morbidly curious, to look into the awful mysteries of the grave, but I did not feel equal to go even so far back as a week; the weather was close and sultry, and I begged to rest satisfied with the "camera" of the day. "Had it been yet opened? Any burials yet?" "Yes, yes; two *deliveries*! already (*due consegnari.*)" The man spoke like a penny-post letter-carrier. "Was there ever a day without a *consegnare*?" "Never—never!"

He then proceeded to the corner of the courtyard, and with some labor, moved the clumsy machine I have spoken of, to the middle of the area, and attaching a hook in the end of the short arm of the lever to a ring in the eye of one of the trap-doors, with a single twist the soft cement gave way, the stone was lifted and wheel-

ed aside, and after desiring me to wait a few seconds to allow any effluvia to escape, the man then desired me to look down!

My nerves are moderately strong, and on principle I am rather indifferent as to how or where "dust returns to dust." I am also too great an advocate for extra-mural burial everywhere, not to feel the mercy of such a provision as this Campo Santo, to the steaming, sweltering Naples which lay below us. Still, with all these considerations, I found something intolerably trying in the spectacle upon which a mid-day sun now sent its hot revealing light. I saw below me a pit, about eighteen or twenty feet deep; the "deliveries" of former years formed a kind of flattened cone in the centre, fully decomposed into a brown, unoffensive mass, studded all over, in a striking manner, with skeletons and fragments of skeletons; while, in the foreground, in terrible prominence and damp whiteness, lay the day's consignments, in the postures in which they chanced to light when flung down sheer from such a height. My first impression was a remarkable one, it was one of feeling in favor of an illusion, overcoming the conclusion of reason, and quite in unison with the exquisite sentiment which "nature's sternest painter and its best," Crabbe, puts into the mouth of a dying girl, deprecating the rudenesses and coarsenesses of even decent English burial:

"Say not it is beneath my care,
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But oh! they tease and vex me now."

Now, though I *knew* at the moment, that each and all in the heap before me had been long past suffering before consigned to it, still it was impossible to throw off the delusion that each had been killed by the dreadful fall—one from a broken neck, another by fractured limb or spine, as the body lay in some strange doubled-up position, as inconsistent with the idea of life, as from the decencies of death in the ordinary course of nature. Fenimore Cooper says, in his hard way, that as he looked on a similar sight here, it suggested to him the idea of "dropped Jackstraws;" to me, I confess, it gave more humble associations connected with remembered deliveries at a "slaughter-house"—I saw nothing at all corresponding to Willis' highly-wrought picture of the fair young girl lying gracefully with her hair over her breast. The most marked figure in the group I looked on, was an old man of extraordinary corpulency, who lay with long iron-gray hair streaming back from his upturned face—the very model of the disgusting Silenus, who ever

figures in the foreground of Reubens' sensual Bacchanalian pictures—pictures, by the way, on which I never could look without being revolted by the prostitution of genius which executed them, and which will now have less pleasant associations than ever, as always recalling that fearful tableau of the Campo Santo di Poveri.

"*Così è la vita, signor!*" said my companion, seeing me look away, sick and overcome, after a minute or two; he had probably made the same observation to hundreds before, as they turned from his terrible exhibition, yet there was a tone of feeling in the words, as though even this *habitué* of the grave still felt human pity in helping to make so little of human nature at the last.

Neapolitan Italian is not the best—my Anglo-Italian, of course, infinitely worse, so that I found insuperable difficulty in putting to him one or two statistical inquiries as to the daily number of burials, the proportions in summer and winter, and so on. On all these points he was either quite ignorant, or could not understand, and he ever referred to the "Registro"—but the Registro was "*fori*"—and I seemed as far as ever from satisfaction, though, in fact, this "not at home," ultimately procured me fuller information than I should otherwise have attained. As we passed out of the court into the vestibule again, he pointed to one of the doors at the end, and said the Registro lived there, and kept the books there. It then occurred to me to ask, "Could I see them?" "Yes, yes!" Without any demur, and unlocking the door, he admitted me to a small room, which seemed to be a monk's cell transplanted from some convent. In one corner stood the monk's bed, a few books of devotion on a small table beside it, and on a larger table near the window the ponderous volumes containing the record of burials from the commencement, and I sat down to analyze them.

The average burials for the years seemed to range between 7,000 and 8,000! Some exceeding the higher number—none falling below the lesser. The burials for 1840 were 8,670, or an average of twenty-four a day; those for 1850 were 7,581, or an average of twenty a day; for the three months of the current year, to 27th of March, they had been already 1,991, being nearly in the same proportion; and in the ten days preceding my visit, the numbers were as follows:

March 18	-	-	18
" 19	-	-	12
" 20	-	-	25
" 21	-	-	27
" 22	-	-	22
" 23	-	-	23
" 24	-	-	27
" 25	-	-	13
" 26	-	-	13
(Two deliveries) " 27	-	-	15

This being still on the same average of about twenty a day, the proportion would seem pretty regular. I could not light on any of the periods when Naples had been subject to those periodical pestilential epidemics, of which both sovereign and people live in continual dread, yet without an exertion to provide any effectual remedy, but I could learn from the man that *pestè* sometimes made his duties "*cattivi*;" and of cholera, and its effect in filling the Campo, he spoke shudderingly.

There can be no doubt of the great mercy done to the reckless and reeking population of Naples, in bestowing on them this "last house," even with all that is rude and revolting in the mode in which the dead poor are consigned to it. Out in the open country such a mode of burial is bad enough; but when one thinks that before the "Camere" of the Campo Santo were opened, similar pits yawned under the flooring of every church in Naples, and that burials in them were conducted with the same reckless disregard to decency, it must be felt that there has been a great progress toward improvement in the establishment of this extra-mural cemetery.

There are two things, which having once seen according to previous resolution, I have determined never to seek such sights again. One is the Campo Santo I have been describing; the other, its mimic counterfeit, in the celebrated wax-work of the plague at Florence—this last being a more unutterably offensive revelation of the secrets of the charnel-house, only saved from being disgusting by a minuteness which does not offend as if the scale were "as large as life"—or, I should rather say, death. The principal impression it leaves, is of the strange perversion of genius and ingenuity, which could induce a man, whose mind must have been scarce less morbid than his horrible subject, to waste labor and thought in its conception and execution.

THE SHAM-PETERS.

A COMIC EXTRAVAGANZA. (FROM THE FRENCH.)

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

On 20th of last July, at five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, Alphonse Mesnard left the office of the Minister of Marine; and when he had fairly got out into the street, he flung out his legs and cut a caper that would have deprived M. Pekipas, the pantomimist, of his appetite for dinner. On the same day, at the same hour, Jaques Rondeau left the office of the Minister of Commerce, and on getting upon the side-walk of the Rue Royale, went through a chromatic scale that would have made Duprez, the vocalist, jealous.

When evening came, these gentlemen, being chums, met in the shades of the Bal Mabille—

"Jaques," said Alphonse, "the Minister of Marine is a great minister."

"Alphonse," returned Jaques, "the Minister of Commerce is a greater still."

"Mine completely distances the renown of Jean Bart and Suffren."

"And mine surpasses the greatly extolled names of Colbert and Turgot."

"Can you fancy what has been resolved on by the eminent administrator, under whom I serve at eighteen hundred livres a year?"

"Do you know the decision of the noble secretary who employs me at the rate of one hundred and fifty francs a month?"

"He has given me leave of absence for six weeks."

"He has deprived himself of my services for a month."

The young gentlemen then proceeded to the refreshment room of the garden, where they procured a segar a piece, and each drank a glass of sherbet to the health of his ministerial patron.

"How do you intend to employ your leisure," said Menard, suspending his whiffs.

"*Mon ami*," returned Jaques, "I am exactly in the position of the young Amazilla of Hernando Cortez—I have only one wish, that is, to fly from Paris and its precincts. Born in the Rue Saintonge, in the heart of the Marais, for twenty-six years I never got out of the Department of the Seine. Why—would you believe it?—I could not recognize a sheep, unless reduced to chops or in the shape of a leg of mutton. I know, by tradition, that it is a quadruped with wool on its back—and that's all. Well, sir, I am now completely disgusted with everything pertaining to

city life—with politics, literature, civilization, the drama, the newspapers, and above all, business. *O, rus, quando te aspiciam?* Which, with your permission, I will render into the vernacular: 'When shall I drink milk not watered and chalked, under the shadow of some old moss-grown tree, which has not come out of the studios of those wonderful artists, Philastre and Cambon?'

"Beautiful coincidence!" cried Jaques; "we are both of one mind. I, too, have a yearning after bright sunshine, rural greenery, and the liberal casing air. I was born in the Rue Grenetas—a thoroughfare as narrow and dark as a tunnel. My longest journeys have been no farther than to Meudon Vincennes and St. Cloud. I once ventured as far as Versailles. My friends came with me to the coach. Our adieus were heart-rending. Now, sir, none of these places will satisfy me. I have extensive leave of absence, and so have you. Let us go—let us take our flight, and wander as far as possible, to some remote sequestered spot."

"Where shall we go? Italy is used up."

"What do you say to Belgium and the Rhine?"

"Bah! we should be taken for fourth-rate stock-brokers in difficulties."

"Has Africa any attractions, do you think?"

"So, so; I should never survive a voyage to that country."

"How is that?"

"Because I was nearly killed by sea-sickness, one day, going down the Seine in a boat from the Pont des Arts to the Pont du Carrousel."

Here Jaques gave his forehead a knowing slap.

"*Eh bien?*" cried Mesnard.

"I have it. There is a worthy friend of mine, who once invited me to go to see him at his estate. We shall go there. You shall come to La Mesangerie."

"But I am not acquainted with your friend."

"I'll introduce you, and after that you will be acquainted."

"Why, do you think that will be sufficient?"

"Sufficient? Lord, sir, before I was introduced to him, I knew him as little as you do now!"

"Egad, that's true. Where does this friend of yours reside?"

"Oh, at a great distance from this, in the De-

partment of the Charente, which, if we may believe the Baron Dupin, is not very civilized. Oh, what blessedness, my dear friend, we shall enjoy! There we shall see landscapes that do not turn round, like a diorama; on the contrary, we shall lie on real grass, and tumble in the hay. Oh, we shall see an actual wood, in a state of natural growth."

"Let us start to-morrow," cried Mesnard, fired with enthusiasm at that picture of rustic enjoyment.

"Agreed," replied Jaques; "to-morrow we start by the royal mail. We may travel, you dog, in company with charming women—young and deeply interesting—such as are to be found on journeys, in the novels and periodicals!"

"True, true;" chuckled Mesnard. "Mind, my friend, I claim the brunettes."

"Very well," answered Jaques; "I go for the angels with blue eyes and fair hair."

But they saw no ladies at all on their journey. They had a commercial gent, a student, a Zouave officer, an Insurance Agent—and for womanhood, they had one old Sister of Charity, wrapped in a black cloak, and sunk in a corner of the coach. When they arrived at Angouleme, it was agreed between Alphonse and Jaques, that they should start at five o'clock next morning—that the first awake should rouse the other. On separating at bedtime, says Mesnard to Jaques—

"Remember, I rely on your well-known punctuality."

And says Jaques to Mesnard—

"Bear in mind, that I place the strongest confidence in your watchfulness."

For which reasons, it was that they did not start at all on their journey, next morning. The punctual man was snoring at eleven o'clock. The watchful was lost in an indistinct dream toward noon.

Then, taught by experience, they resolved to entrust to the waiters of the hotel the task of waking them next day. Thanks to this precaution, they found themselves dressed, breakfasted and on their way at the appointed hour.

It was a very fine morning, indeed. The air was odorous, the birds musical, the dews pearly, and the sun of a majestic radiance.

"How fresh the atmosphere is!" said Mesnard, sniffing with delight.

"What a rich green in those meadows!" said Jaques; "what a contrast to the bottle-green of the first clerk's frock-coat, and the eternal sash of the *sub*."

"Ah, why do you recall, in such an ill-omened way, the names of those people? Let them die

in our memory. I am no more a clerk; I am a shepherd—the shepherd Corydon. I would give ten *louis*—bah, what do I say?—I would give the whitest and fattest lamb of my flock, to hear some air played on the pipe and tabor. Nothing else would suit this region. Oh, my gracious!"

"What's the matter? What do you see?"

"A flock of sheep—a flock of real sheep, coming up this way. Why do they trudge along the dusty road, instead of browsing the tender herbage of the meadows? Let us question the shepherd."

They quickened their steps, and soon came up with a big rough-looking fellow, bearing a cudgel in his hand—but no crook.

"Gentle shepherd," cried Jaques, "let us turn aside and rest in those romantic bowers. Here is a venerable beech; let us sit, while thy lambs drink the brook and crop the flowery sward." He pointed to a duck-pond at the road-side.

The gentle shepherd looked sideways at the young men, and knitting his brows, poised his large stick.

"What are ye talking about, my gentry ooves? I have no time for gammon;" cried he. "My name is Jean Canard, the butcher. Give my compliments to your wives, and tell them I can let them have the best mutton in market. What a pair of muffs," he soliloquized, as he walked on.

"There's a wretch!" said Mesnard. "That fellow has read the 'Mysteries of Paris.'"

"I am very much afraid he has," returned Jaques, with a sigh.

They walked on in silence, for some time, till, all at once, they stopped and listened.

"Is that a linnet?" asked Mesnard.

"No, it is a nightingale; it must be a nightingale; what infinite grace in its trills and warblings!"

"I never saw a nightingale in my life," observed Mesnard.

"I saw one once, in the Cabinet of Natural History—it was stuffed."

"Very singular," said Mesnard; "I would almost swear I have heard that warbled air somewhere, already." He began to hum—"Tra, la, la, la—Tra, la, la, la, la—"

"What the deuce is that air?"

"*Parbleu!*" said Jaques, "it is the *Parisienne*."

"You are right, faith; it is the *Parisienne*! This must be a bird got out of some Red Republican's cage—some one who has taught the bird—"

"Stop! where do the sounds come from?"

"From the depth of yonder citron grove."

Mesnard picked up a stone and threw it in, in order to make the bird fly out. A shout of alarm and anger was immediately heard.

"Sacrebleu! somebody has broken my skull."

Following these words, rose before them a withered and sharp little old man, rubbing his head with one hand, while with the other he supported a bassoon that hung by a ribbon to one of the buttons of his coat.

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "may I beg to know why you take it into your heads to stone me, after this manner? What crime have I been committing? I was playing my bassoon. You are not partial to the bassoon, apparently—but I am. And I give you to know that this is a free country, and I have therefore a perfect right to waken the distant echoes wherever I please."

"Ah, monsieur, pardon us," exclaimed Jaques; "my friend mistook you for a linnet, and I for a nightingale."

Whereupon they made off in great confusion, while the old man, who seemed suddenly to lose a portion of his fierceness, bawled after them—

"Eberle, Professor of the Bassoon, No. 7 Rue Notre Dame, and *fagatto primo* in the orchestra of the Theatre Royal Angouleme!"

After an hour's walk, our excursionists stopped before a village inn and entered, to have some refreshment. The hostess made a courtesy and asked what they would please to have.

"A bowl of milk and slices of brown bread."

"Would not the gentlemen rather have a slice of roast beef, some white bread, and a bottle of Chambertin. I'll have them ready in a moment. Meantime, here's yesterday's paper."

The landlady then placed before them a number of the journal, creased and covered with grease-spots.

"Are we in a *café* on the Boulevard Italien—or are we in the remote parts of Charente?" said Mesnard.

"Is there anything like rural life extant?" demanded Jaques.

Two persons in leathern trowsers, sabots, and cotton caps, now came in and sat down near our travelers, with a bottle of wine before them.

"Behold, at last, two sons of nature," said Jaques; "let us listen to them, my dear Alphonse. We shall be told whether the potato disease has shown itself this year; if the harvest has been good; and if the vintage will be over the usual average."

"Your health!" friend Bourdier.

"Your health!" friend Gaury.

"Have you seen the letters of that poor Duchess of Praslin?"

"Oh, don't talk of them—I've cried like a child over those letters—I have."

"Aye; justice was very much in fault for not having the duke arrested at once."

"It could not be done, my friend; it could not be done. An *ordonnance* from the king was necessary. Of course, you have read the report of M. Pasquier."

"Then what becomes of your charter, which says that all Frenchmen are equal before the law? The constitution is a humbug."

"Affairs in Spain are growing worse and worse, apparently."

"What a very strange country that is, surely. Serrano seems to be a very clever man."

"Ah, neighbor, we live in very queer times."

"*Apropos*—when does your son come home?"

"In about a fortnight, or so. He passes his examination as an advocate in a few days."

"You are very lucky in your youngsters; mine will not pass his examination as doctor till next year."

"Let us begone!" exclaimed Mesnard. "Let us fly, my poor friend. Here are nothing but a pair of grocers from the Place Royale, disguised as peasants."

"Let us have our bill, madam, if you please."

"Here it is, gentlemen, all right—with the addition of the little matter you ordered first, you know."

The two travelers were now only a few miles from La Mesangerie, and on arriving there, were made welcome. They enjoyed themselves a good deal at the house of their entertainer, playing billiards, smoking segars, and reading the magazines and the dramatic criticisms of the journals. At the end of a week, Rondeau perceived that his friend regularly disappeared at certain hours, and Alphonse observed that Rondeau was no where to be found at a given period of the day.

"Where do you go every evening, after dinner?" demanded Mesnard, puzzled by the periodical absence of Damon.

"Where do you betake yourself every morning, before breakfast?" said Rondeau, amazed at the daily disappearance of Pythias.

"You must pardon me, my friend, I am sworn never to reveal a word of it."

"And I have promised to preserve an inviolable secrecy."

"Have you any secrets from an old comrade? Why do you hide anything from a chum of such long standing?"

"Oh, mine is a delicate affair. It concerns a young person whom I ought not to compromise on any account."

"And mine is bound up with one, toward whom you would never wish me to be guilty of a breach of confidence."

"Are you not assured of my discretion?"

"Are you not convinced of my honorable feeling?"

"Well, all that I can confide, is, that I am the hero of a most charming adventure."

"And I am involved in a most romantic predicament."

"The most adorable simplicity!"

"The most artless ingenuousness!"

"Imagine, my dear fellow—"

"Only fancy, my old boy—"

"How could I be such a fool—what was I going to say?"

"Lord, how imprudent!—what was I about to do?"

"Good-bye, Rondeau!"

"Good evening, Alphonse!"

As this conversation was proceeding, two peasants might have been seen approaching each other mysteriously, and then secreting themselves from observation in a thicket.

"Well, brother Melibœus, how are your matters getting on?" said the younger of the two.

"Ah, neighbor Tityrus, this affair is ripening admirably. It is a perfect God-send. I'm blest if those Parisians are not precious fools. Mine is a tremendous fool."

"Mine is as bad, I assure you. He is over-head and ears in love with my daughter, Amaryllis, and writes letters to her from the Valley of Arcadia."

"Mine declares he is dying for love of my wife Thisbe, and sends her verses that have neither rhyme nor reason in them."

"Is your wife perfect in her part?"

"Has your daughter her one properly?"

"Never fear my wife."

"I'll answer for my daughter."

Next morning says Alphonse to Rondeau—

"I have a favor to ask of you, my dear friend."

"So much the better—I was going to beg one of you."

"Can you lend me an embroidered vest?"

"Have you any perfumery about you, that you could spare a fellow?"

"Will you think me indiscreet, if I ask you one question?"

"That will depend on the question."

"What makes you so anxious to look more than commonly elegant?"

"What do you want to perfume yourself for, on the present occasion?"

"I was about to tell you."

"I was going to whisper in your ear."

"This evening I shall be near her. Mum!"

"This evening she will be near me. Hist!"

"If you knew my Amaryllis!"

"If you but saw my Thisbe!"

"Just eighteen: fair as a lily, and daughter of a new Geronte."

"Only twenty, dusky as night, and wife of another Sganaralla."

"With a simplicity not to be found in cities."

"And an ingenuousness only to be found in rural retirement."

Meantime, an elderly peasant found out the Stamp Office at Angouleme, and bought a couple of stamps, for three thousand francs each. This was father Melibœus, who put his purchases into an old pocket-book, set out on his return to La Mesangerie, and got there about twilight.

Two hours after, Mesnard gave three mysterious knocks at the door of Amaryllis.

"Is it you, Mr. Alphonse?" inquired a sweet voice, slightly agitated.

"Yes, my beautiful angel."

The door was half-opened, and in he went. A similar ceremony took place at the door of Thisbe, and Rondeau was let in by the wife of Melibœus.

Two shrieks were simultaneously heard from the dwellings of Amaryllis and Thisbe.

"Mercy on me! it is my father!" cried the first.

"Oh, good gracious me! it is my husband!" screamed the second.

Alphonse turned round and saw the muzzle of a gun within six inches of his breast-pin.

Rondeau raised his head and saw a big hatchet held over it.

"Scoundrel!" yelled Melibœus.

"Burglar!" roared Tityrus.

"I could shoot you like a dog!"

"I could cut you up like a pig!"

"The law would authorize me!"

"I have no less than five acts of parliament for it!"

"Pray, have mercy!" prayed Mesnard.

"Oh, show pity!" groaned Rondeau.

"Ah, do you think, because you are well-dressed, and a great gentleman, all the way from Paris, that you may insult honest poverty. No, sir. The right of seignury has been abolished since '89, thank God, and our wives and daughters are no longer to be insulted with impunity."

The man with the hatchet spoke in the same terrific manner, concerning the Charter.

Well, what was the upshot? Ah, let us not blow it about too loudly; but let us whisper very low, that Theocritus, Virgil, Gessner, Berquin,

Delille, St. Pierre, and Madame Deshoulieries, may never hear it. It ended with a dirty business transaction. Alphonse and Jaques signed the promissory notes for three thousand francs, at thirty days—the one for value received in walnuts, and the other in garlic. The gentlemen went back to Paris as fast as they could. I met them, the other night, at the opera, and inquired about their excursion to the Provinces.

“Have you brought back any local curiosities?” said I to Rondeau.

“I have brought back five aphorisms,” said

he, “and I will give them to you. All the experience of our journey is packed up in them:

“No. 1. There are no village inns—there are only *restaurants*.

“2. There are no village maidens—they are all man-traps.

“3. There are no happy villagers—they are politicians.

“4. There are no shepherds—they are downright butchers, every one of them.

“5. There are no nightingales—nothing but bassoons.”

THE SHADOW.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The pathway of his mournful life hath wound
Beneath a Shadow; just beyond it play
The pleasant breezes, and the cool brooks stray
Into melodious rillings of sweet sound,
And gushings of the mellow sunlight fall,
Like a mute rain of rapture over all.

Oft hath he deemed the spell of darkness lost;
And shouted to the Day-spring; a full glow
Hath rushed to clasp him, but the subtle woe
Unvanquished still, with the cold might of frost
Regains its sad realm, and with voice malign,
Saith to the coming Joy—“This Life is mine.”

Still smiles the brave Soul, fronting a faint Hope—
And with a bright eye, and a warrior mien,
Walks in the Shadow, dauntless and serene—
To test through hostile years, the utmost scope
Of man's endurance; constant to assay
All heights of patience, free to feet of clay.

Still smiles the brave Soul, fronting a faint Hope—
But now methinks the pale Hope gathers strength;
Glad winds invade the dimness, streams at length
Kiss the hot desert; 'neath the purple cope
Of a new Heaven, uprises the lost Day,
And the spent SHADOW mutely wanes away.

THE STEED OF MY DREAM.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

As man to angel—“a little lower”—
Is a noble steed to mortal man;
And never, never, on any shore,
So noble a one hath led the van—
By the yellow Arab's homeless home,
Where horns give blast, or lances gleam,
Or the pampas spreads to the azure dome—
As that I rode in my last-night's dream.
Almost I would seek him east and west,
As some for a fabled good have sought;
But the end must be as little blest—
For I know too true, I should find him not.

How proud the stature; the form, how rare—
How flowed the mane in a silken ell—
How shone, in its chestnut hue, the hair;
I would thou knewest, but cannot tell.
A matchless steed was he to view—
I marked his eyes, that tameless fired;
And with a tender joy, I knew
He never had hungered, never tired—
Nor harsh tone thrilled him with frantic dread;
Nor lash, nor steel, once touched his limb;
I bent—we whispered thoughts—my steed
Rejoiced in his rider, as I in him.

Whither I would, that charger grand,
Was guided on by a silver thread,
That had sundered been in an infant's hand—
A rein, which seemed from the moonlight shred.
The hoofs that clashed with the pathway rock,
Just printed the moss of the hollow fen,
Passed harmless over a violet flock,
And trod the lake like dimpling rain.
Fear I had none to leave behind;
Neither a wish before to gain;
Still kept pace with the courier wind,
My beautiful steed of the Dreamland plain.

Sleep! with thee oft have I broken tryst—
On my pillow was found no waiting one,
To be by thy lips of healing kissed—
But on, and on, in the belting dun,
Glimmered my lamplight king of night—
As when to themselves a god make they
From whom, in his majesty of light,
I AM hath hidden his face away.
Now bless thee, Sleep! and thou hast a charm—
Wooest thou me no more in vain;
Lift me to-night, with thy gentle arm,
To the back of the wonderful steed again.

After a fit of laughter over the Paris *Charivari*, we subside into another fit of philosophic musing—weighing the comic merits of one great nation against those of another. Referring the matter to ourself and our own feelings—the plan which, you know, philosopher Emerson recommends—we ask tacitly, why it is that the London *Punch* never makes us laugh. And so our thoughts wander into comic literature, diverse national character and the nature of humor. The end of it is, that we look on the French as the more comic people, and the English the more humorous. We do not remember that we have fairly laughed at anything in *Punch*, or seen any other person do so; whereas, we are not only obliged to laugh at many things in the *Charivari*; but we have seen others in the public reading-room, making *rixtuses* from ear to ear, over the French fantasy, and holding themselves in before strangers. The last bit of comedy that set our lungs in movement, was (bad grammar) the figure of a Parisian hotel-waiter, and those of two diners at a table. The former dressed in black, wearing a white choker, and a napkin in his hand, stands with a precise and lofty grimness by the table, in answer to a call. But his dress and look overawe the guests, and one of them says—

“Shall I ask him for a plate?”

“Don’t,” says the other, “he’s the doctor of the establishment, who has come to see the man who choked himself at dinner, and to assist in holding an inquest on him, at the desert!”

The faces of the two diners, with lumps of food in their cheeks, and that of the waiter, are indescribable—demolishing; to say nothing of the reason given for the appearance of the latter. In those French comicalities, there are a certain dash and grotesqueness, and broad effect, which John Bull has not—showing the superior spirit and muscular vivacity of the continental people. The islanders have, as we have said, more *humor*—(for which a punster would find a geographical reason in the greater *moisture* of their locality)—and want the more violent power of comedy. The English engravings are satiric; the French are laughter-compelling. The latter, in fact, do not seem to be capable of humor; they cannot, it is asserted, produce it—and perhaps do not understand it. They have wit—the gayest, brightest, and most delicate; but not the mixture of simplicity and bitterness, seriousness and slyness, which makes the characteristic English compound. The French comedy strikes you from the surface, at once. The English generally requires you to think, and is more complex. That clouded jocoseness, so to speak, of Englishmen, which makes them so much less effective than the French in the comic line, is cognate with the cause why English poetry must always be deeper and finer, and more sublime than that of France.

Well, having gone into the *rationale* of our merriment, we are disposed to ask what sort of fun is it we have got in this part of the world; for we are a funny people too, thank God. We have an idea that *our comedy* follows the spirit of our language, in a

great degree. We enjoy the sly and the sarcastic, and are, in a manner peculiar to ourselves, inordinately tickled by points, plays on words and clenches. We have not the French and Italian sense of the grotesque—that animal hilarity which comes of their sensuous natures. We have an idea that our comedy is rather timid, and waits too much upon the judgment to be genuine. This may be owing to our social system, under which castes and classes are abolished, and every man wears broad-cloth, and, standing on his best behavior, occupies the same platform with every other man. A sense of mutual respect and respectability would seem to chastise our feelings and impulses into a condition of propriety. Our jealous and guarded independence has, perhaps, demolished our hilarity. Perhaps we pay too much attention to politics, and the caucus is the quenching of our comedy. It is very curious to consider that human nature is, in general, funniest, wherever it has good cause to be most heavy-hearted; as people, when they throw their clothes off, feel a tendency to frisking and agility. Frenchmen and Italians are a good deal kept down—so are the Irish; and so are Mrs. Stowe’s colored pets. But see how jolly they are, as a general rule! We now touch upon ethnology at the verge of deep water; but draw back. We began with the idea of saying that the *Charivari* is far more comic than *Punch*, and conclude by saying that the proverbial distinctives of the two nations are as visible in this matter as in most others.

Common sayings, that seem short-lived and local in their very simplicity, come to us through many centuries and from distant countries. Rabelias talks of putting the cart before the horse, and says, when the sky falls we shall catch larks.

One of the most remarkable orders of honor instituted, was that founded by the Italian poet, Alfieri, and called the Order of Homer. It was to be an order for poets and men of literature. He was himself a knight—the only knight it ever had. He designed a beautiful medallion, which was to be the badge of the fraternity, and represented the head of “the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,” within a circlet of immortal aspects and names gathered from all times and nations. But the idea of making an order for poets was, after all, a hopeless one. They are a perverse race, not bound to any order or observance, and proverbially impatient of any attempt to class or formulise them in any way, or for any purpose. A literary order should have an acknowledged head or sovereign—and such a thing is not recognized in literature—in the republic of letters. Any scheme of brigading or badging the poets, must always fail. People try to classify and regulate their brothers, the painters and sculptors, who must compete with one another at exhibitions, and all the world knows what a horrible, heart-burning piece of business it is.

Why are the three-cent omnibuses the safest? Because they are so cheap that nothing can run against them.

A fair correspondent of the Home Journal, thus prettily puts in

"A PLEA FOR COQUETRY."

It cannot be that this poor heart
Has loved to learn so false an art,
Its innocence forgetting;
That faithless thing I have not been,
That steals away an angel's mien,
And goes about coquetting.

An' if it be, why should I care,
Since *all* the world is "false as fair?"
In vain is all regretting;
Things are so little what they seem,
I yet may nurse a pleasant dream,
Nor mean to be coquetting.

And what if in some former years
A better bliss was turned to tears,
And all the world grew hateful!
There blooms a rose—poor Pity's dower;
Why not in passing, pluck the flower?
I would not seem ungrateful.

What if I find in many a one,
What others seek in one alone!
Brief love for love begetting!
Oh! call it *cruelty refined*!—
A generous weakness of the mind—
But call it not coquetting.

Think not I'd love another's pain,
Or crush the heart I but enchain,
Its helplessness betraying.
The bee, close shut within the flower,
Should gather honey all the hour,
Nor mourn the sweet delaying.

If Conscience, when he chides the elf,
Should say he went there of himself,
How could he curse the faery?
He still should love the dear conceit,
That poisoned him in cell so sweet,
And learn to be more wary.

It is stated that the "Persilis and Sigismunda" of Cervantes contains the germ of Robinson Crusoe—that is, the idea or story which De Foe plagiarised. We have never seen that Spanish narration; but we mention this, that any of our readers who may have it, may investigate the matter—if so disposed.

The story from which Parnell imitated his "Hermit," is to be found in the old medieval Miscellany, called the *Gesta Romanorum*.

It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of hand-writing peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—states—I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten

times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people—but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style: it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand-writings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs, can be instantly determined by his hand-writing. The difference between the American or English and the French hand-writing is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German hand-writings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the hand-writings of different nations, as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well, perhaps better than his own—yet, never can he succeed in changing his hand-writing to a foreign style.

A friend who sometimes woos the muse, has sent us the following. It was written at Lenox in the rich county of Berksire (Mass.) during September 1854. Our poetical friend had passed several weeks in the midst of a charmed circle of young and beautiful ladies, and felt *very badly* as will be seen, when they departed and left him "alone."

ALONE.

Fair Berkshire's hills are soaring,
As they have ever soared;
Her streamlets still are pouring,
As they have ever poured;
Sun, moon, and stars are shining,
As they have ever shone—
But, woe is me! their radiant beams
Are shed on me—*alone*!

Where is the bright and happy band,
That late, together stood?
That wooed the murmur of the lake—
The fragrance of the wood?
From hill and bower and glen, alas!
Each cherished form has flown,
And left me here to pine and droop,
Alone—all—all alone!

The HILL, whose steep ascent our feet
So oft together trod—
The LEDGE, where we have all reclined
Upon the mossy sod—
Each once-loved haunt and scene is now
To me repulsive grown,
For they only make me feel, how sad
It is to be *alone*!

From every sunny landscape—
From each embowered shade—
From every shaggy summit,—
From every forest glade,—
A voice, unto my spirit,
Comes forth with mournful moan,
And cries, "Both thou and me are now
Deserted, and *alone*!"

As some lone swallow, lingering,
When all the rest have fled
Far, to their tropic winter-home,
Hangs down his drooping head;
And pines, for each accustomed mate,
Each well-remembered tone;
And sadly wonders, he is thus
Abandoned, and *alone*:

Then, sudden starting, plumes his wing,
And cleaves the liquid air,
Exulting in his rapid flight—
His bosom free from care;
All trace of gloom and sorrow
Far to the winds is thrown,
For he knows full well, that he will soon
No longer be *alone*!

So I, uprising from my gloom
And solitary sadness,
Feel my bosom bound with joy and hope,
And rosy-tinted gladness;
And I've bid adieu to sorrow,
And I've made my parting moan,
For, I soon shall join the LOVED AND LOST,
And be no more—*alone*!

In the cemetery of Leipzig, there is an old epitaph extremely characteristic of the spirit of the place, but in much too light a strain, to be imitated, though undoubtedly the writer held it, in his day, to be a very ingenious combination of piety and bank business. It is in the form of a bill of exchange for a certain quantity of salvation, drawn on and accepted by the Messiah, in favor of the merchant, who is buried below, and payable in heaven, at the day of judgment.

Mr. Dickens has been giving a description of the huge steamer which John Bull is now building at the Isle of Dogs in the Thames. It is intended to be 25,000 tons burden,—a huge tubular iron ship—built on the principle of the Britannia tunnel bridge, from the design of Mr. Brunel, the engineer. It will hold 12,000 tons of coal, and carry 5,000 tons of cargo, and 4,000 passengers with their luggage, stores and so forth, on the longest voyages contemplated—those

between England and Australia. In short voyages, the number of passengers may be increased to 10,000, in consequence of the smaller amount of coal on board. This great ship will be 680 feet long, and it is expected it will make a regular speed of 15 knots an hour. It will be built in ten huge compartments, and have two metal sheathings; so that if one of the latter be broken by any shock, the inner casing may have a chance of escaping, and if both be damaged, the water can only enter one department, and still leave the vessel buoyant. It is to be clamped and bolted together in the most perfect manner, and will have power to resist almost any accidents of the rocks and storms. This leviathan is to be employed by the Eastern Steam Navigation Company. It was the vast expense and delay caused by the necessity of coal-supply that urged the merchants to build such a large ship. The clumsy material, coal, must still be an element of ocean navigation. But the time will come when it can be dispensed with, and steam be generated by the heat of hydrogen, or motion produced by electro-magnetism or the active conditions of the atmosphere.

A susceptibility to delicate attentions—a fine senso of the numberless and exquisite tendernesses of manner and thought—constitute, in the minds of its possessors, the deepest under-current of life, the felt and treasured but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but when it is, it outweighs all grosser qualities. There are many who waste and lose affections by careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended; the breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy forever its delicate texture. There is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, which can alone preserve the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure—earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes—the habitual respect to opinions—the polite abstinence from personal topics in the presence of others—unwavering attention to his and her comfort, abroad and at home—and above all, the careful preservation of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred when before the world—these are some of the secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish.

"Why, what a traveler you have become!" exclaimed an officer on meeting an old London acquaintance at Constantinople, the other day.

"To tell you the truth," was the frank reply, "I am obliged to run about the world to keep ahead of my character; the moment it overtakes me, I am ruined; but I don't care who knows me, so long as I remain *incognito*."

Punch indulges in the following Connubial Conundrum.

Which is of greater value, prythee say,
The Bride or Bridegroom?—must the truth be told?
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—
The Bridegroom's often regularly sold.

When Rousseau had published his work in which he showed the superiority of man in a state of nature over man in artificial society, Voltaire, a man of sparkling wit and the very antipodes of the impassioned and earnest Genevese, let him know that he thought the book excellent—after reading it, he said he felt a longing to go on all-fours! This is admirably satirical;—and, at the same time, it is funny enough to provoke laughter. It has a gay extravagance which is irresistible.

In England and France, people seem to be coming back to the original idea of Nature, with respect to those countries, and ignoring all authentic history. In the beginning, the island and the continent were united—according to all geologic appearance; and latterly, the tradition of the ancient union has been recurring with a curious kind of significance. England and France are not alone united by the wonderful *entente cordiale* in policy, but also by the lightning wires; and now there is a proposal to bring them still closer together by means of a monster-tunnel under the Straits of Dover! Dr. Payerne, a Frenchman, proposes to construct it with submarine boats, at an expense of about fifty millions of dollars. By this means railway trains would run from one country to the other in half an hour. This tunnel would be over twenty times as long as that which so uselessly runs under the Thames.

LIFE.

At morn—a mountain near to be climbed o'er,
A horn of plenty, lengthening evermore;
At noon—the countless hour-sands pouring fast,
Waves that we scarce can see as they run past;
At night—a pageant over ere begun,
A course not even measured, and yet run,
A short, mysterious tale, suddenly done.
At first—a heap of treasure, heaven high;
At last—a failing purse, shrunk, lean and beggarly.

A man was saying at his club, the other evening—that during his travels in the East, not long since, he saw a juggler place a ladder in open ground on one end, mount it by passing through the rounds and stand upon the top. H. J. who was present, and who is famous both for his wit and his incredulity, immediately exclaimed, "La! bless you, I have seen that done several times, and once with an addition." "What was that?" said the first story-teller. "Why, when the juggler arrived at the top of the ladder he pulled it up after him."

It has been said, somewhere, that for a great many people, it is a misfortune to have had ancestors. We believe the philosophy of the sentiment is good, and sufficiently elastic to stretch over other propositions; and have an idea that it is a misfortune for ourselves that we have had an ancestral literature. Instead of making our literature, we take it, as it were, ready made, and try to apply it to the conditions of a new world, a new principle of government, a new and unparalleled race of people or rather nation of

people. We try to put the old wine into our new bottles. Whatever kind of indigenous, truly American literature shall yet be found amongst us, we hardly as yet see the simple, hardy shoots of it above ground, among the big, flaunting stalks of the imported sort. Of course, we do not mean the forms, and themes; but the sentiment and the original style of uttering it.

A sick man's pun must necessarily be rather feeble, on the principle like master like man. The following lines will be taken with due allowance.

An eccentric stranger, afflicted with a pulmonary complaint, stopping at one of our hotels, was seized with a sudden fit of coughing early one morning and sent out for a doctor. The physician speedily came and prescribed. When the stranger handed him his fee, he remarked with a quizzical expression, "Doctor, this I suspect is the first *cough-fee* you have taken to-day."

A European traveler declares that one of the most curious studies in the United States, consists in the attitudes of the Americans. Every attitude they assume is a miracle of equilibrium, a brilliant flight of the most fantastic imagination. As a general thing they put their legs on the chimney piece, or against a stove-pipe, but always higher than their heads. On one occasion, says he, being on board of a Mississippi steamboat, I had an opportunity of observing this custom to perfection.

Attracted by the sound of a piano in the lady's cabin, there was a general rush toward the spot. There we discovered a skinny young lady with a cracked voice, endeavoring to sing "Hail Columbia."

Four gentlemen immediately took possession of the pillar in the centre of the cabin which supported the ceiling. Their eight legs were ranged in a kind of trophy against it, and at such a height, that their bodies were entirely out of their chairs, their heads only resting on the back. Another gentleman, in order to have a better view of the singer, had seated himself opposite to her, reposing his legs on the piano, and thus affording her an agreeable view of the soles of his boots; a sixth lay stretched at full length on the sofa, whilst a seventh, oh! he was the most wonderful of all, mounting on the seat of his chair and tilting it against the wall, he had quietly seated himself on the sharp edge of its high back. Another there was too, who not knowing how to dispose of his legs, there being no place but the floor on which to rest them, at last put them on the shoulders of the gentleman who had his on the piano, and who appeared nowise startled at the unusual burthen he was called on to bear.

When the young lady ceased her song, there was an extraordinary manifestation of approbation, consisting in shouts and clapping of hands, and knocking of canes on the floor, and fists on the tables. My wonderful acrobatic friend on the back of the chair, forgetting the nicety with which he was balanced, came down on his nose at the imminent peril of that prominent feature. But, without even

interrupting the enthusiastic expression of his applause, he picked up his chair and himself, and showed off both in another picturesque and perilous position, no less difficult to describe than to execute. If the Americans could choose into what personage of the ancient mythology they would be transformed it would most certainly be Briareus, for, instead of four, he had a hundred legs and arms, and could enjoy the luxury of stretching.

Look at the career of man, as he passes through the world; of man, visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his fellow men, to sink under the weight of his afflictions. unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his affliction with unshaken affection; braves the changes of his feelings, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; a resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion, to be performed. And at the last, when life and sorrow cease together, she follows him to the tomb, with that ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid, as she keeps her beau in a quiver.

The following is a translation by Mary Howitt, of the Morning Song of Bellmann, one of the most celebrated of the lyrical poems of Sweden. It is said that nothing can exceed the enthusiasm with which it is sung in that country, by high or low, old and young, alike.

Waken, thou fair one! up, Amaryllis!

Morning so still is;
Cool is the gale:
The rainbows of heaven,
With its hues seven,
Brightness hath given
To wood and dale.

Sweet Amaryllis, let me convey thee,
In Neptune's arms naught shall affray thee;
Sleep's god no longer power has to stay thee,
Over thy eyes and speech to prevail.

Come out a-fishing; nets forth are carrying;
Come without tarrying—
Hasten with me,
Jerkin and vail in—
Come for the sailing,
For trout and grayling;
Baits will lay we.

Awake, Amaryllis! dearest, awaken;
Let me not go forth, by thee forsaken;
Our course among dolphins and sirens taken,
Onward shall paddle our boat to the sea.

Bring rod and line—bring nets for the landing;
Morn is expanding,
Hasten away!
Sweet! in denying,
Frowning, or sighing—
Could'st thou be trying
To answer me nay?

Hence, on the shallows, our little boat leaving,
Or to the Sound, where green waves are heaving;
Where our true love its first bond was weaving,
Causing to Thirsis so much dismay.

Step in the boat, then! both of us singing,
Love afresh springing,
O'er us shall reign.
If the storm rages,
If it war wages,
Thy love assuages
Terror and pain.

Calm 'mid the billows' wildest commotion,
I would defy on thy bosom the ocean,
Or would attend thee to death with devotion:
Sing, oh, ye sirens, and mimic my strain!

We do not know whether the following is new to our readers—but we have never met it in an English dress:

An inquisitive foreigner, who had been introduced to Alexander Dumas, commenced questioning him upon his origin.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas?" began the inquisitor.

"I am, sir," replied Dumas, quietly, who never makes any attempt to conceal his pedigree.

"And your father?" pursued his inquiring friend.

"Was a mulatto," responded Monte Christo.

"And your grandfather?"

"Was a negro," replied Dumas, beginning to lose his patience.

"Ah! And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir!" exploded Dumas, with a fierce gesture that made his tormentor recoil; "an ape, sir—my pedigree commences where yours ends!"

"Gentlemen," exclaimed an orator, in the heat of democracy and party-spirit, at a political meeting, somewhere in Georgia; "Gentlemen, the whigs will be the ruin of the country. Gentlemen, the great republic of Rome was one day saved from the enemies who invaded it by the warning voice of the geese of the capitol. Let us, gentlemen, save our country: let our warning voices shout aloud to beware of the whigs! Yes, gentlemen, let us be the geese of the United States, and save our glorious republic from ruin and the whigs!"

In walking along, persons who are thinking of the past, cast their eyes downwards; those who are contemplating the future, raise their eyes upwards; others, whose thoughts are occupied with the present, look straight before them; and those who are observed to look here and there, on either side, may be considered as thinking of nothing at all.

"Women," says Mrs. Jameson, "are inclined to fall in love with priests and physicians, because of the help and comfort they derive from both in perilous moral and physical maladies. They believe in the presence of real pity, real sympathy, where the tone and look of each have become merely habitual and conventional—I may say, professional. On the other hand, women are inclined to fall in love with criminal and miserable men, out of the pity which, in our sex, is akin to love, and out of the power of bestowing comfort or love. So, in the first instance, they love from gratitude or faith; in the last, from compassion or hope."

As metallic pens are now almost universally adopted, and pure, incorrosive ink nearly an impossibility, thousands of our readers will thank us for the following:—To prevent any ink from corroding metallic pens, put into the inkstand or the bottle, a few small nails, or broken bits of pens, (not varnished,) or any other pieces of unruined iron. The corrosiveness of the ink becomes expended on these substances, which are soon covered by the decomposition of the sulphate of copper, which ordinarily adheres to and spoils the pen. By this simple remedy, you can always have good pens and ink, and save any amount of bad temper.

In the convention for remodeling the constitution of Pennsylvania, in 1790, Dr. Franklin opposed the alteration, which provided that the legislature should be composed of two houses; and in reply to a statement of the difficulties which would attend a legislation of one house only, he said the remedy proposed of two houses, would be like the Dutchman, who, when his four-horse wagon was stuck in the mud, took off the forward pair of horses, hitched them on behind, and then whipped up both ways.

Having recently taken a rail-ride through the Central Flowery Nation, in company with M. Hue—who is a wit and a philosopher, as well as a missionary—we have brought away a few queer odds and ends, which we are sure will amuse our readers.

FOURIERISM IN PRACTICE.

"There exists at Peking a phalanstery which surpasses in eccentricity all that the fertile imagination of Fourier could have conceived. It is called Kimaofan, that is, 'House of the Hens' Feathers.' By dint of carrying out the laws of progress, the Chinese have found means to furnish to the poorest of the community a warm feather-bed, for the small consideration of one-fifth of a farthing per night. This marvelous establishment is simply composed of one great hall, and the floor of this great hall is covered over its whole extent by one vast thick layer of feathers. Mendicants and vagabonds who have no other domicile, come to pass the night in this immense dormitory. Men, women and children, old and young, all without exception, are admitted. Communism prevails in the full force and rigor of the expression. Every one settles himself and makes his nest as well as he can for the night in this ocean of

feathers; when day dawns, he must quit the premises, and an officer of the company stands at the door to receive the rent of one sapeck each for the night's lodging. In deference, no doubt, to the principle of equality, half-places are not allowed, and a child must pay the same as a grown person.

"On the first establishment of this eminently philanthropic and moral institution, the managers of it used to furnish each of the guests with a covering, but it was found necessary to modify this regulation, for the communist company got into the habit of carrying off their coverlets to sell them, or to supply an additional garment during the rigorous cold of winter. The shareholders saw that this would never do, and they should be ruined, yet to give no covering at all would have been too cruel, and scarcely decent. It was necessary, therefore, to find some method of reconciling the interests of the establishment with the comfort of the guests, and the way in which the problem was solved, was this:

"An immense felt coverlet, of such gigantic dimensions as to cover the whole dormitory, was made, and in the day-time suspended to the ceiling like a great canopy. When everybody had gone to bed, that is to say, had laid down upon the feathers, the counterpane was let down by pulleys, the precaution having been previously taken to make a number of holes in it for the sleepers to put their heads through, in order to escape the danger of suffocation. As soon as it is daylight, the phalansterian coverlet is hoisted up again, after a signal has been made on the tam-tam to awaken those who are asleep, and invite them to draw their heads back into the feathers, in order not to be caught by the neck and hoisted into the air with the coverlet. This immense swarm of beggars is then seen crawling about in the sea of dirty feathers, and inserting themselves again into their miserable rags, preparatory to gathering into groups and dispersing about the various quarters of the town, to seek by lawful or unlawful means their scanty subsistence."

HOW TO STOP A DONKEY FROM BRAYING.

"One evening, when our catechist was vaunting the qualities of his ass, we could not help interrupting him.

"Your ass,' said we, 'is an abominable brute. During the whole journey he has prevented our getting a wink of sleep.'

"Why did not you tell me so before?' said the catechist; 'I would soon have stopped his singing.'

"As the ancient schoolmaster was somewhat of a wag, and indulged occasionally in a small joke, we took little notice of his reply, but that night we slept quite soundly.

"Well, did the ass make a noise last night?' said he, when we met in the morning.

"Perhaps not; at all events, we certainly did not hear him.'

"No, no; I think not; I saw to that before I went to bed. You must have noticed,' he continued, 'that when an ass is going to bray, he always begins by raising his tail, and he keeps it extended horizon-

tally as long as his song lasts. To insure his silence, therefore, you have only to tie a large stone to the end of his tail, so that he cannot raise it.'

"We smiled, without reply, thinking this was another piece of pleasantry; but he cried—

"Come, now, and see; you can easily convince yourselves.'

"And, accordingly, we followed him to the courtyard, where we beheld, sure enough, the poor ass with a large stone attached to his tail, and with the air of having entirely lost his accustomed spirits. His eyes were fixed on the ground, his ears hung down, his whole appearance denoted humility and dejection. We felt quite compassionate toward him, and begged his master to untie the stone directly; and, as soon as ever he felt his musical appendage at liberty, the creature raised, first his head, then his ears, then his tail, and at last began to bray with all his wonted enthusiasm."

WHAT THEY THINK OF WOMEN.

"Master Ting, in speaking with us concerning the Leang-chan demonstration, mentioned it as such an enormity, that it is evident what is the value of women in the estimation of the Chinese.

"As we were leaving Leang-chan," said he, 'when we passed through that street where there were so many women assembled, I heard it said that they were Christians. Isn't that nonsense?'

"No, certainly; it was the truth. They were Christians.'

"Master Ting looked stupefied with astonishment, and his arms fell down by his side. 'I don't understand that,' said he. 'I have heard you say that people become Christians to save their souls. Is that it?'

"Yes; that is the object we propose to ourselves.'

"Then what can the women become Christians for?'

"What for? To save their souls, like the men.'

"But they have no souls," said Master Ting, stepping back a pace, and folding his arms; 'women have no souls. You can't make Christians of them.'

"We endeavored to remove the scruples of the worthy man upon this point, and to give him some few sounder ideas on the subject of women's souls; but we are by no means sure we succeeded. The very notion tickled his fancy so much, that he laughed with all his might. 'Nevertheless,' he said, after having listened to our dissertation, 'I will be sure to recollect what you have been telling me, and, when I get home again to my family, I will tell my wife that she has got a soul. She will be a little astonished I think.'"

CAT'S-EYE CLOCK.

"One day, when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants, we met, near a farm, a young lad, who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun, but it was hidden

behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there.

"The sky is so cloudy,' said he, 'but wait a moment;' and with these words, he ran toward the farm, and came back a few minutes afterward with a cat in his arms. 'Look here,' said he; 'it is not noon yet;' and he showed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest; and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment made on her eyes, behaved with most exemplary complaisance.

"Very well,' said we, 'thank you;' and he then let go the cat, who made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route.

"To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans, by our ignorance. As soon as ever we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking into a cat's eyes. They seemed surprised at the question; but as there was no danger in confessing to them our ignorance of the properties of the cat's eyes, we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary; our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock, when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye, and that after twelve the dilatation recommenced.

"When we had attentively examined the eyes of all the cats at our disposal, we concluded that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point.

"We have had some hesitation in speaking of this Chinese discovery, as it may, doubtless, tend to injure the interests of the clock-making trade, and interfere with the sale of watches; but all considerations must give way to the spirit of progress. All important discoveries tend in the first instance to injure private interests, and we hope, nevertheless, that watches will continue to be made, because, among the number of persons who may wish to know the hour, there will, most likely, be some who will not give themselves the trouble to run after the cat, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers."

A LEARNED MANDARIN'S MISTAKE.

"The Christian religion is designated in China as Tien-tchou-kiao, that is to say, the religion of the Lord of Heaven; the idea of God being expressed by the word Tien-tchou. One day we were speaking of religion with a really superior sort of mandarin, a very intelligent fellow. He asked us who was that Tien-tchou, whom the Christians adore and invoke, and who had promised to render them rich and happy in such an extraordinary manner."

" 'Why,' said we, 'do you, a learned man of the first class, a well-instructed man, and one who has read the books of our religion, do you ask this? Do you not know who is the Tien tohou of the Christians?'

" 'Ah, you are right,' said he, putting his hand to his forehead, as if to recall a half-vanishing recollection; 'you are right, I ought to know; but I really had forgotten all about this Tien-tohou.'

" 'Well, you know now; who is he then?'

" 'Oh, to be sure, everybody knows—he is the Emperor of the French!'

NATIONAL PERFUMES.

"Travelers in remote countries have often remarked, that most nations have an odor which is peculiar to them. It is easy to distinguish the negro, the Malay, the Tartar, the Thibetan, the Hindoo, the Arab, and the Chinese. The country itself even, the soil on which they dwell, diffuses an analogous exhalation, which is especially observable in the morning, in passing either through town or country; but a new-comer is much more sensible of it than an old resident, as the sense of smell becomes gradually so accustomed to it as no longer to perceive it.

The Chinese say they perceive also a peculiar odor in an European, but one less powerful than that of the other nations with whom they come in contact. It is remarkable, however, that in traversing the various provinces of China, we were never recognized by any one except by the dogs, which barked continually at us, and appeared to know that we were foreigners. We had indeed completely the appearance of true Chinese, and only an extremely delicate scent could discover that we did not really belong to the 'central nation.'

Talleyrand, being bothered with importunate questions, by a squinting man, concerning his broken leg, replied—"It is crooked *as you see*."

"I was at Philippe's," (a celebrated Parisian restaurant) says Bristed, "in '51, when an extempore bet was decided, not exactly like our Count Quelquechose's, but interesting too in its way. A Mississippi gentleman won a big pile. He bet that he would bring five hundred drops out of an empty bottle, from which the last supernaculum had been drained.

"It was done in the fairest way, without any dodge, on the purest natural philosophical principles. The secret is this. There is a great deal of moisture still remaining in the bottle, only it is dispersed all over the inside surface in homœopathic particles, too minute to be poured out in any ordinary way. You take the bottle, hold it nearly horizontally, shake it up well, and strike the lower part of the neck repeatedly on your hand. After you have manipulated it in this way for a minute or two (the length of time depends on the performer's skill), the moisture becomes collected and condensed in the neck, and then

you can jerk out upon a plate or a sheet of white paper more drops in a quarter of a minute than you can count in a quarter of an hour. It made quite a sensation at the time, but soon spread about. A Frenchman who was with us exhibited the trick next night at the Maison d'Or."

The whole world is put in motion, either by the thirst after fame—the aspirings of ambition—the desire for riches, or the dread of poverty.

An old Scotch paper tells the following story of stuffing a goose:

A man and his wife, two relics of the old school, who reside at Barnsley, bethought themselves the other day, for the first time since their marriage, that they would have a goose for dinner. The wife, with no small degree of consequence, went to market and purchased one; and on her return home she said to her husband,

"Now, Willie, my lad, what is it to be stuffed wee?"

"Owt ats green, Sallie, my lass," replied the delighted husband, who marched off to his work, in expectation of returning at noon to a glorious dinner. The dinner hour arrived, and off Willie started, snuffing his nose as he trudged along, fancying he smelt the stuffing. Grace having been said, Willie commenced carving the goose, and Sallie held her plate for a leg.

"Stop a bit, my lass," said Willie, "wot's this here?" pulling a quantity of green worsted from the inside with his fork.

"Why, stuffing to be sure, Willie; didna tha sa it were to be stuffed wi owt at wor green? and we'd nowt else i't house at were green but that." She had appropriated a part of her petticoat.

Fireworks are the only moral popular amusements, they direct all glances heavenwards.

A quizzical friend was, the other morning, enjoying himself in a late sleep, when there was a loud ring at his door bell.

"What do you want?" said the somniferous individual, as he started from the bed, and thrust his night-capped head out of the window.

"I'm the baker, and have brought your breakfast roll," was the reply.

"The breakfast roll!" exclaimed somniferous, "small and beautifully less, no doubt; put it through the keyhole!"

This story reminds us of another left-handed compliment, paid by an acquaintance of ours who had occasion to go to a grocer for a pound of tea. When the article was all done up, he took the package and turning it over in his hand, he smilingly said to the grocer, "Hyson, you've done this thing nicely, very nicely. Hang me, if you don't put up a pound of tea in the smallest package I ever saw!"

Life is a business in which we do not clear our expenses.

Monthly Summary

THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last summary, the early promise of vegetable nature respecting the most important interests of our country has been universally confirmed and redeemed in the variety and richness of its products. The journals of almost all the states of the Union bear witness that the rains of the opening summer have covered the land with fertility as with a garment, and the cereal harvest promises to be a rich one. The cotton crop also justifies the most favorable anticipations, in general. Next to the operations of nature in interest come those of our political parties. The Know Nothings have been bestirring themselves. They have not only been energetic and demonstrative themselves, but have produced energy and demonstration in the other sections of politics, North and South. The Philadelphia Convention framed its platform, advocating the fittest men for American offices, and ignoring the abolition element and the Massachusetts brotherhood. New York went with Philadelphia. Georgia has had her Democratic Convention, in which she adheres to the action of the last Congress respecting the Nebraska-Kansas act, and maintains the rights of the Southern people under the constitution. There was also a threat of retaliation on Massachusetts and Vermont. With respect to the Prohibitory Liquor Laws lately passed in several states, there has been exhibited a strong feeling of impatience against their sumptuary character. The law, which can furnish men with as many interpretations as the Gospel, has been appealed to, and a great many lawyers have discovered flaws and loop-holes enough in the acts of the states to vitiate these in a great degree, and set the variously disposed members of society together by the ears. If the men of the *bar* are threatened with a lessening of their practice in one line of life, they are sure, in another sense, to be up to their eyes in all sorts of belligerent work. Chicanery and subterfuge will flourish like a pair of green bay trees: the honorable advocates of temperance will drink water, and the other party will drink schnapps and lager beer, in the confusion. One great demoralization will be substituted for another.—The attempt of the British to enlist men in this country has been everywhere met by the interference of the authorities, and the arrest of the agents and their work. Toward the close of last month an American revenue cutter detained the brig *Buffalo*, going from New York to Nova Scotia, with a number of persons on board who claimed the protection of our flag. They were brought away to work on a railway, and feared they should be sent to the Crimea.—In the beginning of June the American ships *Release* and *Arctic*, under the command of Lieut. H. Hartstein, set out from New York for the frozen regions in search of Dr. Kane and his companions. The expedition took up to the north a tablet to be erected on Beechy Island, near the memorial of Lieut. Belot, to the

memory of Sir John Franklin, Crozier, Fitzjames, and all who went up in the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Lady Franklin, surrendering all hope at last, requested the stone should be placed in that island by Lieut. Hartstein.—Governor Reeder and other officers have been suspended from their offices in Kansas, for their land purchases.—On 28th of June, the people of Baltimore and adjacent places were astonished by the shock of an earthquake, which shook the dwellings, and caused much fear and excitement.—News from California is of the average order, and shows that things were as usual prosperous at the mines. The law against gambling had come into operation, and several saloons were shut up. Page & Bacon showed that they had assets more than sufficient to meet all claims on them.—The rebellion of the Sioux tribes is giving the United States authorities some trouble. Col. Cook and four companies of dragoons had gone against them from Fort Leavenworth, intending to fight them on the Plains. On 29th of May, Col. Fauntleroy attacked a camp of Utahs, near Arkansas river, and killed forty of them, taking six prisoners. It is likely these wild tribes will be chastised into submission. The expedition was proceeding toward Fort Laramie, which was threatened by the Indians, and even reported to be in their hands.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

The latest accounts from Mexico show Santa Anna victorious. He had gone with his army from Mexico to Morelia, from which place he advanced against the rebel Pueblita. The latter was defeated in a decisive manner, and 2000 of his men were taken prisoners. As they were escorted into Morelia they very wisely shouted *vivas* for Santa Anna, and denounced all revolutions and revolutionists. After this, which took place on 18th May, the Dictator prepared to proceed against Comonfort, who was said to be encamped at Ario with 2500 men. Another body of insurgents, under Degollado, was pursued by General Tavera and routed at Pitzayuca. Many prisoners were taken, and forty of them shot. Meantime Santa Anna had purchased steamers in St. Thomas and in England for the purpose of blockading the port of Acapulco, and so sealing the ocean against Alvarez. The latter was busy issuing proclamations, giving privileges of gold districts, and inviting foreigners to come and work them.

In *Cuba* the government continued to permit the introduction of Africans called *emancipados*. Over 3400 of them had recently arrived in seven vessels. It was reported that the Creoles, fearing to be swamped by that sable importation, and despairing of being able to do anything for their own relief, have applied to Lord Palmerston and the abolition societies of England and France for help. It is said a Club of Independence has been established with these views. There is no more talk of the Black Warrior business,

and a lull, like a quiet cloud, has settled over that Queen of the Antilles.

The people of the state of *Nicaragua* have been in the throes of a Presidential election. But they are threatened with something which promises to be of greater interest than any of their native party struggles. Two Americans have resolved to proceed to the state with bodies of colonists—Col. Walker from San Francisco and Col. Kinney from New York. General Castillon, the democratic candidate for the Presidency, has invited Walker, and promised him 72,000 acres of public land. Col. Kinney's expedition from New York was interfered with by the authorities, and he was obliged to take himself off by an evasion, with an understanding that those joined with him should do the same, and meet somewhere in the neighborhood of the Isthmus. He is said to have purchased, in concert with Mr. Fabens, land on the eastern side of the Lake of Nicaragua. A good deal is expected from the conjunction of those adventurous colonists, who proceed by way of two oceans to change the destiny of that part of the Isthmus. No doubt,

The dark shall be bright,
And the wrong shall be right,
When Walker's right and Kinney's might
Meet on Nicaragua's height!

Kinney wrote a letter to Walker, speaking with hope of the colonization of Central America by good American citizens, and offering many advantages.

The Congress of *New Granada* abolished the institution of a "state religion," on 14th May. There shall be no further interference of the authorities with the religions of the country. Churches and communions of all sects may be incorporated by law, and these sects may have their own grave-yards also. *New Granada* now boasts of religious liberty and a great rail-road—and is to those Spanish states in the neighborhood, what Sardinia is in Italy. Congress has passed a law, applying the products of the rail-road to the payment of the national expenses. The Isthmian railway was going on prosperously.

Bolivia was preparing to elect her President—Belzu will probably be the man. The republic of *Chili* was progressing in the ways of peace and improvement. *Peru* was occupied with the difficult question of its political organization. A Convention for the purpose was appointed for June. The Constitutional Assembly of *Buenos Ayres* was in session. The French government had claimed that French residents should be indemnified for losses sustained in the late revolution. It was reported that France and England recommended that state to absorb the Banda Oriental.

THE OLD WORLD.

That dreary procrastinated farce, the Vienna Conference Convention, came to an end on 4th of June, after a thousand delays, demurs, amendments, protests, expositions, and so forth. The western powers desired to diminish the armaments and general force

of Russia in the Black Sea; and Russia was resolved they should not be diminished. The question is, whether the Russian empire shall be reduced to the rank of a third-rate power or not. The sword alone can decide this. Since the superseding of General Canrobert and the appointment of General Pelissier as commander of the French forces before Sebastopol, the operations of the siege have become more bloody. The Russians occupy the forts and earth-works round the walls of Sebastopol, and with the most persevering spirit resist the French attacks, or harass the enemy with their own. Day and night, the cannon and musketry of this most remarkable siege of modern times, are roaring in front of the besieged fortress. On 25th May the French succeeded, after a desperate struggle and great loss, in establishing themselves in a *Place d'armes* in front of their position. On 6th and 7th of June, Pelissier ordered another bloody assault on the Mamelon Tower and the White Works, and after a fight which, in ferocity, duration and destruction of life, may rank with some of the chief battles of the age, got possession of them. The losses on both sides were great. At the same time the French had advanced their position so far, that they can water their horses in the Tohernaya, lately within the Russian lines. Though the French bore the brunt of the siege, the English were not idle, but also suffered in a great many assaults. On 25th of May, a naval expedition of English and French war vessels entered the Sea of Azof and captured Kertch, destroying a considerable amount of Russian shipping at that place, at Taganrog, Marioupol, Genitsch, and other ports. The Russians retired from Anapa. The English blockading squadron, under Admiral Dundas, anchored off Cronstadt on 8th of June—forming a line across the bay from shore to shore. There, and in all the harbors of the Gulf of Finland, the fortifications are held in readiness to meet any assault or attempt at invasion. The large British ships draw too much water before Cronstadt, and cannot approach sufficiently near to use their cannons. Flat-bottomed gun-boats are on their way from England, and till they begin to play, the armed masonry of the Czar bids secure defiance to the armaments of the western powers. The Czar, in view of a bombardment and its consequences, has ordered the Russian ships of war at Cronstadt to be scuttled and sunk, reserving a few liners as batteries. The resolution of the Czar to resist to the uttermost is apparent to all the world. He speaks of his father as the blessed and benign Nicholas—a sort of military saint, whose policy and will it will be the pious duty of his Romanoff children to carry out in all their imperial spirit and significance. Austria has refused to draw a sword against Alexander, and England and France are too helpless and cowardly to resent the palpable trickery of Francis Joseph. For, should they defy Austria also—Prussia being always on the side of the Czar—they would be forced to appeal to the European democracy; and the benign John Bull and his imperial friend hate the peoples far worse than they hate the Romanoffs. Next to Turkey, the

most helpless and contemptible power in Europe is Great Britain, at this present moment.

In *England* a great outcry has been raised against the management of the war, and a reform party has arisen—with Mr. Layard as its chief spokesman—demanding that the untitled classes shall get a little more to do in the business of government, and a fairer share of the public salaries. This agitation will have no effect on the war, for it will not remove the aristocratic managers of it; and even if it could, it may only result in a still more blundering conduct of the war; seeing that the English are not at all ready to carry it on, on the proper principles. They are not ready to appeal to the peoples of Poland, Germany, and Eastern Europe—one cause for which is, in their alliance with the French despot; and another is, the fact that our island relatives could not do without an aristocracy, which they were always accustomed to. Prince Albert lately came forward and spoke for the Palmerston ministry, deprecating any violent interference of the public, and showing how the secret strategy of government should not be blazoned round in the newspapers, and its efficiency thus diminished. This speech had a great effect. Mr. Layard is no match for the Prince; and things will get along in the good old aristocratic fashion, which has such a charm in it. Indeed, there is a leaning to aristocracy in human nature; and we ourselves have been very proud to see how the ex-presidents, Van Buren and Fillmore, were received at the English court the

other day, and how they dined with the Queen in court dresses, and so forth.

Spain has been agitated by a number of little Carlist conspiracies; and the Espartero ministry was trying to effect reforms against the will of Queen Isabella. The Cortes lately passed a bill for the disposal of ecclesiastical property, which greatly offended the clergy and the Pope. Espartero had an interview with the Queen, demanding her signature to this. She refused and expostulated, and the minister was forced to tell her that she was putting her crown in danger. She still refused to sign, saying she should thereby be violating her treaty with the Pope; and then Marshal O'Donnel was introduced, who told her boldly that if she did not sign, the Cortes would resolve itself into a National Convention! After this Queen Isabella, taking her pen, signed in tears and under protest, as Mary Stuart of old signed her abdication in the Castle of Lochleven. It was a suggestive piece of business, showing that monarchy in Spain has, in a great measure, fallen in the dirt.

In *Sardinia* also, the Pope has got a heavy blow and a great discouragement. Nunneries and convents are suppressed—except those, the members of which teach French or attend the sick. No more lazy beatitude in Sardinia—no more secluded pathways to heaven from that place. It is thought a sentence of excommunication will be launched over Sardinia.

Review of New Books.

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte. By John S. C. Abbott. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vols. 8vo.

This work, as half the country knows, was originally published in Harper's Magazine. It is now issued in two handsome octavos, and illustrated with two hundred and fifty wood cuts. The book is certainly one of the curiosities of literature. The commencing and concluding paragraphs of Mr. Abbott's preface indicate his position in regard to Napoleon; and much as they may astound every reader of common knowledge of history and common knowledge of the world, there is no reason to doubt that the author believes what he states. "The history of Napoleon," he says, "has often been written by his enemies. This narrative is from the pen of one who reveres and loves the Emperor. The writer admires Napoleon, *because he abhorred war, and did every thing in his power to avert that dire calamity; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him; because he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil and all hardships, that he might elevate and bless the masses of man-*

kind; because he had a high sense of honor, revered religion, respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man. Such was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte. The narrative contained in these pages is offered as a demonstration of the truth of this assertion." This must be admitted to evince some little hardihood of assertion, especially in offering the "narrative" as its "demonstration," for no narrative of political and military events we ever read equals Mr. Abbott's, in the absence of all those qualities of mind which "demonstration" demands; but the concluding paragraph caps the climax of Mr. Abbott's hallucination, by showing that his faith in Napoleon is equal to his faith in religion. "It has been," he says, "the endeavor of the author, during the progress of the work, not to write one line which, dying, he would wish to blot. In that solemn hour it will be a solace to him to reflect that he has done what he could to rescue one of the greatest and noblest of names from unmerited obloquy."

It is plain that the man who could write these paragraphs is incompetent to write the history of Napoleon Bonaparte. Indeed, Mr. Abbott's position is not the position of an historian, hardly that of a

panegyrist, but the position of a worshiper; and his worship is that of a savage to his fetich. There is no cordial and kindling enthusiasm, no bursts of eloquent exaggeration, to indicate that the panegyric is the eulogy of a partisan, not the fawning of a slave. Such an abject and motiveless prostration of heart and brain—"such an ingenious and elaborate study of self-degradation"—such a disposition to "lick the tyrant's feet and smile upon his crimes," when considered as coming from a man who ought to have been preserved from such mental and moral servitude by his three-fold education as an American, as an author, and as a priest, enables us to comprehend the mean opinion of the mass of mankind which such despots as Napoleon always entertain.

This book, then, should be called, not a history, but the "Apotheosis of Napoleon, by John S. C. Abbott." If the author has not succeeded, it is from lack of power, not lack of good will. His love for his subject exhibits the worst symptoms of that "*furor biographicus*, which is to writers of lives what the *goitre* is to the Alpine shepherd, and dirt-eating to the negro slave." But with all his efforts he succeeds in rousing the contempt rather than the indignation of those who disagree with him. He has no power to view events in their principles or in their relations, no perception of character, no grasp of his subject as a whole. It would take a volume to point out his mistakes, and misconceptions, and omissions and inconsistencies, and general greenness and crudeness of thinking. It is surprising that so inaccurate a book could be written at this day on a subject so rich in materials. But it would be a waste of time to criticise details, when all the errors and omissions can be traced to one source, which is Mr. Abbott's profound ignorance of Napoleon's character. We will not call his notion of Napoleon a misconception, for misconception implies some ability to conceive, and "conception is a blessing" to which Mr. Abbott's brain seems inadequate. The Napoleon of Mr. Abbott is to the real Napoleon what the Bacon who raps philosophy to our spirit-mongers, is to the Bacon of the *Novum Organon*.

Indeed, Mr. Abbott's Napoleon is not only a good man, but something of a *goodey*—a sort of Sunday school teacher raised to imperial power, and compelled, much against his will, by naughty Austrians and perfidious Englishmen, to spend his life in fighting. The biographer's expressions of regret at this necessary misdirection of his hero's energies, have the true nasal twang of sanctimonious twaddle. No intelligent friends of Napoleon or Napoleonism will be likely to endorse such an exhibition of the Emperor's character, for they are far from accounting for his conquests on the promise that "the meek shall inherit the earth," and none, we suppose, think that his abilities would have shone quite so resplendently in a sewing circle or vestry meeting as in the camp.

But seriously, whatever view may be taken of the results of Napoleon's policy, and however opinions may differ as to the justice of his wars, it is plain that Napoleon's nature was the nature of a despot.

He made his will the law of France, and was overthrown in endeavoring to make it the law of Europe. In the height of his power he expressed his belief, that it "was a proof of the weakness of the human understanding, to think it possible to contend against HIM." He succeeded for a time, not only because of the marvelous energy of his genius and his passions, but because his genius and his passions were not restrained by considerations of truth, or mercy, or morality. We do not mean that he was personally cruel, but his mind was remorseless. He would tolerate nothing that stood in the way of his plans. Everything must emanate from him, everything must bend to him. His religion was concentrated in the maxim, that "God is on the side of the heaviest column." We think him a very much greater man than Mr. Abbott has succeeded in making him out, for Mr. Abbott, though he racks his brain for superlatives of panegyric, has given no adequate view of the thoughts he "miracled into act," and hardly attempts the difficult task of explaining his strategy and tactics as a military commander. Let the reader compare the account of the campaigns of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram, in Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire, with the puerile descriptions of the same by Mr. Abbott, and he will understand at once the "combination of defects, natural and acquired," which the latter brings to the business of writing military history. But while we think Napoleon a very great man, we are far from agreeing with Mr. Abbott in the kind of greatness he represented. By leaving out the satanic drop in Napoleon's blood, and covering over his despotic qualities with a sort of rhetorical cold cream, and liberally endowing him with noble sentiments worthy of Joseph Surface, he has constructed a character which resembles the hero of one of Kotzebue's or Morton's plays, rather than Napoleon.

It would be easy to particularize Mr. Abbott's blunders on special points, but such a task would be useless. The book itself is one enormous blunder.

Peg Woffington. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

Christie Johnstone. A Novel. By Charles Reade, Author of "Peg Woffington." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

We have associated together these charming fictions, because we feared our readers might miss the pleasure of reading both. Charles Reade, though comparatively unrecognized on this side of the Atlantic, is not merely a romancer, but a man of vigorous and original individuality, and his novels are not only good, but have something peculiar in their goodness, derived from his own character. The sweetness, sincerity and uprightness of his nature, are as notable as his genius, if they do not go far to constitute his genius. One rises from reading his books, not merely with the sense of delight at his brilliancy, but healthier in mind and feeling. His manner, to be sure, is somewhat theatrical; he seems always to have the theatre in his eye—to see his characters on a stage—and, with a little retrench-

ment, his novels would readily take the form of plays, and submit to a division into acts and scenes; but beneath all his rapid, brilliant and varying narrative, his felicitous, though somewhat sketchy characterization; his effective situations; and even his brisk, sparkling epigrams, there is a remarkable freshness, geniality, and simplicity of nature—a sort of combination, made-up of Sheridan's brain and Goldsmith's heart. From his nervous dread of dullness, his vivacity sometimes becomes a little jerky in movement, and pert in expression; and in his eagerness to avoid being tedious, does not conceal from his reader his anxious desire to avoid it; but these are comparatively small defects.

"Peg Woffington" takes its title from the celebrated actress of that name, and is emphatically a novel of the theatre. The heroine is grandly delineated. All the various forms of her witchery are drawn with a few bold, brief, sure touches. The representation evinces an almost equal hold on the conventional and natural in character, and finely illustrates the author's habit of piercing through all artificial environments to the heart of the men and women with whom he deals. Mabel Vane is as beautiful and noble in her simplicity, directness and elevation of nature, as Peg is bewitching in her versatility. Triplet is a vivid realization of the Grub Street hack of the period, and the pathos of his position, is evolved even from its ludicrousness. The scene in which Peg surprises his starving family, and lifts them from despair to ecstasy, is the most exhilarating passage of this exhilarating book. Vane, the husband of Mabel, and lover of Peg, and who may be called the hero of the novel, if the term hero can apply to such a character, is perfectly described in the author's own sharp quick way, as "a weak, and consequently villanous, but not ill-disposed person." Cibber, Quin, and Mrs. Clive, are capital reproductions of old "ornaments of the drama;" and the two first talk as brilliantly, and the last giggles as maliciously, as they are reputed to have done in life. It remains to add that the incidents of the book are full of interest, and that the reader will find it difficult to pause until he has arrived at the last page.

"Christie Johnstone" deals with different scenes and characters, and in some respects, is even more fresh, natural, healthy and delightful than "Peg Woffington;" but it indicates the same qualities of mind and disposition, the same rapidity of conception and flashing conciseness of expression, and the same hold, upon the radical elements of character, which charm us in its sparkling companion. The scene is laid in a little fishing-town, and the heroine is a fish-wife, but a fish-wife that every unmarried reader would like to have for his own wife.

As "Peg Woffington" resembles a comedy, so this novel resembles a melo-drama. The comic and serious portions of the book are equally good. Among the many striking scenes, that which excites, literally, the most "breathless" interest, is the one in which Christie saves the life of her lover. Christie is not merely natural, but has an extraordinary amount of

nature in her. Vigorous herself, and radiant with life, she communicates life and vigor to all around her. Lord Ipsden, who, at first, is an epigram rather than a person, becomes a man under the inspiration of her genial energy.

In conclusion, we heartily commend both of these volumes to our readers, in the full conviction that they will be grateful for having their attention called to a new author, who is evidently destined to write many more cheerful and cheering books.

Constance Herbert. A Novel. By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The fltering notice of this novel, in a late number of Blackwood, is very unjust. Constance Herbert is a character drawn with great power, and illustrating a great principle in a vividly dramatic way, some of the scenes which represent her duty, struggling with and victorious over her inclination, especially the scene in which she dismisses her lover, are depicted with wonderful intensity. The character of her father, Charles Herbert, is likewise admirably conceived and developed. The book is worthily dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, evincing, as it does, not a little of his austere ethics, and contempt of sentimentality. The style is plain, direct, condensed and impassioned: It is so strange to see a novel devoted to the virtue of self-renunciation, and the spiritual compensations for worldly disappointment and wretchedness, and which, at the same time, indicates so decided a mastery of the sources and secrets of passion, that we cannot but think the authoress is a woman of more than ordinary strength and elevation of mind.

The Curé Manqué; or, Social and Religious Customs in France. By Eugene de Courcillon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an account of the manners, customs, superstitions, religion, and general social characteristics of the rural population of Normandy, conveyed in the course of the autobiography of a young peasant, born in that portion of France. Destined by his parents for the church, he leaves us, at the end of the volume, after having given us many a glimpse into the routine of ecclesiastical seminaries, an "unfinished priest," a "Curé Manqué." The descriptions are singularly close to reality, and communicate facts and impressions with a racy truthfulness, altogether beyond the power of a mere tourist.

Common-place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies. By Mrs. Jameson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

An elegant edition of Mrs. Jameson's last work—one of the most attractive she has yet published. It is a collection of scattered thoughts, memories, criticisms and quotations, relating to subjects of interest to every thinker. The style has more than the ordinary frankness, energy, and splendor characteristic of her diction. It is a book which should be on every parlor table.

Fashion.

FASHION has gone out of town; it is useless to seek her on the side-walk, the theatre, the concert-room, or even at exclusive assemblies—she has left all these places of her usual resort, and fled to the country; that is, to the springs and the sea-coast.

But the days are gone by with the poets who sang them, for

“Hair loosely flowing, robes as free.”

Fashion has invaded every domain, requiring that even the “sweet neglect” which pleased the bard, should be out after the most approved Paris pattern, and that the very bathing-dress should have a fanciful air about it.

DRESSES.

The prevalence of muslin dresses, in the hot weather, usually decides the prevalence of flounces during the entire summer season; but the last *edicts* we have received, have decided that even the lighter tissues are to be made with other ornaments.

For instance, light silks are all trimmed en quille. This we described some time ago, when it was a fashion exclusively applied to ball-dresses—but we cannot, since it becomes general in its application, do better than repeat it. It is a trimming on each side of the dress, precisely on the hips, and extending the whole length of the skirt. It consists either of gimp, velvet, or plaited ribbon, but the latter is the most general.

A blue and white small-checked silk dress, of a very small pattern, having nine breadths in the skirt, trimmed in this way, was very novel and pretty. The *quilles* on each side were composed of five rows of plaited satin ribbon, of three different shades, each darker than the blue of the silk, the darkest forming the centre stripe. With this, a white bodice of India muslin, made very full from the shoulder, and gathered in at the waist, was worn. Bretelles, of the same silk as the dress, with the five quillings of ribbon to match the skirt, were made to complete this elegant toilette.

Bows and small rosettes of ribbon are often used as substitutes to form the quilles or trimmings up the sides. Many white muslin dresses have rows of rosettes of small colored ribbon, half inch wide, with flowing ends, put up the sides in rows of five or six. A white muslin mantilla, made with three flounces, and having between each flounce bows of ribbon, with flowing ends, makes a simple and elegant promenade dress for the *Springs*, whence all expensive and gaudy brocades, moire antiques, and satins, should be banished. Nets and muslins, dotted in various colors, are much worn for the evening hops and reunions, for which it is so difficult to find a suitable dress, combining the necessary appearance of elegance and simplicity. These dresses, made with three flounces, cut out in large scollops, having each for a heading a wide ribbon run in the hem

form, are made with low waists and short sleeves, trimmed simply with narrower flounces and narrower ribbon, to correspond with the skirt. With low waists, it is the fashion to wear long sashes of very wide ribbons tied in front.

Plain white tarlatane dresses, made very full, and with several skirts, looped up on one side with bows and long ends of bright plaid ribbon, is a pretty costume for summer evening parties. These dresses, as well as the preceding, should be worn over two muslin underskirts, having beneath these one of white silk.

With all these light dresses, ribbons made in the form of cache peignes, can be worn and should be worn in preference to artificial flowers. In a season when all the lovely flowers of nature's manufacture are blooming around, their muslin, crape, and calico imitations should be laid aside, for few are of opinion of the French lady, who, holding a real rose in one hand and an artificial one in the other, declared that though the real one had certainly more perfume, she thought there was something more graceful about the one “made by hands.”

In summer, when the daylight, and not the gas-light illumines festive doings, all jewelry should be avoided—the simplest gold bracelet, the plainest gold broche, of evident necessity, can be allowed—and earrings of plain gold (to those who preserve the savage custom of perforating the ears) may also be worn. Diamonds must never be worn by daylight; neither must gold or silver flowers, nor ribbons. Velvets, of course, will be eschewed on account of their warmth, though this year velvet ribbons are what is called the rage, and the looms of Lyons cannot suffice for the demand from all the fashionable capitals of the civilized world.

MANTILLAS AND SCARFS, ETC.

Every month the Parisian fashions pretend to give us a new mantilla, but we discover, on a nearer inspection, that the new candidates for favor and fashion are but old friends with grand new names—the names of either the latest victory from the Crimea, the last favorite dancer, the great prima donna, or the popular empress, or queen of the day.

As usual, as the weather has become warmer, net and lace, barège and muslin have superseded silk and moire antique.

In shape, the mantillas have varied scarcely at all, with the exception that they are certainly larger than last year, and are trimmed with two or more flouncings, either of the same material or of lace. To the lace mantillas, bows of velvet ribbon, or very broad satin ribbon, are placed between the flounces; quillings of ribbon, too, are much worn on these light materials, giving them consistency, without adding to their weight or heat, which much improves them.

Silk mantillas are embroidered in floss-silk, the

design being carried round each flounce, as well as on the garment itself, where it forms a heading. A design for embroidering a mantilla will be found amongst our patterns.

The flounces on these mantillas are fuller than they were last year, owing to the fashion which every day becomes more exaggerated of the excessive amplitude of skirts supported by an unknown number of petticoats, with a stiffened whaleboned crinoline to extend the whole. The alleys of the Parisian exhibition, it is said, are too narrow to make it possible for two ladies, dressed à la mode, to walk arm in arm; and yet the exhibition is on a grand scale—but so are the petticoats, making, says the Charivari, a lady to measure in breadth twice her height! We shall have the hoops of our grandmothers, before long, as we already have their high-heeled shoes.

BONNETS.

Crape and straw mingled in amiable confusion, still hold the ground—variety of color too, is added to variety of material. Dark colors are decidedly the favorites, and the still favorite mixture of black continues. A few elegantes have attempted, at Vichy and at Pau, to wear the Pamela hats, which here are worn only by children, and are called "Jenny Linds." But this caprice, allowable only to ladies who can change their bonnets once a week, has not been followed generally, nor should it, for though in reality these bonnets actually shade the face more than the present covering for the head, they have an impudent, coquettish air with them, which renders them unbecoming for the street. Dark brown, gray, and drab straws, are much worn, trimmed with ribbons of bright colors. The principal trimmings continue still to be on the inside of the hats, that is, round the face, extending very wide on either side of the face. White crape bonnets, with rosettes of white gauze ribbon and ruchings of blonde, are much worn, though they are but the wear of a morning, and destined to exist but the space of one picnic. Still, they are not expensive, and nothing is more becoming.

OUR FASHION PLATE.

Dress of white embroidered muslin, with polka jacket to match. The dress has one deep flounce, and a broad pink ribbon runs through the puffed muslin, forming the heading. This is a very pretty afternoon costume, and with the addition of a lace mantilla and a light pink crape bonnet, forms a suitable dress for the evening promenade or drive.

Summer riding-habit for the country or watering-places. It is made of *dabège* or very thin plain *monseleine de laine—cuffs à la mousquetaire*, with a *basque mousquetaire*, trimmed with rich blue gimp tasseled buttons. Hat of gray, trimmed with a ribbon, tied in front in a large bow, of the same blue as the buttons on the habit under-jacket, (with a small plaited frill round the throat,) of plain *westerstedt* nanook muslin.

BATHING DRESSES.

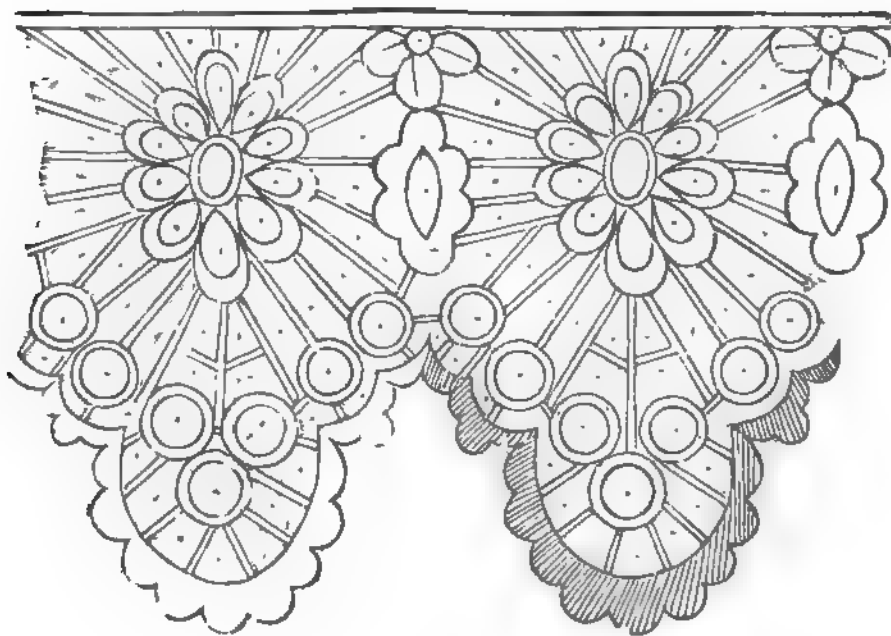
Fancy has been allowed its full scope in these garments, and in its various attempts to make a pretty thing out of an ugly thing, has at length manufactured a series of absurd costume, which people the astonished shores of the grand and simple ocean with a motley array of grotesque and ridiculous figures, such as might be imagined to belong to the train of the wild "Abbot of Misrule." Now there is no *becoming* bathing costume—it is useless to seek it—the whole operation, though healthful, and gone through with a view to future beauty, is unbecoming, from the garments to the ungainly struggle with the wild wave, and the blue tinge its embrace leaves on the face and lips. Having established this fact, what next remains, is to find, if not a becoming, an appropriate costume; and here, as in all other things, the simplest is the best. Black serge or the commonest alpaca, costing about twenty-five cents per yard, are either one or other suitable materials. The dress should consist of trousers, made full and fastened round the ankle with a button—a full waist up to the throat, and a full tunic reaching to the knee, with long sleeves, for the salt sea and the sun together tan the skin. To this, a large thick straw hat, as broad as it can be procured, and the costume will be as complete, comfortable, and unobtrusive as possible; therefore will it the nearer approach the becoming in more ways than one, for it is morally unbecoming to seek the conspicuous, or to strive to attract in the operation of bathing.



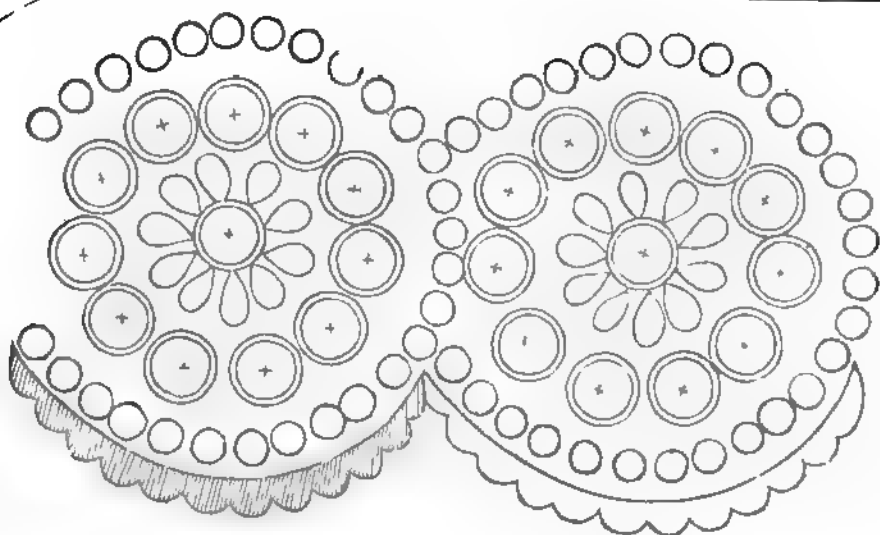
A design for a gentleman's handkerchief, either calculated for a musician, a military man, or a "great hunter."



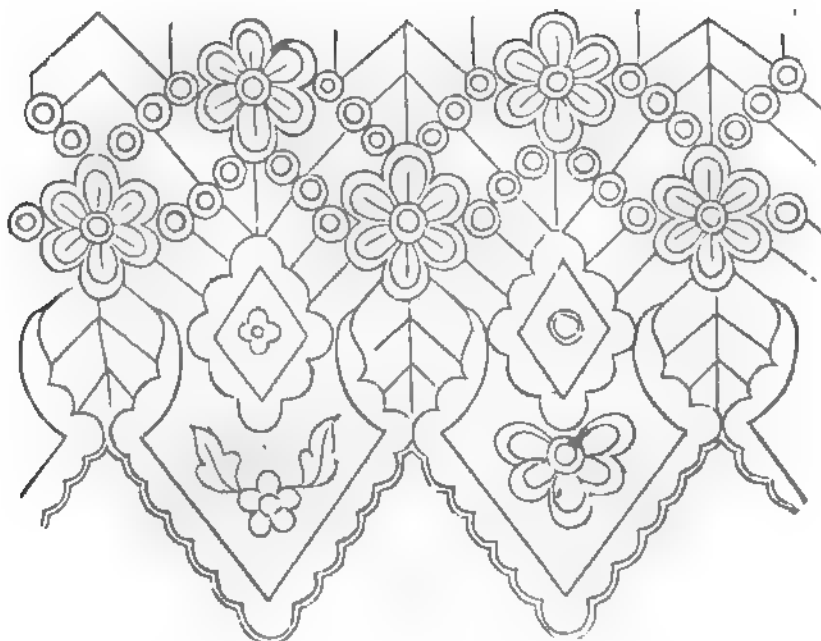
A beautiful design for the corner of a handkerchief. The initial can be inserted very easily beneath the overhanging branch.



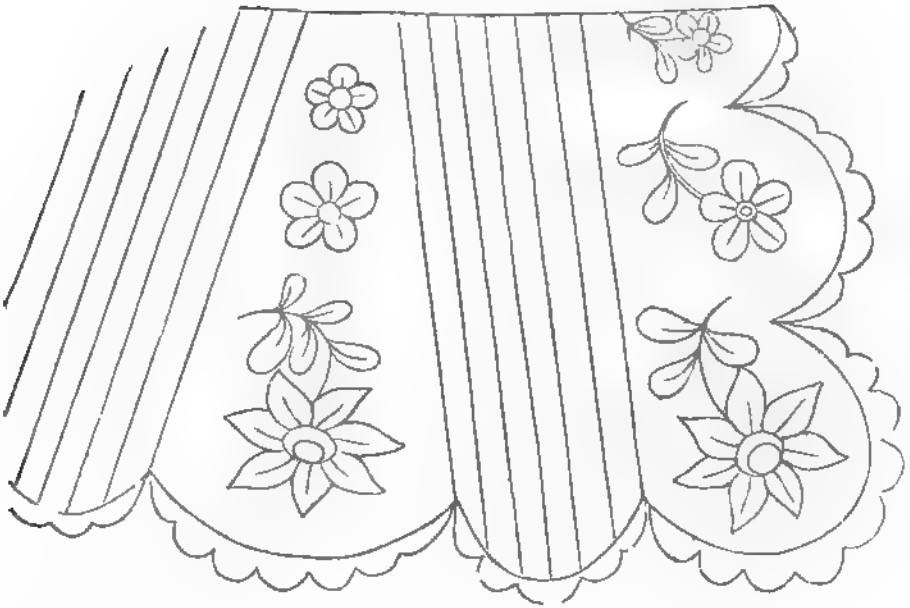
Guipure design for undersleeves.



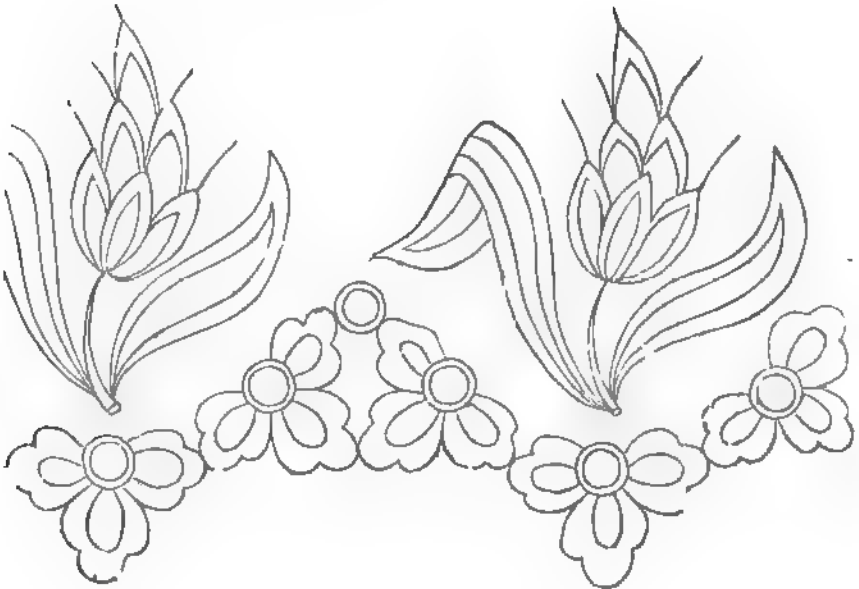
Underskirt of child's drawers or undersleeves, broderie Anglaise.



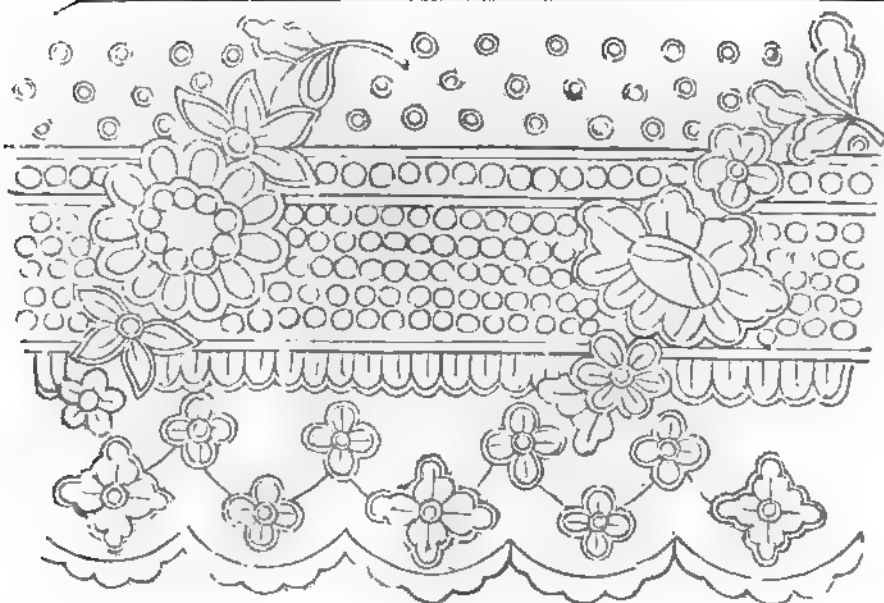
Frilling and insertion for undersleeve, demi guipure—can be worked either in muslin or jaconet.



Pattern for a new-fashioned collar. It is made in nansook muslin: the *lines* indicate small tucks, run in the muslin; the embroidery is in fine cotton, and the scallop in thicker cotton, for solidity. The shape of the collar must first be formed by a collar. This is one-fourth, our dimensions not permitting us to put in more



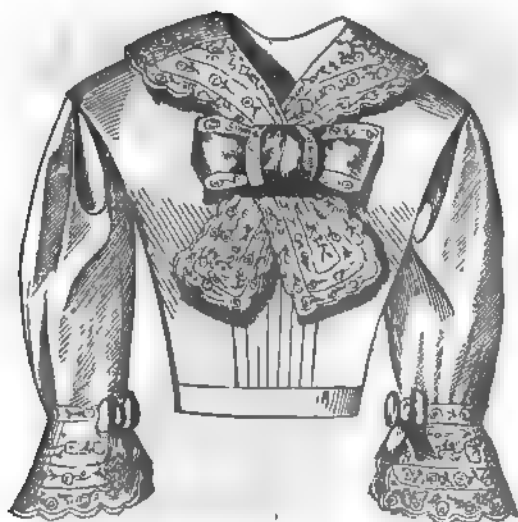
Brodrie Anglaise



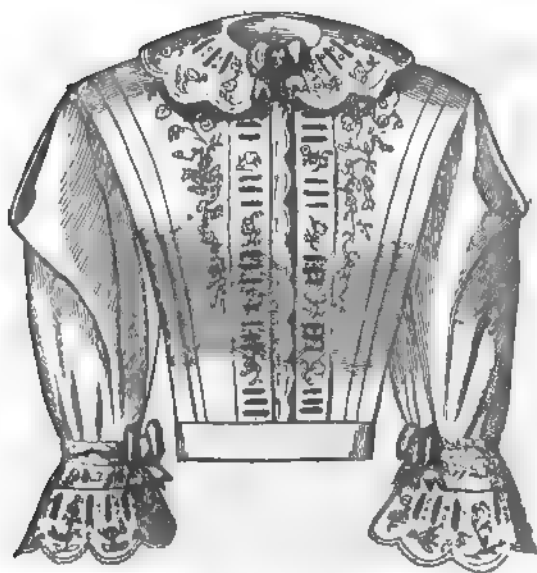
Elaborate design of undersleeve.



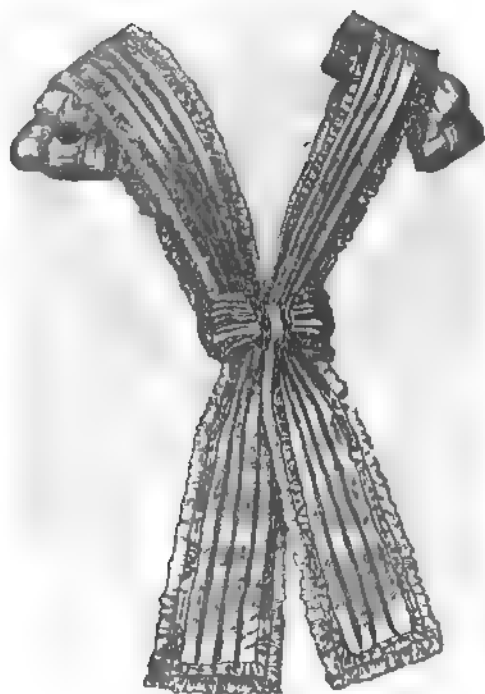
Design for undershirt.



Undersleeves and collar attached to an under bodice, with a mousquetaire collar.

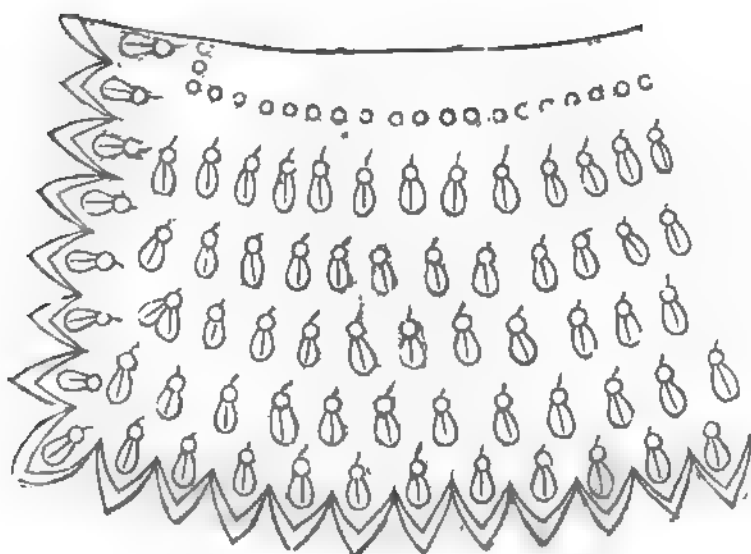


Habit shirt and undersleeves, Mathilde collar

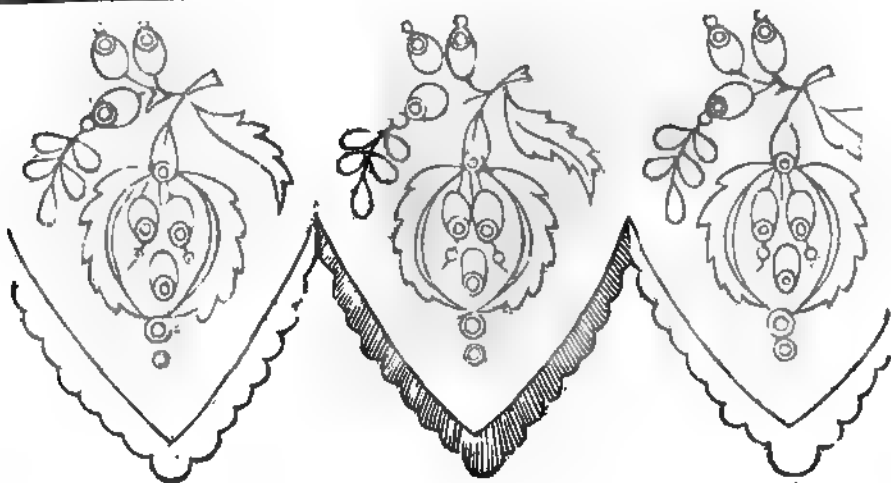


The celebrated *brastellas*, made of ribbon, which are now the fashion in Paris, and are applied to every dress.

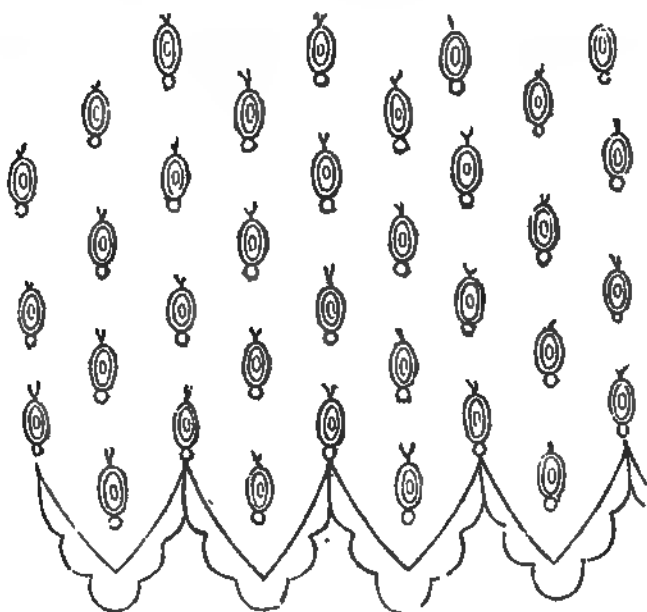
BAKES' DEPARTMENT.



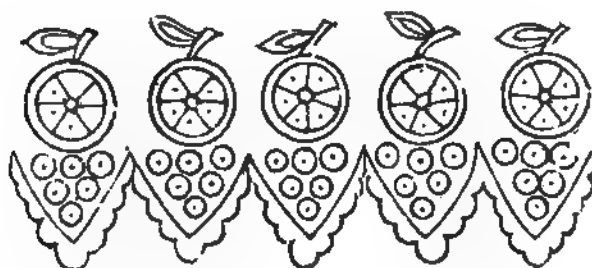
For a child's collar.



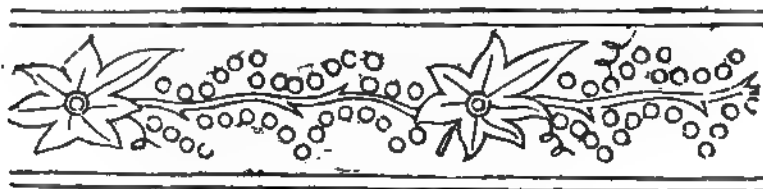
Design for the skirt of a robe.



Design for a robe.



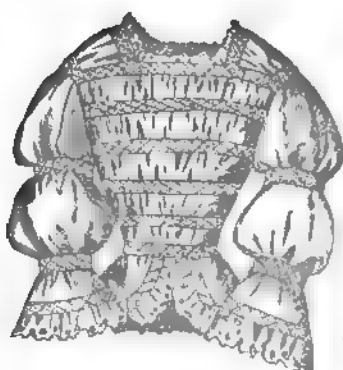
Design to be worked on a flannel garment or shawl.



Insertion between tucks for a robe.



Another for the same purpose.



A child's polka, to be worn with a silk or muslin skirt. It is made of muslin and insertion, and terminated by an embroidered frill.

A theatrical and musical gossip states that Mademoiselle Rachel, at the moment of her departure from the scene of so many triumphs, is about to see her crown snatched from her brows by her new rival, Signora Ristori, the Italian *tragedienne*. Her last ovation was in the *Mirra* of Alfieri, which created a storm of applauses. Alexander Dumas—who has his own potent personal reasons for hating Rachel—has become the most active and efficient glorifier of the new queen of the classic stage. In reply to a remark of Rachel herself respecting Ristori—that she was “a statue stepped from its pedestal”—Dumas

exclaims, in his *Mousquetaire*: “Ristori! she is life itself, with all its palpitation, its thrilling reality. She is no sculptor's work: she could have emanated but from the hands of the Creator himself!” One of the vaunted merits of Ristori is, that she devotes her genius to illustrate the character of our own times instead of the past—unlike Rachel, who lives only among the ruins of antiquity, and uses her genius as a lamp by whose light to descend into the catacombs.

This first contest of Mademoiselle Rachel during her long and hitherto undisputed reign, seems to have inspired her with new powers, and led her to new triumphs. Having been desired by the *ministre d'état* to assist at the annual performance in honor of the birth-day of Corneille, she replied that “at all times and under all circumstances, were she obliged to come on crutches, she would be proud to offer her homage to Corneille.” This being the only occasion on which Mademoiselle Rachel was to appear before her departure for America, the excitement may be conceived. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated, and the street was as crowded as the house itself. In a private box, attended by her husband and a throng of critics and authors, appeared—Adelaide Ristori! Whether Rachel saw her or not, it was evident that she *felt* the presence of her rival. Never was she so inspired—never did she produce so marvelous an effect. The demon of art, of battle, of victory, seemed to have taken possession of her. The audience was electrified! In the celebrated scene (she played *Camille* in the “*Horaces*”) in which she anathematizes Rome and the triumph of her brother, who has killed her lover, she shuddered with rage. It was the sublimity of art—or rather, it was no longer art—she passed beyond the extremest limits of art, where it reunites itself in an endless communion with nature. She was nature itself. The audience trem-

bled, wept, and sobbed aloud. Madame Ristori added her testimony to the greatness of her rival: tears ran down her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with sobs. What triumphs were these tears, these sobs, to the great, the unapproachable Rachel! Overwhelmed with applauses, she was three times recalled before the curtain, and buried beneath an avalanche of flowers. The imperial and royal boxes were no less lavish of their applause than the other parts of the house. The King of Portugal sent her, from his box, a magnificent bracelet, as a token of his admiration. Thus, fresh from this new baptism of victory, the more valuable that it was disputed, the great *tragedienne* arrives on our shores.

BITS OF PARIS GOSSIP.

The gossips and *feuilletonists* are in despair at the invasion, *viz.* the exposition of all sorts of oddities, in costume, manners and appearance, upon the boulevards and the other public resorts heretofore sacred to fashion and good taste. One correspondent says:

"I have already spoken to you of the monstrous costumes one encounters in the streets. They are of all nations and of all times, and some of them are really enough to frighten the cabs and omnibuses from the pavement. What think you, of a sky-blue mantilla over a sea-green dress, surmounted by a rose-colored bonnet, and set off by pink kid gloves and puce-colored gaiter boots? And yet I assure you most solemnly that these eyes saw this identical costume, last evening, at a quarter before six o'clock, stalk by the Cafe de Paris, the very central point, the core, as it were, of European civilization in the nineteenth century! In consternation I applied to the police department to ascertain from what Vandalia or Gothic quarter of the world this new and more threatening irruption of barbarism had come upon us; but in vain. No one could tell whether this astounding apparition came from Berlin, Vienna or Timbuctoo! She, who bore it, smiled in triumph as she marched proudly along. Well she might! In six months, at this rate, the reign of civilization will be extinguished! Meanwhile, the rain—that faithful rain, which has attended us daily during all the horrors of this memorable season—fell with redoubled violence, as if heaven wept at the desecration going on below. Well may the historians exclaim that the elements and the occult powers of nature attend and usher in the mighty convulsions and revolutions that sweep over the face of the world!"

HINTS ON DRAWING-ROOM ETIQUETTE.

For Gentlemen.

We know not why fashion and etiquette should be considered exclusively feminine; both ladies and gentlemen mingle in the great arena in which fashion is supposed to be displayed, called society, and certainly no lady will deny that her studies of the arts and graces taught by fashion would be deprived of all, or at least half their charm, if they were not

destined to be displayed as much for the benefit of the gentlemen as the ladies.

Having established this fact, we may be allowed to draw the inference that the gentlemen will not object to a few hints as to the received modes of passing through the ordeal of a drawing-room with credit and honor, therefore, do we venture upon the following "hints."

On entering a drawing-room where there is an evening party, you first pay your respects to the lady of the house. You ought not to address even your most intimate acquaintance previously, unless you happen to arrive late, and the hostess is out of sight; in that case, you may converse your way up to her.

Remember that in company all have an equal claim on your respect, though interest or inclination may regulate the different degrees you show to each. It is very disrespectful to your entertainer to shun any of the guests, all that are invited should be deemed worthy of your acquaintance.

Should you, in the drawing-room of a lady, meet a gentleman to whom you have never been introduced, it would be perfectly correct for you to converse with him as if he were known to you—the ceremony of introduction being nothing more than the guarantee of a mutual friend, that two gentlemen are, by position and manners, eligible acquaintance for each other; and this is to be inferred from the fact that both meet at a respectable house. It is, however, according to rule, that you take the earliest opportunity of being presented to such a one.

Never go into society with your mind absent or preoccupied. Men of solitary habits and meditative dispositions are unfit companions for the gay and sprightly. You go into the world to unbend the mind, leave, therefore, grave questions and perplexing disquisitions in your closet, when you go forth among the pleasure-seeking, the young, and the happy.

It is the practice of some men to abstain from all conversation with a woman, except that which is of a light and trifling nature. With the very young and thoughtless, this may be judicious enough; but, with women of sense, whether youthful or middle-aged, married or single, you may venture to introduce topics of discourse both rational and elevated. Do not fear that by touching on subjects of graver, deeper interest than the merits of a favorite actress, or the figure of the newest polka, you will be scoring a flight beyond the reach of their intellect.

To talk to a mother about her children, to praise them, and manifest an interest in them, is very safe ground. It is also judicious, in visiting at a house where there are any miniature men and women, to conciliate their good will; you will else hardly be a welcome visitor to mamma.

Never tell a woman that she is handsome, but leave her to infer, from your manner, that you think so.

Pride enough to lead you to remember what is due to yourself, and good feelings to suggest the rights

of others, will enable you to acquit yourself with honor and *éclat*.

If you have a *penchant* for any particular lady, do not suffer it to be so marked as to be offensive to others; thus, be not neglectful of other ladies, by suffering your attention to be wholly engrossed by one—and be not afraid to pick up a fan, or restore a pocket handkerchief to a fair guest, even though the eye of your intended marks all your movements. Politeness is due alike to all, while in society—exclusive devotion is for home practice, for private manifestation alone.

When you intend to quit a ball, a concert, or an evening party, before the others break up, take your departure without naming your intention to any one, and, if possible, without being seen.

THE PIANO NUISANCE.

Ladies will think, at first sight, that this is a strange juxta-position of words; yet we are sure that quiet papas and mammas will know very well what we mean, when we allude to the sometimes intolerable annoyance of having a neighbor in the next house, with the piano placed close against the wall of the quiet library or perhaps sleeping-room, banging away at scales and exercises and grand young lady capriccios, at all hours of the day and night. It is worse than the constant din of street cabs and omnibuses, with all the street cries and noises in addition. It is quite impossible to read or think, under such circumstances; for the walls of our city houses are such admirable conductors of sound, that in a quiet street, every note is distinctly heard. If the music is good, it is bewildering—if bad, distracting. We see, with pleasure, therefore, that the Parisian builders are introducing into the new and beautiful dwellings going up in every part of the city, a contrivance for making dead walls, by filling them in with some non-conducting substances, and we hope that persons about building houses, will take the hint. It will certainly be a great improvement.

SEMI-TRANSPARENT WINDOWS.

It is sometimes desirable that certain windows should be made semi-transparent—that is, admitting light, yet not permitting observation of persons or things beyond them. This is sometimes desirable for convenience, sometimes for ornament.

A very pretty way of producing this result is as follows: place over the glass, tissue-paper, with slow drying oil varnish, taking care to press out all the air-bladders—upon which, when somewhat dry, (but before it has hardened,) the pattern may be lined with a pen-knife and a *recte*, in two narrow lines, say an eighth of an inch apart; between which lines the strip of paper may be taken from the glass, by running it up with the flat point of the knife. A coat of varnish then put over all, makes a neat finish. This admits light nearly as well as plain glass, and looks clear and handsome. If only one pane or so be required, it should be done on a separate square of glass, cut to fit the sash, and when finished and dry, fitted to its place, over the other pane, thus

bringing the paper between the glass. Then the window can be washed, like any other, without injury to the ornament. This has a very pretty effect.

TO RESTORE THE PILE OF VELVET.

Stretch the velvet out tightly, and remove all dust from the surface with a clean brush; afterwards, well clean it with a piece of black flannel, slightly moistened with Florence oil. Then lay a wet cloth over a hot iron, and place it under the velvet, allowing the steam to pass through it, at the same time brushing the pile of the velvet, till restored as required. Should any fluff remain on the surface of the velvet, remove it by brushing with a handful of crape.

FANS.

There is in the Paris Exhibition a glass case, round which there is always a crowd, and yet this case contains nothing but fans. Not specimens of fans, such as they are now made, or of any improvements or embellishments which may have been made during the few last years. The fans in this case are all old fans, they have all been through their scenes of gayety; they have been held in fair and delicate hands, and the hands that held them, and not their own intrinsic value, now makes them hold so high a place in the world, which flocks to the exhibition.

Here is the fan Mary Stuart, the young Dauphiness of France, a bride of sixteen, received from the hands of her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medecis—the white feathers around it are faded, and the two crowns, so heavily embroidered in the centre, are tarnished; and the two houses they represented, the Stuarts and the Valois, have vanished from the earth. This fan is more like what we now should call a hand-screen; it was worn suspended from the waist by a ribbon.

Here is the fan of Henriette Maria, another of the Stuart race—a widow's fan, black and white. Here is a fan, forgotten by Louise de la Valliere on the table of her apartment, when she left the Convent of the Carmelites. It has the two "L's," Louis and Louise, entwined in the centre. It was a present from Louis XIV., but Louis had forgotten his Louise, and she strove for thirty years to forget him, and died with his name on her lips. Here glitters the brilliant fan of the brilliant Montespan, and the demure large gray fan, behind which Mme. de Maintenon hid the yawns of ennui, excited by the most unamusable of monarchs. Here too, is the fan set with diamonds, that has been borne in the gilded galleries of Versailles and the Tuilleries, the eyes of the noble and the brave of all nations have been fixed with admiration upon the fair, fair hand, which so gracefully waved it. Those hands, so white, born to hold a sceptre, were tied with ignoble ropes, and the glittering bauble was preserved with care, and now is here—and those who sit in her place, and inhabit now her palaces, look upon it. This fan belonged to Marie Antoinette.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEAD-DRESSES.

Head coverings, both for man and woman, naturally—or rather, historically, divide themselves into three classes: First, the simple bonnet, or the Phrygian cap of liberty, free-and-easy, and in all ages made symbolical of a state of rude political freedom; second, the turban, or mysterious bonnet, composed of innumerable complicated folds. It is a long serpent of muslin, wound round the head. Third, the hat, the head costume of the men, of what is called, vaguely enough, the “civilized world.” The hat is the emblem of practicality, gravity, and decorum. Judgment belongs to the North. The Chinese wear the hat, but they have it peaked at the top like a sugar-loaf—an emblem of folly and gravity combined. The Quakers have adopted the very gravest form of the hat—low-crowned and broad-brimmed. It is in perfect consonance with their assumed character. Were a Quaker to raise the crown of his hat, like the chevalier of the seventeenth century, he would look more like Wamba, the son of Witless, than like a follower of the grave, the venerable and thoughtful George Fox; and were he to clip off a portion of the projecting eaves, the world would perceive at once, perhaps without knowing why, that he was giving way to the temptations of the flesh, and resisting the spirit of non-conformity, that gives inspiration to his brethren.

As there are different characters for hats, so also are there for bonnets. Some are emblematical of liberty, others of subjection; but even the latter involve the idea of a state of social disorder. The turban is mystery personified; and all who wear it, whether male or female, are involved in its tortuous folds. The monks used to wear skull-caps; so did the Reformers, Luther, Calvin, and others. It was the ecclesiastical fashion of the day. The skull-cap is a very close fit. It is impossible for an age to be very free in its genius, with such a cap. It is too exclusive. It acts like a censorship on the press. Those who wear it are stern and powerful, but conscientious, bigots. Poets eschew the skull-cap; they prefer even the fools-cap or night-cap. Pope and Cowper are generally represented in these. They give, at least, scope to genius. But as they do not stand erect, they tend to nourish moroseness, melancholy, and bad humor.

Women's caps and hats are not so easily classed as those of men; but the general law is applicable to them also. The cap without a rim is the widow's cap, because she is then free. So long as a woman's husband is alive, as the Apostle says, she is under the law of her husband; but when the husband is dead, she is free from that law, and therefore, she wears a cap without a rim, as the proper widow's cap is. But the widows are gradually infringing on the old law, like the Quakeresses, and conforming more and more to the gay fashion of the day. The border or rim belongs appropriately to the cap of the discreet matron; the turban to the mysterious *intriguante*, whose ways are as cunning as those of a serpent on a rock—one of the four things which Solomon could not understand.

A small bonnet, for a lady, is an emblem of gayety and liberty. She can, in such a bonnet, see with the corners of her eyes, and survey the whole semicircle of which her nose is the centre. But in a Quakeress' bonnet, she can only see beyond her nose, and a few degrees on each side of it. If a gentleman should look at her from the opposite side of the street, she observeth him not. Even if a horse should make a snap at her arm, as she passeth along the pavement, she doth not perceive it. (And that this is a matter of serious consideration, is demonstrated from the fact that, a few years ago, a young lady's cheek was bitten off by a horse which was standing close to the sidewalk of a crowded thoroughfare.) A woman in such a bonnet, is imprisoned in a coal-scuttle, contrived on purpose both to elude and prevent observation.

But, with the modern gay little bonnet, hung upon the back hair, the forehead all exposed, and the eyes at full liberty to describe the whole field of vision, a lady is made up for conjugating the verb *to see*, active and passive voice, in all its moods, tenses, and persons. This gay bonnet forebodes the same revolutionary, anarchical proceedings in the domestic sphere, which the *bonnet rouge* foreshadowed in the political world.

Nothing so quiet, and sober, and maturely-looking for a woman, as a large Leghorn, that ties round the chin, and hangs down the back like a coal-heaver's hat, or rolls up behind like a parson's shovel—not cocking up as if the face were behind, in the Nell Gwynn style. A woman so attired, is sure to be discreet, modest, *subject*, timorous, apt to scream, very much afraid of all strange people, and well armed with jealousy and suspicion of all evil-looking persons, such as foreigners (or natives either) with drab-colored moustaches hanging over their mouths, or gentlemen whose shirt-bosoms are not visible, but whose manners, notwithstanding, affect those of the court or stage, or something very different from ordinary life. Such a woman is an affectionate wife, a fond mother, an excellent economist, and a severe critic of all irregular living, at home or abroad. Such ladies, we fear, have of late years been rapidly going out of fashion—all owing to the small, flaring bonnet, which, from being so easily put on and carried about, makes them sad gad-about and gossips. But, to all these coverings for the head, certainly the one combining at once grace and modesty, destined at once to embellish and conceal, is the veil. The veil, which has gone entirely out of fashion in the most civilized countries, those in which fashions are the most studied, has been retained by the “cloistered nun,” whom we never see, and by the bride, who wears it of such transparent and flimsy texture that it actually conceals less than the most expansive of bonnets.

Veils are still worn in Italy and Spain. The Empress Eugénie, in virtue of her Spanish associations, tried to introduce the black mantilla into France, but its sombre hue and monotonous folds were unsuited to French taste, and met with most violent opposition not only from the fair devotees of fashion but from a

whole population of florists, feather cullers, ribbon makers, frame makers and milliners—such a host does it take to manufacture the modern bonnet—against which the small shot of philosophy appears specially to be directed; but in a utilitarian age, where the cry is employment and encouragement to the working classes, the bonnet actually turns out to be quite a philanthropic institution, one not to be sneered at, but to be both praised and encouraged.

MIRRORS.

A most curious relic of romance and old times has recently been discovered in France; it is the mirror belonging to Heloise, immortalised by Pope and her own history, and sufferings. Besides its associations, this mirror is a great artistic curiosity. It is a sheet of polished iron, about six inches square—and has the remains of a roughly carved border in oak.

Altogether, it speaks very little for the arts in the eleventh century—showing that in the times of the golden ages in Greece, and in the luxurious times of the Roman Empire, the substitute for glass mirrors (glass itself being unknown) were far more highly polished, more elaborately worked and better fitted to their purpose than those of later ages.

The poets of Rome speak of beautiful sheets of silver—so highly polished that evidently they must have reflected as minutely as the mirrors now-a-days. There have been two mirrors found in Pompeii, the polish of which had, of course disappeared, but they retained in perfect preservation the carved frame, of a graceful and intricate design, with all the grotesque conceits which were the characteristics of the two exhumed cities, Pompeii and Herculæum.

These mirrors are very heavy. The ladies of those days, however, dispensed with toilet tables, and these heavy mirrors were held before them during the whole process of dressing, by a female slave appointed for that purpose. It was a fatiguing and difficult office; for the Greek and Roman beauties, especially the latter, appear not to have been celebrated for patience or humanity, for if an untoward sight from the living *stand* sullied the surface of the mirror, or weariness shook it so as to distort the image it reflected, we hear that long jeweled-headed needles (pins we should call them) were thrust, by their mistresses, into the arms and shoulders of their attendants.

But this little, dark, clumsy mirror of Heloise, is a thing over which to ponder. In it, as a young girl, she mirrored the sweet and intelligent features which won for her the love of her teacher, Abelard, as they pored over the *Latin* classics together, and then when her brief two years of passion were forever passed away, taking this little mirror from her home to the dismal cells of her convent, she watched through a long life of suffering, regret and prayer the change which crept day by day over her beautiful features.

This relic of old times was bought for a considerable sum by a gentleman of Nancy in France, and

will probably be speedily transferred to the Museum of Antiquities in the Louvre.

HAIR WASH.—The following mixture makes a delightful wash for the hair: spirit of rosemary, three drachms; essence of lemon, four drachms; essential oil of almonds, two drachms; rose-water, four ounces. This may be used for cleansing the hair previous to applying creams or pomades.

WASH FOR FRECKLES, TAN, ETC.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, half a drachm of powdered borax, and one drachm of sugar. Mix them together, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle till the liquor is fit for use; then rub it on the hands and face two or three times a day.

ANTIDOTE TO POISON BY STRYCHNINE.—Spirits of camphor, administered in small and rapid doses.

FRENCH JASMINE POMADE.—Take a frame formed of four pieces of wood, two inches deep, and one foot square, with a groove arranged to support a piece of glass, which is to form a movable bottom. On this, spread a layer of the following pomade: beef suet, one part, lard, three parts. Into this, stick fresh jasmine flowers, in different parts, every day, or every other day, for one, two or three months, or until the pomade is sufficiently perfumed. This is a simple and excellent pomade. Several boxes can be prepared at once, piled on each other, to keep in the perfume, and the top one covered.

TO REMOVE PAINT FROM A MOHAIR SHAWL.—Rub the places with hard soap, then gently rub on spirit of wine; then soap again, and so on alternately—being careful not to rub too hard, so as to fray the texture. Afterwards rinse in cold water.

CLOTTED CREAM AND DEVONSHIRE BUTTER.—The milk is first scalded, in shallow earthenware pans, over a clear charcoal fire. A gentle heat completes the scalding in about half an hour. It must not approach too near the boiling point, or it will be essentially injured. The process is one of extreme nicety. The pan is then gently removed from the fire, and set away in a cool place till the next day, when the cream is taken off with a skimmer. This clotted cream yields nearly its own weight in butter, which is thus made:—Put the cream into a flat tub, of good size, and stir it round briskly with the hand. In half an hour the butter will come, sometimes sooner. The buttermilk will be rich and creamy.

LADIES' DRESSES AND PERSPIRATION.—To prevent dresses being saturated by perspiration, tack over the oiled silk, usually applied for that purpose, a piece of very thin, soft wash-leather. The moisture will not penetrate the leather, and the harmful effects of the cold oil-skin will be prevented.

"POP, GOES THE QUESTION."

ARRANGED BY CHARLES JARVIS.

ALLEGRETTO.



First system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble staff) begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "List to me, sweet maiden, pray; Pop goes the question!". The piano accompaniment (bass staff) features a melodic line with a forte (f) dynamic marking followed by a piano (p) dynamic marking.

Second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line (treble staff) continues with the lyrics "Will you marry me, yea or nay? Pop goes the question! I've no time to plead or sigh, No". The piano accompaniment (bass staff) continues with a melodic line.

patience to wait for bye and bye, Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly —Pop, goes the question!

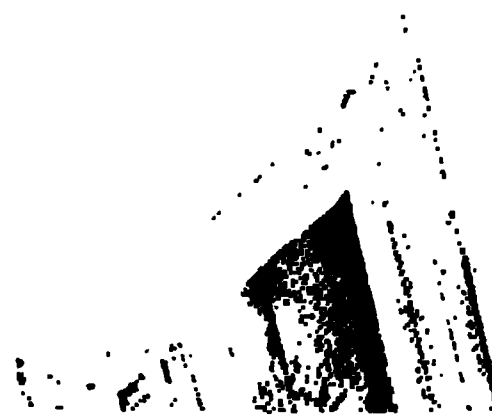
2. "Ask Papa," Oh! fiddle de dee!
 Pop, goes the question!
 Fathers and lovers can never agree,
 Pop, goes the question!
 He can't tell what I want to know,
 Whether you love me sweet, or no,
 To ask him would be very slow,
 Pop, goes the question!

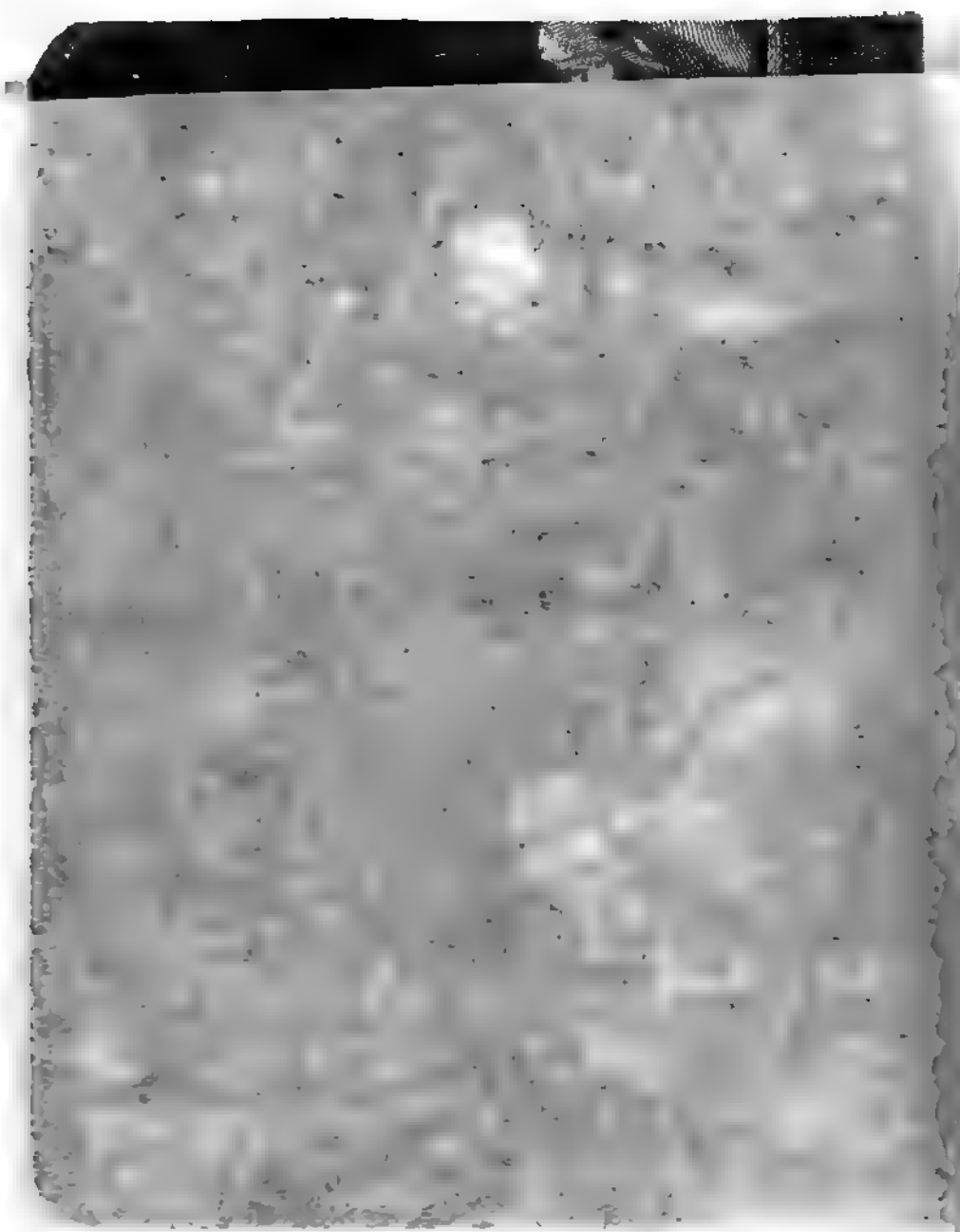
3. I think we'd make such a charming pair,
 Pop, goes the question!
 For I'm good looking and you're very fair,
 Pop, goes the question!
 We'll travel life's road in a gallant style,
 And you shall drive ev'ry other mile,
 Or if it please you, all the while,
 Pop, goes the question?

4. If we don't have an enchanting time,
 Pop, goes the question!
 I'm sure it will be no fault of mine,
 Pop, goes the question!
 To be sure my funds make a feeble show,
 But love is nourishing food you know!
 And cottages rent uncommonly low,
 Pop, goes the question!

5. Then answer me quickly, darling, pray,
 Pop, goes the question!
 Will you marry me, yea or nay?
 Pop, goes the question!
 I've no time to plead or sigh,
 No patience to wait for bye and bye,
 Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly,
 Pop, goes the question.







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PHILIP FRENEAU, THE POET OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

THE first attempts to establish in America a refuge for French Protestants were made under the direction of the Admiral Coligny in 1652. It was not, however, until Louis the Fourteenth revoked the edict of Nantz, in 1685, that there was any considerable emigration of the Reformers to this country. From that period, for many years, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, received some of the best elements of their subsequent civilization in the polite, industrious and variously skillful exiles whom the intolerance of the Roman Catholics compelled to abandon the soil of France. Those who settled in New York founded the old church of Saint Esprit, which was long the centre of the Huguenot influence on this continent. Among the principal families connected with it were the De Lanceys, Jays, Pintards, Allaires, and Freneaus. In 1712 we find the latter name written without the *s*, and four years later Andre Freneau is referred to in the Journal of Jean Fontaine, as a leading citizen, and a frequenter of the French club. This Andre Freneau was the grandfather of Philip, who was born in New York on the thirteenth of January, (the second, old style,) 1752. His mother was a native of New Jersey, and his elder brother, Peter,* was born in that colony, to which the family appears to have returned after the death of the poet's father, in 1754.

Young Freneau entered Nassau Hall, then known as the New Jersey "Log College," in

* Peter Freneau occasionally wrote verses, though I believe nothing of more pretension than a song or an epigram. He was a man of wit and education; was one of Mr. Jefferson's warmest adherents; and when the democratic party came into power in South Carolina, was made Secretary of State there. Thomas, in his "Reminiscences," says that "his style of writing combined the beauty and smoothness of Addison with the simplicity of Cobbett." He died in 1814.

1767, so far advanced in classical studies that the acting president made his proficiency the subject of a congratulatory letter to one of his relations. His room-mate here was James Madison; and Hugh H. Breckenridge, who afterward wrote "Modern Chivalry," was also in the same class. Madison, Breckenridge and Freneau, were intimate friends; and being all gifted with unusual satirical powers, which they were fond of displaying as frequently as there were fair occasions, they joined in lampooning, not only the leaders of adverse parties in the college, but also those prominent public characters who opposed the growing enthusiasm of the people for liberty. I have before me a considerable manuscript volume of personal and political satires, written by them in about equal proportions, and in which they exhibit nearly equal abilities, though Madison's have the least coarseness, and the least spirit. Several theological students, particularly two or three whose family connections were very humble, were objects of their continual ridicule. In the class below were Aaron Burr, and the refined and elegant William Bradford, whose occasional verses show that he might have equalled any of his American contemporaries as a poet, if such had been the aim of his ambition. Freneau graduated on the nineteenth of September, 1771, being then a few months over twenty years of age. The earliest of his printed poems is "The Poetical History of the Prophet Jonah," in four cantos, dated in 1768, the year after he went to Princeton. While in college he also formed the plan of an epic on the discovery of this continent, of which an "Address to Ferdinand," and a series of sixteen "Pictures of Columbus," are probably fragments. His valedictory exercise was a dialogue, in blank verse, on "The Rising Glory of America," in the composition and recitation of which he was asso-

ciated with Breckenridge. It was printed in 1772, in an octavo pamphlet, at Philadelphia, where Freneau went to reside, with an intention of studying the law. It has been stated that he was on terms of familiar intimacy, while here, with Judge Hopkinson, author of "The Battle of the Kegs;" but the late venerable Dr. Mease, who had been well acquainted with Freneau, remarked in a letter to me that "the humorist knew him only as a young scapegrace."

For some cause he appears to have abandoned the design of becoming a lawyer, and an irregular and aimless life of two or three years ended in his going to sea, but in what capacity, at first, I cannot ascertain. In 1774 and 1775 he was living in New York, where, during this period, he began to publish those pieces of political burlesque and invective which made his name familiar and popular throughout the country during the revolutionary war. His style was pointed, and he was successful in representing the exploits of the enemy in a ludicrous light, and in ridiculing the characters and conduct of the neutrals, loyalists, and others who were obnoxious to the prejudices of the Whigs. The speeches of the king and his ministers, and the proclamations of the royal governors and generals, he parodied and travestied in an amusing manner; and every memorable event, on land or sea, was celebrated by him in verses easily understood, and none the less admired, perhaps, for a dash of coarseness by which most of them were distinguished.

In 1776 he passed several months in the Danish West Indies, and wrote there two of his longest poems, "The House of Night," and "The Beauties of Santa Cruz." In 1778 he was in Bermuda, and during the following year we find him in Philadelphia, editing for Francis Bailey "The United States Magazine." This periodical was not successful, and on its discontinuance he again turned his attention to the sea. He sailed for St. Eustatia in May, 1780, in the ship *Aurora*, which soon after leaving the Delaware was captured by a British cruiser. Freneau with his companions was taken to New York, and in the hot weather of June and July confined seven weeks on board the *Scorpion* and the *Hunter*, those floating hells in which so many of our countrymen experienced the extremest horrors of the war. On being released he returned to Philadelphia, and in the family of his friend Bailey gradually regained the health lost during his confinement. He now published "The British Prison Ship," in four cantos, in which he described, with indignant energy, the brutalities to

which he had been subjected, and urged the people to new efforts against the cruel and remorseless enemy.

On the twenty-fifth of April, 1781, appeared the first number of "The Freeman's Journal," printed and published by Bailey, and edited or in a large degree written by Freneau. For three or four years his hand is apparent in its most pungent paragraphs of prose, as well as in numerous pieces of verse, on public characters and passing events, and particularly in a succession of satires on the New York printers, Hugh Gaine and James Rivington, whom he delighted in assailing with all the resources of his abusive wit. Of Gaine, a sort of Vicar of Bray, "who lied at the sign of the Bible and Crown," he wrote a "Biography;" and of Rivington, who edited "The Royal Gazette," in which the Whigs were treated with every species of absurd and malicious vituperation, he gave the "Reflections," the "Confessions," the "Last Will and Testament," etc. The following lines are characteristic of these productions:

Occasioned by the title of Mr. Rivington's Royal Gazette being scarcely legible.

Says Satan to Jemmy, "I hold you a bet,
That you mean to abandon our Royal Gazette;
Or, between you and me, you would manage things
better
Than the title to print in so sneaking a letter.
Now, being connected so long in the art,
It would not be prudent at present to part;
And the people, perhaps, would be frightened, and
fret,
If the devil alone carried on the Gazette."
Says Jemmy to Satan, (by way of a wipe,)
"Who gives me the matter, should furnish the type;
And why you find fault I can scarcely divine,
For the types, like the printer, are certainly thine."

A remonstrance against the worn-out vignette, the *king's arms*, is too gross for quotation, but when the appearance of the "Gazette" was sufficiently improved—

"From the regions of night, with his head in a sack,
Ascended a person, accoutred in black,"

who looks over the paper, and the printing-room, and expresses his approbation of the change:

"My mandates are fully complied with at last,
New arms are engraved, and new letters are cast;
I therefore determine and fully accord,
This servant of mine shall receive his reward."
Then turning about, to the printer he said,
"Who late was my servant, shall now be my aid;
Kneel down! for your merits I dub you a knight;
From a passive subaltern I bid you to rise—
The inventor, as well as the printer, of lies."

In 1788, a few months after its appearance in Paris, Freneau translated and published in Philadelphia, the *Nouveau Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale en l'année 1781*, by the Abbe Robin, a chaplain in the army of the Count de Rochambeau, and he was much occupied during this and the two following years in various literary services for Mr. Bailey, who was his warm friend as well as liberal employer.

In 1784 he left Philadelphia, and after a few months spent in travel, and in visiting his old friends, became master of a vessel which sailed between New York and the West Indies, and New York and Charleston. In a letter to Bailey he gives a striking account of a disastrous shipwreck which he suffered in one of his voyages, in the summer of 1788. Writing from Norfolk in Virginia, he says :

"After leaving New York, on the twenty-first of July, I had the misfortune to have my vessel dismasted, thrown on her beam ends, the bulk of her cargo shifted and ruined, and every sail, mast, spar, boat and almost every article upon deck, lost, on the Wednesday afternoon following, in one of the hardest gales that ever blew on this coast. Captain William Cannon, whom I think you know, and who was going passenger with me to Charleston, and Josiah Stilwell, a lad of reputable family in the state of New Jersey, were both washed overboard and drowned, notwithstanding every effort to save them. All my people besides, except an old man who stuck fast in one of the scuttles, were several times overboard, but had the luck to regain the wreck, and, with considerable difficulty, save their lives. As to myself, when I found the vessel no longer under my guidance, I took refuge in the main weather shrouds, where, indeed, I saved myself from being washed into the sea, but was almost starved to pieces in a violent fall I had upon the main deck—the mainmast having given way six feet above, and gone overboard. I was afterward knocked in the head by a violent stroke of the tiller, which entirely deprived me of sensation, for, I was told, near a quarter of an hour. Our pumps were now so choked with corn that they would no longer work. Upwards of four feet of water was in the hold. Fortunately our bucket was saved, and with this we went to bailing, which alone prevented us from foundering, in one of the most dismal nights that ever man witnessed. The next morning the weather had cleared, and the wind come round to the north-east—during the gale having been east-north-east. The land was now in sight, about five miles distant, latitude at noon 36° 17'. I soon rigged out a broken boom, and set the foretop-sail—the only sail remaining—and steered for Cape Henry, making however but little way, the vessel being very much on one side, and ready to sink with her heavy cargo of iron and other weighty articles. We were towed in next day, Friday, by the friendly aid of Captain

Archibald Bell, of the ship *Betsy*, from London. I have since arrived at this port, by the assistance of a Potomac pilot. Nothing could exceed our distress : no fire, no candle, our beds soaked with sea water, the cabin torn to pieces, a vast quantity of corn damaged and poisoning us to death, etc., etc. As we entered Norfolk, on the twenty-ninth of July, the very dogs looked at us with an eye of commiseration, the negroes pitied us, and almost every one showed a disposition to relieve us. In the midst of all our vexation the crew endeavored to keep up their spirits with a little grog, while I had recourse to my old expedient of philosophy and reflection. I have unloaded my cargo, partly damaged, partly otherwise. This day I shall also begin to refit my vessel, and mean to proceed back to New York as soon as refitted. It is possible, however, that I may be ordered to sell the vessel here. If so, I shall take a passage to Baltimore, and go to New York by way of Philadelphia, to look out for another and a more fortunate barque than that which I now command.

Yours, etc.,

P. FRENEAU."

After Freneau left Philadelphia Bailey issued the first collection of his poems, in a volume of more than four hundred pages, entitled "The Poems of Philip Freneau, written chiefly during the late War." In his advertisement, dated the sixth of June, 1786, the publisher says :

"The pieces now collected and printed in the following sheets were left in my hands by the author, above a year ago, with permission to publish them whenever I thought proper. A considerable number of the performances contained in this volume, as many will recollect, have appeared at different times in newspapers (particularly the *Freeman's Journal*) and other periodical publications in the different states of America, during the late war, and since; and from the avidity and pleasure with which they generally appear to have been read by persons of the best taste, the printer now the more readily gives them to the world in their present form, (without troubling the reader with any affected apologies for their supposed or real imperfections,) in hopes they will afford a high degree of satisfaction to the lovers of poetical wit, and elegance of expression."

In the following October notice was given in the *Freeman's Journal*, that "An Additional Collection of Entertaining Original Performances, in Prose and Verse, by Philip Freneau," would be issued as soon as a sufficient number of copies should be subscribed for; but such a time did not arrive, and it was not until the twenty-seventh of April, 1788, that Mr. Bailey gave the public "The Miscellaneous Works of Philip Freneau, containing his Essays and Additional Poems." Nearly half the copies of this volume were subscribed for in Charleston.

On the twenty-fourth of April 1780, General Washington arrived in New York from Mount

Vernon, to enter upon his duties as President of the United States. As the procession of boats by which he was attended from Elizabethtown Point approached the city, it is mentioned in the journals of the day, that the schooner Columbia, Captain Philip Freneau, eight days from Charleston, came up the bay. This was the poet's last voyage for several years. He now engaged with the printers, Childs and Swaine, to edit the New York "Daily Advertiser," and continued in this employment until the removal of the government to Philadelphia, when he became a translating clerk in the Department of State, under Mr. Jefferson, and editor of the "National Gazette," which gained an infamous reputation by its attacks on Washington's administration. Freneau made oath to a statement that Mr. Jefferson did not compose or suggest any of the contents of his paper, but in his old age he acknowledged to Dr. John W. Francis that the Secretary wrote or dictated the most offensive articles against Washington and his friends; and to Dr. James Mease he exhibited a file of the "Gazette," in which what were alleged to be his contributions were marked. This matter has been much and angrily debated, but it has not been denied that the conduct of the clerk was in the main, at least, approved by his employer. The President could not forbear speaking to Mr. Jefferson of Freneau's abuse, and requesting him, as a member of his cabinet, to administer him some rebuke. Mr. Jefferson tells us in his "Anas" what course he chose to pursue. At a cabinet council, he says, Washington remarked that "That rascal, Freneau, sent him three copies of his papers every day, as if he thought he (Washington) would become the distributor of them; that he could see in this nothing but an impudent design to insult him: he ended in a high tone." Again, speaking of the President, Mr. Jefferson says, "He adverted to a piece in Freneau's paper of yesterday; he said he despised all their attacks on him personally, but that there had never been an act of the government, not meaning in the executive line only, but in any line, which that paper had not abused. He was evidently sore and warm, and I took his intention to be, that I should interpose in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk in my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monarchs," &c.

It has been generally supposed that Freneau was the author of those satirical verses against Washington and his friends which appeared in the "National Gazette," under the signature of "Jonathan Pindar." Mr. J. T. Buckingham, in his entertaining "Memoirs," quotes several of these as specimens of Freneau's abilities; but they were really written by St. George Tucker, afterward so well known as the learned editor of the first American Edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries."

During the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793, the publication of the "National Gazette" was suspended; and Mr. Jefferson having retired from the cabinet, it was not resumed. Freneau was for a few months without any regular occupation. I have seen two letters, one written by Jefferson and the other by Madison, in which he is commended to certain citizens of New York, for his "extensive information, sound discretion," and other qualities, as a candidate for the editorship of a journal which it was intended to establish in that city. The project was abandoned, or his application unsuccessful, and on the second of May, 1795, he commenced "The Jersey Chronicle," at Mount Pleasant, near Middletown Point, in New Jersey, which was continued every week for one year, the fifty-second number having appeared on the thirtieth of April, 1796. In the "Chronicle" he maintained his opposition to the administration of Washington, and the unpopularity of its politics with the reading classes doubtless prevented its success. He now again turned his attention to New York, and on the thirteenth of March, 1797, issued there the first number of "The Time-Piece and Literary Companion," which was published tri-weekly, and devoted more largely than any other paper in the country to belles-lettres, while it embraced news and frequent discussions of public affairs.* Freneau himself contributed to almost every

* Dr. Francis gives the following graphic and interesting sketch of the relations which subsisted between Freneau and the butts of so many of his satires—Hugh Gaine and Rivington—after Freneau's removal to New York, in 1797:

"As the patriotic flagellation which James Rivington and Hugh Gaine received from the pen of Freneau during the times that tried men's souls, is among the memorabilia of that day, I will add a word or two on the manner in which they subsequently became most intimate friends. Peace restored, Gaine resumed with additional zeal his bookstore in Hanover Square, with the crown down and the Bible up; and Rivington conducted his business at the corner of Pearl and Water streets. Freneau, about to establish himself and his Time-Piece under the patronage of Jefferson, as he told

number, one or more copies of verses, and he had many poetical correspondents. After six months Matthew L. Davis, then a very young man, became his partner, and at the end of the first year "The Time Piece" was resigned entirely to his direction*.

In 1798 Freneau went again to South Carolina, and, becoming master of a merchant ship, he made several voyages, of which we have some souvenirs in his subsequently published poems. In 1799 and 1801 he visited St. Thomas; in 1803 he was in the island of Madeira; in 1804 he declines in a copy of verses an invitation to visit a nunnery in Teneriffe; and in 1806 he leaves New York, in command of the sloop *Industry*, for Savannah, Charleston, and the West Indies. From some lines "To Hezekiah Salem," a name by which he frequently describes himself, it may be inferred that he also made a voyage to Calcutta.

While conducting the "Jersey Chronicle," at Monmouth, in 1795, he had published a second edition of his collection of poems, in a closely-printed octavo volume; and in 1809, after his final abandonment of the life of a sailor, he issued a third edition, in Philadelphia, in two duodecimo volumes, entitled "Poems written and published me, naturally enough repaired to those places where books and newspapers most abounded. While on one of his visits at Gaine's, a customer in the store saluted him loudly by his name, the sound of which arrested the attention of the old royalist, who, lifting up his eyes, interrogated him, 'Is your name Freneau?' 'Yes,' answered the republican poet. 'Philip Freneau?' rejoined Gaine. 'Yes, sir, the same.' 'Then, sir,' warmly uttered Gaine, 'you are a very clever fellow: let me have the pleasure of taking you by the hand; will you walk round the counter and join me in our parlor? You, sir, have given me and my Gazette a wide and lasting reputation.'

"Rivington was still more of a courtier than Gaine, of a more ostentatious carriage, and of a more lordly appearance. When fully attired with his rich purple velvet coat and frills, smalls, and powdered bag-wig and golden-headed cane, he bore a close resemblance to the prints we see of Auchenlock Boswell. He soon added to the festive circle of Freneau and Gaine, at the very period when Freneau was dealing out his fierce democracy in the Time-Piece. We possess so few literary anecdotes of these times, that I have dared to tax your patience with an authentic detail of this social union of prominent individuals. It verifies the opinion of Freneau touching these political weathercocks:

'Who always adhered to the sword that was longest,
And stuck to the party that looked to be strongest.'

* "The Time-Piece" was afterwards edited by John D'Oley Burke, an Irishman, who, in 1798, was arrested under the alien and sedition law. Burke was a noisy democrat, and possessed of but moderate abilities. He wrote "Bunker Hill, or the Death of Warren," a play; "The Columbiad, an Epic Poem;" "The History of Virginia," &c., and was killed in a duel, in 1808.

during the American Revolutionary War, and now republished from the original Manuscripts, interspersed with Translations from the Ancients, and other Pieces not heretofore in Print." In the last-mentioned year he addressed a short poem to his friend Mr. Jefferson, on his retirement from the Presidency of the United States, and celebrated in another the death of Thomas Paine, of whom he was an ardent admirer.

When the second war with Great Britain came on, he restrung his lyre, and commemorated in characteristic verses the triumphs of our arms, especially our naval victories; and his songs and ballads relating to these events are still reprinted in "broadsides," and sold in every port. They were for the most part included in two small volumes, which he published in New York, after the peace, under the title of "A Collection of Poems on American Affairs, and a Variety of other Subjects, chiefly Moral and Political, written between 1797 and 1815." He afterwards contemplated a complete edition of his works, and in a letter to Dr. Mease inquires whether there is "still enough of the old spirit of patriotism abroad to insure the safety of such an adventure." His house at Mount Pleasant was destroyed by fire in 1815 or 1816, and he laments to the same correspondent the loss, by that misfortune, of some of his best compositions, which had never been given to the public.

In his old age Freneau resided in New Jersey, but made occasional visits to Philadelphia, where he was always welcomed by Mrs. Lydia R. Bailey, who was the daughter-in-law of his early friend and publisher, Francis Bailey, and had herself been his publisher in 1809. More frequently he passed a few days in New York, where he found living many of the companions of his active and ambitious life. Here too he became intimate with Dr. John W. Francis, to whom he was wont to recount the incidents of his varied history, and to discourse of his ancient associations, with a careless enthusiasm, such as only the genial inquisition of a Francis could awaken. Mrs. Bailey, who still carries on the printing house which her father-in-law established three-quarters of a century ago, has described to me the poet as he appeared to her in his prime. "He was a small man," she says, "very gentleman-like in his manners, very entertaining in his conversation, and withal a great favorite with the ladies." The venerable ex-manager of the Philadelphia theatre, Mr. William B. Wood, now (in 1855) seventy-seven years old, also remembers him, and concurs in this description. Dr. Francis's recollections of the bard are of a later date;

he describes him as having dressed, in his later years, like a farmer, and as having had "a fine expression of countenance for so old a man—mild, pensive, and intelligent."

Freneau perished in a snow-storm, in his eightieth year, during the night of the 18th of December, 1832, near Freehold. On the approach of evening he had left an inn of that village for his home, a mile and a half distant. He was unattended, and, it is supposed, lost his way. The next morning, says Mr. William Lloyd, of Freehold, in a letter to Dr. Mease, from which I derive these particulars, his body was found, partially covered by the snow, in a meadow, a little aside from his direct path.

Freneau was unquestionably a man of considerable genius, and among his poems are illustrations of creative passion which will preserve his name long after authors of more refinement and elegance are forgotten. His best pieces appear to have been written in early life, when he was most ambitious of literary distinction. Of these, "The Dying Indian," "The Indian Student," and others, are finely conceived and very carefully finished. It is worthy of notice, that he was the first of our authors to treat the "ancients of these lands" with a just appreciation, and in a truly artistical spirit. His song of "Alknomook" had long the popularity of a national air. Mr. Washington Irving informs me, that when he was a youth it was familiar in every drawing-room; and among the earliest theatrical reminiscences of Mr. William B. Wood is its production, in character, upon the stage. The once well-known satire, entitled "A New England Sabbath-day Chase," was so much in vogue when Mr. Irving was a school-boy, that he committed it to memory as an exercise in declamation. The political odes and pasquinades which he wrote during the revolution possess much historical interest, and, with his other works, they will some time undoubtedly be collected and edited with the care due to unique and curious souvenirs of so remarkable an age.

In an address "To the Americans of the United States," first published in November, 1797, Freneau himself evinces a sense of the proper distinction of his writings. "Catching our subjects," he says,

———"from the varying scene,
Of human things, a mingled work we draw,
Chequered with fancies odd and figures strange,
Such as no courtly poet ever saw
Who writ, beneath some great man's ceiling placed,
Traveled no lands, nor roved the watery waste."

He was truly a national poet, and none the less so because so decided and earnest a partisan.

There was never painted any portrait of Freneau. He declined several invitations to sit for one, and when, at length, a clever artist made a sketch of him, before he was aware, in a drawing-room, the venerable bard could not deny that it was a true presentment of his features, but insisted upon its immediate destruction.

In a new edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America," I have given what I conceive to be the finest examples of Freneau's more truly poetical compositions. Of his humorous and satirical wit—of those pieces which made him famous during the revolution and the closing years of the last century—perhaps there cannot be quoted a better specimen than his "Confession and Humble Petition of Hugh Gaine to the Legislature of New York," after the close of the war:

CITY OF NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1783.*

*To the Senate† of York, with all due submission,
Of honest Hugh Gaine the humble petition;
An account of his life he will also prefix,
And some trifles that happened in seventy-six;
He hopes that your honors will take no offence,
If he sends you some groans of contrition from hence;
And, further, to prove that he's truly sincere,
He wishes you all a happy New Year.*

I.

And, first, he informs, in his representation, That he once was a printer of good reputation, And dwelt in the street called Hanover Square, (You'll know where it is, if you ever was there,) Next door to the dwelling of Doctor Brownjohn, (Who now to the drug-shop of Pluto is gone.) But what do I say? who e'er came to town, And knew not Hugh Gaine, at the Bible and Crown!

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,
My dear native country I wouldn't deny;
(I know you love Teagues) and I shall not conceal
That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neal,
And other brave worthies, ate butter and cheese,
And walked in the clover-fields up to their knees.
Full early in youth, without basket or burden,
With a staff in my hand, I passed over Jordan—
(I remember my comrade was Doctor Magraw,
And many strange things on the waters we saw,
Sharks, dolphins, and sea-dogs, bonettas and whales,
And birds at the tropics, with quills in their tails)—
And came to your city and government seat,
And found it was true, *you had something to see*
When thus I wrote home: "The country is good,
They have plenty of victuals, and plenty of wood;
The people are kind, and whate'er they may think.
I shall make it appear I can swim where they'll sink
And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good cheer.
By my soul! I suspect they have always new year—
And therefore conceive it is good to be here."

So said, and so acted: I put up a press,

* The British army evacuated New York the November following.

† The Legislature of the state was at this time in session at Fishkill.

And printed away with amazing success :
Neglected my person, and looked like a fright
Was bothered all day, and was busy all night,
Saw money come in, as the papers went out,
While Parker and Weyman* were driving about,
And cursing, and swearing, and chewing their cuds,
And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in the suds.
Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the king,
And thought he had got all world in a string
(Though riches not always attend on a throne),
So he swore I had found the philosopher's stone,
And called me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,
Because I knew better than him to get rich !
To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—
You had known by his looks he was telling a lie.

Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—
Ah ! those were the happiest days I had seen !
But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,
"The days of thy servant are evil and few !"
The days that to me were joyous and glad,
Were nothing to those which are dreary and sad !
The feuds of the Stamp Act foreboded foul weather,
And war and vexation, all coming together ;
Those days were the days of riots and mobs,
Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome jobs—
Priests preaching up war for the good of our souls,
And libels, and lying, and liberty-poles,
From which, when some whimsical colors you waved,
We had nothing to do but look up and be saved !—
I knew it would bring an eternal reproach,
When I saw you a burning Cadwallader's† coach ;
I knew you would suffer for what you had done,
When I saw you lampooning poor Sawney his son,
And bringing him down to so wretched a level,
As to ride him about in a cart with the devil.

II.

Well, as I predicted that matters would be—
To the stamp act succeeded a tax upon tea :
What chestfulls were scattered, and trampled, and
drowned—
And yet the whole tax was but three pence per pound !
May the hammer of Death on my noddle descend,
And Satan torment me to time without end,
If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,
And feuds that have ruined our manners and morals ;
A parson himself might have sworn round the com-
pass,
That folks for a trifle should make such a rumpus—
Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,
Make France, Spain and Holland with Britain en-
gage,
While the Emp'ror, the Swede, the Russ and the Dane
All pity John Bull—and run off with his gain !
But this was the season that I must lament ;
I first was a whig, with an honest intent—
Not a rebel among them talked louder or bolder,
With his sword by his side, or his gun on his shoulder ;
Yes, I was a whig, and a whig from my heart,
But still was unwilling with Britain to part :
I thought to oppose her was foolish and vain,

* New York printers before the Revolution.

† Lieutenant Governor Cadwallader Colden.

I thought she would turn and embrace us again,
And make us as happy as happy could be,
By renewing the sera of mild sixty-three ;
And yet, like a cruel, undutiful son,
Who evil returns for the good to be done,
Unmerited odium on Britain to throw,
I printed some treason for Philip Freneau—
Some damnable poems, reflecting on Gage,
The king, and his council, and writ with such rage,
So full of invective and loaded with spleen,
So sneeringly smart and so hellishly keen,
That, at least in the judgment of half our wise men,
Alecto herself put the nib to his pen.

III.

At this time arose a certain king Sears,
Who made it his study to banish our fears :
He was, without doubt, a person of merit,
Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of spirit ;
Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,
And threatened perdition to all who drank tea.
Long sermons did he against Scotchmen prepare,
And drank like a German, and drove away care.
Ah ! don't you remember what a vigorous hand he put
To drag off the great guns, and plague Captain Van-
deput.*

That night† when the hero (his patience worn out)
Put fire to his cannons, and folks to the rout,
And drew up his ship, with a spring on her cable,
And gave us a second confusion of Babel,
And (what was more solid than scurrilous language)
Poured on us a tempest of round shot and *langrage* ;
Scarcely a broadside was ended 'till another began
again—

By Jove ! it was nothing but "Fire away Flani-
gan !"‡

Some thought him saluting his Sallys and Nancys,
'Till he drove a round shot through the roof of Sam
Francis.§

The town by his flashes was fairly enlightened,
The women [were flustered,] the beaux were all fright-
ened ;

For my part, I hid in a cellar (as sages,
And Christians, were wont, in the primitive ages :
Thus the prophet of old, that was rapt to the sky,
Lay snug in a cave 'till the tempest went by,
But, as soon as the comforting spirit had spoke,
Arose, and came out, with his mystical cloak) :
Yet I hardly could boast of a moment of rest,
The dogs were a howling, the town was distress !
But our terrors soon vanished, for suddenly Sears
Renewed our lost courage, and dried up our tears.
Our memories, indeed, must have strangely decayed
If we could not remember what speeches he made,
What handsome harangues, upon every occasion—
How he laugh'd at the whim of a British invasion !

"Deuce take 'em," said he, "do ye think they
will come ?

If they should—we have only to beat on our drum,

* Captain of the Asia man of war.

† August, 1775.

‡ A cant phrase among privateersmen.

§ "Black Sam," a noted inaholder in New York.

And run up the flag of American freedom,
 And people will muster by millions to bleed 'em!
 What freeman need value such blackguards as these!
 Let us sink in our channel some *chevaux de frise*—
 And then let 'em come: and we'll show 'em fair play;
 But they are not madmen, I tell you—not they!"

IV.

From this very day till the British came in,
 We lived, I may say, in the Desert of Sin;
 Such beating, and bruising, and scratching, and tearing;
 Such kicking, and cuffing, and cursing and swearing!
 But when they advanced, with their numerous fleet,
 And Washington made his nocturnal retreat,*
 (And which they permitted, I say, to their shame,
 Or else your new empire had been but a name,) We townsmen, like women, of Britons in dread,
 Mistrusted their meaning, and foolishly fled;
 Like the rest of the dunces, I mounted my steed,
 And galloped away, with incredible speed;
 To Newark I hastened—but trouble and care
 Got up on the crupper, and followed me there!
 I scarcely got fuel to keep myself warm,
 And scarcely found spirits to weather the storm;
 And was quickly convinced I had little to do,
 (The Whigs were in arms, and my readers were few,) So, after remaining one cold winter season,
 And stuffing my papers with something like treason,
 And meeting misfortunes, and endless disasters,
 Being forced to submit to a hundred new masters,
 I thought it more prudent to hold to the one;
 And (after repenting of what I had done,
 And cursing my folly and idle pursuits,) Returned to the city, and hung up my boots!

V.

As matters have gone, it was plainly a blunder,
 But then I expected the whigs must knock under;
 And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,
 And stick to the party that's like to be strongest.
 That you have succeeded, is merely a chance—
 I never once dreamt of the conduct of France!
 If alliance with her you were promised, at least
 You ought to have showed me your star in the east—
 Not let me go off, uninformed as a beast.
 When your army I saw, without stockings or shoes,
 Or victuals, or money to pay them their dues,
 Excepting your wretched congressional paper,
 That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,
 A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all—
 That damnable bubble, the old continental,
 That took people in at this wonderful crisis
 With its mottoes and emblems, and cunning devices,
 Which, bad as they were, you were forced to admire—
 And that was, in fact, the pillar of fire
 To which you directed your wandering noses,
 (Like the Jews in the desert, conducted by Moses)—
 When I saw them attended with famine and fear,
 Distress in their front, and Howe in their rear;
 When I saw them for debt incessantly dunned,
 Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund;

* From Long Island

Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—
 When this was apparent, (and need I say more?)
 I handled my cane, and I looked at my hat,
 And cried, "God have mercy on armies like that!"
 I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,
 And said, "Here's a health to the Vicar of Bray!"
 And cocked up my beaver, and—strutted away.

VI.

Ashamed of my conduct, I sneaked into town,
 (Six hours and a quarter, the sun had been down;) It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,
 And the stars in the firmament glittered as bright
 As if (to assume a poetical style)
 Old Vulcan had given 'em a rub with his file.

'Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,
 I never had dreaded the dawn of the day;
 Not a wolf, nor a fox, that is caught in a trap,
 Was e'er so ashamed of his nightly mishap;
 I couldn't help thinking what ills might befall me,
 What rebels and rascals the British would call me,
 And how I might suffer in credit and purse,
 If not in my person—which still had been worse;
 At length I resolved (as was surely my duty)
 To go for advice to Parson Auchmuty;
 (The parson, who now, I hope, is in glory,
 Was then upon earth, and a terrible tory;
 Not Cooper himself, of ideas perplexed,
 So nicely could handle and torture a text,
 When, bloated with lies, thro' his trumpet he sounded
 The damnable sin of opposing a crowned-head.)

Like a penitent sinner, and dreading my fate,
 In the gray of the morning I knocked at his gate;
 (No doubt he was vexed that I roused him so soon,
 For his worship was mostly in blankets till noon.)
 At length he approached, in his vestments of black;
 (Alas, my poor heart! it was then on the rack!
 Like a man in an ague, or one to be tried,
 I shook, and recanted, and slobbered, and sighed.)
 His gown, of itself, was amazingly big;
 Besides, he had on his canonical wig,
 And frowned, at a distance; but when he came
 near,
 Looked pleasant, and said, "What, Hugh, are you
 here?"

Your heart, I am certain, is horribly hardened;
 But if you confess—your sin will be pardoned
 In spite of my preachments, and all I could say,
 Like the Prodigal Son, you wandered away.
 Now, tell me, dear penitent, which is the best,
 To be with the rebels, pursued and distressed,
 Devoid of all comfort, all hopes of relief,
 Or else, to be here, and partake the king's beef?
 More people resemble the snake than the dove,
 And more are converted by terror than love;
 Like a sheep on the mountain, or rather, a swine,
 You wandered away from the ninety and nine;
 Awhile at the offers of mercy you spurned—
 But your error you saw, and at length have returned;
 Our master will therefore consider your case,
 And restore you again both to favor and grace.
 Great light shall arise out of utter confusion,
 And rebels shall live to lament their delusion."

"Ah, rebels!" said I, "they are rebels, indeed—
Chastisement, I hope, by the king is decreed;
They have hung up his subjects, with bed-cords and
halters,
And banished his prophets, and thrown down his
altars.

And I—even I—while I ventured to stay,
They sought for my life—to take it away!
I therefore propose to come under your wing,
A foe to rebellion—a slave to the king."

Such solemn confession, in scriptural style,
Worked out my salvation—at least, for awhile;
The parson pronounced me deserving of grace,
And so they restored me—to printing and place

VII.

But days, such as these, were too happy to last;
The sand of felicity settled too fast;
When I swore and protested I honored the throne,
The least they could do, was to let me alone;
Though George I compared to an angel above,
They wanted some soldier proofs of my love;
And so they obliged me, each morning, to come,
And turn in the ranks at the beat of the drum;
While often, too often, (I tell it with pain,)
They menaced my head with a hickory cane!
While others, my betters, as much were oppressed—
But shame and confusion shall cover the rest.

You, doubtless, will think I am dealing in fable,
When I tell you I *guarded an officer's stable!* . . .
Six hours in the day, is duty too hard,
And Rivington sneers whene'er I mount guard;
And laughs, till his sides are ready to split,
With his jests, and his satires, and sayings of wit;
Because he's excused, on account of his post,
He cannot go by without making his boast,
As if I was all that is servile and mean;
But fortune, perhaps, may alter the scene,
And give him his turn to stand in the street—
Burnt brandy supporting his radical heat;
But what for the king or the cause has he done,
That we must be toiling while he can look on?
Great conquests he gave them on paper, 'tis true:
When Howe was retreating, he made him pursue;
Alack! it's too plain, that Britons must fall;
When, "loaded with laurels," they go to the wall!

From hence you may guess I do nothing but grieve,
And where we are going, I cannot conceive;
The wisest among us a change are expecting,
It is not for nothing, these ships are collecting;
It is not for nothing, that Mathews, the mayor,
And legions of tories, for sailing prepare;
It is not for nothing, that John Coghill Knapp
Is filing his papers, and plugging his tap;
See, Skinner, himself, the fighting attorney,
Is boiling potatoes, to serve a long journey:
But where they are going, or meaning to travel,
Would puzzle John Faustus, himself, to unravel;
Perhaps to Ranobscot, to starve in the barrens;
Perhaps to St. John's, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence;
Perhaps to New Scotland, to perish with cold;
Perhaps to Jamaica, like slaves to be sold;

Where, scorched by the summer, all nature repines,
Where Phoebus, great Phoebus, too glaringly shines,
And, fierce from the zenith diverging his ray,
Distresses the isle with a torrent of day.

VIII.

Since matters are thus, with proper submission
Permit me to offer my humble petition:
Tho' the form is uncommon, and lawyers may sneer
With truth I can tell you—the scribe is sincere.

That, since it is plain we are going away,
You will suffer Hugh Gaine unmolested to stay;
His sand is near run, (life itself is a span,)
So leave him to manage the best that he can;
Whoe'er are his masters, or monarchs or regents,
For the future he's ready to swear them allegiance;
The crown he will promise to hold in disgrace;
The Bible—allow him to stick in its place—
'Till that, in due season, you wish to put down,
And bid him keep shop at the sign of the crown!
If the Turk with his turban should set up at last here,
While he gives him protection, he'll own him his
master,

And yield due obedience, (when Britain is gone,)
Though ruled by the sceptre of Presbyter John.
My press, that has call'd you (as tyranny drove her)
Rogues, rebels, and rascals, a thousand times over,
Shall be at your service, by day and by night,
To publish whate'er you think proper to write;
Those types which have raised George the Third to
a level

With angels, shall prove him as black as the devil—
To him that contrived him, a shame and disgrace,
Nor blest with one virtue to honor his race!

Who knows, but in time, I may rise to be great,
And have the good fortune to manage a state?
Great noise among people great changes denotes,
And I shall have money to purchase their votes;
The time is approaching, I'll venture to say,
When folks, worse than me, will come into play;
When your double-faced people shall give themselves
airs,

And aim to take hold of the helm of affairs,
While the honest old soldier, that sought your re-
nown,
Like a dog in the dirt, shall be crushed and held
down.

Of honors and profits, allow me a share—
I frequently dream of a President's chair;
And visions, full often, intrude on my brain,
That for me to interpret, would rather be vain.
Blest seasons advance, when Britons shall find
That they can be happy, and you can be kind,
When rebels no longer at traitors shall spurn,
When Arnold himself shall in triumph return!

But my paper informs me it's time to conclude:
I fear my Address has been rather too rude;
If it has—for my boldness your pardon I pray—
And further, at present, presume not to say,
Except that, (for form's sake,) in haste, I remain
Your humble petitioner,

Honest HUGH GAINE

THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, 'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

Continued from page 146.

CHAPTER III.

'Ky Sly and his menne are visited in ye campe by strange interlopers, whom they bringe to booke—How Jack Hardyman and nuncle Jothe rejoined them, and who came with them, bringing a jovial person and a facetious humor.

THE sun rose gorgeously on the following day, above the tops of the tall evergreens; which were yet glittering with the heavy rain-drops, which, undisturbed through the calm stillness of the night, and unexhaled as yet, hung all the sprays thicker with lustrous gems, than ever were the tresses of a court lady studded with oriental diamonds on a gala night.

There was not a breath of air abroad to wave the thin gold-colored foilage of the aspens on the river shore, or to dissipate the column of snowy spray which rose above the falls of the "White-water," in a tall, motionless column, strangely contrasting its cold, ghostly purity with the almost black masses of the feathery hemlocks, against which it cut sharply, and from which it stood out in bold relief.

At the summit only, where it towered above all the tree-tops, and spread out, five hundred feet aloft into an airy and fantastic capital to its aspiring shaft of like immaterial fabric, it caught the slant rays of the slow-rising sun, which kissed its paleness into a blush more delicate and faintly roseate, than that which mantles to the transparent cheek of the coyest maiden.

Save that one motionless and pearly-tinctured mist-wreath, there was not a speck of fleece or cloud, or vapor to be seen in the pale crystalline skies, up which the faint yellow light crept with so gradual an increase. The waters, too, of the great placid pool, into which the foam flakes and bubbles of the Fall soon subsided, had that peculiar transparency which is never so remarkable as during that most lovely season of the American year, universally known as Indian Summer. Even where there was still a swift swirl on the surface, and where long veins of frothy spume marbled its dark azure, it was so pellucid that the reflected rocks and the brown gnarled pine-stems and the overhanging foliage

were to be seen distinct and tangible, though swimming round and round in the eddies of the whirlpool—but where, close beneath the cliffs on the farther side, it lay perfectly tranquil and unbroken, no mirror could have given back the imagery of the crowded banks, with more beautiful precision.

Every brilliant lichen, every tuft of dry yellow grass, every clump of verdurous moss that carpeted the surface, or sprang from the crevices of the schistous rock, every silvery birchen stem, every pyramid of golden-hued foilage slept there, inverted in the still, colorless water, so accurately drawn, that no mortal eye could distinguish where the reality ended, where the illusion began.

It was nearly six o'clock, and broad daylight in the forest, and the mighty watch-fire, which had blazed through the live-long night at the feet of the drowsy Nimrods, had subsided into a mass of glowing embers; yet, sleep still sat heavy on the eyelids of 'Ky and his company, not one of whom seemed to have turned over on his soft aromatic bed, since nature's soft nurse had soothed him with her benignant influence.

The very stag-hounds, who, tethered by long buckskin leashes to the supports of the camp, lay coiled up in the soft moss, as near to the ashes of the fire as their fastenings permitted them to creep, were silent and asleep. The hoarse cawing only of a few vagrant crows, winging their way high up in the illimitable atmosphere, came interruptedly to the ear, mingled with the muffled roar of the cataract, and the occasional splash of a magnificent black bass, as he would throw himself in the wantonness of sport high out of the water, and fall back on his scaly sides at full length on the resounding surface.

Suddenly, a distant cracking, as of dry sticks under a fleet, light footfall came up from the thickets beyond the river; and then the laborious panting of some large animal, and the violent rending of the bushes became audible. The hounds started uneasily, rose from their lairs, snuffed the air, pricking their long pendulous ears, and the elder dog uttered a long, low, im-

patient, tremulous whimper. Forester moved restlessly on his couch of hemlock boughs, as the well-known sound fell on his half-conscious ear, and he stretched one arm abroad, with the fingers working, as if to clutch at something, but sleep was still too heavy upon him, and the noise too indistinct thoroughly to arouse him.

The next moment, a sight presented itself, which, had he been afoot, would have sent the blood in boiling torrents through every petty artery of his body. On the opposite bank, just where the shattered limestone crags rose some ten or fifteen feet, overhung in their turn by a densely tangled thicket of hemlock and stunted pine, above the last creamy pitch of the surging water, a great dark-brown animal, not much inferior in size to a three-year old colt, with a magnificent pair of widely branching horns bending abruptly forward, and two tremendous palmated brow-antlers projecting above its eyes, broke from the covert, and stood for a second's space, on the brow of the precipice, as if hesitating whether to take the desperate plunge into the surgy cataract. His coat was almost black with soil and sweat, but all the forepart of his neck and broad chest and all the powerful and sinewy forelegs were white as snow with the thick foam flakes. His blood-shot eyes had a terrified glare, that was discernible even at that distance; and his tongue, black, swollen, and convulsed, protruded from his retorted lips. His nostrils painfully distended; the great tears rolling down over his hairy cheeks; the agonizing labor of his struggling flanks, showed the prodigious efforts which he had been making to escape, and the imminence of the peril from which he was flying.

It was a cariboo, or American reindeer, of the very largest size, fourteen times on his mighty antlers, clearly revealing to the practised eye of the hunter the great age to which he had attained. The shyest, wariest, most suspicious, most rarely seen, as it is the fleetest, and with the exception only of the moose and elk, the largest of all the natives of the American wilderness, this great deer eschews the range of man with the wildest caution, defies pursuit, except when the hardly crusted snows yield that support to the broad snow-shoe of the pursuer, which it denies to the sharp hoof of the pursued, and shall not meet by accident the eye, even of one who makes the wilderness his dwelling-place, once in a life-time.

Yet there he now stood, within easy rifle range of the camp-fire, the odor of which his acute sense of smelling must have long since detected;

for what little wind there was, blew directly down toward him, and in plain view of the two fierce stag-hounds, which immediately opened on the view with so savage and impetuous a burst of yells as brought every member of the company to his feet, startled into wide wakefulness, and on the alert in an instant. But as they sprang to their legs, and, at the strange unexpected sight, which so astonished their awakening eyes, snatched hastily at the shot-guns or rifles, which leaned against the posts or hung from the rafters of the wigwam, undismayed by the yelling of the hounds, and the sight of the men, his deadliest natural enemies, the great deer turned his head to look behind him, and, with a loud whistling snort and a hoarse bray of terror, tossed his antlered frontlet and leaped straight out from the crags into the mid air. The next moment he had alighted in the very middle of the second arrowy shoot of the falling river, where the water was churned into a yeast of swaying foam by the hidden points and angles of the rocks over which it was projected with such violence.

Twice or thrice, the huge helpless carcass was seen, tossed and rolled over and over, as it weltered in the irresistible torrent, and then was lost to view in the creamy surges, which filled the gorge at the foot of the Fall.

Before, however, any one of the spectators had time even to wonder at this strange procedure on the part of this wildest denizen of the woods, much less to cock a rifle or to let slip a hound, the antlers emerged from the spray, the head of the great deer crested the waters, and, swimming with prodigious strength and speed, evidently unharmed by his fall, he came directly toward the camp, through the boiling eddies, his apprehensions of man quite overmastered by some more fearful terror.

"Dew tell!" exclaimed 'Ky Sly, in the extremity of his amazement. "Who ever heered tell o' the likes o' that?"

And, with the word, he cocked his rifle and raised it slowly to his eye, covering the broad frontlet of the cariboo with the deadly sight. But his purpose was at once frustrated, for—

"Hold! hold!" shouted Forester, and in the correct apprehension that no verbal interruption would avail to check his ally's proceedings, followed up his exclamation by knocking up the muzzle of 'Sly's piece, with the barrel of his own gun.

"Look out for the panther, man alive—let the deer go; but in heaven's name! mark the panther!"

"The painter!" cried poor Sly, almost dolo-

fully, as his rifle exploded in the air, sending its missile on a harmless errand through the tree-tops. "I dun know nothin' about painters."

"Then look out," cried Frank, "for here he comes!" And as he spoke, with a prodigious bound, as if shot from a catapult, the long, lythe, tawny body of the gigantic cat came clear through the yielding pine-boughs, and landed on the brink of the crag, upon which the deer had paused a moment before, ere he took his despairing leap. The fur bristled like erected quills along the back of the fierce beast of prey; its tail, which stood on end, as it leaped into view, was expanded almost to the thickness of its body; its green malignant eyes, seemed literally to flash out living fire; its keen, long, snow-white fangs were clearly visible; and its thin blood-red tongue, lolling far out of its parched jaws.

It seemed that the panther had not suspected the vicinity of the cataract, all its faculties being probably engrossed in the fury of the pursuit; for, whether it was from the sight of the foaming water, immersion in which is not much relished by any of the feline race, or from the unexpected company into which he found himself intruding, he certainly showed some inclination to relax his pursuit, if not to desist from it altogether; for he gathered himself up with a strong effort to brace his feet on the brink of the ledge, and to avoid the perilous plunge.

But he was too late; the impetus of his previous speed could not be checked, and, to save himself from falling headforemost, he also took the leap, but in a style far inferior to the proud and majestic spring of the royal cariboo.

In like manner, he too was whirled over and over in the foamy water; in the like manner, disappeared in the frothy, broken water; in the like manner, emerged from it and came onward in pursuit, though with a sort of indecision, as if sulky spite only urged him to persevere in opposition to his apprehensions.

The cariboo, which was carried down rapidly, though swimming strongly and fearlessly directly toward the camp, as if to crave protection at the hands of those whom at another time it would most warily have avoided, passed exactly in front of the smooth ledges of rock to which the canoe and skiff lay moored, and took land with an effort at some fifty or sixty paces from the camp-fire, while its cruel pursuer was yet in the middle of the rapids.

Despairing of getting his piece reloaded in time—for Perry's superb breech-loading arms, which are destined as far to surpass the cele-

brated Minnie rifle, as that weapon outdoes old-fashioned Brown Bess, and to produce greater alterations in the practice, both of warfare and the chase, than any other invention since the discovery of gunpowder; and the introduction of the percussion cap was not then invented—Sly had thrown down his own rifle and snatched up Forester's double-barreled duck gun, a heavy serviceable tool of ten guage and ten pounds' weight, which chanced to be loaded with two of Eley's *green* wire cartridges of swan shot.

Alf Armiger and Fred Somerton had only their ordinary fowling-pieces, but each had, by Frank's advice, loaded one barrel with a well-patched ball, of twelve to the pound; and be it known, that within a couple of hundred yards, no instrument sends a ball much sharper or truer than a good London made double-barrel.

The panther was now about thirty-five yards distant from our party, which had advanced in their eagerness to the last verge of the rocks, and had evidently made up his mind to mischief, for he was coming right at them, glaring grim rage and defiance.

At this moment Armiger aimed at his head coolly, and fired, but missed, the ball dashing up the spray about a foot's distance behind him, having overshot the top of his skull by an inch or two. Fred Somerton followed suit, pulling trigger number two, and sending his bullet clear through the left ear of the enraged brute, which replied to the compliment with a sharp savage growl.

Frank waited, still holding his rifle at half-cock, fingering the trigger gently, across his person. He wished earnestly to obtain and preserve the panther's skin; and he well knew that if the animal were killed clear, by a ball through the brain, in that deep whirlpool he would inevitably sink, and be lost without a possibility of being retrieved. But while he was debating, as coolly as if he were entirely undisturbed, what he should do next, Master Sly brought the matter to an immediate crisis by slapping both the green cartridges straight into his face, at thirty yards, in quick succession.

The sight was now truly appalling. The shot which had struck the fierce beast of prey, was not heavy enough to penetrate the skull, the front of which, in all animals of the cat species, is not only very hard and solid, but somewhat conically shaped, so that slugs, or even ball, if they do not strike perpendicularly, are easily deflected, inflicting only a superficial wound. This was, then, the case in the present instance; the whole scalp and face of the unfortunate

brute were cruelly lacerated by the shot; his ears were perfectly riddled; and, as it soon appeared, the sight of both the eyes was more or less entirely destroyed. On receiving the two almost simultaneous discharges, the savage head sunk for a moment into the frothy water, which was almost instantaneously discolored by the blood, which gushed from the wounds; but it immediately reappeared, the features indistinguishable from the gore, which bubbled out so fast as to defy all the cleansing properties of the "White-water."

With a fearful cry, half scream of anguish, half roar of fury, the beast reared himself two-thirds of his length out of the water, growling and snarling fearfully, like a domestic, when much enraged, striking fierce blows blindly on all sides, with its powerful paws, the talons of which were displayed all unsheathed, for nearly three inches of length, till the water was lashed into spray.

"A mere waste of ammunition, that, Friend Sly," said Frank, quietly, "and what is much worse, a mere piece of wanton cruelty; you might as well have shot at an elephant, with mustard-seed, for all the chance of bringing him down, as at that cougar's head with swan-shot. I never killed one in my life, nor saw one killed, but I learn that no animal is more tenacious of life."

While he was speaking, the cougar never for an instant ceased from his savage cries, and battling with the water, swimming madly round and round in small circles, as the stream drifted him down into the central whirlpool, making no headway toward either shore, and appearing not to care or not to know, whither the current was sweeping him.

"Upon my word, 'Ky," continued Forester, who had been watching the convulsive struggles of the animal, with mingled feelings of wonder and compassion, "I believe that last shot of yours has blinded him. I am almost certain, from his actions, that he cannot see. What the mischief is to be done, now?"

"Done? Why, just put one of them pinted-bullets out of your big rifle, right stret between his eyes, that'll fetch him quick enough, I swow."

"I don't like it, Sly," returned Frank; but he cocked his rifle, while he was speaking, and half-raised it to his eye. "He'll sink, to a certainty, if I shoot him there, and hair nor hide of him shall we ever see again."

But, as the words left his lips, there came, up the wind from the pine woods whence the animals had first appeared, a peculiar long-drawn

dissyllabic cry, not far unlike that of the domestic cat, calling for her mate, although fifty times more powerful; nor did it seem far distant. It was no sooner uttered, than, blinded although he was, and almost mad between rage and pain, the male cougar heard it, and, turning to the sound, uttered a fierce quavering sound, that could strictly be called neither howl nor roar, approaching more nearly to a human scream, infinitely quivering and protracted, than to any other note of a wild animal, which made all the forests ring, and would have struck terror into fainter hearts, than those which thrilled to its influence with more of excitement than of fear.

"It is his mate, by all the powers of the woods!" cried Forester, lowering the butt of his rifle. "Load up with ball, boys, every barrel, we shall have need of them, I tell you; and it's well for us the river is between us, and that he's making for the other shore."

"Waal. It be so, I swow;" replied 'Ky, obeying orders with a hand that nothing could render unsteady, while Fred Somerton, though as brave as steel, fairly shook with the violent excitement. The wounded panther meantime, for, although such is not correctly his name, he may be, as he is in common parlance universally so termed, as being the American equivalent of the great spotted cat of intertropical Africa, had swum directly back toward the ledge from which he had plunged, guided by the oft-repeated resonant wail of his mate, which came, nearer and nearer, through the forest, though after his first terrible response, the male had struggled silently through the water.

At length, whether he could see dimly through the mist of blood which overspread his wounded optics, now that his attention was called to the approach of his female, or that chance only and the sounds directed him, he reached a spot where the schistous rocks, instead of descending by steps to the level of the pool, sloped down in a long shelving ledge, which disappeared under the foamy surges.

Up this, shaking himself violently, the wounded brute scrambled so vigorously, as to show that the pain, which he suffered, in no sort detracted from his agility or strength, and when he gained the upper level, he replied with a note almost exactly similar to that which came floating to his ears. At the same moment, the female cougar bounded from the hemlock thickets above, with a low joyous utterance of recognition; but, as she did so, Forester's rifle, which had not ceased to follow the male, since he had turned shoreward, gave out its sharp flash and

short whip-like crack; and, almost before the sound of this had reached even the ears of his companions, close as they stood to his side, the animal sprang four feet into the air, fell headlong, and scarcely once tearing the moss with his talons, in a last convulsion, died without uttering a sound. The long, acorn-shaped slug had entered the nape of his neck, fracturing the last vertebral articulation where it joins the skull, and had come out between the eyes, killing him, as nearly as it may be, without a pang.

At first, it appeared to the spectators that the new comer did not suspect the cause of her mate's remarkable soubresault, for she came down the cliffs full tilt to meet him, and leaped upon his carcass open-mouthed, and with her broad paws extended, as if in play, with the claws sheathed, much as one sees kittens disporting themselves when in frolic with one another on the hearth. It was but a few seconds, however, before she seemed to discover that all was not as it should be; for, finding that the other cougar would not stir, and made no reply to her calls or caresses, she snuffed about his muzzle and nostrils repeatedly, with a low moan, licked the blood which was welling so copiously from his wounds, and then, as if for the first time perceiving the presence of the enemy, of whom she had not as yet taken the smallest notice, though the hounds had kept up so continual a baying as might have well nigh sufficed to wake the dead, setting one foot on his body, erected her neck, laid back her ears till her head showed almost as flat as that of a rattlesnake, switched her tail viciously about her flanks, lifted the other paw, with all its talons extended, as if to strike, glared at the hunters with her green eyes glowing like fire-balls, and spit at them with a harsh hissing growl of spite and defiance.

Clearly it was well for them that the wild river was interposed between them.

Those who know how rare an event it is to see a cougar, or any other carnivorous wild animal, in its native woods, unless after a long and difficult chase, who are aware how cautiously they eschew the vicinity of man, and how timid they are of approaching or attacking him, even when they are suffering extremity of hunger; would have marveled to see how resolutely the she-cat stood there guarding the carcass of her slaughtered comrade.

That in defiance of their numbers, and of the bold front which they opposed to her, she would have charged them unhesitatingly, but for the intervention of the swift and roaring water, none of those who did behold her doubted. That even

thus, she was marvelous well disposed to do it, was clear as day; and so stood matters, when Frank, who was still engaged in loading his own rifle, thought proper to encourage his fellow-hunters, who all stood, although with ready arms, inactive, except the doughty Sly, who had sneaked stealthily down close to the brink of the stream, where he had discerned a stunted pine-tree with a projecting crotch, or knee, upon which to rest his gun-barrels.

"Now Fred, now Alf, take a crack at her. Don't let that confounded Sly have all the fun to himself. Let drive at her together, while she shows you a full front."

Both guns bellowed among the rocks with a full ringing echo, as different as can be imagined from the crack of the rifle, and a short snarling growl answered it. One ball had lodged in the muscles of her neck, the other struck off a fragment of rock from the ledge, on which she stood, under her belly. The next instant, Sly, who fired from a rest, and who, from the station he had chosen, commanded a full view of her broadside, discharged the heavy duck-gun with his wonted deliberation, and did summary execution. The ball entered immediately behind her fore-shoulder, passed through her very heart, and lodged inside the skin of the broad chest, on the farther side.

On receiving the death-wound, she bounded forth with a furious roar, then suddenly falling forward, with her massive arms outspread on the rocky pavement, lay licking the wound with her long pliant tongue. Suddenly, she half rose again, staggered about, aimlessly, for a few seconds, then lay down once more, uttering a succession of deep angry growls, which at length subsided into a sickly moan, couched her head between her paws, rolled over on her side, and with one spasmodic shiver, was dead beside her mate.

"Waal!" said 'Ky Sly, after heaving a long-resounding breath, and carefully reloading the barrel, which he had just fired, "waal! ef that don't beat—what doos beat, 's above my guess, altogether. Two painters in one afore-breakfast! I'd like to be told, who ever heer'd of sich a job aforehand—ef they war hunters! What d' you say, Frank, anyways?"

"Why, I say this," Frank replied, "that if we have made a good before-breakfast, as you call it, we've got it still before us, to make something of an after-breakfast. I shall not be satisfied, for one, if that cariboo is not brought to book; though little enough I thought about cariboo, before I saw his ugly face this morning. So, I

say, do you set to work and get the fire going. It has burned pretty low, while we were snoozing, in the first place; and fighting cougars, in the second. But get some of that light wood on it, Alf and Fred cut up last night, and we'll soon have it going like a lime-kiln. You, Fred, get the kettle on, make lots of tea, as strong as brandy; get a score or two of *murphys* roasted in their jackets, under those embers, and a dozen or two of collops, out of the shoulder-blades of that buck, I fire-hunted before the storm, broiled on top of them; and with the aid of some toasted ship-biscuit, we shall get along, I'll warrant it, though I am as hungry as a hawk, and though I'll guarantee old Sly to eat four men's rations, this fine morning. You and I, Alf, will take 'Ky's skiff across the pool, below the force of the water, and get those two cougars over. We must have them hung up in a couple of high trees above the reach of the minks and foxes, not to speak of the chance of a wolf or so, who would be sure to spoil their jackets before we could get them off; and I would not lose them for two hundred of the cool, down upon the nail. That done, we'll hold a council, and see if we cannot appropriate that fellow for our own dinner, whom we saved this morning from being converted into cougar's breakfast."

"I'm convenient," said 'Ky, bustling about to collect the wood, and kneeling down to blow the ashes into a blaze; "now, Mr. Somerton, ef you're bound to be cook, look abeout, dew. That cariboo 'll take a most perdigious sight of running deown, I tell you; and ef we've got to run him 'till he stops, we wont camp here, no-ways, this night. Them coal-ashes is hot enough e'enamost a'ready, stick in them potatoes as you've cleaned—what dirt there's left on to 'em the fire 'll take off, a darned sight cleaner than that 'are water you dabblin' in all the time. That's it; slick enough. Now then, hurry up them collops, or else them fellers 'll be back here, with the painters, a' cravin' breakfast, and a blowin' up, I'll a warrant 'em, like sixty."

Thereupon, Fred applied himself to his task, ever a grateful task to him, with such a will, that when the skiff came back on its brief trip, loaded with the first and largest of the cats, which was, of course, the female, since, according to Lord Byron,

"Femininely meanneth furiously,

Seeing all passions in excess are female,"

the perfume of the fat venison, smoking crisply on the gridiron, and hissing above the coals, while the great mealy potatoes hissed, yet louder, under them, gave note that the morning-

meal was so near at hand, that Sly was called upon to cross over in the birch-canoe, and lend a hand with the second panther; their size and weight, proportionate to their gigantic strength, even more than to their stature, making it a matter of no small difficulty even for two powerful men to handle them and lift them into the boats.

With his aid, as third hand, however, the lift was soon accomplished; the skiff and canoe shot blithely back to their moorings; and, after a few minutes devoted to admiration of the soft, silky, dense pelage, tawny-fawn-colored above and silvery-white below, of their massive arms, their felonious talons, the splendid sets of ivory displayed by the *ricтус* of their angry jaws, and the mingled power and grace of their exquisite proportions, bark-ropes were soon twisted of sufficient toughness to bear their ponderous weight. Then, 'Ky having mounted into a giant pine, which overshadowed the wigwam, shooting out close to the brink of the rock-terrace that sheltered it, and passed the cords over two branches, declared by him, in reply to Frank's interrogation, to be "'sponsible," the huge felines were securely made fast by the gambrels, and swung up among the evergreen boughs, beyond the observation of men, or the reach of wild animals.

This done, not a minute before eleven of the clock, as announced by 'Ky's horologe, did the hunters spread themselves on the soft moss, around the tin plates and pannikins, which were ranged about the smoking gridiron, now serving in the place of a more lordly dish; the birch-bark platter of potatoes, and the teakettle of black tea, singing from the bed of hot wood-ashes, piled under it half a foot deep, on a flat stone, before Frank's post of honor at the head of the board.

For awhile the feed proceeded in silence, for the whole party were, in reality, too hungry to waste many words in talking; but at length the pipes were lighted, and, the relics of the breakfast being bestowed away, for the moment, the council began as follows—

"Well, 'Ky," asked Frank, between the puffs, "I hear you have told Fred that cariboo will take a prodigious amount of hunting before he can be run down. Now, be so good as to tell us why so, and where he is gone to—also, where shall we find him?"

"Me say all that, is it?" replied 'Ky, *more Hibernico*, by asking another question. "Waal! ef you dew stop 'till I tell it, you'll stop long enough."

"But you say we need not look to camp here, if we set out to follow him. Why?"

"Waal! you could see with your own eyes, as he'd got a most orful skeer on it, when he went by, hereaways; and I'll allow he'd not stop, 'till he had to stop, for want of wind to go no longer; and it's likely, that would be where there was lots of water somewhere's nigh. I rather think, it will be where some stream puts into the big lake, where it ain't neither so wide as he couldn't swim over it himself easy; nor yet so narrow as them all-fired painters could easy fix to foller him. That cariboo, he knowed, all the same as you or me, or betterly, it's as like as not, as no or'nary river nor stream wouldn't stop them painters; and that's why he come down right a' top of the 'White-water' Falls, and pitched hisself right into it, as a kind of a last hope, I reckon, as that might skeer them off; and I'll allow tew, that it might have skeered the fust, ef so be, he had a chanced to come down on't a thought later, arter the deer was oncet out of sight. But it warn't to be; and that deer see the painter tew, and see us tew, and that wouldn't lessen his skeer any, so he'll jest leg it as hard as he can, wondering, all the hull time, I b'lieve, that he's let have a chance to leg it, 'till he comes to a place as he knows, 'll suit him."

"You give the cariboo credit for a good deal of *nous*, Mr. Sly," put in Alf Armiger, "and a considerable knowledge of the surrounding country. How do you know his thoughts so well? for I fancy he never told them to you."

"How did Frank know as there was a painter on that cariboo's foot, when he jumped into the drink, that he knocked up my gun-muzzle in sich a plagued hurry. Yeou tell me that, neow, afore you comes a examin' me?"

"You're too smart on him, now, Sly," said Fred, who was not ill-pleased to see the shine taken out of Alf, who somewhat affected the dictatorial over him, in woodland matters. "You'll have to ask that of Frank himself, I fancy."

"There ain't no great smartness in asking that; nor there wont be in answering it, neither," said 'Ky, quietly; "nor there warn't much in my not seein' on it, afore Forester did. But he allers thinks quick—quicker, it's like, than I do, ef not truer in the long run—and so soon as he *had* spoke, I see it, sure enough, without asking no simple questions. That 'ere cariboo would not have run so wild like, and would not have taken that orful leap, nohow, least of all, in the face and eyes of us humans, ef it hadn't knowed there was something arter it. Now it warn't a bar—for a cariboo knows as a

bar carn't put it up to it's best footin', no how. It warn't a wolf, or a pack of wolves; for 't ain't much their ways to hunt big game, this season of the year; and ef it had been wolf, we'd have heerd 'em holler. It warn't Loosafie; 'cause Loosafie don't ventur on moose or cariboo, nor much on full-grown deer, neither; but sticks to fa'ans and wood-rabbits, and sich like. So to make short words on it, it *couldn't* be nauthen but painter—and I see *that*, jest as soon 's I heerd Frank say it. And neow, as you've heerd it with your own ears, and see it with your own eyes, you know as it *warn't* nauthen but painter. Waal! now, prehaps, you allow, as I *may* know whar that cariboo may ha' gone tew, and the reason why."

"We have heard the reason why," said Frank, nodding his head. "Now tell us his whereabouts."

"Waal! I allow, that cariboo was started by them 'are plagued painters, on the nigh side of old 'Bald-top,' yander, where there ain't no river nigher than this tumblin' 'White-water' here, and the lake deown beyont. It made stret tracks for this here *shoot*, jest as soon's he knew what was on his track—that shews as he warn't lost in the woods, nohow; nor didn't know, both whar he was, and whar he was agoin' tew. Neow, as he is oncet acrost this 'White-water,' and allows as the painter is acrost it tew; for he must allow that, seein' he can't tell as Frank he'd shoot the one, and me the t'other of them 'tarnal critters, why, I allow as he'd follor on to the lake, ef so be, he *could* follor on, at the very pint as is likeliest to suit him, knowin' the danger as he's in, and heow to escape from it. Don't that sound kinder reasonable, Forester?"

"Go on, 'Ky. You're right as a book," said Frank, replenishing his pipe with his favorite mixture of Kinnekinnirch and tobacco.

"Waal! over, hereaways, there's a big rattlin' brook comes down over the great boulder stones, and makes the nicest kind of mash where it puts into the lake; and jest stret acrost, not more'n a mile and a half or tew miles away, there's a big maple island. Everywhere else, the lake's all of five miles acrost, and that cariboo, fixed 'as it was when we see it, wouldn't never make a show to swim five miles, when swimming tew would serve jest as well; for there ain't no painter in these woods as would have a look to swim to big maple island, more'n he would to New Orleans. So I allow that mash at the brook's mouth, is the very pint, as 'll suit; and, consequently, as he'll make for. Neow, when he gits thar, he'll be pretty well tuckered out, I

tell you; and when he finds as the painters have gi'n in, or gi'n eout, or fall'n behind, some way or others, he'll lay deown to rest, jest se far 's he can wade out good, amongst the long grass and the deep mash-mire and the lily-pads. From that 'ere mash, he is beound not to stir a rod, this here night, more'n to feed up and deown by the moonlight, unless he's skeer'd agin; and arter one sich a skeer as he's had oncet this day, I allow 'twont be a plagued big thing that'll skeer him. You sees it all neow, Frank, jest as well's I dew—that is, ef yew didn't see't afore. Heow is't?"

"I see, 'Ky, plainly enough; but as it will be of no use to move yet awhile, you may as well proceed, for the advantage of our friends."

"Ef yew say so, I'll say on, sartain; but I don't b'lieve as 't 'll advantage them much, no how. They ain't the fellers to be advantaged easy, in the natur' of wood critters."

"Many thanks for your good opinion of our wisdom, Mr. Sly. I speak for both at once," said Armiger.

"You're welcome to't, sartain," that worthy made reply, not having forgotten the *rig* which he conceived to have been run on him, in the fourteen-hour-a-day reading yarn. "It ain't fourteen hours, or fourteen years, nuther, for that matter, of book-wisdom, that'll give a chap ra'al wood-wisdom. Is't so, Frank?"

"It's not so," answered Frank; "but let them be now, 'Ky, and finish out your lecture upon the idiosyncracies of the cariboo."

"There ain't no idiotcy abeout no cariboo, as I ever see," continued Sly. "Not so much idiotcy, by ha'f, as to make him quit lyin' deown and feedin' in the heat of the day, in them lily-pads and sweet mash-grasses, so long as thar' comes nauthen' nigh hand to skeer him; or to make him stay thar' restin' and layin' in the cool 's much 's one minnit, arter thar' *do* come anythin' ancerst him. Dumb beasts ain't never idiots, as I heerd tell on; but, ef so be, he war a human bein', thar' wouldn't be no keountin' on him, I consider. Waal, that 'ere cariboo, leaseways, onlest I'm a great sight more mistaken than I thinks to be, he's knowed, jest's waal as we know, these tew hours and better, as them painters has lost his trail, and gi'n in. I don't allow, as I said afore, as he knows whether they've gi'n in, or gi'n eout, or what's the reason why they've done one or t'other, or both at oncet, as the case raally is; but he knows it. And thar' he is, e'en a'most sartainly as you may put it, waded eout to the deepest water, as his long shanks will let him stand in, with his big horns

laid flat back along his neck, and his big ears 'long side on 'em, and little more'n his eyes and his snoot above water; and, likely, them so mixed and kivered up with black wet lily-pads as you couldn't right well know which from t'other. Waal! he's heerd the loon holler on the pond, likely; and he's heerd the robin and the wood-thrush whistle in the tree-tops; and he's seen the fisher steal along the shore; and the wild-duck paddle with her brood in the cricks and bays; and the shadow of the eagle's wings sweep over him, for all the world, like the shadow of a cloud; and he hain't taken the skeer at none of them things; for he knows all of them, and he knows them to be friendly or harmless, leaseways. But jest let him hear one whine of them 'ere painters in the brake, or one whimper of them 'ere deer hounds, if 'twere at ha'f this distance, or let him catch one snuff of your smell on the wind, and for all as nice as you think you be and sweet, I'll warrant you, he'll smell you a mile off and better"——

"It's very queer he didn't smell us twenty yards off, then, this morning," said Fred, with a loud laugh, at what he imagined to be 'Ky's blunder, pointing to the rock from which the animals took their plunge.

"No. It tain't very queer, nuther, ef yew knowed it, on'y," said Sly, with a contemptuous grimace; "but yew don't know it, nor you ain't likely to know it, nor nothen' else, ef you wont hear tell to them that dew. That cariboo didn't catch smell of yew, because he come deown wind on yew; and he come deown wind, decause there was that *up* wind as the smell on skeered him more'n anythin' could skeer him, as could be deown wind, anyways; beside knowin' as heow the lake *was* deown wind, and that, in the lake, lay his solitary chance of gittin' olar of what *was* up wind. Now, dew yew see, yew pesked on-quiet kriter, yew, as warnts to hear, and yit carn't heer a man tell eout?"

"Yes! yes! I'm like the panthers, Mr. Sly; I've gin in, and gi'n eout, both; and I'll keep my head as close as you desire it, if you'll only go on."

"Waal! dew keep it closet, for massy's sakes alive—for there's a pesked sight of stuff come eout on it, this day, as couldn't dew no mortal kinder good to anythin' dead or livin'? Waal! I was a tellin', as I allow as that cariboo's thar in that mash, jest as wide awake 's a cat-bird, and like to keep so. Neow, to take them canoes, and git well deown wind below him, and hide under the brush at the swamp eend of Big Maple Island, and then to let the rest of the

party take 'them tew hounds and come deown wind a'top of him, and so skeer him stret acrost to the island—for, to the island he's jest as sure to put, so long as this wind holds, as I'm sure to put for home and Hatty, when we've got tired of this here spree—that I allow's the way to sar-cumvent that 'ere cariboo, and e'enamost sartain to dew it. And I allow, tew, as I'd be willin' to try it on, but for one thing. There may be tew or three things," he added, counting upon his fingers, "agin our dewin' it, and dew it first-best, tew; still, ef 't warn't for that one thing, I'd resk it."

"And that one thing is?" asked Forester, a little curiously—for even he, though well accustomed to the marvelous craft and skill, amounting almost to instinctive foresight, of a veteran woodsman, had been astonished by the apparent certainty of Sly's deductions; and, in a great degree, ignorant of the immediate localities, was at a loss to follow him.

"That one thing," said Sly, glancing upward to the sun, which had already declined beyond the meridian, "is *time*. No tew pair of hands, not the best at paddlin' as was ever made, could carry a birch canoe down to Big Maple Island short of four hours. It would be tight scratchin' for yew and me, Frank, to dew it in six. Neow, yew and I, we can't go together, noheow; because, ef we dew, whose to hunt the dogs to the mash, which no one knows whar it is, but me; and when thar's no one as the dogs would hunt, for anyways, unless it was yew or me, one or t'other. Still, as I said afore, ef thar' war' time, why I'd resk it. Ef thar' war' eight hours' daylight, I'd resk gittin' deown to Big Maple Island, with Mr. Armiger, in the canoe. And I'd resk leaving yew, Frank, here in the camp, with Somerton, to set quiet by the fire, or ketch trout and bass in the 'White-water,' till we'd ben gone six hours, and then to get onder way with the deer hounds. I'd resk your findin' the mash, and I'd put up my pile on eour gittin' that 'ere big kind of cariboo. But as things is, to resk it, this here night, is to lose it, and nothen' else."

"That's bad," said Forester; "but I can see that you are perfectly in the right, Mr. Sly. Yet I hate to give up that cariboo, I do assure you."

"I hain't gi'n him up, for one," replied Sly. "And what's more, by a great shot, I ain't agoin' tew, onlest this wind war agoin' to change, and I don't allow as't will change, this here night."

"And, if it do not?"—

"We'll have that cariboo, I reckon, anyheow,

to-morrow; and ef Jack and Jothe come up with the bateau, this night, we'll have him, *sartain*."

"Heaven send they may come up, then, Mr. Sly," said Fred Somerton. "What do you allow to be the chances, for it seems to me, that you foresee everything?"

"Some things I kin," said 'Ky, mdre tickled than he would have willingly confessed, by the overt compliment, even of the greenhorn—"but then agin, some things I carn't. But I allow the chances to be *good*. Jothe is gittin' to be a pooty old nigger, anyheow; and he never did pull a *fast* oar, at best; but now slow and sure's the best, one can say, for poor old Jothe."

"And surest at being slow, I'm afraid," said Frank.

"It's so, Forester. But Jack, he pulls an orful smart pair of sculls—and old Jothe, he's fust best to tote things on his head, over the portages."

"I wish to mercy he could tote the bateau up the lake, on his head, then," said Armiger, laughing; "but I fancy the bateau would beat poor old Jothe, and Jack Hardyman, into the bargain, to carry on their heads."

"The lake might, I allow," said 'Ky Sly, looking worthy of his name; "but as to the bateau, I'd be loathe to tell Jack, as that nigger, or any other nigger, for that talk, could not tote a bateau on his head. He's see queerer sights, I've heerd him tell of, than *one* nigger carryin' *one* bateau on his head"—

"Why, what the deuce! did he see, one negro carryin' half a dozen bateaux on his head?" asked Fred.

"Or a schooner, perhaps, it might have been, Mr. Sly?" Alf coolly suggested. "It could not have been a full-rigged ship, I should suppose?"

"Waal! it warn't. Nor it warn't no *one* nigger carryin' nothen."

"What was it, Mr. Sly?"

Waal! it was jest one hundred niggers, and every live nigger on the hull lot, carryin' a new wheelbarrow on top of his head."

"What can you possibly mean, Sly?" asked Frank, for his curiosity was now fairly awakened, and he imagined that, for the first time in his life, he had caught his old chum attempting a dead quiz.

"It's a fact, Forester, jest's sure's I set here," answered 'Ky. "I've heerd him tell on it more'n twenty times, and swear he warn't lyin', at that, and I b'lieved *him*, for I never did hear him lie in airnest, you'd better b'lieve me."

"I do believe you, certainly. But where was it? Come, tell us all about it."

"'Twas away deown in the Island of Jamaiky. But I ain't agoin' to tell it. I can't tell it, as it should be told, anyways; and Jack, he's beound to spin his own yarns. And what's more'n that, we're wastin' our time, the wust kind, with the skins to be takin' off of them painters, and everything to fix for a great hunt, to-morrow. Come, Forester, we'll put it to the painters, while these tew chaps take the fishin'-tackle, and ketch us a mess of fish for dinner. Heow'll that suit?"

"That will suit, first-rate," replied Forester; "and so, without wasting any more words, let's go at it, or we shall not be through before night falls."

And, with the words, he and Sly divested themselves of shooting jackets, waistcoats and neckcloths, and tucking up their shirt-sleeves to the elbows, were soon as busy as veritable butchers, divesting the slain cougars of their furry coats, *secundum artem*, in order to be cured, in due process of time, and converted into hearthrugs, and the like, for the decoration of Frank's winter quarters.

During these operations, which occupied the hunters for several hours, giving at the same time ample employment to the jaws of the staunch deer-hounds, who liberally and largely banqueted on the livers and hearts, which latter 'Ky Sly insisted upon, as the surest recipe for giving *courage to the stomach* of the hounds, which thus acquired the quality chiefly ascribed to their fallen enemies, the day waned rapidly. It was in vain, that, in view of this article of 'Ky's creed, Frank plied him with questions, as to the place whence he had derived it; whether from the practice of the red warriors of the Abenakis, who thought to appropriate to themselves the valor, endurance, and contempt of danger, possessed by their captive enemies, by the simple process of eating morsels of their hearts, grilled on the ashes of their funeral piles—or from the lyric poet of Rome, who states, the Creator, in the process of manufacturing the race of Japhet,

"Insani leonis

Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro."

But his efforts, for this end, were, as usual, of no effect; since Sly resorted to his ordinary mode, whenever the conversation took a turn toward "book larnin'," to which he had never "seriously inclined his ear," and which he consequently regarded with singularly fluctuating feelings, at one time of profound respect, and at the next moment, of equal or greater contempt, and sheltered himself under the shield of an assumed impenetrable stupidity, wholly at variance

to his strange, cute shrewdness in matters of practical utility.

At last, the skins were reduced, literally, into *exuviae*, the heads and claws being neatly and effectively dissected, so as to leave the bones alone in their proper positions, with the fangs and talons adhering; and, after being thoroughly anointed, inside and out, with arsenical soap, were stretched on frames of light wood-work, for exposure to the autumnal sunshine.

This done, the carcasses were carefully buried, in order to prevent their decay becoming offensive in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and brush, loaded with heavy stones, was heaped above the pits, frustrating the efforts of the wolves and lynxes to disinter the remnants.

Scarcely was all this accomplished, before the gentle anglers made their reappearance, loaded with scaly spoils. A superb silver and azure lake trout, of nearly thirteen pounds, had rewarded Alf Armiger's patience, who had contented himself in bottom-fishing, with a piece of deer's liver on his sockdollager hook; while Fred Somerton, who was the best fisherman of the party, and despised anything short of the fly-rod, click-reel, and long line, came burdened with above a score of beautiful black bass, next to the speckled trout, the gamest of all fish, ranging from ten ounces to six pounds in weight, three or four of the largest fairly pulling down the patent angler's balance to that figure.

They had not long arrived, and the company was beginning to despair of the appearance of Jack and Jothe for that afternoon, at least, and to talk of the propriety of preparing an early supper and early bed, in order to insure an early start to-morrow, when a stentorian whoop roared up the gorge from beyond the turn.

In an instant, every man of the party was on his feet, and Alf and Fred were looking toward their guns, dubiously.

"That's nuther Jack's yell, nor Jothe's, no-heow," soliloquized 'Ky. "Nuther of them tew can wake such a roar as that, onlest they was to bust for it."

"I should say that was Tom Draw's bellow," said Frank, who had caught up his glass, and brought it to bear on the mouth of the pass; "but that's not possible; for how, on earth! should he have brought his four hundred pounds of 'too, too solid flesh,' hitherward, through these mountains?"

But the next instant, as Jack Hardyman's bateau swept round the point, closely followed by a large double canoe, paddled by three Indians, or negroes, with a second Daniel Lambert

crouched in the stern, steering, Frank dashed his Dollard to the ground, careless of damage or danger, and rushed with an answering war-whoop, to the shore.

"Fat Tom—who-whoop! Fat Tom! by all that's lucky and ridiculous!"

"And who may Fat Tom be?" asked Fred, the last importation.

"The heaviest man, the largest heart, the

wittiest tongue, the openest hand, the biggest soul, in all America, be the other who he may."

"Waal! we'll have a time on't, this night, I swan," said 'Ky, with a broad grin, "and that cariboo, he's ours, sartain.

"Not forgetting the one hundred niggers, and the one hundred wheelbarrows," said Fred.

"I am bent to hear that, before I sleep, let what may come of it—and so, all hail to Fat Tom!"

TO GLYCERA.

BY GEO. EDWARD RICE.

After so long a thralldom, to be free,

Is happiness supreme. Once I supposed
My pulse could never throb, except for thee,

Thou wert my heart's true Queen, but now deposed
By thy rebellious subject, who at last
Brooks not the Tyrant. Go, thy reign is past!

Though all is over, and 'twere worse than idle
The ashes of this buried love to raise—
Yet thoughts come thronging, and I cannot bridle
The tongue that sang so often in thy praise;
The World was all forgotten for thy sake;
And I must speak, or else my heart will break.

The recollection of the days now fled,
When all my thoughts were trusted to thy care—
When I still followed where thy footsteps led,
And deemed it happiness thy griefs to share—
Shall, in the silent night, come back to thee,
And fill thy saddened heart with dreams of me.

And I, alas! must think, and sigh the while,
How, overcoming all my manhood's pride,
I hailed the sunshine of thy glorious smile,
And knew no pain, but absence from thy side—
Apart from thee, this loving heart of mine
Throbbed the dull moments till my lips met thine.

And then my blood, with lava-flowing tide,
Coursing tumultuous through each swelling vein,
Swept like a torrent down the mountain side,
Straight to my burning soul and maddening brain;
And in those hours of terrible unrest,
I told the love that raged within my breast.

Thy lips responded, and my joyous heart
Leaped like a courser, as he nears the goal—
My Reason fled, o'ercome by Beauty's Art,

And I was thine at hazard of my soul—
Nay, speak not! I have known by far too well,
Thy voice's music, and its magic spell.

But now, when Reason reasserts her sway,
I feel that Life hath nobler ends than Love—
The fond ambitious dreams of Boyhood's day
Return, as to the Ark the wandering dove—
Hard is the struggle, but I rend thy chain,
And stand erect. I am a man again.

Enfranchised now, no more my steps shall stray
To thine abode. We part at length forever—
I ne'er will let thy Siren voice essay
To lure me back again—I swear that never
Will I behold thee, lest thy charms should move
My lips to flatter, and my soul to love.

No more in trembling accents will I sue,
Or gather blossoms to bedeck thy head;
The Passion that I nursed until it grew
Stronger than Reason, now is cold and dead—
And cold and dead to thee shall be the heart,
Once so controlled by thy transcendent Art.

I grieve for mine own weakness—I repine
At moments lost in gazing on thy face—
I have regained my heart, that long was thine,
By one strong manly effort, and no trace
Of all my fond affection shall be seen—
I will not be the slave that I have been.

We part. Farewell! I never can forget
What it were better could Oblivion shroud,
But will not pause to tell one sad regret,
I'll breathe a sigh, then onward with the crowd.
Is that a tear? My struggles are in vain—
See, Love, I'm kneeling at thy feet again!

THE ANNIVERSARY;

OR, THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Will the coming women be great, according to human acceptation, or what is better, harmoniously beautiful?

As yet, great men and great women are by no means the law of the race—they are the exceptions, and consequently, little understood in their day and generation. As yet, these great men and great women are rarely conjoined in marriage—and as yet, great men rarely covet the companionship of such in the aforesaid relation, preferring themselves to play Sir Oracle; preferring an undivided empire; preferring also, some one to flatter the small vanities of common life. Hence, judges, and lawyers, and doctors, and ministers, with their various endowments of intellect, are generally husbands of weak women; and these, with their petty airs, and small views, are the perpetual upholders of “Snobdom.” These women, pluming themselves in their husbands’ feathers, carry their little noses high in air, as if they were themselves something, because of this borrowed greatness.

In justice to women, I must aver that superior women *do* prefer the companionship of superior men. Their indoor avocations; the petty details to which they are more necessarily condemned; and their perpetual environment with shallow, vain, or servile women, render such change not only refreshing, but absolutely essential to their intellectual well-being. Men have the resources of business, profession, books, and the sturdy, exacting mental friction of minds of their own stamp, their peers in mental culture, force and discipline, to repel egotism, and sharpen up their capabilities; therefore, the fireside is really to them, not an exhaustion, as it is to a woman, but a sweet prompting of the affections—and they care less for intellectual than feminal infinity, in this relation.

Great men, from these premises, invariably believe all women to be their inferiors, and weak women always flatter them more and more deeply into the faith. In this way the two sexes have been playing at cross-purposes, rather than adjusting harmonious relations. In our day, the majorities of women are securing more practical views, and a more available kind of knowledge, than the majorities of the other sex; and they are now very expert in carrying on a sort of

guerilla warfare with small arms, which will not cease till we are better understood.

One thing is certain, few women are heroic—physically, we are, of course, all cowards; and most of us are so in a moral point of view. We lack that persistency which is essential to any grand passion. Marriage kills out the music of every young girl, and very few write poetry after the honey-moon. A marriage of love converts a woman into a “flat,” and the contrary makes her a “flirt.” Men, in spite of all our talk to the contrary, feel more deeply and lastingly than women do. Nor is this any reproach to us, in a true aspect of life. We were created to represent the beautiful; grace, harmony, joy, all tend thereto. Women cannot stay miserable; the divine harmonies of their nature reject it. They will make compromises—will struggle and strive, and finally overcome a grief, before which even a manly nature sinks in despair.

All these thoughts fitted rapidly through my brain, as I watched the two lovers, talking in a sweet, low voice, under the shadow of the crimson curtain, with the statue of a Psyche lending a fine perspective to the back-ground.

He was grave, spiritual, and an artist. A woman never fails to love such an one.

She was petite, graceful as a fawn, always pretty, sometimes beautiful—though the artist, foreseeing the possible, yet undeveloped, thought her always so. Her baptismal name was Mary, but instinctively she was called “Minnie.”

“To love is to be immortal.”

Minnie had found this written in pencil upon the ivory sticks of her fan, and she read it, blushing.

The artist met her eyes admiringly, and Minnie asked, with ready coquetry—

“Suppose one does not love, will one be annihilated?”

“I do not know,” replied the artist, “I only know I am safe therefrom;” and he raised the jeweled fingers to his lips.

“Minnie,” exclaimed her mother, hurriedly, “come here, I have upset this vase.”

And her daughter hurried to her side, just as the door opened, and Mr. Centum, a rich New York merchant, made his appearance. He walked directly to the mother, inquired of her health,

in a tone he might have used in Wall street in regard to stocks, declared the weather was "immensely fine," gave his waistcoat a sly pull down—for he was growing full in that region—and then turned to Minnie, gave her a kiss upon the forehead, and a large bouquet at the same time, and taking her by the hand, seated her upon the sofa, and placed himself at her side.

"Cool impudence," muttered the artist. "Do you not think elderly men insufferable, madam?"

"I hope not."

"Look at Minnie, she seems actually to enjoy his assurance!"

"Of course she does—it is a part of her prettiness."

"The old dotard!"

"He is called a fine-looking man."

"Do you think Minnie will ever consent to the sacrifice?"

"It will be none to her."

"Be none, when"—

"She might have a true, loyal lover—one of God's children of inspiration—be the queen to a manly heart; become little less than the angels through a true human love, you would say."

The lip of the artist trembled, and his pale cheek flushed with emotion.

"Oh, it cannot, must not be—she will be wretched."

"Pretty women take naturally to diamonds and laces, liveries and coaches—I never knew a pretty woman to die of a broken-heart—plain women may; beautiful women do. Can a timid child like Minnie oppose her destiny?"

"And you understand your sex?"

"Assuredly; few have had equal opportunities to learn them. I love my sex also, and have great faith in the future to them. Girlhood is always beautiful—womanhood should be noble."

"But Minnie—sweet, lovely Minnie!"

"You have manhood, genius, aspiration. A better awaits you. Thank God, that you are denied this boon. What will it prove to him?" pointing to the group.

"Oh! she will die. It is too horrible!"

"It may be so—better that, than to live to be a fat dowager, a common-place, frowsy rich old woman, when you are immortal; when the good God shall have revealed himself to you through some great, noble-hearted woman, perhaps, worthy to tread with you the golden gates of the Eternal City. Go, my good friend, do not take leave." "It is spoken," the Turk would say."

A man who resigns a sweet, early love, and goes forth to noble effort, becomes thenceforth twice the man he might otherwise have been. A

life of action, a world of art are before him, and he learns to suffer silently all the while he is becoming transfigured from the cross.

The time will come when woman will learn to renounce also, and she will go forth with great purposes, and forget her sorrow in womanly aspiration. A broader field will invite her to action also, and she will become in truth a help, "mete" or fitting for her brother. But, alas! now they renounce only to compromise. Unlike men, they do not ascend to the "higher love," from the ashes of the less, but descend to fortune, worldliness, and folly.

Of course, Minnie married the rich merchant. Prior to the ceremony, she stipulated that all her more intimate friends should write her a letter, to be opened upon the first anniversary of her marriage. Never did the prettiness of Minnie appear more winning than upon this occasion. She colored, trembled somewhat, also, as she included the artist in the number of those who *must write her a letter for the bridal anniversary*. It was curious to watch the expression of her face and the slight quiver of her lip as she made the request, half seriously, half playfully, to her several friends. You felt sure, in witnessing this, that pliant and superficial as Minnie assuredly was in her inexperience, there slept beneath a deep, unclouded lake of pure, beautiful womanhood, which, under the tender smile of the artist, might have revealed in her very lovely, if not noble characteristics. Well, she was married—took the bridal tour—made a grand party—received the congratulations of her thousand and one friends—took possession of her splendid house—and settled down at eighteen as the pretty wife of a rich man; a handsome advertisement of his wealth, in the shape of rich dresses and immaculate diamonds. He came down to breakfast, in dressing-gown and slippers—had a portentous "hem"—wore a "scratch," and read the papers.

She appeared in the sweetest of imaginable demi-toilette—hair thrown back, and a rose at her girdle. But Mr. Centum never saw it. He read his newspaper, gulped his coffee, kissed her with genuine, good, fatherly kindness, and went out. He was a very respectable man, Mr. Centum—regularly appeared in his pew of a Sunday morning—read the responses aloud, and in truth, was quite a pattern man.

One evening, Mr. Centum surprised his little wife in tears. She had been all day shut up in her gorgeously-furnished room, with a headache.

Now, a headache is a woman's unfailing re-

source in all periods of difficulty. Does the new dress fail to come home at the time appointed—a headache. Does husband or father withhold pin-money—a headache. Is a piece of embroidery or lace spoiled in the working—a headache. Is she disappointed in a favorite beau—a headache. Does the invariable Mrs. Jones come just when she cannot be endured—a headache. Does the tiresome bore, Mr. Blank, call—a headache. Has she a fit of the blues, a fit of the tantrums, or a fit of laziness—a headache is the “scape-goat” for carrying all sins of the kind into the wilderness.

Mr. Centum, guileless man, a Benedict at the latest hour, was totally ignorant of this philosophy, and when told that little Minnie had the headache, was actually driven into a consternation as great as he might have felt at the fall of stocks in the market. He never had a headache in his life—why should he? His purse was full, his digestion good, and he was “one of our most respectable citizens.”

A headache to him was a terrible affair. It conjured images of fever, and plague, and cholera, and hydrocephalus, and black crape, and funeral processions—a woman might do anything in the world with poor Mr. Centum by pretending headache.

Good man! he hurried up the stairs as fast as he well could—he had done pulling down his waistcoat now, though the occasion was obviously greater—he puffed almost audibly through the hall and plumped himself into the cozy chair, quite devoid of breath.

“Minnie, dear, what is the matter?” he almost groaned out, wiping his forehead, wet with the hurry of his movements.

“Nothing but the headache, don’t mind me,” she answered rather coldly. But Mr. Centum was used to this, and supposed it to be her nature. Indeed he was rather glad of it—because it saved him from a good deal of trouble. But presently he heard the bursting of a little strangled sob, and hastily drawing back the curtains he was shocked to find Minnie weeping as if her little heart would break.

“What is the matter, Minnie? Has anything happened?” cried the moneyed man in genuine consternation.

“Nothing in the world, nothing, only I am a little goose,” answered Minnie, trying to laugh.

Mr. Centum was relieved, for the words were accompanied by a musical laugh, the sure concomitant of health. But still Minnie wept, and that was not well. Now Mr. Centum had about as much sentiment as may be found in the pages

of a merchant’s lodger, while Minnie, in spite of her coquetries, was full to the brim with it, but being a little body, it did not take much to fill her.

Mr. Centum leaned forward and took the little hand in his, and unconsciously his thumb and finger pressed rather strongly upon the marriage ring; men are apt to do this in some way or other, dangerous as it is—I know of one man who actually snapped it in this way. It was regarded as a bad omen.

Mr. Centum began to count Minnie’s pulse, but before he had half got up to eighty, he went off into a calculation of compound interest, and thus her state of pulse is lost to our story.

Minnie attempted softly to withdraw her hand, but that of the merchant has a “grip” to it even in his most unguarded moments, and the movement aroused him from his golden dreams to the conviction that his little wife was in a fair way of dissolving like a water-sprite through her eyes.

“Why Minnie, what can be the matter of you? Don’t you have everything you want? Do the servants plague you? Do you want a new dress of any kind, a carriage, anything in the world, Minnie?”

“I want nothing in the world.”

“What makes you cry, then?”

“For fun.”

“Cry for fun?”

Yes, why not? I’ve nothing else to do.”

“It seems dreadfully unreasonable,” ejaculated matter of fact Mr. Centum.

“Of course ’tis unreasonable, and that’s why I love to cry.”

“Oh, Minnie, your mother told me you were the most sensible girl she ever knew.”

“And you believed her?”

“Of course I did—or—”

“Or?”

Mr. Centum was frightened—he would not have finished the sentence for the world, and even Minnie did not care that he should do so; she was more reasonable, as the world goes, than she quite understood herself to be. Mr. Centum was nearly at his wit’s ends. He had not supposed that any woman in the world would be otherwise than content with a splendid house, a beautiful carriage, fine dresses, a plenty of money, and nothing to do. In the main he was not far from right. But women differ, just as men do. “What is one man’s meat is another’s poison,” is a proverb applicable to both sexes. Many a woman has felt a thorough contempt for all these fashionable accessories to life, and

would willingly renounce them all for that freedom which she bartered at the marriage altar for these miserable gewgaws. She would willingly resign them all for honest toil and independence.

Mr. Centum found this mood of Minnie's very troublesome. It kept him away from his paper, the dinner was cooling also. In abstracted frame of mind his short, fat fingers played with the masses of Minnie's hair which lay scattered upon the pillow. Soon the magnetism of these money-making organs was penetrating to the delicate brain of the sentimental wife, infusing worldliness and petty ambition, in the place of dreams and poetry; soon the ideal world faded in the distance, with all its music by unseen hands, its verdant slopes and sunny dells and tinkling waterfalls, with the low tones of congenial voices and kindred sympathies, all lost under the blighting and degrading touch of Mammon. Poor Minnie, the finer essences of her soul, feeble at first, and needing gentle fostering, were now nearly fading away like the exquisite limning of the sun upon the Daguerrian plate, upon which an ill breath has blown.

At length Mr. Centum, good man, put his head down, and, in a voice meant to be much softer than that used to his clerk, asked in his awkward good heartedness—

"Have I done anything to hurt your feelings, Minnie?"

The idea of such a thing seemed so preposterous to the little beauty, that she laughed quite in her old, merry way, to the great relief of Mr. Centum. She started up, gathering in her straggling tresses, and in doing so displaced several volumes ensconced about her pillow—down dropped "Corinne," with a half dozen laced lachrymals saturated with sentimental sorrow.

Mr. Centum was relieved, fascinated, but he hurried down to an excellent dinner. Thus these two in their brief communion had struck an average, as marriage is apt to do with most persons. She had magnetized him a little, just a little from worldly calculation, from the sordid pursuits of mere traffic, and he had taken her one step at least downward from the heavenly ladder. She felt something of this, for she was irritable, and fast losing the finer shades of character.

"Do not tie the lacing so tightly," she said to her maid, who was adjusting her shoe-tie. "Place this rose-bud—no, no, I am too artificial for that—place this japonica in my hair," and she half mused aloud—

"Mr. Centum is really a very good man—so good to his poor relations. Put up with all my little ugly whims, really seems to like my extravagances—never eats onions when we are going to the opera, and is such a decent, steady man—heigho!" and she ran down stairs in quite a fit of girlish glee, so pleased with her own prettiness, that she felt amiably disposed to all others.

At length the anniversary of her marriage came about, and the letters of her friends were not wanting, for Minnie was the pet of the circle.

On the evening upon which these letters were to be read, she made her plans as if preparing for a sacrament. The curtains of her boudoir were carefully dropped. A large arm-chair received her little figure, and her foot buried itself in an embroidered cushion. She even dressed herself exquisitely, with flowers in her hair. "Those who love me will be here in spirit," she said.

"She is almost worthy the love of the artist," I said mentally, as Minnie closed the door upon us all, and devoted herself to the companionship of those who loved her in the past as well as to-day. I may as well observe here that the centre table contained only a vase of flowers, a large number of letters, and a pile of pocket handkerchiefs, ready for use.

The first letter she opened was from a spinster aunt, who wrote as follows:

DEAR MINNIE—You are now embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and by this time begin to experience the trials and the difficulties of the voyage. Oh, Minnie, men are all monsters and tyrants, bent upon crushing the hearts of women under the iron heel of their despotism, as you, now that the honeymoon is over, no doubt begin to experience. Let me urge upon you to resist this oppression, not only for your own sake but that of your sex. Make your husband to feel, dear Minnie, that there is a soul in women, which rises in the majesty of its heaven-created power in a thrice glorious resistance to the oppressions of the other sex.

Do you ask why I have never appeared at the marriage altar? Oh, Minnie, I could a tale unfold, to harrow up your soul. Many and many has been the love-struck masculine who has almost sighed away his soul at my feet, but I was inexorable—once, yes, once I felt some tender repinings at the misery I caused, but "no," I said, "I will die, and my maiden

name shall be engraved upon my head-stone, but never, never will I be a slave to man." Remember this, Minnie, and show in every contest with your husband a spirit worthy of your sex.

Your commiserating friend, PHŒBA.

Minnie opened the door, with a lively gesture. "Come here, come here," she said, laughing; "this is in your line. A downright Woman's Rights woman. Ah, you shall be at my levee. Do you know I begin to have a weird, awe-struck feeling as I sit here alone, and yet companioned; and I keep repeating, 'Boatman, take thee twice thy fee,' as in the German poem. The room seems peopled. In every part I see dim, earnest eyes looking at me, and low voices whispering around me—"

"Dear Minnie, your soul is reaching a divine baptism. Do not slight these beautiful intimations."

"I have been very weak."

"It is not for the lowly to be driven to hardship or peril. God will help you."

"How?"

"Read your letters, Minnie."

The second was from a married woman, who was what is called a "Model Woman." It began as follows:

"I hardly know, my dear young friend, how to address you upon this interesting occasion; and yet I am sure my long experience in the marriage relation entitles me to give a young creature like you some little advice.

"It is now fifteen years since I entered the holy bonds of wedlock, and for the last ten years I may truly say I have had no just cause to regret having taken the step. The five first years of my marriage life were passed in downright fighting between my husband and myself. The truth is, men are natural-born tyrants. In the nursery, they strut about, monopolizing everything they can lay their hands on; and when old enough to make love, really do so as if they thought we must be delighted with them. I know Mr. Centum is an exception; for your mother took the whole matter into her own hands, and thus saved you an inconceivable amount of trouble. I shall do just in the same way for my Marion.

"The first thing incumbent on a woman is to get a husband; then learn how to manage him; or, as the cook-book used to say, 'first catch your rabbit,' and then it goes on to tell how he should be cooked. There are many ways in which a husband can be judiciously managed, to the edification and comfort of all concerned. I

regret to say, I took, in the early part of my experience, the worst possible course. Supposing Mr. ——— had sensibility, I went into hysterics whenever he opposed me. The consequence was, a tremendous doctor's bill. The dear man, thinking the illness real, sent at once for the physician, who prescribed freely, and came near ruining my health, while my husband sat reading the papers and waiting the result.

"I soon saw that would not do, and then I tried tears. That was the worst thing possible, for my eyes being large and prominent, acquired an unbecoming redness. Besides, my husband, who was very obstinate, did not regard my tears in the least, and always had his own way. Then I tried spirit. I outdid Queen Bess in my tantrums. I knew how to say the worst, the most aggravating things in the world. He cared no more for them than a block. One day, happening to see myself, on an occasion of a quarrel, in the glass, I observed the veins of my neck were much distended, and the sides of my mouth were so sharply drawn that a wrinkle would be the inevitable consequence.

"From that time I adopted a change, rather than spoil my beauty. I studied the character of my husband with the closest scrutiny. I soon learned that he was obstinate and dull, but really good-hearted and liberal, when nothing disturbed his own self-love. I gradually adapted myself to these characteristics, till I had him so completely under my control that he ceased to contend. I made him think that all I proposed originated with himself. I flattered his self-love; I coaxed and wheedled him, and played submissive, till he grew so delighted with me that he often declares himself the 'happiest man alive.' It is true there is a drawback to this in the hypocrisy I practice; but since he is content, I think I should be so likewise. Sometimes he tells his friends how perfectly he has trained me. Upon such occasions I feel a little rising of the Old Adam, and sometimes laugh a little in my sleeve, which is conveniently large; but I think it wise to give in to what he says.

"In conclusion, my dear Minnie, I give you the result of my experience, which is this: In order to rule your husband, you must *seem* to be ruled by him. ELEANOR JONES."

"Miserable! most miserable!" ejaculated poor Minnie, dropping the scroll as she would have dropped a toad from her fingers. She opened another.

DEAR MINNIE—If I ever live to be a man, I shall want to kill Mr. Centum, and then marry

you myself. Cousin Minnie, 'twas deuced mean in you to get married when you did—I was most up to your shoulder then, and above it now. I'm getting on grandly. I tried a cigar the other day, but just to speak plain, 'twas no go.

Since you got married, I've took to little Kitty. She's amazingly green, but progressing rapidly. Come now, Minnie, just own up—are you not sorry you got married? I know you are. You better have waited till I grew up, for I love you better than a hundred Mr. Centums can, and you know it, Minnie. YOUR COUSIN HENRY.

The reading of this letter, from a Young America, of ten years, amused us greatly.

Then followed one from the pious Mrs. —:

DEAR MINNIE—Life is short, and already another year has rolled into the great ocean of eternity, since you stood a happy bride at the marriage altar, there assuming responsibilities which extend into the unknown future. All I can say, Minnie, is this—never contradict your husband. If he is wrong, pray for him. Never oppose him in any way—be submissive in all things, according to the Scripture, which saith—I leave you to read it. If he is wrong, pray for him. Never tell him you are unhappy, if you feel so—let him see that you are a praying woman. When you lay your head upon your pillow, heave a sigh over the follies of the world. Let your husband see that you are resolved upon leading a pious life; let him do what he will. I forgot to say, the best thing in the world to bring a husband round to a proper temper of mind is, when he is tyrannical or guilty of levity, or indecorum of any kind, to close your eyes slowly, and seem to pray inwardly with a sort of enduring manner. I never knew it to fail. Above all things, be sure to have all the children christened, in spite of opposition. DORCAS —.

A pretty blush, and another letter was opened.

DEAR MINNIE—I always said my little niece was the most sensible girl in the world. Let me tell you, Centum is a good fellow, a first-rate fellow. Rich, respectable, and good familial. He'll make you a happy woman—worth nigh on to half a million. One thing, Minnie, let me caution you about: I know of nothing more distressing than to find of a cold morning, no buttons to a man's wristbands—we bachelors always engage the laundry women to see to this, and they never fail us—their pay stops if they do—but a married man expects his wife to do it, and often suffers dreadfully in consequence; lay it down as a rule in life, that if a married man is

out of temper, it is because his wife has neglected the buttons.

Your affectionate Uncle, JACOB SMALL.

Little Minnie looked up amazed. Life to her were always an ideal aspect. She was looking for sentiment, for affection, for something to meet the needs of her vacant, girlish heart; and she found herself let at once into the arena of chicanery and common-place.

I had observed two letters laid aside, and I put my hand upon them. "Not yet, those must be last; not yet," she said, answering to my gesture. "Here is one from my friend Julia."

DARLING MINNIE—A whole year has passed, and yet we, who swore never to be separated—who declared we would not marry if we could not be together, are now a thousand miles apart, and both married. Do you remember our dreams of love in a cottage? our girlish lovers? Mr. —, the artist, who was so devoted to you? and the young clergyman, who loved me so tenderly? Ah! Minnie, it is a sort of treason to talk in this way—but do you know I feel as if I can do nothing less in writing to you at this time. My husband is a rich, good sort of a man; and so is yours. Everybody congratulates our mammas upon such fine matches; but I declare, I should rather realize our school-girl dreams, than live this life of splendid misery; this negation of all that is beautiful, romantic, and congenial. I despise myself—I weep, and write verses, scold Mr. — for nothing in the world, only that he is my husband—the man who bought me legally for his wife. It is a splendid misery. I am neither vain nor worldly—I do not care for diamonds, nor laces, nor silks, as women are apt to do. The mass of stupid, rich women, who flaunt at watering-places, flirt at hotels, waltz and dance, and love within an inch of their lives, are odious to me. When they come to see me, I almost insult them with my contempt. Minnie, Minnie, I wish we two had gone off somewhere, and lived in obscurity, rather than live as we must live, liars, miserable liars, to the end of our lives. I look from my carriage window with envy at the servant who sweeps the steps, and works honestly, and owns herself; while the women, who are content with wealth, with luxury, and the bondage of wealth, I regard with contempt! Oh, for poverty, toil and freedom! I am half mad, Minnie. What will come of it, I know not. My husband begins to treat me with a stern superiority, that kills me. We have been two dreamers, you and I, and now I am awake. Is it better, Minnie, to sleep, sleep, and

die, or awake to what is and what might have been, and suffer the tortures of a defeated life? I crowd the whole long, dreary future into one consented moment of agony, and then weep well nigh tears of blood. And yet the world calls me happy. Do not be surprised at anything you may hear of me—I am well nigh desperate. Whatever is before me, oh, dearest, sweet Minnie, remember our school-girl days, when we thought only of love and joy, and unambitious dreams, and were content. Remember this, dear Minnie, and love me, let what will be—love me, and believe in me, though all others revile—love me, though I may seem unworthy of love, for indeed, God only knows how this misery will end. JULIA.

Minnie trembled violently at reading this impassioned epistle. She grew deadly pale, and when it dropped from her fingers, she sat so cold and statue-like, I feared she would faint. There is something very touching in these early friendships. Girls are so outspoken, so confiding with each other, that it often happens a moral problem, over which the philosophic mind expends itself for years, is settled by them with an easy natural intuition. It was evident the impassioned Julia had interpreted much already in the mind of the more gentle and timid Minnie. A cold shudder ran over her; she breathed as one about to suffocate, and then tears came to her relief.

"Oh, life is so poor, so miserable, so undesirable," she murmured.

"Oh! no, no, Minnie; the true life is one of joy, of perfect peace, of divine aspiration, and sweet, congenial human love. We may not realize all this, but let us not lose faith in God, a dear loving faith in the good Father, dearest Minnie." She pressed my hand gently.

"Well then, now," and with trembling fingers, she showed me one of the letters she had laid aside. It was from the artist.

A moment she held it before her eyes, unopened. Slowly her hands fell into her lap. A dreamy expression grew upon her eyes—faint rays were emitted therefrom; a silver-like whiteness grew upon her brow, and extended to her hands—she scarcely breathed—her lips moved softly, in strange utterances. She lifted her hand slowly and took the other letter between her fingers.

"Gold, gold," she murmured, "the perpetual curse of love—but for this, I had been like the angels—look here, he has the soul of mammon;" and by some mysterious agency, I too saw the envelope held a thousand dollar bill, which began to crackle, and blacken, and finally consume

with a blue flame. So intent was I upon watching this phenomenon, that I did not at first observe the unearthly aspect of the now beautiful Minnie. She had not broken the seal of either letters, but she read both clearly, as if the sense of sight had become an all-pervading instinct. With white lips, she articulated—

"Minnie, you will see me no more in this world. God grant your life may be a short one. We will blame no one—we will forgive all; and when you die, Minnie, be at peace with all. I do not know why I write this, but a sort of vision tells me these will be the last words you will ever read. Love is a prophet. You cannot, will not become the despicable thing of worldliness, which your mother desires you to be. No, Minnie, you are too beautiful, too near the angels for that—I feel as if I might prevent it—I feel a dread something, a something which I cannot resist, saying, 'Write it down, that Minnie will die, even while the depths of her white soul are being laid open to her, she will exhale like the lily torn from its pure element;' and I say, do not fear, sweet Minnie, do not fear—death is but a sleep and an awakening.

"Stay, beautiful one, stay and see into the real soul of your lover, one moment ere you go. Do you remember, you showed me your family lot in Greenwood—I write this on the very spot. As I look down I see a space covered with lilies—it is where your ashes will lie, Minnie; and mine, God only knows where mine will rest—but that is nothing. See what I have written in my sorrow. Say once that you love me, and I shall bear it, through all space.

"IN GREENWOOD.

"I'll sit me here,

Here, on this calm autumnal day—

The leaf is sere,

And falls unwilling on its way

To lie forgotten in the dim, cold ground—

Amid the scanty foliage chirps the bird—

The squirrel chatters with a peevish sound,

And 'mid the crisping herbage, faint is heard,

The undertone of waters, gurgling low,

Dreading the frost will intercept their flow.

"There was a time,

I rarely bring its memory back—

It seems a crime

To sigh, ah! well-a-day! alack!

As if the past would fail itself to link

Unto some future, of the past a part—

But yet, strive how I will, I still must think,

Though ~~autumn~~ now—once ~~summer~~ in my heart

Lived summer-like, nor dreaded winter's blight,

For ~~thou~~ wert then my sun, my life, my light.

"We must lie low,

Aland the sunbeams, on a spot

Which I should know—

Hearts never learn the word 'forget'—

Were it not so, these long, long smothered tears

Would not resume their overflow—for I

Am but a part of weary autumn years,

Whose life-bright sun is blotted from the sky,

Meseems a slumber, long and deep, were sweet,

Amid the leaves that rustle at my feet."

Minnie chanted the above in low cadence, as if her tongue had become a lute; it was like a heavenly dirge, sung by a disembodied spirit, who mourned with a more than human tenderness, over a mortal's grief. Suddenly, she raised both hands above her head, as if in ecstasy, and uttered—"I love you, Juan!"

I placed her cheek against my bosom, and soothed her as I would soothe a weary child, upon whose tender head the nipping frost of a winter night had fallen. Her breath was faint and low—I called her by name—she did not reply—I looked into her face—she was dead!

Many months elapsed, when one morning a pale, noble youth stood before me. He waited for no greetings, but began at once—

"I was in Italy—God is my witness, that I struggled boldly and well to do manly service in the world. I worked, I studied; every day I exacted a certain amount of labor from myself, which I performed with the precision of a hireling. Art, which is so beautiful, which requires the love of a loving soul, became a kindly mother to me, and gave me works, and through the prismatic hue of tears, revealed to me celestial beauty. I saw the faces of Dante and Beatrice; of Abelard and Heloise; of the sublimely sorrowing Cenci; of Joan, the wondrous creature of inspiration, gleaming with their strange luminous eyes upon me, and I perceived them not as ideal dreams, but living portraits—mostly I saw the holy, the divine, the infinitely loving Jesus, standing in serene majesty, a perpetual rebuke to our poor turbulent, now achieving lives. Him I painted, and men came as to a shrine for worship. They saw not a work of art, but the Divine impersonation. I achieved more than my brother artists achieved, with more genius and more perseverance than mine, because my life had become one of pure revelation. I was faithful to the wondrous teaching of love; faithful to the ministry of sorrow.

"One night, I walked beneath the solemn arches of the Coliseum—I had wandered there nightly, for many weeks. The mendicant stretched himself upon the ground, in that beautiful climate, and did not heed me, as I leaned against the wall, and dreamed—the priest muttered a benediction, and moved onward; and the stout

robber, with muttered curses, sought another rendezvous, rather than disturb a moon-struck man, as these people learned to regard me.

"As the anniversary of Minnie's marriage approached, a strange feeling of awe grew upon me. I knew she could not live through years of dull ungenial ministry, wearing out her soul in schooling it to patience, and I had written her to that effect. I knew not what I wrote, for a wild power impelled my words, and I spoke not from my own volition. It seemed to me I was invested with power to *will* her death even. I could not resist it. I spread out my arms, I bade her come to me—I knelt imploringly beneath the holy stars, I, a half frantic, yet rarely loving man, and conjured her, by all holy signs and sacred names, to lay down a life of misery, to win an angel's robe.

"Look here," and he unrolled a picture giving the exact portrait of the room, in the centre of which was the angelic Minnie, just as she arose from her chair and spread out her beautiful arms, with the words, "I love you, Juan."

"This was the vision opened before me. For one, one moment of transport she was mine; we met as angels meet—I heard the blessed words, 'I love you, Juan,' and knew all that has transpired. Better, infinitely better it should be thus."

How beautiful, how noble looked the artist, with his manly brow, his pale cheek and spiritual eyes. I knew he had battled bravely and had won the victory. He was too great to sink under his grief—he had arisen therefrom into a higher life.

"And what will you do, Juan?" I asked.

"I will establish a new school of art. Look at the saintly beatitude of this face. Sorrow should have no part in the arena of art. The human, being low, level with earth, weeps and repines—the glorified human is joyous, serene, divine. The martyr exults amid the flames—the prophet beholds the heavens opened, while his blood sprinkles the earth. The true woman glows with a celestial halo, because she has trodden the serpent beneath her feet."

"Noble, beautiful youth," I exclaimed, "thou art worthy to be 'baptised with this baptism,' and thy aspiration is the promise of fruition."

And Minnie, the tender, gentle Minnie, who had helped to raise the lovely soul of the pure artist up to this true idealism—she had done a woman's office in the world, an office holier and better than mere intellect could achieve, however great. Hers has been the true Ministry, that of the Beautiful.

MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Continued from page 113.

CHAPTER XI.

Mary wins over Darnley, and escapes with him from Holyrood to Dunbar Castle—She cooks eggs for breakfast—Advances with an army to Edinburgh—Morton and the other murderers fly into exile—Mary's differences with Darnley—Murray and the other nobles combine against him—Remarkable Interview, in which they urge her to Divorce him—Her refusal.

You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, touched and tried,
Proves valueless! You are forsworn, forsworn!
CONSTANCE.

The miscreant clerk, once more he came,
As she wept in her bower, to the peerless dame.
CH. DICKENS.

In the midst of the tumult attending the murder of Rizzio, some one had run from Holyrood to the Town Hall of Edinburgh, carrying the tidings; whereupon the Provost, with a crowd of citizens, wearing jacks and skull-caps, and carrying swords, came hastily to the palace and asked to see the queen. She was in her room, holding altercations with Darnley and Ruthven, and when she heard of the Provost's rescue, her excitement increased, and she said she would go out to speak to the people. But they refused to permit her—Ruthven and the rest fearing the effect of any of her passionate appeals. They would sooner, they said, cut her in collops and throw them over the walls! They then thrust Darnley forward; and he, going to the window, told the crowd that the queen and himself were well and merry. It was also explained to them that it was only the Papist Rizzio who was slain; and they were so dismissed to their homes.

All that night Mary was kept prisoner in her sleepless room, deprived of the attendance of servants, wringing her hands and weeping, as she walked up and down. Darnley was with her, as much a captive, in effect, as herself. Next morning, Sir James Melville, hurrying away from Holyrood, heard a wild, shrill voice from a window, and, looking up, saw the pale, tear-swollen face of Mary.

"Go," cried she, "to the Provost. Bid him raise the town and rescue me from the hands of

traitors. Run fast, good Melville; run fast, or they will stay ye!"

Melville obeyed; but the Provost had received counter-commands from the king, who ordered the citizens to keep their houses, and also issued a proclamation, in his own name, dissolving the dreaded Convention of the Estates. The nobles were ordered to leave Edinburgh and return at once to their residences. Darnley then announced to the queen that Murray and the other banished lords were on their way home. Mary had exhausted her passionate feelings, and those of a cool determination now took possession of her. She saw the danger that menaced her, and resolved to use every means of turning it aside. She knew Darnley was willing to deprive her of her authority, and felt that if he remained united with Murray, Morton, and the rest, her cause was lost. She therefore dried up her tears, and prepared for her revenge. She prayed her husband to allow her women to come to her. He was willing; but the lords refused, and the end was that he insisted angrily, and the attendants came. By means of these, she instantly sent messages to Athol, Bothwell, Huntley, and her other adherents. She then called Melville, and gave him strict charge to bring Murray to her on his arrival. That earl and his friends returned on the afternoon of that day, showing that they had not been far off, and had only waited to hear of the murder of Rizzio and the queen's helplessness. Mary received her brother with an appearance of good-feeling, and complained, with tears, of the insults she had received. She told him, truly, that not she, but others—meaning Darnley—had kept him in exile so long. When she besought him to aid her in recovering her authority, he shook his head hypocritically, lamenting he had as yet no power to do so. Next day, he assembled all the conspirators, the Earl of Lennox among them, and in secret conclave they unanimously agreed Mary should be shut up in Stirling Castle, till she should have consented to establish the Pro-

testant religion. Murray even expressed himself in favor of dethroning and putting her aside; and all this, though Darnley had not been assassinated, nor Mary wedded to Bothwell. The young king took little or no part in these deliberations of the lords. They made no account of him, and he soon began to perceive that he was slighted and neglected on all sides. In this mood he paced the prison chamber of his wife—and in this mood was he won over by the tears, arguments, eloquence and blandishments of the all-accomplished and courageous young queen. She pointed to the desperate designs of those who were his enemies no less than hers, accepted his helpless repentance with a grave solemnity, and bid him implore the forgiveness of God also, and things would yet be well. Darnley, who had betrayed Mary on Saturday, betrayed his fellow-conspirators on Sunday.

Ruthven and the rest soon saw, with alarm, the turning of his thoughts; especially when he desired they would remove their guard from Mary's chamber-door. He expressed his intention of passing that Sunday night in her apartment; but fearing the effect of this, they resolved to prevent him. They either made him drunk or drugged his drink at supper, so that he fell asleep as he sat, and did not wake till the dawn of Monday morning. When he went to Mary's bed-side, she was angry, and made him so by asking him why he had broken his promise of the evening before. But this gust blew over. That day he carried to her the proposals of the conspirators, that she should pardon the banished lords and the murderers of David; and she made a show of acquiescence. But her thoughts were busy with a plan of escape, to which she had entirely won over her facile and fascinated husband. She had, at first, proposed to let herself down from her chamber, with ropes, at the peril of her life; but was persuaded against such a desperate attempt; and then Sir William Standen, Darnley's Master of Horse, arranged to have horses ready near a postern, at the midnight of that day, to carry them away to the Castle of Dunbar.

Meantime, toward evening, the queen and her husband met Murray, Morton, and Lethington, (she refused to see Ruthven,) and, with a resolute eye to the result, led them to suppose she would grant them her full pardon. Drinking to them, courteously, she said she could sign no document just then, as nothing of the kind could have any validity, seeing she was held in a kind of constraint; but added, she would proceed to the Tolbooth in the morning, to act legally in

the matter. Then Darnley, pretending that everything was now settled, requested they would withdraw all strangers from the palace. It was with great reluctance that the lords consented to this; having a well-grounded suspicion of what was to happen.

"But, if ever evil comes of it," exclaimed Ruthven, when they had told him of the interview, "let it all lie on the king's head!" Ominous words.

Toward the midnight of that 11th of March, 1566, Mary and Darnley stole out of their palace by a backstair, mounted horses, and with six attendants—one of them a woman—rode rapidly away to Dunbar through the darkness, the queen sitting on a pillion behind Erskine, her Equerry, for part of the way. In the morning, the party approached the royal fortress, and Sir William Standen astonished the warder by a peremptory summons to admit the king and queen, which was instantly obeyed. When they had entered that stronghold, the queen, as we are informed by a recently published Italian document, ordered a large fire to be made in the hall, warmed herself at it, and then asked for some new-laid eggs. When these were brought to her, she took a little skillet and boiled them herself for breakfast. Mary, from her childhood, had a good appetite, as the reader knows. After this, she sat down and wrote letters to the King of France and the Cardinal of Lorraine, and despatched trusty messengers to tell her friends the story of the recent atrocities, and her escape. She had scarcely done these things, when Sir William Standen came into the comfortless little chamber in which she sat, to say that a crowd of armed horsemen were approaching the castle. Mary repaired hastily to the battlements, and soon had the satisfaction of recognizing the pennons of Huntley and Bothwell, at the head of the welcome rescue. Other bands followed, and next morning the Queen of Scots found herself at the head of an army, supported by a score of chieftains, and ready to march against the rebels and murderers.

In a few days, Glencairn, Rothes, and other outlaws, who had been banished with Murray, for thwarting her marriage, came to ask her pardon and offer their adhesion. A queen's proclamation was soon heard at Edinburgh Market Cross; and away from that city fled the murderers Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, Kerr, George Douglas, and their friends; and John Knox fled away along with them—for very good reasons of his own, no doubt; for he had openly declared the murder of the paltro David a very praise-

worthy thing. Mary now made Huntley her Lord Chancellor, in Morton's room; and gave Bothwell, on whose military energy she had the strongest reliance, the abbey lands of Haddington, lately possessed by Maitland of Lethington. She informed Murray she had pardoned him, hoping for his future good behavior; whereupon that earl wrote a secret letter to the Earl of Bedford and Randolph, at Berwick, praying them to befriend the exiled homicides, as he himself had also been befriended; and then prepared to join Queen Mary, who had returned in triumph to Edinburgh, on 18th of March.

On her arrival at Holyrood, the wretched young king was induced to protest before the council that he had had no part in the killing of Rizzio; and Mary, by proclamation, ordered that no one, in future, should couple the king with this vile act. She affected to think that he was led away by his wicked advisers; and thus, while she seemed to pronounce him guiltless, really pronounced him helpless. And as such, every one, rebels and loyal alike, now began to regard him. He soon became sensible of an altered state of things, and began to exhibit his discontent. He found Mary incensed against his father, the Earl of Lennox, whose intriguing spirit she dreaded; and when she forbade the latter to come to court, Darnley rode off to Stirling to mingle his discontents with those of the earl. From this time forward there was no longer any real confidence between Mary and her husband. She dreaded that he and his father would form a league with the nobility to depose her, and took the precaution of warning Murray against doing anything to encourage him. Finding that she could not dispense with the assistance of her brother, and also resolved to keep him for safety on her side, she took that pitiless traitor again into her service, and made him her prime minister. She also labored earnestly to reconcile him to Bothwell, Athol, and others of her adherents—but unsuccessfully.

For the next three months the Queen of Scots occupied a chamber in the Castle of Edinburgh, and prepared for the birth of her child. During her retirement, she felt in safety, but was really under a kind of restraint, seeing that the Castellan, the Earl of Mar, uncle and adherent of the Earl of Murray, would not permit any of her loyal nobles to have access to her; and these things, together with the idea of the natural danger attending her approaching labor, kept her mind in a state of anxiety. She made her will, and prepared for the worst. But on 19th of June, 1566, was safely born a prince, who,

thirty-five years later, united the long opposing crowns of England and Scotland. Darnley, who was always free to visit her at the castle, came to see her on the afternoon of that day; on which occasion a very striking and memorable interview took place between Mary and her ill-fated husband. She lay quietly on her couch, surrounded by her women, when she was told the king was coming. She then bid them raise her up a little, and taking the child as Darnley drew near the bed, addressed him with a solemnity which must have made him shrink into himself.

"My lord!" exclaimed she, putting the boy into his hands, "take your son. I here protest before God, and as I shall answer it at the great day of judgment, he is your own and no other's; and I am willing that all, both ladies and others, bear witness of this; for he is so much your son, that I fear it may be the worse for him hereafter!"

Darnley listened with embarrassment to this terrible speech, which showed how keenly Mary remembered his stupid treachery and the insulting reports which he had countenanced. Turning to Sir William Standen, the queen then said—

"This is he who shall unite the crowns of these two realms."

"Nay, madam," returned the Master of Horse, "surely, he is not to succeed before your majesty and the king's grace."

"Ah!" said Mary, in a languid, hopelessness of tone, and sinking back on her couch, "his father has broken to me."

"Is this your promise, madam?" exclaimed Darnley, embarrassed and half angry; "is this your promise, to forgive and forget?"

"I have forgiven all," answered the queen; "but," added she solemnly, "I never can forget. What, if Faudonside's pistol had shot? What would have become of us all—of him, (pointing to the child,) of me, and even yourself?"

"Madam, these things are past and gone," answered her husband, in a tone of increasing ill-humor.

"Let them go, then," was the final response of Mary, as she turned on her side, exhausted by such an agitating colloquy.

To understand the differences between this fated pair—differences which have been so wrested and recorded to Mary's prejudice—it should be remembered that Elizabeth had refused to recognize him as king or prince-consort; that the nobles disliked him, and that he was espe-

cially the enemy of Murray, whom the unhappy queen was obliged to conciliate and listen to. Thence resulted the anger of Darnley, his quarrels with one who was herself helpless, and all that palace history so vilely narrated by Buchanan, Knox, and other opponents of the queen. Murray's influence was gall and wormwood to the young man, who hated the very shadow of that arch-conspirator, and would sometimes swear he would have him stabbed, or otherwise put out of the way, for his treachery. Mary rebuked these violent threats, which filled her with alarm, and the matter came to Murray's ears. Detesting Murray, Darnley never objected against Bothwell, the queen's chief adherent—a noticeable fact at a time when Buchanan pretends her passion for that blockish chieftain had begun to exhibit itself. That suborned scribe says that, after the birth of James, Mary visited Alloa Castle by water, leaving poor Darnley to go by land; that she went with "pirates" and some of Bothwell's men, and that on her way she went about handling the ropes of the vessel and asking questions, in a very bold, unwomanly manner. This is one of those things which read so darkly in Mary's biography. Buchanan leaves us to imagine some immodest escapade—not informing us that, with the queen were the Earls of Murray and Argyll, the Countesses of Mar and Argyll, the Maries, and other ladies and attendants, and that the "pirates" were the coxswains of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland, James, Earl of Bothwell. The reason the petulant Darnley was not on board the crowded little vessel was, that he did not want to be cheek by jowl with the man he hated and meant to stab, some day. Buchanan's history is on a level with Knox's theology.

At this time, the queen prayed M. de Castelnau, the French ambassador, to reconcile the king with Murray and the rest of the nobles. But the reconciliation which he contrived to bring about was hollow and brief. The restoration of Maitland of Lethington threw him into another fierce effervescence. Murray and Athol warmly interceded for Secretary Maitland—an able brain, indispensable in the management of their plots—and their wish had the force of a command. Darnley, who well knew Lethington was one of the murderers of Rizzio and the tool of Murray, told the queen plainly she ought never admit such a man again into her presence; but in vain. The young king found the influence of Murray greater than his own, and was excessively indignant to see all the murderers coming home by degrees, in spite of his efforts

to keep them out. At last he quarreled openly with Murray, declaring he deserved to be beheaded for treason. Bothwell also quarreled with that earl, and maintained an angry altercation with him in the queen's presence, concerning lands belonging to Lethington which had been granted to Bothwell, and which Murray wished to have restored.

"I would rather lose my life!" exclaimed Bothwell, impatiently.

"Twenty as good men as you should lose their lives ere Lethington be reft!" retorted Murray.

The poor queen could only look helplessly from one to the other. But Murray had his way, in the end.

At this period, Darnley wrote, by his father's advice, to the pope and the king of France, to complain that Mary was lukewarm in her attachment to her religion, and too favorable to the heretical faction. This correspondence became known to the queen, and she felt still more convinced that, in his desire to obtain authority, her consort would have recourse to any means whatever that might further his projects. From this time, distrust and often-recurring discord were guests in all the palaces of the Queen of Scots. She and Darnley were in the habit of arguing warmly on state affairs, quarreling for a space, and then becoming reconciled—only to argue and fall out again. The curse of blood that was upon their union began to show its deadly working. But it was not Mary who brought it; nor Darnley, either.

In September, this year, occurred one of the most notable of these royal quarrels. Mary prepared to go to Edinburgh, to open a convention of the nobility. Darnley desired to share with her the royal office of presiding on the occasion. But he was disappointed. We may be sure Mary was resolved not to make him any concession whereby he may in any way supplant her authority. At all events, she went alone to Edinburgh, and, on her arrival there, received a letter from old Lennox, to say his son was resolved to leave the country and go beyond seas. The queen referred the letter to the lords, and these appeared to be surprised. They wished to see him, and know the truth from himself. In a few days, Darnley came to town; but refused to enter Holyrood House, hearing that Murray and Lethington were lodged there. The end of it was that the queen was obliged to go out and coax him in, like a spoiled child. Next day, there was a meeting of the council in the queen's room, and Darnley being present, his purpose to go beyond seas was openly announced—perhaps,

to his surprise. The queen spoke, begging the lords to ask him his reasons, seeing he would not tell them to her in private; and then, taking his hand, she besought him to speak out, and not to spare her, if he had anything to lay against her. But the poor youth, in the midst of those opposed, as he well knew, to any assumption of authority on his part, would not reply. Du Croc, the French envoy, who was present, also begged him to speak. At last, he said, carelessly, they had given him no cause for his resolution; then, turning away, exclaimed—

“Adieu, madam; you shall not see my face for a long time;” and so departed.

This has been recorded as Darnley’s folly. And yet he had his reasons for what he did. The truth was, that Mary and the lords were just now of one mind respecting him. She distrusted him, and feared some new treachery on his part; and the nobles also dreaded to see his influence paramount. The young man knew he could not plead his cause in that council. He was also aware that the Queen of England was preparing for him a studied insult at the christening of his child, and that the queen and the lords were not indisposed to permit it. Buchanan, as regards this business, is anxious to put Bothwell forward as a cause of dissension. But there is no need to combat such an exploded fallacy. The plain authentic tale is enough for the truth of this history. Mary had married Darnley to obtain a friend and supporter. But he betrayed her; and, strongly distrusting him, she was obliged to conciliate his enemies and her own. She met Lethington with favor, and at last brought about a general reconciliation between Bothwell and her loyal nobles and the chiefs of the congregation. Some historians—Miss Strickland, in particular, who writes in too amiable a style, so to speak—try to show that Mary felt affectionately toward Darnley at this time. But the truth is, that, though she hoped for a future change, which may allow them to live more happily together, she still feared himself and his plotting father, and necessarily behaved with a reserve which must have nourished the ill temper of her husband. She certainly loved her sceptre better than her husband; not so very unbecoming a thing in a queen.

On 24th of September, Queen Mary issued orders that her nobles and other tenants of the crown should attend her on a royal *it*, or *eyre*, towards Jedburgh, where she intended to hold assizes for the trial of certain predatory Scotts, Elliots, and others. The Earl of Bothwell, who was her March Lieutenant, proceeded to the

appointed place in advance of the queen. On 6th October, he was wounded and disabled in a scuffle with a stout reiver, named Elliott of the Park, and his authority set at defiance. Mary now set forward for the Border, with all the chief persons of her court, as she was accustomed to do on similar *eyres*. Buchanan speaks of her as flying away in haste, “like ane mad woman,” by great post-journeys, in the sharp time of winter, (beginning of October,) to see her paramour, on hearing of his wound! On 9th of October, she reached the assize town of Jedburgh, and having already heard of Bothwell’s accident, sat down to try causes for a week, instead of flying. On 16th, she rode over to see that first military officer of her realm, where he lay at Castle Hermitage, and was accompanied by the Earls of Murray and Huntley, Secretary Lethington, a number of gentlemen, and some ladies. Attended by these, she conferred with the wounded man, heard his report, signed papers, gave him further orders, and then, escorted as before, rode back to Jedburgh the same day. Buchanan, who wrote his book after Mary’s English imprisonment, is as base and false as usual, in his account of this affair; and it is degrading to the dignity of history to see how he is followed by the heavy and colorless Robertson, some French writers, and others. A few documents and dates, set forth by an industrious lady in our time, have shown the unworthiness of such chroniclers. Buchanan says, Mary brought Bothwell back with her to Jedburgh, and grew sick with the fatigue of nursing him. She was sick in bed the morning after her return; and Bothwell did not come to Jedburgh till eight days subsequently—that is, on the 25th of October; and then he found the queen still weak in bed.

Her Jedburgh sickness was very severe. She had ridden forty miles, in going to and coming from Hermitage, and fatigue of body combined with anxiety of mind to prostrate her. Secretary Lethington—one of the destroyers of Rizzio and Darnley, of Bothwell and Mary—speaking of the queen at this time, says the root of it was the king, “who,” he adds, “has recompensed her for her goodness toward him by ingratitude.” Not a word of Bothwell or the amour. That afterthought is to come when they want to dethrone Mary and defame her forever. Mary’s disease was, in fact, aggravated by the report of Du Croc, whom she had sent to conciliate Darnley. But the young man refused to be conciliated, unless the Queen should concede to him his proper authority. On the third day of her illness, she thought she was dying, and gave

solemn directions concerning her affairs. Though a Catholic, she demanded the prayers of the Reformed Congregation, to gratify Murray and the rest, imploring them to give peace to Scotland, and be faithful to her son. She also recommended toleration in matters of religion, forgave all who had offended her—mentioning her absent husband among them—and asked forgiveness for her own errors and shortcomings. She had a succession of vomitings, *dwams*, or swoonings, cramps and delirium. At times she lay stiff and cold, as if dead, and the women cried out. But Nau, her physician, ordered the most energetic friction of her limbs, and by slow degrees she came out of what seemed the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On the day of her worst fit, the 25th October, Bothwell found himself well enough to ride over from Hermitage, and sit at the council board with Murray, Huntley, Athol, Caithness, and the other nobles.

On 27th of October, Darnley heard of the queen's illness, and on 28th, came to Jedburgh from Glasgow. He remained but one night. Buchanan says he was coldly received. This was not unlikely; for the lords were his enemies and murderers. Mary, in her sickness, would have very little to say or do on the occasion; though it is not impossible, she thought he might have come to her sooner, and allowed him to see her discontent. On 9th November, being sufficiently recovered, she left Jedburgh, with her court and judiciary; (Buchanan, in the journal subsequently concocted to criminate her, says she set out with Bothwell, on 5th,) and so proceeded, by Kelso, Home Castle, and other places, toward Berwick on Tweed, where—still surrounded by her nobles—she had a courteous interview with Sir John Forster, the English Governor. Thence she traveled to Dunbar and Tantallon, and, on 20th of November, reached Craigmillar Castle.

At Craigmillar, situated a couple of miles out of Edinburgh, Mary spent some of her heaviest hours; and the name is closely interwoven with the argument of Darnley's approaching fate. When she had been about a week at this place, he came to visit her; but being restrained and unhappy in the presence of Murray and Lethington, for whom his face always wore a look of gloom, he soon went away. Du Croc, the French ambassador, records that at that time, the queen was full of sorrow—forever sighing and weeping, and wishing she were dead.

"Matters," he writes to Archbishop Beton, "are going on worse and worse between the royal pair, and unless through the special intervention of God, no good understanding will be

likely to take place; for Darnley will never humble himself as he ought, and the queen cannot see him in conference with any of her nobles without suspecting a plot between them."

Mary was now, in fact, in the midst of plots; she breathed an atmosphere of plots. Her husband and his father were feebly plotting to establish a strong Catholic party, and make the former "king-matrimonial;" while her great lords, Murray, Argyll, Huntley, Bothwell, Lethington, and the rest of the Protestant party, who knew that Darnley was in correspondence with the Pope, and who were sure of Queen Elizabeth's countenance and aid, were conspiring the unhappy youth's destruction—making, at the same time, deceitful professions of sympathy with herself. If stone-walls, which, they say, have ears, had also a tongue, those of Craigmillar could have given a fearful report of deadly whispers. For Darnley was, in about two months, to be strangled by the Douglasses; in another month or two, Bothwell was to be chased from the realm and the authentic page of history forever, and then Mary, doubly widowed, a dishonored woman and disrowned queen, was to lie, weeping her dreary imprisonment, in the Castle of Lochleven. The walls were silent, however, and the programme of all these things rested darkly shut up in the brain of James, "the Good Earl of Murray"—as the people of Scotland are still fond of calling that subtle homicide.

The conspiracy which destroyed Darnley, was carried out like that which affected Rizzio's death. In the latter case, Murray, Lethington, and their friends, were outlaws, for rebellion against Mary's marriage, while Morton and the Douglasses were in power. Now, the latter were in exile, for killing David, and the others were at the queen's right hand. But, as we have already said, they were all confederates, leagued in one long, deep scheme of revolution, with the sure support of Elizabeth; and bound to afford each other mutual assistance in all the trying chances and emergencies of the work. As Murray had been juggled in, on the murder of Rizzio, it was now arranged that the Douglasses should be juggled in, at the death of the next victim. In this last sentence is comprehended much of the history of the Scottish Reformation—though the historians have not so stated the fact.

The Douglasses being needed at home, Murray and Maitland tried to procure an amnesty for them, applying for that purpose to the King of France. The French ambassador, Castlenau, made such representations in consequence, that Archibald Douglas received permission to enter

Scotland from Newcastle, in order to treat of terms under which the exiles may return. Mary's treacherous ministers now proceeded to arrange their plot. One morning, as the Earl of Argyll, Chief Justice, lay in bed, in a small ill-furnished chamber of that fatal Castle of Craigmillar, an attendant put in his head to say that the Earl of Murray and Secretary Lethington wished for some private conversation with him. Being admitted, the visitors spoke for some time, arguing that, as Morton and his friends had murdered Rizzio to prevent the confiscation of Murray's property and that of his friends, it would be only right that they, in turn, should help the Douglasses. Argyll assented, and they then sent for the Earl of Huntley, who agreed with them in this, and also in a project for divorcing the queen from Darnley. Afterward they proceeded to the room of the Earl of Bothwell, and, being the four chiefest men in the kingdom, persuaded him to join them. Things being thus carefully arranged, they all went into the queen's presence, and their interview with her was of a most memorable character. Face to face with Mary stood the five most powerful nobles of Scotland, to plead with her on behalf of the murderers of Rizzio, and tempt her with a plan of divorcing and getting rid of Darnley. Lethington stood forward as their spokesman, and began with an insinuating tone of frankness, to speak of the queen's distresses, and the cause of them. He lamented the ingratitude of the king, expressed fears it may grow from bad to worse, and then went on to say that if the Earl of Morton and the others, banished by her majesty, were but restored, her nobles would form a coalition in her service by means of which they could bring about a divorcement between her majesty and the king, whom they all feared, and who was likely to cause some notable trouble in the realm.

As Lethington spoke, he referred, by his looks, to the lords, and received from them their assent and adhesion to his words. Mary sat and listened with a pale face of anxiety, the Maries, Seton and Livingston, standing behind her chair. The needle-work which she had been shaping for her infant's dress, lay unheeded in her lap, as she fixed her eyes on Lethington and turned them occasionally on the others who stood before her. She seemed affected once or twice, as was but natural, considering the theme of the discourse; but sustained herself with firmness. She was by nature self-possessed, and on this occasion, any tendency to weakness was checked by the consciousness that Murray and Lethington were

a pair of designing traitors, and that any proposition of theirs must contain something of deceit and something of danger. To the proposal of divorce, she replied that such a thing should be brought about regularly and legally, if at all, and should in no wise prejudice her child. Otherwise, she declared she would not consent to it, but would endure whatever miseries her lot may have in store for her. Here Bothwell broke in to observe that his own father and mother were divorced, and yet his right of inheritance was not compromised thereby. Lethington, who seemed impatient of Bothwell's argument, then went on to say that after the divorce, Darnley should quit the kingdom, or otherwise, live at a distance from the queen.

"It is a weary argument," said Mary, with a sigh, after a pause of sadness. "This weird is hard to bear, and yet to put it from me, may be a sharp and a sore effort. My lord may change. He is young; and methinks it were well I myself should leave the realm for a time. Peradventure"—with a glance at Murray—"matters may tend all the better in my absence. There be those ready to take my place, and rule this people—a task which has more of sorrow than solace in it, God wot—and one I would be happily quit of."

The queen spoke with a feeling of bitterness, in which despondency was largely mingled, and Lethington, in reply, went on to assure her that nothing should prejudice the right of her son.

"Can ye not see, madam, that we, who are of your chief nobility, shall be able to bring this about? My Lord of Murray here, who, like your grace, has a scrupulous mind, will join in anything we undertake, and look through his fingers at whatever may be necessary to do."

"My lords," answered the queen, who saw the necessity of guarding herself against the insidious men who stood before her and tempted her; "I will ye do nothing that may touch my honor and conscience as a queen. I hope Heaven, in its own good time, will bring some remedy. My lord, who is yet young, may, in time, change his ways. He is now led astray by those who are no less his enemies than mine."

"Let us, madam, guide the business amongst us," said Lethington. "Your majesty shall see nothing but good, and everything approved by the parliament and the nobility."

This closed the interview. The earls and their spokesmen bowed themselves out of Mary's cabinet, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on them while they remained in sight, and theirs turned on the matting as they withdrew—looking like men

glad to feel that a disagreeable business was well over. This remarkable conversation was recorded by the earls of Huntley and Argyll, several years later, at the request of the imprisoned Mary. Some historians seem to discredit it as a partial narrative. But it contains nothing to justify doubt; and its simple statement shows even less of the complicity of Murray and the others than is found in other unquestioned documents. Mary was not the woman to put herself in the power of those whom she knew to be her enemies, by any expression of bitterness against Darnley or any encouragement of their projects. Her observations were natural, sensible and dignified. But this document leaves no doubt that a conspiracy was entered into by the nobles against Darnley, and that Murray was the head of it—the first mover in Darnley's murder.

With respect to the real feelings of Mary at this crisis, it is scarcely to be doubted that she feared violence of some kind was meditated for Darnley. She knew that he was as helpless as herself; and while she dreaded his machinations, she felt it necessary to favor those traitors and plotters who promised to keep the crown on her head. She moved between Scylla and Charybdis; but she was certainly resolved to be Queen of Scotland. She knew that when Murray and the rest talked of crushing the plots of Darnley, they meant something which may crush himself. Still, she was obliged to accept their show of sympathy. In the words of Luther, she might have said—"I can do nothing else—God help me!"

CHAPTER XII.

Conspiracy of the Nobles at Craigmillar Castle for the recall of Morton and the other Murderers, and the destruction of Darnley—Bonds of Assassination signed by Murray and his party, on one side, and Morton and his Friends on the other—Queen Elizabeth's device to increase the discord between Mary and Darnley—Baptism of the Infant—Amnesty of the Murderers—Darnley's passionate indignation—His sickness.

We'll desert him?

Full twenty thousand have done that already.

We must do more, my countrymen; in short.

We—we must kill him! WALLENSTEIN.

He came and went, and left me what I am.

SHELLEY.

MARY was now persuaded, against her will, to regard Morton and the rest with a feeling of greater leniency. As we have said, the French ambassador had obtained from her permission that Archibald Douglas should come to Scotland on the part of his exiled chief. In a letter written by this man to the queen, several years later, for the purpose of clearing himself in some

way from the charge of being one of Darnley's actual murderers, he sets forth the secret history of those dark days at Craigmillar. When he came to Murray, Lethington and the others, to arrange for the return of the Douglasses, he was told that the marriage of the queen not having turned out happily, the young king was to be checked; and it was at the same time proposed that Morton should join in a bond of the nobility, the object of which was the redress of the queen. The terrible meaning of these conspirators was masked by a certain speciousness of language which could be interpreted either in a mild or murderous manner by those concerned. Morton and the others, who were then at Newcastle, in communication with the English officials, consented at once and signed the bond. They were all, of course, ready to pity the poor queen and bring Darnley to order! This Bond of Assassination was drawn up by Sir James Balfour, sometime Catholic Parson of Fliske, who, having formerly been one of the murderers of Cardinal Beton, must have found something congenial in the document; which set forth that it was thought necessary for the good of the commonweal by the Scottish nobility, undersigned, that such a young fool and proud tyrant should not reign and bear rule over them, and that he should be taken off one way or other—the enterprisers engaging to stand together and defend those who should take the good work in hand. The most influential peers in Scotland put their names to this dreadful paper—which they gave into the custody of Bothwell.

That savage conspiracy was hatched and ripened in Craigmillar Castle, during the queen's stay there, from 20th November to December 7th, a space which included Darnley's sojourn of a week in her company. On 8d of December he went away to Stirling, in a dissatisfied state of mind; and no doubt with reason; for the queen's lords, while they plotted his fate, could hardly behave toward him with any great show of courtesy. His angry departure left the queen very sorrowful and unhappy. On 7th of December, she went from Craigmillar to Holyrood House. The day was Darnley's birth-day; but there was no festivity now; balls, feasts, games and masquerades were neglected. The curse of discord darkened all the palaces of Scotland, and Mary was never destined to see them joyous again. As the time of the young prince's baptism was approaching, Mary left Edinburgh, on 10th, and proceeded to Stirling, where the ceremony was to take place. Buchanan's base journal says she went there with Bothwell on 5th. But Miss

Strickland is fatal to that unfaithful chronicler, and blasts his fame with her unanswerable show of dates. She brains him with her lady's fan. On Mary's arrival, she found Darnley, who distrusted Mar, Governor of Stirling, lodging in a private house of the town, and induced him to go with her into the castle. Here the queen's distress of mind was very visible to all about her. "So many and great sighs as she would give," says Sir James Melville, "that it was pity to hear her, and few were over careful to comfort her." The baptism was one great cause of her unhappiness. The Earl of Bedford was coming out of England, bearing a massive silver font, worth over £1000 sterling, and Elizabeth's sponsorship, for the child. But that queen had ordered the earl not to recognize Darnley as king, by any means, or treat him with any respect. This was a cruel and bloody mandate of the British sovereign; and so must history regard it. By this means she could render more desperate those fiends of discord which saddened the married life of Mary Stuart; and that was enough. The face of Elizabeth was the face of affection; but her act was one of relentless cruelty. The miserable Darnley argued angrily that his wife should not have allowed Elizabeth and the Protestant lords of Scotland to overbear her in that manner; that she should have refused to receive Bedford unless he acknowledged the undoubted rank of Mary's consort. And it is hard to condemn the young man for this; he argued fairly and justly. But Mary was too feeble to offend Elizabeth and thwart the wishes of her own advisers; and then Darnley had behaved so basely to his wife that she did not love him sufficiently to dare everything for his sake. She resolved to accept, but with sighs and tears, as we have seen, the humiliation forced upon him and upon herself by the royal British tigress—little James's loving godmother. The poor father, to escape insult, was to stay in a back room during the christening, if he pleased.

Queen Mary sent Sir James Melville to meet the Earl of Bedford and his company, now on their way across the border; and it gives us an idea of the helplessness of her situation to know that this envoy was commanded to have first speech of the Earl, and justify the queen to him against the reports of her enemies and the falsehoods which, says Melville, (the partisan rather of Murray and his party than the Queen of Scots,) they invented against her. When the earl had arrived in Edinburgh, he was lodged in the Duke of Chatelherault's house in the Kirk of Field; and, on the 14th of December, he reached Stirl-

ing, accompanied by Mr. Christopher Hatton, and a company of knights and gentlemen to the number of eighty persons. Mary received the embassy in great state; but Darnley was not present. Her calumniators point to certain occurrences of that time as evidences of her harshness toward Darnley; such as his absences from her receptions, and state occasions; when they well knew that it was the young man's own angry and most natural wish to keep aloof from Murray, Mar and the rest, who looked on him with sinister eyes, and from the English envoys, part of whose mission it was to overlook and insult him. Buchanan, in his very mean way, says the poor young man could not show himself, because the queen had not provided him with clothes! Du Croc, writing to Catharine de Medecis at that time, tells her how Darnley fears the English envoys will do something to affront him. And this is the key of that household history, which Buchanan and the murderers so labored to distort.

On the day of the baptism, Darnley was in high state of excitement and exasperation. He did not appear at the ceremony; but he sent several messages to Du Croc, requesting an interview, which the ambassador persisted in refusing, not wishing to be involved in any sort of altercation or scene with one so excited. The old man was so tried by his behavior on this and other occasions, that he pronounced it incurably bad. Meantime the child received baptism in the chapel royal, according to the rites of the Catholic church, and was named Charles James—the Countess of Argyll holding him at the font, for the amiable, absent godmother, Queen Elizabeth. The Earls of Huntley, Murray and Bothwell, and other lords as well, refused to go into the chapel or take any part in the rite. They stood at the door, scrupulously keeping their Protestantism from taint. It must have been a heavy ceremony to Mary Stuart, and one ominous of the cloudy days to come. For the father of the child was absent, and the rites looked maimed without him. And it was the same at the banquet which followed. He who should have sat by the queen in the hall, and worn the most hospitable and happy countenance there, remained in a remote corner of the building, eating his own heart and drinking *aqua vitæ*, and trembling with the sense of insult and the desire of revenge.

But Queen Mary did her best to grace the festival of her child, and do honor to her guests. She sat surrounded by the English, French and Piedmontese representatives, while the Earls of

Huntley, Murray and Bothwell served her as carver, cupbearer and sewer. A number of nobles bore white torches and supported various other parts in the festivity—which was, in all respects, a very picturesque pageant—with a certain dash of savagery to complete the character of a feudal banquet. At one time the feasters were on the point of coming to blows. The matter was this. The French gentlemen and the queen's French servants were jealous of the attention shown to the English, and Bastian, Mary's Master of the Revels, got up a device, which, he thought, would turn the scale against the Southrons. He brought in his second course on a platform with wheels—a crowd of satyrs running before with whips to clear the way, and playing in antic fashion to amuse the company. They put their hands under their tails and wagged them, making the offended Britons think they acted in derision of them, seeing that, for some peculiarity of old costume, the Scots were in the habit of calling their neighbors "the long-tailed English." Mr. Christopher Hatton, Mr. Lyggon and others, sat sulkily down on the floor behind the board, that they should not see themselves scorned, as they thought; and the former told Melville that, but for the queen's presence, he would stab the knave, Bastian, who had done it all for spite! The growling and threatening grew so loud behind the queen's back, that she as well as Lord Bedford and others, turned round to see what the matter was. Melville came forward to explain it, and Mary and the earl were at pains to allay the angry feelings of the occasion.

Two days after this, the queen offered another show of festivity—for the creation of her son Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick. There was a great display of fireworks—"artillery fire-balls, fire-spears and other things pleasant for the sight of man," says an old diary. The use of gunpowder on this occasion must have offered many deadly suggestions to Murray and the other conspirators. Adam Blackwood, one of the earliest defenders of Mary, says they intended to destroy Darnley by an explosion during the fire-shows. It is certain he did not give them an opportunity to do so; for he remained closely shut up in his own apartment during the festivities.

At this time Archibald Douglas returned from the Earl of Morton, and, after a conference with Murray and Lethington, took back to him the assurance of an amnesty. Buchanan, Robertson and others, say Mary granted it at the solicitation of Bothwell. But the Earl of Bedford, in a letter to Cecil, shows that it was due to the lat-

ter for his favor and good will; and Morton himself thanks Cecil for the same; while Queen Elizabeth in a letter to Throckmorton declares the earl was restored to oblige her—"upon instance made by our order at the Earl of Bedford's being with the queen." The ambassador of France and the Scottish lords also joined in this importunity. So that, though Bothwell may have supported it, and doubtless did, his merit respecting the result, must be considered a very trifling dividend, after all. Mary gave way and granted the amnesty—only excepting three men—George Douglas, the Postulate; Kerr, of Faudonside; and Patrick Bellenden—those who had insulted her with brandished arms in Holyrood, on the night of David's death. After this concession, her heaviness of heart seems to have increased. Du Croc went to see her one day, and found her on her bed, weeping bitterly, and complaining of all her vexations. She, doubtless, anticipated the rage of Darnley on the subject of the pardon; and she was not mistaken. When the act, restoring those whom he knew to be traitors and murderers, was published, on 24th December, he quitted Stirling in a paroxysm of rage, without taking leave of the queen, and hurried off to his father at Glasgow. Those murderers could easily guess what they might expect, if ever Darnley had power in Scotland.

Mary spent her joyless Christmas-tide at the house of Lord Drummond; whence she went back on 1st January to Stirling, and here she heard that her husband was ill of the small-pox, in Glasgow. It was subsequently said the young man was poisoned before he quitted Stirling; and Buchanan—himself one of the poisoners of history—has not failed to make the most of that malignant gossip. But the Earl of Bedford, writing from Berwick; and also Sir William Drury—men who would have heard the worst of the queen, in a case of the kind, say it was "the small pockes," (little *pokes*, or pockets in the skin,) and that Mary had sent her physician to attend him. Darnley himself had asked for that physician—a fact which pretty fairly disposes of the poisoning part of the business. And yet the advocates of the Maine Law would insist that the youth had been poisoned—and not without a show of truth. For his drinking habits, in the distraction of his mind, could not have failed to produce his heavy sickness. At this time the English government had especial cause to entertain feelings hostile to Lord Darnley; for, a man named Rogers, being arrested and examined by order of Elizabeth, stated that the consort of the Scottish queen had been intriguing with the

Cholmleys, and other Catholics of the West of England, for the restoration of the old religion in Britain. He and Mary had also been in communication with the plotting Countess of Lennox, his mother, then in the Tower; and also with Arthur Pole, imprisoned in the same place—the latter of whom had offered to surrender his claim as descendant of George, Duke of Clarence, in favor of the queen and king of Scots. These things excited the anger of Elizabeth, both against Mary and her spouse, especially the latter. Just then reports of some contemplated attempts against Protestantism were rife in the country; and the Marquis of Moretta, ambassador of the Duke of Savoy—whose appearances seem always to have had something fatal for Mary Stuart—arrived in Scotland on behalf of the Catholic princes of the Continent, to agitate a religious combination against Elizabeth. In connection with this scheme, the Pope had already transmitted to Darnley's address, a sum of money, which had been intercepted and kept by the Earl of Northumberland, and the young man showed an earnest desire to do everything in his power to annoy Elizabeth. But a fate of discomfiture was on all such plans. Mary and Darnley could have agreed on this Catholic question—and did certainly agree upon it. But they differed on other subjects; and this difference, so artfully promoted by their enemies, was full of failure and destruction. The result of the examination of Rogers was, that the reformed Scottish nobles regarded Darnley with an increase of dread and ill-feeling, and at the same time truly felt that anything undertaken against such a dangerous agent of Popery, would have the support or the connivance of Elizabeth and her ministers. The reader of history should take all these collateral facts of this Darnley tragedy into consideration, and be thus enabled to liberate his mind from the falsehoods of Buchanan and Knox, who would narrow the subject down to a criminal household antipathy. The latter, no doubt, has the advantage of that simplicity which belongs to the dramatic sentiment, and is always best appreciated by the general mind. The Buchanan story of Mary and Darnley, is the old story of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon—guilty love, guilty hatred—and the catastrophe. But modern history and the antique stage are different things; and to a great many, the discovery of truth will certainly be as interesting as the proprieties of the drama. Darnley's fate was due to a great number of consenting or conflicting causes—such as the reader has already been enabled to recognize. The real causes of great

events are very often overlooked—as the moralists and critics of history have repeatedly remarked—and, in hastening to the Kirk of Field, the general reader pays too little attention to those Catholic plots then discovered, the political anger of Elizabeth, and the encouragement gathered therefrom by the deadly enemies of Darnley. He who steadily follows the course of this narration through a broad field of facts—the number of which has been latterly increased—will not need any labored refutation of Buchanan's assertions, adapted in his day, to a bitter and an unscrupulous purpose. The plain tale puts him down—as has been said.

The banded and bonded Scottish nobles now began to put their deadly machinery in movement. The unhappy queen having refused to lend herself to the scheme of divorce, they turned to the more decisive alternative, and prepared to slay Darnley, whose fate, they believed, perhaps truly, she would not too bitterly lament, while they felt safe that she could, at all events, do nothing to avenge it, against the murderous league of the chieftains which then beset the throne. The operations of these men resembled those of the cat in the fable, who, living in the centre of the tree, the top of which was tenanted by an eagle, and the hollow root by a sow and her little ones, moved up and down, making her neighbors mortally afraid of one another, and so leading them to destruction. They feared the queen's reconciliation with her husband; and, in the first place, contrived to let Darnley know she was about to arrest him; at the same time informing her that the young man and his father, were plotting the seizure of the infant prince and her deposition, and raising men for these purposes. All this had its effect; Darnley grew enraged and used fierce language against the queen and her advisers; and this was, of course, reported to her with exaggerations. In alarm, she summoned a privy council at Stirling, on which occasion her ministers took care to make such representations that, on 13th of January, she carried the child in great haste away to the Castle of Edinburgh. Here she had Hiegate and Holcar—the men who had reported Darnley's threats—brought before her; and having coolly listened to what they had to say, she was enabled to conclude that their assertions were not entirely trustworthy, and therefore declined to follow the advice of Murray, who would have her raise an army and arrest both her husband and his father at once. They wished to urge her to something on which they may found the base calumnies they meditated.

Mary did not believe Darnley, on his sick-bed, could plot very dangerously against her, and refused to sign an order for his arrest. But his angry words, and the complication in which she saw herself involved by those whom she recognized as men of blood and false friends, weighed heavily on her mind; and her sorrow and dejection were visible to all who came into her presence. Her feelings were ominous of the catastrophe which was now at hand. And yet it is at this moment of alarm and distress, and frequent weeping over her child, that the suborned Buchanan has represented her engaged in a bold, spirited, and wanton amour with the blockish Bothwell—so lately married in her presence and with her cheerful countenance, to the Lady Janet Gordon—and carrying on with him a copious and vehement correspondence, in those forged letters so much talked of subsequently, but so little believed in at any time—save by those who knew least about them. The time, we perceive, was not judiciously chosen in this respect. But, for the coarse dramatic effects intended, the

device was found, nevertheless, to answer its purpose in a certain degree.

Mary had indeed deep causes of grief and anxiety; not alone on account of her husband, but with respect to the irritable feelings and enigmatical ways of Queen Elizabeth, now roused by the rumors and whispers of the great Catholic plot. Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at Paris, informed her that the Spanish ambassador at the same place had called on him and bid him warn the Queen of Scots that a great peril was at that moment hanging over her head. He went on to say she was in danger of some surprise, and advised that her attendants and the officers of her household guard should use an increased watchfulness. Beton's letter did not reach Mary till Darnley was no more. It showed—and we can now perceive how truly—that the scheme of Darnley's destruction included that of Mary also; and that voices were heard abroad, and in the air, so to speak, announcing the horror and desolation then suspended, like a dark cloud, over that unhappy house of Stuart.

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.

BY HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I HEARD the steps of midnight, sad and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmurs of the falling streams
Far off and low, that droned a dreamy tune;
I wandered down the purple Vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Sweeps of strange music, blown from off the sea.
Enticing voices seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toiler, come! they seemed to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate.
Arise, and trim thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over Fate.

Gay dwellers in the Happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day.
Our home lies fair upon the far-off sea;
Sad mortal, come away—

To loll all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal spouting springs,
In spicy climes, with no remembrances
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—

Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun

Sinks to his evening bath in western floods;
Or else in great sea shells to float, asleep—
Rocked by sweet winds that blow from Indian woods,
Along the placid deep.

These songs, and more, they sang, that fainter grew
And died upon the dark, and wholly ceased,
As morning, with her sandals wet with dew,
Came flushed along the east.

I rose: the cool wind swayed my lattice-vine,
And sunrise burst along the lordly parks.
I heard the bleat of flocks, the low of kine,
And songs of soaring larks,

And distant shepherds piping rustic airs,
While I, alone, was downcast and oppressed—
Heart-heavy with a weight of fancied cares,
And worried with unrest.

But in my heart I heard another voice,
Low-toned and full of peace, that seemed to say,
Behold! the creatures of the field rejoice—
And art thou less than they?

Know, all conditions tend to perfect ends.
Perform thy lot: to Heaven leave the rest:
All things work out the good that God intends,
And that which is, is best.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

A BIT OF ADVICE AND WARNING.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

MISS PRIMROSE and Miss Julia Primrose were two very different persons—aunt and niece. The aunt was steady, grave, intellectual and highly decorous—certainly not handsome, and by no means young. The niece was gay, laughing, saucy, pretty and nineteen. They were, nevertheless, attached to each other; for aunt did not pretend to exercise too much authority over niece, lest it should make herself regarded as a lady of a certain (*i. e.* unpleasantly advanced) age. Julia, on the other hand, liked her aunt as something to plague and worry. Her greatest delight was to persuade the good lady that some young man was violently in love with her—the aunt. The fibs she would invent with this object were, doubtless, very shocking; but she had such a merry way of turning aside wrath, that poor aunt was obliged to forgive the offence within five minutes after the first discovery of it.

They lived in the country, but not alone. Miss Julia had a papa, the brother of Miss Primrose, a good sort of country squire, full of jovial hospitality, blessed with a moderate rent-roll, a capital cellar, and an equally good hunting stud. The family (which consisted only of the three individuals thus introduced) seldom visited London. If they did so, it was only for a month, during which they took up their abode at one of those delightfully economical establishments called “private hotels,” where your week’s bill equals the rest of your annual expenditure, unless you are a monstrously improvident individual. They then made a tour of London sights—everything from Mont Blanc and the Italian Opera down to the last new dwarf and the newest Puseyite chapel: they visited all their town friends, ate their heavy dinners, danced them into fevers and catarrhs in their stuffy ball rooms, and made a weighty list of new acquaintances to be invited down to Primrose Hall in the shooting and hunting season. I don’t say anything about the ladies’ milliners, dressmakers, and jewelers’ bills, which accumulated with such alarming rapidity on these occasions, because the ladies were always anxious to forget them as soon as possible, and were very penitent when they came to reckon up the sum total.

It was the month of October, and Primrose Hall had many visitors, and of the usual heterogeneous character. There were sportsmen and dandies, politicians and prozers, fast and slow, clever and heavy people—making a kind of human salad agreeable enough to the palate altogether, though some of the ingredients might not be of the choicest. Amongst others was a Mr. Percival Trinket, whom we thus single out from the rest because he is the hero of the little tale we have to tell.

Mr. Percival Trinket’s best friends pronounced him a very keen fellow—a man with a remarkable eye to the “main chance,” which means his own self-interest. He affected the airs of a good-natured, easily-pleased, not very intelligent dandy; but he was nothing of the sort. He looked on the world as his oyster, which he resolved to open without cutting his fingers, and to swallow the contents without sharing an atom with any one. The knife he intended to use was matrimony. A rich wife was the object of his ambition: if young, *tant mieux*; pretty, better still; well born, still more to be rejoiced at; but rich, rich, rich, above all things—and so that he secured that one quality, he cared little for the rest.

To obtain the prize he aimed at it was necessary to make as many eligible friends as possible. Few men had more invitations to good country-houses than Mr. Trinket: no one of the slightest importance omitted him from their list of ball invitations, and a great many requested his company at dinner. In spite of all this Mr. Trinket had never yet succeeded in the laudable object he had been pertinaciously pursuing for four or five years. He had been desperately in love with twenty ladies (or their fortunes), and had failed in securing the heart (or purse) of either. The refusals he had received to his numerous offers of his hand and heart—he had nothing else, and remarkably little of the second—would have made most men resolve on bachelorhood for the remainder of their days. They had no such effect on Mr. Percival Trinket: he had a perfect conviction that he *must* eventually succeed, and bore patiently the ninety-nine rebuffs for the sake of the one success which he looked on as certain in the future.

"Deuced nice girl—Miss Julia—don't you think so?" asked Trinket of his friend Mr. Foxley, one day in the billiard-room at Primrose Hall, as they were having a quiet game alone.

"Very," replied Foxley. "What a pity she has no 'tin.'"

"How do you mean?" inquired Trinket, quite staggered at the idea, when he had been seriously thinking of paying his addresses to the pretty Julia.

"Don't you know?" said Foxley, making a cannon at the moment, "Estates here all entailed in the male line—Primrose lives up to his income—daughter will only have five thousand pounds."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Trinket, quite shocked, and feeling that he was wasting his time in staying near a girl with only five thousand pounds.

"If the aunt were a little younger, now, *she'd* do," said Foxley.

"How so?" asked Trinket.

"Got forty thousand of her own—but then *she's* forty years of age."

"Forty thousand, has she?" cried Trinket.

"Humph—ah—are you quite sure your information is correct, Foxley?"

"Certain—know the solicitor—seen all the title-deeds and settlements."

"Very odd—not that it's anything to *me*, you know," said Trinket; but one likes to know a little about the people one is staying with—eh?"

"Certainly—just so," replied Foxley, gravely; but if Mr. Trinket could have seen the sly look of Mr. Foxley's eyes when he was not watched, he might have come to the conclusion that Mr. Foxley was not a man easy to be bamboozled. In short, he knew Mr. Percival Trinket's game as well as that gentleman did himself.

Foxley won the game of billiards—indeed he seldom lost one, or his income would have been greatly diminished thereby. Trinket paid over his losses, and, saying he had letters to write, he retired to his room.

"This is rather a 'sell,' I'm afraid," he thought, as he settled himself in an easy-chair. "I came down here because I thought Julia something very eligible. I fancied the estates were *not* entailed—some confounded fellow told me so—and Primrose Hall is a decent place to turn into by the gate of matrimony. Seven thousand a year, I'm told. What a shame those entails are! Cutting a man's only child out of his estate, to pass it on to some second cousin

that he does not care a rap about. *She's* a pretty girl, too, and a clever one—rather too much of the last, for I'm a little bit afraid of her. Her eyes seem to look through you, and read all that's passing in your mind. By Jove, I should not like her to know all that *does* pass in mine! I should be in a great fright if I had to propose to her. Well—well—I need not trouble my head about the matter. Five thousand pounds—bah! *She'd* spend the interest in dresses if *she's* the least bit extravagant, as all clever women are. There's an end of my views regarding the fair Julia."

Here Mr. Percival Trinket rose from his chair, strutted to the window, and looked out on the pleasure-grounds surrounding the house.

"There's the aunt," he said, as he perceived that good lady strolling alone, with a book in her hand. "And she has got forty thousand pounds, eh! It is a pity *she's* not younger—or older. If *she* were seventy, it would be another matter; but forty is an awkward age. Ten years older than myself—it doesn't seem much—but it is, especially when it's on the wrong side. Forty thousand! About two thousand a year—not bad. I've been a terrible unlucky fellow. I ought to have got a wife before this; and certainly I have tried hard enough. *She'd* have me of course. I've a great mind to do it. It's a certainty; whereas looking out for something better is far from safe. I shall get laughed at horribly—well, I could afford that on two thousand a year. *She's* a lady-like woman too—'pon my soul *she* doesn't look so bad walking there; and I don't think *she's* extravagant, for *she* has worn the same dress at dinner all the three days I have been here. Suppose I go down and talk to her; *she's* a very intelligent woman—there can't be any harm in a little chat, at any rate."

And so forgetting all about the letters he had to write, Mr. Percival Trinket caught up his hat, ran down stairs, entered the pleasure grounds, and was soon by the side of Miss Primrose.

The lady gave quite a pretty little start of surprise as she saw him.

"All alone, Miss Primrose?" said Trinket, gayly.

"Not alone," she replied, "not alone when Wordsworth was my companion;" and she held up the volume she was reading. "Do you not love Wordsworth?" she asked.

"Oh, amazingly!" said Trinket.

"Which of his poems do you prefer?" she asked.

The question was a "poser" to a man who

had never read a line of the great poet in his life.

"It is difficult to say," he replied; and undoubtedly it was in his case.

"I think nothing can surpass the *Excursion*," she observed.

"Perhaps you are right," he answered: "I am sure I should be very wrong to dispute the judgment of a lady of such refined taste as yourself."

"You are very polite to say so," rejoined the lady, blushing, and looking desperately pleased; "but I see you *don't* agree with me: there is some other poem that you admire more, and you won't say so. Which is it?" she asked insinuatingly.

Mr. Percival Trinket wished Wordsworth had never been born, or never written a line. How on earth was he to answer?

"Is it *The White Doe of Rylstone*?" she asked.

"I confess I think I *do* prefer *The Doe*," said Trinket, who only caught a part of the title; but I dare say it's my bad taste."

"Oh no; it's very beautiful," she answered, "very—and so simple."

"Exquisitely!" said Trinket, with as much enthusiasm as if he had just been reading it—perhaps rather more.

"You are a great reader, are you not?" asked Miss Primrose.

"Pretty well—pretty well," said Trinket, who never read anything but *Bell's Life* and French novels. "And you, Miss Primrose, I need not ask whether you study; for how could your mind be so well stored if you did not?"

"You are very kind to judge me so favorably, Mr. Trinket. I endeavor, in our retired life, to keep up my acquaintance with the great intellectual lights of the world as far as possible."

"Does your niece read much?" asked Trinket, thinking to "draw off" the subject of books by a side wind.

"Pretty well; of course she's gay and giddy—so very young you know. A little frivolous, perhaps, but that's quite excusable."

"Of course—quite so; but to tell you the truth, Miss Primrose," said Trinket, "although I make every excuse for the frivolity of very young ladies, they don't suit my taste. I know that I seem to be too gay and careless myself; but it's only on the surface. What I admire in your sex is the self-possession, grace, and intellectual disposition which these very young girls never possess."

"I'm afraid that is not generally the taste of young men now-a-days," remarked Miss Primrose, with a sigh

"Perhaps not; but I don't pretend to be like other men. I am rather a grave fellow at heart, and apt to look below the surface in observing others—especially of your sex."

Just as Mr. Trinket had made this little speech, the pretty Julia herself appeared, and apologising for intruding on a *tête-à-tête*, informed her aunt that her services were most particularly needed by the housekeeper at that moment. So, with a bow to Mr. Trinket, aunt and niece walked away.

"Oh, aunty—I caught you?" whispered Julia.

"For shame, dear!" said aunty; "Mr. Trinket is really a most well-bred and intellectual young man."

"Of course!" exclaimed Julia, "of course, aunty dear; I think he'd make a capital uncle."

Mr. Trinket strolled back to his room tolerably well satisfied with what he had done.

"It was a desperate awkward start for me," he said, "talking about Wordsworth—I must look over that chap. But I don't think I turned it badly at last. The worst of those middle-aged women is, that they are so frightfully slow; they will prose away for half an hour about a stupid book, while a young one would have jumped to half a dozen subjects, and given you twenty opportunities of saying smart things. I've made love to fast women and stupid women, romantic women and witty women, and I've pulled through tolerably well; but it strikes me that the game with an intellectual woman, like this one, is the most difficult to carry on. I don't know anything of the ground she goes over—so I suppose I'd better give her her head, and let her take me where she likes. I'll agree to all she says, if she'll only keep from asking me those awkward questions. Let me see—what are the names of those poems? The Expedition, I think it is—and the Doe of something—I'll make a note of them at all events."

And on his ivory tablets Mr. Trinket scribbled, "Expedition,"—"Doe."

* * * *

A great portion of Mr. Trinket's time was now spent in the library. His friends were amazed at his sudden taste for literature—all except Mr. Foxley, who shrewdly suspected the truth to be that Trinket was "cramming" for his conversations with Miss Primrose. It is certain that he henceforth showed a great fondness for that lady's society, and lost no opportunity of circulating his opinion that she was a most amiable, accomplished, and in every way superior woman. In short, it began to be whispered among the

young ladies that Mr. Trinket was smitten with Miss Primrose ("The aunt, my dear—could you have imagined such a thing!"); while the men said that Percival had entered for the matrimonial stakes for about the fiftieth time, and really at last seemed likely to walk over the course.

Mr. Foxley appeared to be more delighted than anybody at the present state of affairs. He lost no opportunity of slipping in a bit of praise of Miss Primrose every time he talked to Trinket. He insinuated that he believed the original forty thousand had grown into something even more substantial, as the lady was very economical, and had nothing to spend her money upon except her wardrobe.

"What a catch she'd be!" he would say, after some of these bits of volunteered information.

"Not so easily caught as people might imagine," replied Mr. Trinket, who, thinking he had pretty well secured the game, resolved to make it appear as valuable as possible; "Miss Primrose is an extremely sensible woman, and has refused twenty offers, I'm told."

"Dare say," answered Foxley, who did not in his heart believe that she had ever had *one*.

"There are very few young girls that I should not feel more confidence of succeeding with than Miss Primrose," said Trinket.

"You ought to know," remarked the other.

"How so?" exclaimed Trinket, hastily.

"You've had plenty of experience, I should think," replied Foxley, quietly; "such a lady-killer as you."

"Oh! ah!" assented the dandy, extremely well satisfied with the compliment.

"I wish you'd help me to a wife here," said Foxley.

"You! what, to Miss Prim——"

"Oh, no—I don't aim as high as that. Forty thousand wouldn't have me; but five thousand might."

"You mean ——," began Trinket.

"I mean that I shouldn't mind if I could secure Miss Julia, while you—but that's not my business."

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" thought Trinket, who had a great contempt for Foxley's personal pretensions. But though he thought this, he did not say it; on the contrary, he held his tongue, and sat perfectly still, as if deeply reflecting for a moment, while Foxley watched him with his sharp gray eyes, as if he could read his soul. "Foxley, you're a good fellow!" he exclaimed at last, "and I believe I may safely confide in you."

Mr. Foxley intimated that his confidence would never be violated.

"To tell the truth, then, I do think of proposing to Miss Primrose, and I have not much doubt of being accepted; but I don't want to run any risk. The lady being not very young, I am quite aware that I should be subjected to a great deal of ridicule if I were to be rejected by her. I therefore want to make quite sure of what her sentiments are toward me, and if you will find this out for me, I am entirely at your service regarding the fair Julia."

"Done! it's agreed!" cried Foxley at once.

And so was a little compact made, that Foxley should puff Trinket, and Trinket puff Foxley, to aunt and niece, and that each should aid and abet the other in their respective designs on the hearts and purses of the two ladies.

* * * * *

On a certain evening, shortly after the conversation last recorded, it would have been amusing and interesting to have watched two little detachments from the main body of the company assembled in the drawing-room of Primrose Hall.

By the side of Miss Julia Primrose sat Mr. Percival Trinket, earnestly conversing, and recommending the personal, moral, and pecuniary perfections of his much-loved friend, Mr. Foxley. Pretty Julia quietly acquiesced in all he said—at least, she did not dispute its truth, but treated it as a matter in no wise concerning her.

"Are you considered cold-hearted?" asked Trinket.

"I don't think so—why?" was the young lady's response.

"You seem very insensible to devotion," said Trinket.

"Sir!" exclaimed Julia, in surprise; for she thought that if this were the prelude to a declaration, it was rather an abrupt one, and not exactly respectful.

"Pray forgive me—indeed, dear Miss Julia, nothing could give me greater pain than to offend you," said Trinket, in humble tones.

Julia bowed gracefully, to hint that he was forgiven—and to say truth, (much as we regret to have to record it,) she had conceived just the slightest *penchant* in the world for the wife-hunting dandy. Not that she was by any means prepared to accept the offer of his hand; but she could not have made her refusal of it very harsh.

"You must be aware of the devotion I refer to," continued Trinket. "You cannot but perceive the constancy with which your every wish is sought to be anticipated—the eagerness with

which the least glance from you is sought—the devotion with which you are followed——”

“Pardon me for interrupting you,” said Julia, “but I really am unused to this eloquence, Mr. Trinket. Am I to suppose——” here poor Julia got nervous, “that you—that this is a declaration?”

“It is a declaration—I feel that I may call it so—of the ardor with which you are loved by my good friend Foxley.”

Julia almost screamed with surprise.

“Mr. Foxley!” she exclaimed; and then in an instant the ludicrous side of the affair seized her thoughts—the absurdity of her mistake—the still greater absurdity of Foxley proposing by deputy—the overwhelming absurdity of Foxley thinking of gaining *her* heart—it was too much; she burst into a fit of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of Trinket, and the surprise of every one else in the room.

“What’s the joke?” “Do tell!” was heard on all sides.

“It’s far too good for general circulation—we will keep it to ourselves,” replied Trinket, rising, and moving to another part of the room, and trying to look like a wit, who has just said something clever.

He was very soon joined by Mr. Foxley, who quietly whispered—

“It’s all right—you may go in and win; she’s sure to have you.”

Trinket was delighted; but he was obliged to make up a very sad face as he told Foxley that his news was less favorable, for he greatly feared that Mr. Foxley stood no chance with Miss Julia.

“All right—better luck next time,” said Foxley, who was a philosopher—or something else, which we may discover by-and-bye.

Mr. Trinket took the earliest opportunity of seizing on a seat next to Miss Primrose, and of securing a little under-toned conversation with that lady. What the words were which passed between them, must be forever locked in their own hearts. Suffice it to say that while Mr. Trinket hesitated a great deal, Miss Primrose blushed still more; that Mr. Trinket was *not* refused—very much the contrary—but was referred to Mr. Primrose, the lady’s brother, for his consent.

* * * *

“A little private conversation with me?” said Mr. Primrose, next morning, in answer to a request from Trinket. “Certainly, my dear sir—come along! I’ve got one little room that I do keep to myself, and we’ll have our chat there.”

“What the deuce can he want?” thought the old gentleman, as he led the way to the room. “I wonder whether he is going to borrow my money, sell me a horse, or propose for my daughter? I don’t mind either of the two first; but the last—an entirely different pair of ‘tops’ altogether.”

They entered the snug little room reserved by Mr. Primrose for his own especial use and retirement, and took their seats in a couple of luxurious arm-chairs placed on either side of the fireplace.

Now it may be a prejudice on our part, but it certainly *does* strike us that there are few situations so unpleasant as that of being *tête-à-tête* with an old gentleman to whom you are obliged to declare your matrimonial intentions toward his niece, or his daughter, or his ward, or his sister. You have the perfect certainty of being looked upon as a suspicious character—a kind of respectable burglar, with designs on the family property. You are expected to lay bare your prospects as well as your heart—your pecuniary affairs as well as your personal feelings. You must on no account resent as an insult any questions, however impertinent, touching your character or your finances. You must be prepared to have rough questions and give smooth answers; to be considered, if not absolutely pronounced, a humbug; and to beg as a favor, that which you feel you have a right to demand—the lady’s heart—seeing that she has already consented to bestow it on you.

Percival Trinket knew all about this, for he had been “back-parlored” (as it is expressively termed) fifty times before. But his experience did *not* supply him with an extra degree of firmness; because hitherto his appearances in his present character had been dead failures. He had never gone satisfactorily through the cross-questioning—had always been found wanting—had never gained the needful consent. It is true, that on the present occasion, he had some consolation in reflecting that a man will not take quite so much trouble about his spinster-sister, *ætatis* forty, as about his daughter or niece, aged twenty. Still there was enough of the disagreeable in the interview to make him wish himself heartily well through it.

“I have come to consult you on a subject deeply affecting my own happiness and that of a near relative of your own, sir,” he began.

“It’s not the money or the horse,” thought the old gentleman; “it’s my daughter.” But he only bowed, and Trinket proceeded.

“It will be quite unnecessary for me to expa-

tiate on the virtues and excellences of Miss Primrose, to one who must be so well acquainted with them as yourself. Suffice it to say, that they have so completely captivated me, that I am here at her request to beg your sanction to our union."

"The devil you are!" said old Primrose, utterly scared by the fellow's coolness. "Then I'll tell you what it is, sir; I don't intend my daughter to marry—"

"Your *daughter*, sir?"

"Didn't you say my daughter," growled the old man, indignant at the interruption.

"Not at all, my dear sir—all a mistake—it was with regard to your *sister* that I was addressing you."

"My sister! Phew!" said the old gentleman, with a long whistle, and bursting into a fit of laughter. "My sister!—my dear young gentleman, I can only say that you are heartily welcome to her; and as I know positively that she has been dreadfully in want of a husband for these last twenty years, I am very much obliged to you for taking her off my hands."

"Really, sir—" began Trinket, feeling rather offended, and a little bit disconcerted.

"Well, well! seriously I wish you joy," said the old gentleman, chuckling in spite of himself. "I only hope you've got money, for your own sake, as you won't find the interest of four thousand pounds much to keep house on."

"The interest of *what*, sir?" cried Trinket, almost shocked out of his senses.

"Of four thousand pounds, which is precisely my good sister's fortune," said the old gentleman. Trinket felt giddy and sick.

"There's some mistake," he said, faintly.

"Mistake! Pray, sir, what *did* you think my sister's fortune to be?" inquired Mr. Primrose.

"Forty thousand!" replied Trinket.

"Ha! ha! somebody has added the cypher, I see. Now, you must excuse me, young gentleman, but you are what you 'fast men' of the present day call egregiously 'sold,' and upon my life, it serves you right. I wish you good day, sir."

So saying, Mr. Primrose left the room.

Cannot we imagine the wretched appearance of the unhappy Trinket? Like a reveler the day after the feast—like a dramatist, whose piece has been damned—like a blackleg, who has laid on the wrong color—a turf-man, who has backed the wrong horse—he *was* undoubtedly and completely sold.

To stay another hour in the house would have been impossible, but to go without having vengeance on the lying Foxley, would have been almost as difficult. Alas! Foxley had already started home, and only left a little *billet-doux* for Trinket, in these words—

"You *did* me about the bay filly; I determined to serve you out, and I've done so. Did you think I was such a sap as to expect to get Julia? Not a bit of it! I only wanted to make you propose for *me*, so as to shut you out of it for yourself. Good bye! the estates are *not* entailed, and Julia will have close on ten thousand a year; and she *was* a little partial to yourself. You won't try to get to windward of me again, I fancy.

"Yours ever, T. F."

* * * * *

Trinket slept at his own lodgings that night. Miss Primrose is convinced of the innate and complete worthlessness of the male sex.

TO EARTH.

BY DAVID L. ROATH.

BEAR her lightly, Earth, oh, lightly!
Strew thy joys within her way,
For, her smiles that beam so brightly,
Are but lent for thy array.
From her bosom keep the sorrow
That the heart so early fears;
Send her sweeter thoughts each morrow—
She was never born for tears!
Thou wilt bear the stately maiden,
As if thou wert all her own—
With the gems of lightness laden,
And a form to grace a throne:

Thou wilt cast thy pity o'er her,
As she scornfully sweeps on—
For thou knowest that before her,
Is thy Grief to meet her gone!
But my Lily, meekly dwelling
In the glade far from thy glare,
Has no heart with passion swelling,
Nor a crown of pride to bear.
Let thy sorrows pass her blindly,
In her simple loveliness—
Treat her kindly, Earth, oh, kindly,
For her mission is to bless!

THE SEA-SERPENTS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OCEAN-SOUNDINGS.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Come, mariner, down to the deep with me!—Song.

El Mundo est poco; digo que el Mundo no est tan grande como dice el vulgo.—CHRISTOVAL COLON.

“MADAM, the world is a small place; I say the world is not so large as the vulgar suppose.” These were the words of the famous Genoese pilot, addressed to Queen Isabella of Spain, three centuries and a half ago; and what he then declared, in one sense, we may now assert, in another. We have latterly been reducing the thick rotundity of the earth by steam, and we are now about to tie the ends of it together with a bit of electric wire, bringing the four great continents within a couple of hours of each other, so to speak. The other day, it sounded very strange in the ears of the English, when the minister got up in parliament, in the evening, and announced that the Emperor of Russia had died in St. Petersburg, that day at noon. And it is also a rather striking fact that the English war-minister hears every hour from the two camps before Sebastopol. But greater things still are about to become facts, and produce many changes in the conditions of human society.

Copper, zinc, and sulphuric acid, are three most wonderful *demiourgoi*—the Three Kings of Electricity, and the Magi of Magnetism. Brontes, Steropes, and the naked-limbed Pyracmon, manufactured the thunder, once upon a time, at Lipari. Acid, copper, and zinc, are the chief makers of the modern lightning. And these last are cyclops, as well as the former; for their vision is a circular and singular sort of thing—no vision at all, in fact, if not circular—that is to say, circuitous. The precious metals, after all, are copper and zinc. The royalty of gold and silver is abrogated. The plebeian minerals are preparing to challenge a controlling position, and to republicanize the world. Their offspring is the Electric Telegraph.

Our American telegraph system is about eleven years old. It might have been fifty—or thirty-five, at least. The scheme of sending messages by electricity, is dated sixty or seventy years since. In 1797, Lomeau transmitted signals by that means; and about the same time, Betancourt, using a Leyden jar and wire, sent signals a distance of twenty-six miles. Arthur Young,

the agricultural traveler, says that Lomond, a Parisian, used to send messages to all the rooms of his house by the electric apparatus—ten years before Betancourt practiced. But the world was obliged to wait for the Dane, Oerstead, whose discovery formed an era in this electric science. He was the finder of magnetic electricity—that is, the plan of charging a piece of steel with electricity, by means of a wire, from a battery, so that the steel could, at one moment, be turned into a magnet, and, the next, by the breaking of the circuit, changed to dead steel again; a manoeuvre by which motion is produced in a needle, and thus intelligence marked at any distance. This discovery was made thirty-five years ago; and men began to work out the theory. In 1828, a Frenchman, named Fravoi-lot, proposed that a telegraph should be made from Paris to Brussels. In 1832, our countryman, Mr. Morse, had mastered his plan, and in 1837, took out a patent for it. In 1844, the first telegraph in the United States was laid between Washington and Baltimore—a distance of forty miles; congress having made a grant of \$30,000 for the purpose. In the next two years, the wires were laid on to Philadelphia, New York, and Wilmington. Other lines followed in succession, and we have now a length of 42,000 miles traversed by the speed of electro-magnetism.

When men got land telegraphs, they began to think of sea telegraphs. Five years ago, a telegraph was proposed to run between Dover and Calais, at the bottom of those straits, that had witnessed for ages such an amount of storm and warfare between the rival realms of England and France. Men of enthusiastic temperament hailed the project with effusion and a power of happy prophecies; and the men of practical common sense and caution, shook their heads at those enthusiasts, and smiled in grim superiority when the first cable broke, and it was seen that the electricity would not run freely. It was found, in fact, that in spite of all the swathing power of twisted and tarred hemp, the salt-water got to the wires and damaged the subtile current. Many believed that the submarine idea was at an end. But the world moves, nevertheless. Nature is never unfaithful to the law of progress.

She had something better than hemp and tar for the use of telegraph cables; as if she had foreseen the difficulty. This was gutta-percha, which had just been found out. Every new thing, however small, discovered in the economy of creation, is not alone good in itself, but has in it a possibility of changing, by collateral effect and coincidence, the face of the world. None recognized the real value of that vegetable excrement till men wanted to run lightning trains at the bottom of the sea. The French and English then found out the virtue which lives in that same substance, gutta-percha. They got four copper wires, not much stouter than pin-wire, and enclosed them in a coating of that article, and found that the electricity was conducted untouched by moisture. The four, each as thick as a pipe-stem, were bound round with tarred hemp, and that again swathed with iron wire. The whole, an inch and a half in diameter, was then galvanized. This last is to prevent rust; and one may fancy the cable, as it lay down in its bed, paraphrasing Sancho Panza's apostrophe to sleep, and saying, "my blessing on the man who first invented galvanism; it covers one all over, like a cloak."

In September, 1851, twenty-four miles of line were laid between Dover and Calais. Afterward a cable was extended from Calais to Ostend, and another from London to the Hague. Then they began to deposit the wires in St. George's Channel, between England and Ireland. Another great submarine telegraph is being carried on by the governments of France and Sardinia, from Marseilles to Spezzia, and thence by way of Sardinia and Corsica, to the African dependencies of France. This line is very far advanced, and about 280 miles of it will be under water. One would think it were easier to run a cable from Gibraltar across to Algiers. But Spain lies round that rock; and Spain is a bad conductor of the electricity of progress, to or from the rest of Europe. When the communication with Africa shall be complete, England means to carry a telegraphic line to Egypt, and thence in a southeasterly direction to her East Indian possessions. During the progress of the dilatory war in the Crimea, the British have laid down a telegraph, 800 miles long, from Balaklava to Varna, beneath the waters of the Euxine; and by means of this, the government at home may hear hourly accounts of the weather at Sebastopol, and the same old story of the siege.

These are all great facts and undertakings. But a greater is now in progress. A tunnel for the intellect is about to be built under the At-

lantic. The New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, combined with the Transatlantic Company, of English and French capitalists, are engaged in the business of laying down a submarine line, which will bring us into almost hourly contact with the old fatherlands and motherlands. This mighty scheme has been talked of for four or five years past; and the successful operation of the rest of the sea lines has been an encouragement for the projectors. The directors of the American Company are Messrs. Peter Cooper, Moses Tyler, Cyrus Field, Marshal O. Roberts, and Chandler White; Mr. Cooper and Mr. White being President and Vice-President of it.

The route of the line is marked between Newfoundland and Galway, on the West Coast of Ireland, and is about 1,680 miles in length. From Newfoundland it is to run down to Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick; and so on to New England and the rest of the states. The line from Cape Tormentine, in Newfoundland, to St. John's, New Brunswick, is about 700 miles long; and part of it will, of course, pass under the waters that divide the above named colonies.

Near two years ago the American Company began to arrange the preliminaries. On applying to the colonial government of Newfoundland, the blue-nose authorities of that place—the genuine codfish aristocracy of the new-world—jumped at the idea of being brought into contact with the march of intellect and the cosmogony in general. They gave the company a lease of the line for fifty years; 100 square miles of land—(50 now, and the rest on the completion of the enterprise;) the interest on £50,000 sterling, and £5,000 in hand to help them in opening a way through the swampy and tangled wilderness of the island. Prince Edward Island also gave them a charter and 1,000 acres of land; and in New Brunswick, they purchased a grant previously obtained. The British government sanctioned all this; and then the company proceeded to engage with Mr. Morse as the electric operator in the great business.

These things arranged, a steamer was sent to Newfoundland with engineers, who, on their arrival, hired laborers, and set hundreds of them to work in making a track through the island; while mineralogists went about with their hammers, to pick and choose their fifty square miles, wherever the grant should be found most profitable. They found a couple of coal mines, a copper mine, a lead mine, and quarries of slate and alabaster, promising wonderful profits at a future day, when railways and harbors shall enable

them to develop the resources of the place. In a few months, the path of the wires will have been hewn, burnt, and bridged, through the heart of Newfoundland; and, in a few more, the posts will be set and the wires laid along, singing to all the winds of the hyperborean heaven, an Eolian song of science, and writing till the afore-said sulphuric acid, copper and zinc, shall begin their weird and wonderful chemistry by sea and land.

The cable which is to creep and wind along the ocean abysses—the great authentic Sea-Serpent of the Atlantic—is to have six wires, and will be about two inches in diameter. The cost of making it is estimated at ten millions of dollars. This expense is considered trifling, compared with the expected returns of the line; for some have calculated the latter at over sixty-five millions of dollars per annum—at the rate of twenty-five dollars for every ten words. This would be an enormous income; as astonishing in a mercantile way, as the line itself in a scientific one. Altogether, it seems a case in which the largest kind of hopes and speculations are not out of character. The weight of this Sea-Serpent—certainly prefigured in the Oriental Mythology, by that snake which goes round the globe, and holds his tail in his mouth—will be eight tons to the mile, or thirteen thousand tons on the whole route. So that it would require about half a dozen great steamships to lay it down. But, curiously enough, there is now on the stocks, in England, a ship which could do the thing singly, and at one trip. This vessel is to be over seven hundred feet long, and about twenty thousand tons burden. It is to be another sea monster—a leviathan afloat—a thing able to defy the worst tempests and surges of the Atlantic, and beat anything of the kind at sea, in making safe, cheap, rapid, and profitable voyages. It would be a curious coincidence, if this huge ship were employed to inaugurate the lightning telegraph of the Atlantic.

For some time it was feared the bed of that ocean was too rough and too much exposed to currents to let the cable have any “snug lying” in it—especially toward the western coast of Ireland. But the apprehension was unfounded. In the summer of 1853, Lieut. Berryman, in the *Dolphin*, was employed by our government in sounding the ocean in the track of the proposed route; and Lieut. Maury states that the ground between Galway and Cape Tormentine is almost a plain, for over 1600 miles, having a gentle slope from Newfoundland, where it is shallowest, to the Irish coast, where it is from 1500 to 2000

fathoms deep—say about two miles or so. He states that it is a place apparently made for the purpose of receiving a sub-marine telegraph; for there are no currents to strain the cable or bring icebergs with their migratory boulders down on it. Berryman brought up from the bottom quantities of matter which, examined by the microscope, were found to consist of shells so minute as to be undistinguishable to the eye. They were perfect and unmixed with sand, gravel, or other substance—showing that where these dead shells fell, there did they rest, undisturbed by any current in the serene depths of the ocean. Science has very favorably pronounced on this proposed route, which would lie a little to the northward of the grand banks of Newfoundland.

This flashing of intelligence through the great deep, in a tube or cable, is a rare and beautiful innovation of the age. But something more wonderful still has been talked of, in this connection, having good scientific argument to countenance it; and that is, the dispensing with the cable! a proposition calculated at first sight to leave all our ideas of the matter pretty much at sea. But, both earth and water are conductors of electricity; and it has been found that spaces of these elements lying like gaps in the circuit of the wires, have, as it were, safely guided and conducted the fleeting principle to the severed ends of the wire. A wire has been carried to the bank of a stream, broken and buried in it; another has been laid down on the opposite bank, pointing to the first, carried on to a spot a little farther, then bent back to the stream and another gap left in returning. And yet when the circuit was formed, it was found that electricity lived all round, as if the wires had not been severed at all. An interval of earth was, in the same way, found to furnish a connection. This is truly amazing; and a man asks in vain what it is that keeps the current from scattering and going astray in the blind, dark mass of matter. It was a knowledge of this fact which led people to think that the electric fluid could go guideless through a sea as well as a river, and to propose a powerful battery on the American side of the Atlantic, corresponding to another on the European side, in order to test the analogy. But nothing has come of this as yet; and certainly it is an undertaking calculated to daunt the boldest speculator. For, however the electric principle may make its way through a small space of earth or calm water, it is highly probably it would not go right in the midst of the turbulent storms and currents of the

ocean. It is not impossible, however, that some law of magnetism may yet be discovered by which even those vast waters of the Atlantic may be coerced into a condition of subserviency to the telegraph system.

Meantime, we see novelty and wonder enough, in the telegraph, as we have it, and we may prepare to witness the most important results of its operation, all over the civilized world. We shall soon find ourselves in almost daily communication with the great ports, capitals and marts of the old continents. Our merchants, before they go on change, will have heard of the state of stocks, crops and markets, in London, Liverpool, Marseilles, Hamburgh, Constantinople, Alexandria, Trieste and other places, and will be thus enabled to make their decisions, send their orders or countermand them. They can thus infuse an element of certainty into their speculations which must largely multiply all the energies of commerce.

Again, the flashing of general intelligence will be truly sublime. Every morning—nay, every morning and evening—we shall hear how the sovereigns, ministers and great armies of Europe are working out the destinies of that part of the world. We shall have daily accounts of the Crimean battles, sieges, fortunes—the movements too of the sea-squadrons and the daily jugglery of the conferences. If “the astonished Euxine hear the Baltic roar,” we shall hear them both roar together. Europe will be brought so near that we shall forget the Atlantic, and fancy we are only one huge family, after all, crushed amicably together by a sort of hydrostatic pressure. We shall regularly know what was said in the English parliament as soon as we can have the arguments in congress. If Louis Napoleon be again fired at, as of course he must, (Louis Philippe was fired at ten or twelve times,) we shall be wondering at the news simultaneously with the grim Suburb of St. Anthony and the Cockneys of London. We shall hear of the new potato-rot in Connemara, and the birth of Abdul Medjid's forty-third child, before either is a day old; and have, in six hours, the turning of the first sod for the great Suez canal, together with the three hours' historical speech of the American consul, and the great effect at that part where he paraphrased the Egyptian address of Napoleon to his army, and said, “Directors and Engineers of the great Isthmian Water-way, forty ages look down on you from the summits of yonder pyramids!” And along with all these considerations, we may grow a little extravagant, and fancy how a fact coming from France through

London would reach us five hours before the John Bulls could have it! The solution of the conundrum would, of course, be, that as the Britons see the sun before us, when it is noon with them it is seven o'clock in the “morning, bright morning, good morning,” with the boys and girls of America, big and little.

What a number and variety of speculations and fancies arise with the idea of such a change—all striking the imagination with a sense of strangeness and oddity. And how funny and exciting, to hear a man here in this city say at breakfast, journal in hand—that is, in a *home*; not at an elegant *table d'hôte* where people bolt their vittles first and then, themselves—say at breakfast: “Hallo, Jones climbed the great pyramid, yesterday, the American flag in one hand and something like a bottle in the other; just like him! The Sultan, I see, dined last evening with the Commodore, on board the Niagara, and drank the health of Sam, taking him to be the president; great hilarity on the occasion; no doubt Abdul's a Know Nothing—ha, ha! English consols down an eighth since the news of the check at Perekop, yesterday morning. American stocks—hum, ha; steady; Pennsylvania, ha, hum; pretty fair. Sebastopol. Another *sortie* last night; weather foggy. Confound Sebastopol! I'm sick of it.”

No doubt, the rumors of the world will hum loudly to the shocks of that beneficent lightning, and the thoughts of our free, impetuous people, already so very wide awake, will become trebly restless, comprehensive and enterprising. The other three quarters of the world will be brought within our own inclosure, as it were; Europe shall become our wash-pot; over Asia we shall cast out our shoe. The neighborhoods of our forefathers were their villages and townships; of our fathers their countries and their states. Ours will soon be, all creation: we shall survey mankind from China to Peru

With talking of the Seine and Hellespont,
The Oural mountains and the river Nile.

A newspaper must soon be a map of the world—an *Imago Mundi*, the like of which Cardinal Aliaco never wrote and Columbus never flushed over. Our themes of daily interest will be vastly multiplied, and the short telegraphic paragraph must take the place of lengthened reports, statements and so forth. News must be packed close that comes from the four divisions of the globe every day, and is made stale the next by the crowding intelligences. The editorials must grow short. They must not sprawl so much, and the thought must come out like muscle, in

the old Spartan fashion. The world will scarcely have time to read any comments on facts. And yet, comment and speculation, conveyed through whatever channels, will then be more necessary than ever to the minds of the thoughtful; and those who gather results from under the people's feet, point out the tendencies of progress and take up their prophetic parables above the crowd, will have themes, encouragements, audiences, which none of their precursors in that line have ever had. With the widening of the arena of intelligence, newspapers must be increased in number, with a higher and broader scope of speculation. The world is growing more populous in great subjects, and men's minds will be roused to find themselves so closely interested in movements which work miracles, as it were, in matter, and tend to revolutionize the old order of society. People will grow familiar with what they find under the telegraph headings; and a feeling of curiosity, followed by one of commercial interest, will make us all what mere sentiment and chivalry will fail in—that is, make us cosmopolite. Influences and considerations of mutual trade will bring us into fraternizing relations with the peoples of other countries—our own blood relations—and in this way, the ends of our republicanism will be certainly brought about in time.

Every day some new discovery is made either in the principle or practice of electro-magnetism. We read of a Swede, who found out a mode of making a single wire the means of carrying out and bringing home the current, and the genius of Italy has been at work in perfecting the practice of the telegraph. The Chevalier Bonelli, director of the government telegraphs of Sardinia, has converted the track of a railway into a lightning conductor, and perfected a plan of shooting intelligence from a flying train, back to any of the stations left behind, or forward to those trains that may be approaching—however great the distance or speed of these last! The Chevalier generates his electricity in a portable machine—but the manner is not yet made public. By means of his plan, a train can be stopped by a message from behind, and the collision of trains coming in opposite directions is admirably guarded against. This innovation will have the most beneficial effects in the safety which it promises for both life and property in locomotion. We shall all be more sure of our lives when it shall come to be practiced in the United States.

To return to our sea-serpents. These, as we have said, will work out the most beneficent

changes in the world; and curiously enough, while they seem to diminish the size of it, they will increase its resources tenfold. But from this source and fount of general satisfaction arises something bitter—*surgit amari aliquid*; and that is the operation of the telegraph in the old world. In Europe, at this moment, it is the agent of the despotisms. The peoples there see in the lightning wires the means of keeping them down—or, at least, helping their masters in their intrigues and schemes of selfish violence. These masters, of France, Russia, England, Austria, Prussia, are forming lines by which, in the first place, they communicate with their chief posts and garrisons; and, in the next, with the other monarchs, for the purpose of a concerted scheme of action, if they should be assailed along their whole line, by their subjects—as in 1822 and 1848. Since the latter date they have certainly formed a tacit understanding—made something more explicit by England and France, of late—to coöperate against the influences of European republicanism; and the telegraph forms part of their watchful military system. The other day Louis Napoleon learned from it that a general conspiracy was detected in the other capitals, in connection with the attempt of Pianori.

European monarchy, in these latter days, is resuming some of the dreadful attributes of the Dariuses, Cambysees, Tamerlanes, and such quellers of humanity. It is centralized and supported on a system of standing armies. For this the telegraph works vigorously, just now, like another Briareus—proving the truth of the old saying, that kings have long hands. In the “Bochas” of Lydgate, the old English writer, mention is made of a legend calculated to strike by the wild grandeur of its effect. It ran thus: At a time when the western nations were surging against the barriers of the Roman empire, there was in the Pantheon of the Eternal City a series of niches in which stood statues representing the out-lying provinces—Gaul, Spain, Pannonia, Dacia, Illyricum, and so forth—each figure having a hammer in its hand and before it a huge bell, on which it always struck whenever, its province rose in rebellion or was disturbed in any other way. A grand old Gothic idea, that! One fancies the tocsin of Gaul struck in the night, and the hurrying of the janitors, the blowing of trumpets, the coming forth of the emperor, and the cohorts and turms taking their morning march with the eagles, for the Alps and the ocean.

The realization of all this is to be found to-day in Paris, London, St. Petersburg and other

capitals; and it will yet be more completely palpable to the world. England has in London her bells for Ireland, Scotland and the Chersonese, and will have them soon for Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, Calcutta, Bengal, the Indus and the Bramahpooter. St. Petersburg will have its bells for all the Russias, and France will have them too—for her own fiery Franks and

the fierce rovers of her African deserts. A terrible machinery of despotic subjugation; as everybody may perceive, without the help of any Gothic imagery.

Such is the telegraph in the old world. In the new, and under the Atlantic, its mission is a very different thing, and its history will yet be a remarkable one.

A CHINESE GENTLEMAN.

BY H. B. DORRANCE, M. D.

THE Sea Witch was the first clipper ship that had ever entered Swatow bay, and though the natives of the district near which we anchored had been accustomed to the sight of foreign ships of large size, yet the graceful lines and symmetrical hull of our long, low black clipper, with her polished masts and spars, so tall and taper, was an object of universal admiration during our stay of two weeks in the harbor.

Boats were continually rowing about us filled with those who came from curiosity and those on business, and these boats were of that endless variety of size and shape everywhere to be seen on the waters of China. The gorgeous mandarin boats, pulling from fifty to a hundred oars, are the most elegant and graceful; and how the writer came to the intimate acquaintance of the proprietor of one of these huge boats, how he dined at the mandarin's mansion, and what he had for dinner—how some of the provisions were excellent and palatable, some the contrary, others doubtful, and not to be tasted on account of their unprepossessing appearance, may serve to amuse and interest the reader for an odd quarter of an hour.

The Chinese who work about the seaport towns where foreigners are admitted, readily pick up a smattering of the English language, but so imperfect in sound and expression, that to the unaccustomed ear 'tis difficult to understand whether it be broken English or "broken China" talk. Fahrenheit's thermometer not being a household thing among the Celestials, the measure of temperature is expressed by the amount of clothing requisite; thus, one pea-jacket or two or three pea-jackets cold, are the invariable expressions among those who have associated enough with sailors to know the existence of a garment bearing that name.

A journal, accurately kept, notes the 16th day

of February, 1854, as remarkable for the visit of Along-Ku, mandarin of the gold button to the A No. 1 clipper Sea Witch.

In his elegant boat, brilliant, as to her hull, with varnish, and decorated with flags and streamers, eyes, dragons' heads, and tinsel, he rounds to under our starboard quarter, in good man o' war style, and as he steps upon our deck a gun is fired, his boat is allowed to swing gently into the stream and drop astern, being kept in position by a light motion of the oars, just strong enough to make her stem the current.

Along-Ku is followed by half a dozen of the retainers of his household. He steps forward, shakes hands with the captain, who welcomes him with "glad to see you on board," then introduces me as the "medicine man" of the ship, and invites the whole party to a seat under the quarter-deck awning. The day not being more than one pea-jacket cold, the mandarin mentioned the fact, which was agreed to by all present. This announcement convinced me that the weather, that never-failing topic of introducing conversation, was as convenient in China as elsewhere.

The discourse was then turned to the subject of ships and commerce, the resources of that part of China in which he resided, the great poverty of the laboring portion of the community, furnishing details and statistics in reference to the latter, the parallel to which cannot be found in any other quarter of the habitable globe. Pitched battles, the result of ancient feuds among the districts, were growing to be matters of daily occurrence; whole villages were burned down, leaving the inhabitants without abode or the means of rebuilding their wretched hovels. The rice crop having fallen far short of the usual supply, the granaries of the weaker were emptied into those of the stronger; in fact, misery and

starvation were everywhere abroad in the land. Ingenuity was taxed to its utmost to devise comfortable modes of suicide, thousands sacrificing themselves daily, and in ways hardly conceivable.

In this kind of chat an hour slipped away very pleasantly. Our guest was a complete statistical register, well educated, of agreeable manners and person, and dressed in the height of Chinese elegance. I could not help noticing the beautiful shape of his hands, so small and delicate, the fingers tapering so daintily to the longest possible and most pearly white nails. His satin coat was lined with costly furs, while his tight winter trousers were fastened with jeweled buttons at the ankles. His hair of raven blackness and gloss, was plaited in fine strands and wound several times round the head and his black satin cap curiously embroidered in arabesque, was surmounted by a filagree ball of gold. I had almost forgotten the shoes embroidered also in bullion, of a dainty pattern, the handiwork doubtless, of a fair maiden of Swatow; for, as I afterward discovered, Along-Ku was the beau *par excellence* of that ancient city.

At noon, the steward Joseph announced tiffin or lunch; upon which all descended to the cabin to partake of the spread, and on this occasion, Joseph, that prince of stewards, had fairly outdone himself. Dainties of all kinds that could be kept in hermetically sealed jars, were there set out, *paté de foie gras*, *paté de becasses*, *alouettes*, etc., but Along-Ku was especially devoted to the lobster salad, washing it down with generous libations of champagne. Two more of his party followed his example, while the rest enjoyed pickled oysters amazingly. Ivory chopsticks were used by all but the mandarin, who handled a knife and silver fork, particularly the latter, as gracefully as any boarding-school miss in her finishing year.

One of the household sang a Chinese ditty, to which the captain responded with a lively sea song, much to the delight of Along-Ku. All went well enough for an hour or so, when we again sought the deck. Hardly were the party seated, when Along-Ku complained of serious pain and cramps in the gastric region, which he bore with gentlemanly patience until endurance was no longer possible. Lobster salad and champagne were comestibles to which the stomach of Along-Ku had hitherto been a total stranger—what else than gastric rebellion might be expected. Along-Ku retired to the cabin sofa accompanied by two of his friends. Suffice it that prompt remedial aid put Along-Ku in a

condition to return to the deck before long, looking somewhat paler and vowing total abstinence from lobster salad in the future.

Early in the afternoon the barge is called along side again. Along-Ku is loud in his expressions of gratitude to the captain for his kind attentions, and to me for the speedy removal of the suffering his too free indulgence in the American shell-fish had caused him. He also wishes us to name a day upon which it will be agreeable to us to accept a return of the compliment, by dining at his mansion in Swatow, suggesting the morrow at three in the afternoon. The captain being very much occupied during our short stay, was obliged to decline altogether, but I being at leisure and having a desire to see as much as possible of Chinese domestic life, accepted the invitation. So, with the promise of sending his boat for me at two the next day, Along-Ku left with his train, and the fifty oars being set in motion, with that short, quick jerk peculiar to Chinese oarsmen, the graceful barge moved away rapidly and was soon lost to sight in one of the turns in the river.

The incidents of the day afforded us much amusement, as we talked them over that evening at the dinner-table, and I was much filled with wonderment, as to the etiquette, etc., to be observed on the occasion of a mandarin dinner to-morrow, still I concluded to let circumstances guide me and *perhaps* to eat what was set before me.

Punctually at two the next day the barge came along side, streamers, dragons and all, besides too, a huge blue and yellow flag floating from a staff over the stern. Along-Ku called my attention to its beauty and richness, for he was on board to do the honors; but why it was there on this particular occasion I have never to this day been able to determine. A dais, raised in front of the steersman, yet not so high as to obstruct his view and interfere with his duties, covered with a matting woven in vermillion and white, with a blue dragon rampant in the centre, was the part of the boat allotted to passengers. The seats were chairs of bamboo with cushions of satin damask. Coolies with huge silk umbrellas stood ready to shade us as we sat down, while others with large fans kept up a gentle motion to drive away the flies that swarmed upon the surface of the river, and came on board in myriads during the first mile of our voyage.

The current, running four miles an hour, and the fifty oars soon brought us in sight of the town, like all those on the coast, having a fort as the most conspicuous object. A long train of

west-coast junks was moored in front, waiting for and discharging cargoes, and innumerable small craft plying to and fro in all directions and hurrying out of the way as we approached the stone quay upon which we proposed to disembark.

At a word from the steersman, the oars are drawn in, and a dozen men with boat-hooks, stand ready to hold on, as we approached the dock, and without a shock or jar, we are safely moored. A plank is run out by those on shore, and Along-Ku taking the lead, we start for a walk through the town. And what a labyrinth of streets—none more than ten feet wide, and each house having a shop of some kind in the lower story. Furs of great beauty, silks, grass-cloth, confectionery and fruits, crockery, in which the willow pattern was the prevailing design—everything arranged in neat and attractive order. Shopmen all polite and anxious to display their wares—bowing and chin-chinning. We are en route for the fort. On the way, we passed an open square by the river-side, in the centre of which a rude stage was erected, for theatrical purposes; 'twas housed in and curtained, and from the crowd gathered around, 'twas evident that the hour of opening the play was near at hand. As the high battlements of the fort commanded a view of the stage, we immediately repaired thither by a circuitous route, and soon entered through the arched gateway. The garrison consisted of a dozen half-grown boys, who were all busy in washing an old sail that had found its way thither from some vessel wrecked on the coast. A number of old matchlocks, and fifteen dismantled guns, appeared to be the materiel of the place; the most ineffective work of defence that can be imagined. By a winding-stair we ascend, and are upon the battlements; where we find, upon looking over, that the curtain has risen in the theatre, and the artistes are doing their best, if I might judge from the frequent bursts of laughter on the part of the audience, as they stand with faces upturned to catch every word that falls from the actors' lips. Groups of ladies are upon the different house-tops in the neighborhood, looking down at the performance, and peeping out coyly from under the edges of their richly painted parasols.

But the hour of dinner approaches, and we tramp back again through other streets of shops, stopping occasionally to admire the furs and porcelain, until we arrive at the residence of Along-Ku, the only elegant establishment in the town, standing in the centre of a neat garden,

raised upon a terrace a few feet high, the grass upon which from careful culture has the appearance of cut velvet. As we enter the vestibule, the ever-present dragon is seen emblazoned on the walls, and carved upon the doors. By a winding staircase we ascend to the second story to the smoking-room—and here we smoke; Along-Ku expressing his sorrow that his poor house is not more elegant to entertain, etc., etc.—Chinese complimentary style being to exalt the complimented to a pitch of extravagance with expressions such as "pile-of-volumes," or "string-of-rubies-friend," and other compound adjectives.

A servant now enters and announces dinner—Along-Ku leads the way to the dining-room—the blinds are all closed, and we are to dine by the light of a dozen variegated lanterns. Four other celestial gentlemen are already arrived, each one standing behind his chair, awaiting the coming of the master of the household. I am introduced as "Sin Sao," to the company. We sit down, and at once the first course is placed on the table—baked pumpkin-seeds, and sliced oranges, dipped in sugar; next, a number of small bowls, or rather large tea-cups, containing broths of various kinds. No terrier ever looked sharper for rats than I at this juncture. A plate is before me, and as all around emptied the bowls into their plates before eating, I followed the example. When lo! and behold, a little leg-bone, with a little foot at the end of it, struck my gaze, as the soup being poured off, it lay at the bottom of the bowl. I tried to regard it as having once appertained to a squirrel, perhaps some kind of terrapin, or a member of the tortoise family. Along-Ku seeing some hesitation on my part, asked if I liked soup, upon which I answered, I thought not. So 'twas quickly removed, and no more soup served during the meal. Stews of all manner of meats, birds'-nests and one of the pith of stag's-horns, then came on to the number of five different courses, and I doubt not there might have been some of these small animals in all, but there were no bones to make the matter certain, and so I partook, and found them all palatable: tea, without sugar or cream, and strong enough to take the fur off a bison, was served between the courses, in cups holding about two thimblesful each—a roast duck and stewed sharks'-fins came on for the seventh—confectionery the eighth course—almond custard the ninth—when brandy and water, and sponge cake, brought up the rear. Pipes are again produced—Along-Ku calls A-ti, one of the servants. He hands him a key—the servant disappears by a side-door, and after a few moments' absence, returns with a

richly ornamented silver pipe, stem and all of the solid metal—a water-pipe, having a little bowl at the bottom, filled with a fragrant water. This was to be my cum-shaw, or gift. I refused. Along-Ku was importunate, what wonder if I accepted at last; a drum of tobacco, and a large bundle of tapers were added, before we left the table, from which we adjourned to the opium-smoking-room.

During the meal, the entire conversation was carried on between the mandarin and myself;

the others being there apparently only to eat and drink; if so, I can bear ample testimony to their having fulfilled their duty to the letter.

Manifesting a desire to return to the ship, my host insisted on accompanying me; so taking leave of the silent trenchermen, who were now too much absorbed with their pipes to care much for our departure, in half an hour I am again on board the Sea-Witch, quite ready for supper, yet well pleased with my first and last dinner at the house of a Chinese Gentleman.

THE AIRS OF AUTUMN.

BY ALICE.

“WHERE art thou, angel of the summer flowers?”

Went sighing Zephyrus, one Autumn eve,
Within the silent and decaying bowers—

“Let me no longer o’er thine absence grieve.”

“When the fair daylight shone on plain and mountain,

And Iris flung her mantle o’er the fields,
I looked for thee, by every rill and fountain,
And in each spot that morning incense yields.

“I have been straying by the sparkling river,
Among the rushes sere and drooping, danced,
Striving to be of living joy, the giver,
Where’er the waters in the sunbeams glanced.

“And on the verdant hills, at noon, I rested,
Toying amid the tendrils of the vine—
And its nectarean fruit my full lips tested,
Yet yearned to gaze upon thy face divine.

“Along the forest-path, when daylight faded,
I for thy foot-prints sought; and, o’er the heath,
Yet all in vain—although the air was laded
With the sweet fragrance of thy dying breath.

“Hast thou, indeed, from thy loved haunts departed?
The children of thy care—frail, mortal things—
Pining for thee, despairing—broken-hearted—
Fling frantically to my outspreading wings.

“Return, kind angel, to thy charge! and give us
A few bright days, one parting kiss bestow,
Ere of the glory thou dost quite bereave us,
That through the Summer circled all below.”

And she has listened to his earnest pleading,
She has returned, to bless with one last smile
Our death-marked home—and thus our spirits leading
Where death, nor blight, can e’er the flowers defile.

A HEARTH SONG.

BY T. IRWIN.

SPIRIT of the half-closed eyes,
Pacing to a drowsy tune,
Come to me ere midnight wanes—
Come with all thy dreamy trains,
Scattering o’er me poppy rains
Dropping me, ’mid weary sighs,
Deep into a feather’d swoon.
Leave thy odorous bed an hour—
Leave thy ebon-curtain’d bower—
Leave thy cavern to the moon.
Lowly burns the whiten’d hearth—
Slowly moves the quiet earth.
Now that woods and skies are dumb
In the dizzy midnight hum,
Come to me, sweet Phantom, come.

Hidden in a fold away
Of thy garment, bear the urn
Full of Lethe’s unsunn’d streams;
Bring the flowers that live in dreams—
Bring the Boy* who often seems
On the earth with me to stray,
When the weary planets burn,
In a cloud of shifting light,
Through the hollow life of night,
Mimicking the scene of day:
Ye are coming nigher, nigher,
With my song I seem to tire;
I can hear thy pinion’s hymn
Round my faint ear’s closing rim—
Ye are coming, Phantoms dim!

* Morpheus, represented by the ancients as a Boy.

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

BY ROSA.

Old and lonely, I am sitting
In my dimly lighted room,
And the shadowy past comes flitting
Round me in the gathering gloom :
There are shades which, at my calling,
Within memory's portal wait,
Pale, as are the ashes falling
From the embers in my grate.

Pale, beseeching, mournful faces,
Seem to look upon me still
In the twilight—they whose places
On this earth none else could fill.
First, my beauteous, dark-eyed mother,
She who nursed my budding years—
She who loved man as no other
Loved him in this vale of tears.

Even now, that love seems crushing
In my heart the evil weed,
Every sinful passion hushing,
Sowing there the goodly seed :
As when first I knelt before her,
In her loveliness arrayed,
When she bade me not adore her
More than Him to whom I prayed.

Then my baby heart would wonder,
(When I thought of God,) if he,
Who lit the stars and rolled the thunder,
Were as beautiful as she ?
And I wondered, too, at even,
When her soul in song did swell,
If the angels up in heaven,
With their harps, could sing as well ?

"Mother! though the sunny tresses
You so loved, are frosted now,
Yet your red lip often presses
Lingeringly upon my brow,—
Still your white and slender fingers
Seem to flutter through my hair,
Though no golden curl now lingers
Round the face you thought so fair.

"Ah! too well do I remember
Weeping, on that dreadful night,
When they left you in your chamber
All alone, so cold and white !
When I strove to wake you, mother,
From that strange and dreamless sleep ;
And in vain my grief to smother,
When they told me not to weep.

"How I felt my heart-strings quiver,
When I saw you lie so still,
Wondering why you did not shiver,
For the winter winds blew chill,

And thin robes were round you flowing,
Such as I had seen you wear,
When your eye with mirth was glowing,
And when jewels decked your hair.

"Then, a cloak, with rosy lining,
I had watched you clasp at night,
Where the rich brown curls fell shining
On your neck so purely white :
This I folded fondly round you,
And, still sobbing, crept to bed,
But at morn still cold I found you,
And they told me you were *dead!*

" 'Dead!' the muffled bell seemed tolling—
'Dead!' I heard the pastor say—
Dead! and then the hearse went rolling
From our lonely home away.
Mother! (be the sin forgiven,)
Then I murmured at His will,
Who, in calling you to Heaven,
Left me here a baby still!" . . .

Other forms now gather round me,
Children, friends, and kindred dear,
They whose love to earth once bound me,
Who have left me lonely here—
All are pale—but memory, bringing
By-gone blushes, tints each cheek,
Silent—but with memories ringing
Through my soul, *they* need not speak.

And my withered heart rejoices,
When the lost come back to me,
As spring-birds, with pleasant voices,
Singing round a blasted tree :
And as spicy breezes stealing
Round some lonely desert palm,
Does a gush of by-gone feeling
Seem my spirit to embalm,

When, from memory's censer wafted,
Comes that fragrant love which grows,
On the heart's young tendrils grafted,
And which "blossoms as the rose."
She—the goddess of life's morning,
Smiles upon me through the gloom,
Twilight's purple shades adorning
With a soft and tender bloom.

Youth's first morning-glory, holding
Love's own dew within its cup,
Drooped—and in its chalice folded
All life's early freshness up.
She was to my heart the aloe,
Blooming once in long, long years,
Whose rare fragrance left a halo
Round the altar of my tears.

And I see, when I am thinking,
In my heart *her* image lie,
As the hunted deer, while drinking,
Sees the shadow of the sky.
Though he may be bleeding—dying,
Yet his dim eye loves to look
On that bright, blue picture, lying
In the crystal of the brook.

Drop the curtain—close the shutter
Softly—shade the night lamp well :
“Hush !” let no intruder utter
Even one word, to break the spell.
Nay—’tis vain—the lamp, though shaded,
Quenches, with its real beam,
All the spirit-light—and faded
Is the old man’s twilight dream !

TAKE CARE OF YOUR OVERCOAT.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

“THAT’S a very pretty overcoat, James has just laid upon the sofa, Harry,” said Mrs. Gordon to her son, looking at a sleek, plump, wadded paletot, which the servant had just brought in from the tailor; “but you must excuse the question, and not think me a very stingy or curious specimen of womankind. What *can* you do with so many overcoats? Why, this must be the third”——

“The fifth, my dear mother,” replied Harry Gordon, looking over the top of his newspaper, with his bright black eyes, which his mother, like many others of her sex, never looked at without admiring; “the fifth; and I shouldn’t wonder that, before the winter is over, I shall have to say, with Banquo, and ‘*yet an eighth appears.*’”

“*I’ll see no more,*” interrupted Mrs. Gordon, laughing.

“You wont see *them* any more, my dear mother—meaning the overcoats—for I assure you, they vanish like the witches’ visions; and where the deuce they go to, I can’t tell you—all I can say is, that men, when they come away from balls, can’t see quite as clearly as when they go there; for somebody always takes mine, and leaves me nothing—not even an old one.”

“Proving that some people must, when they leave these balls, not only have an obscured vision, but actually see double, and taking themselves for two men, put on two paletots! Well, Harry, my son, it is at least a consolation to find that *you* are always in a most exemplary state of sobriety; your overcoats bear witness to your devotion to the Maine Law—for if the man who takes two paletots, is—whatever men call it—slightly exhilarated, I believe is the polite term—the man who gets *no* overcoat at all, can have got no wine. So, my sober son, let me diligently prepare for you another cup of this beverage, ‘which cheers, but not inebriates.’”

And Mrs. Gordon began to pour out the tea; for the new overcoat had arrived as she and her son were sitting at breakfast, one cold morning in January.

They were a happy pair, this mother and son; there were few so called “loving couples” that could match them. To have opened any of the splendid dining-room doors, where on that morning everybody was at breakfast, in this grand street leading into Fifth Avenue—a street short, pompous, and plethoric, from having swallowed up the ground of twelve houses, and digested it into six—one would not have found a more inviting breakfast-table, before which to draw a well-stuffed chair, and sit down, on this cold, freezing, raining, sleeting, slippery, sloppy, January morning.

The fire, an unctuous, blazing Liverpool coal-fire, flamed in the grate, and a small round table, with its snow-white cloth, bright silver tea-trappings, and its white and gilded cups and saucers, was drawn cozily up to it—the solemn square dining-table remaining immovable in its usual place, in the centre of the soft, bright carpet.

Seated opposite each other, in low, broad, lazy arm-chairs, that looked intended as a transition from the repose of the night to the toils of the day, were Mr. Harry Gordon and his mother.

Mrs. Gordon had been left a widow, with an easy jointure and a little boy, at an early age. For the sake of the jointure, Mrs. Gordon had found many suitors; but for the sake of the boy, she had refused them all; and his affection, his devotion, had well rewarded her, if, indeed, she lost anything by not having a husband—a doubt which we do not presume to solve.

As for Mr. Harry Gordon, he was what a boy, well endowed by nature with intellect and heart, would ever be, if mothers would condescend to develop the one and direct the other.

He was generous, conscientious, high-spirited, contented with himself, the world, things in general, and his own in particular; fond of society, which returned the compliment, and made

an idol of him; glorying in his home, which, since he could lisp the word, had been made the bright oasis of his life—and adoring his mother, whom he thought sent into the world as a type of every virtue and excellence—his tender, his refined, his beautiful (Harry actually thought her beautiful, though she was forty) mother, whose image and sweet memory had, in the multifarious temptations of a young man's existence, so often stood between him and harm. How could he be guilty of any action he could not tell his pure, noble mother, as was his custom every morning, as they lounged over their breakfast-table? This hour, or rather these hours, were exclusively his mother's—the hours in which she laughed with him at the fun and frolics of his evening's exploits—related for her amusement; or counseled him, as he told her his hopes and fears, the dilemmas and perplexities of his business life; for, though Harry was a great man in the ball-rooms up-town, he was a man of no small importance down-town, too—where he had taken his father's place in one of the largest commercial houses.

Harry was no idler, no lazy fop—no languid “Young American.” He did not disdain anything, not even the dusty old counting-house, where his father and his father before him, had made so much money; and he spent it nobly and judiciously for the good of all.

But Harry's mother, sure of his steadiness and high principle, of his industry and energy in his career, as a citizen and a merchant, strove in every way to make his young days bright and happy, by forwarding his amusements when the hours of toil were over.

She herself had given up, from sheer indifference, her position in the “world;” but her connections enabled her to launch Harry into our best society. Then, when he had his friends to entertain, there was no need of bar-rooms or club-rooms, or restaurants; Mrs. Gordon was delighted to open her house—her Harry's home—to his friends. To remain with them, with hospitable grace receiving them, and adding a charm to all, by her wit and cheerfulness—or merely to see that all was right for Harry and his guests, if, with his arm round her, and a little tap on her cheek, Harry, looking admiringly at her, would say—

“Mother mine, dinner for six, to-morrow—iced champagne, if you please, madam—anything else you like—but your fair self—your ladyship's presence will be dispensed with on this occasion.”

Then Harry's mother would laugh, and shake

her finger at him, and cheerfully set about the necessary preparations. But she was nowise offended or alarmed at the prohibition regarding herself, for she knew that youth has its frolics; she actually imagined that young men living in the world, might have things to talk about, and ways of talking about them, which could nowise interest her, a woman. But she did not, for that, imagine that the orgies of ancient Rome were to be enacted under her roof; she knew that Harry respected it and her too much for that. In fact, Mrs. Gordon was a model woman; knew her own duties and her own position, and fulfilled both; till Harry was so happy, that (this was the great charge against him from the girls in upper-tendom,) he did not appear to think in the least that he wanted a wife. Yet there were many who could have reminded him that he was five-and-twenty—that he was rich, prosperous, and had a fine house, all ready furnished, and that all he wanted was a wife. But he was very obtuse on this point—the idea could not be got into his brain.

Still, Harry went everywhere; and on the morning we have made his acquaintance, he had just finished a most spirited description of a grand Fifth Avenue *fête*, at which the flowers alone had cost fifteen hundred dollars, and at which Mr. Harry Gordon had danced innumerable schottisches, redowas, and polkas—won no end of hearts, and lost—his overcoat.

“But you dear, stupid Harry!” continued Mrs. Gordon, after her son had given her a description of the various mishaps and mysterious disappearances attending his overcoats; “did it never occur to you to put your name into your paletots?”

“Heavens, mother! what an idea! Have one's name written on one's coat collar, so that if you hang your coat over your seat at the theatre, or throw it down in a public room, everybody may say, ever afterward, ‘there goes John Smith!’”

“Oh, I beg pardon,” said Mrs. Gordon; “well, let us resort to a half measure, then, and suppose we carelessly drop one of your own cards into the pocket—so,” said Mrs. Gordon, and taking one from the mantle-piece, and walking across the room, she put her advice in practice, and deposited in it a smooth piece of pasteboard, on which was engraved—

“HARRY GORDON,

“No. —, — Street.”

That evening, he again betook himself to one of the aristocratic camelia fêtes, with which the

merchant princes about this time celebrate the advent of a new year. What were his exploits there, we are not about to set down, for they concern us not—nor did they him; for, as he danced along the broad pavements, so shining and crackling under his feet, all he thought of was that he really had secured his new overcoat this time—and that it was mighty comfortable, too, for the sharp-cutting wind blew in his face. But he merely put back his hair from his eyes, and threw up his head with a sort of bold defiance, as if to enter into contest with this same *Æolus*—(the proper type of envy, nagging, irritating, restless, and inevitable as it is)—for nothing could put Harry out of temper.

So, as we have said, he went dancing along, his hands in the pockets of his new paletot, one of them playing with the card his dear mother had herself put into it.

"Dear, kind mother," thought Harry, "deuced cold I should have been without her, though, after that hot room and the sharp two hours' cotillon. Graceful girl, that Emily Sykes, but she hasn't such beautiful eyes as Ellen Drewe. Ellen Drewe's eyes are so bright, so sparkling. Talking of sparkling, by the bye, that was famous champagne old Groves gave us; how queer he looks, though, in his fine rooms, so timidly bold, ready if he's snubbed, to apologize for being there. Ah! ah! clever fellow, though, in a business way. By the bye, wonder if the Asia's in—her news may make the difference of a few thousands to us—everything mighty dull in Europe, they say.

"That Prima Donna waltz is pretty—'it has a dying fall.' By Jove! it is cold, though! that gust, just as I turned the corner, quite set my teeth on edge. Lucky the famous overcoat is padded and stuffed like a mattress, or mother's darling might have caught a consumption. Well, here I am—but who's come, and what's the matter?" continued Harry, as, within a few steps of his home, he perceived that there was a carriage at the door, and a gentleman standing on the steps, evidently waiting for him.

He hastened on; but scarcely did he set his foot on the first step, before the gentleman he had seen on the top of them, rushed down, putting one hand on his arm to secure him, whilst with the other he held a piece of pasteboard toward him, exclaiming in a loud, angry tone—

"Are you Mr. Harry Gordon?"

"I am, sir," said Harry, drawing away from his grasp, much astonished and somewhat offended at the peremptory manner in which he was addressed, though his interrogator was a

stout old gentleman, and in a state of considerable excitement.

"Then, sir, you've got my overcoat, and my overcoat's got the key of my house in the pocket; one of you're precious New York boarding-houses, where the Irish servants are as grand and sleepy as their masters, and wont stir, sir. I wish we had them at the South for a little training, that's all! Why, we rang, and rang, and rang, and waited, and shouted—bless you, sir, we might as well have shouted to the towers of Trinity Church. So I found your card, and in despair I came here after my key—and you've stayed at that stupid ball so late, dancing away in those confounded hot rooms, whilst I've been dancing here, sir, on your cold stoop, waiting for my paletot and my key."

With these words, the gentleman began violently to take off his coat. Harry, perfectly astounded at the fatality which appeared to attend his overcoats, had listened with resigned humiliation to the reproachful harangue, and with a sort of dogged desperation, began to abstract himself from the garment he had so praised and so pressed to his bosom, and which, after all, was not his own.

"Here, sir, here," said the old gentleman, holding out Harry's overcoat; "here's you coat, (devilish tight it was—I only wonder I didn't split it in the back,) and there's your card, back again in the pocket. Now give me mine, and let me get my key."

Harry held forth the offending paletot, which had so deserted its master, and the old gentleman, before he took it from him, began eagerly to feel in the pockets.

"By Heaven, sir, you've lost the key!"

"Lost the key, sir! there was no key in it when I put it on, I assure you."

"No key?"

"No, sir—only a card," replied Harry, holding out the card with which he had fumbled on his way home.

"A card!" shouted the strange gentleman, in a perfect tone of horror; "a card! I put no card there!" and running up to the neighboring gas-light, he exclaimed, "I understand it all—that aint my paletot! I got yours, but oh, you didn't get mine! Sure enough," continued he, shaking the fatal coat, which hung still on Harry's arm; "sure enough, that isn't mine." Then turning round to the carriage, he exclaimed,

"Susy, Susy dear, what shall I do? He's come and he hasn't got the coat. I had his, but he's got somebody else's."

"Who's papa?" replied a feminine voice, at

which voice Mr. Harry Gordon turned toward the carriage also, and beheld by the light of the gas-light, which fell full upon it, a sweet little face, with heaps of light, crisp auburn ringlets, (kept in curl by the frost) clustering round it—the oval outline of the face, and the regular features, being defined by a delicate pink and white satin hood, which was tied closely under the chin.

At the sight of this face, Mr. Harry Gordon, doffing his hat, advanced to the carriage.

"The lady is right, sir," said he, looking at the lady, but speaking to the gentleman; "who's paletot have you got? Let us read the card."

The old gentleman mechanically held it out, and Harry's young and quick-sighted eyes read, by the uncertain light, some very twisted and elaborate characters, which together formed the name of

"Mr. J. Smith."

"Where?" said the old gentleman.

"Where?" exclaimed the voice from beneath the little pink and white satin hood; "where, pa, dear, isn't Mr. J. Smith everywhere! Oh, pa, we are martyrs to the Smiths!" and the little hood laughed such a buoyant, silvery, catching laugh, that Harry couldn't help laughing too.

"It's mighty fine to laugh," said the old gentleman, standing petrified, his eyes immovably fixed on the gorgon name; "but what's to be done?"

"Allow me to assist you, sir, I perceive you are a stranger in New York—I trust you will permit me to show you that we have some hospitality at the North. For the honor of the North I hope you will condescend to accept my proposition. My mother, sir, resides with me in this house; you, if I understand right, have no family awaiting you at home; you had better allow my mother, Mrs. Gordon, the pleasure of receiving this young lady for the night—whilst I, sir, can offer you a room. We have always one or two for our friends."

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman, taking Harry's hand and giving it a hearty shake; "that's a kind offer—I didn't think you cautious, cold northerners were capable of such a thing. My name's Mansfield, sir—Mansfield, of Alabama. Groves knows all about me—and this is my daughter, Susan, come up to see the lions."

"Harry bowed, and the hood gave a gentle inclination forward, which brought some of the shining curls over its eyes; but the tiniest little hand, protruding with just the white, round,

small wrist, from the broad, white satin sleeve of the burnous, quickly thrust them back.

"And so, Mr. Gordon, I think"—

"Papa," quickly interrupted Susan, "you couldn't think of such a thing—waking Mrs. Gordon at this time of night. Indeed, sir," added she, turning her eyes full on Harry, (by which he, who never lost an opportunity, discovered that they were large, earnest, deep blue eyes—just the eyes he admired—very like his mother's, he thought,) "we could not think of troubling Mrs. Gordon—though we are, of course, very grateful to you. I think we must try our boarding-house again, papa; unless"—and she turned somewhat archly toward Harry, with her little silvery laugh—"unless," continued she, "Mr. Gordon can tell us where Mr. J. Smith lives."

Harry laughed, and thought "How wonderfully deep blue eyes can change their expression! I wouldn't give a fig for a woman that always looks the same, even though she were as beautiful as the Greek slave!"

"I know a Mr. Smith," interposed the driver, "and he aint far from here."

"Let's go," said Mr. Mansfield, resolutely, opening the carriage door.

"Allow me to go with you," said Gordon, "I really couldn't feel content if I knew you were wandering about in search of Mr. J. Smith. You know it's all my fault, and I know New York ways better than you do, and may perhaps get at Mr. J. Smith sooner than you will."

"Come along, and thank you."

Harry jumped in, the driver closed the door, and off they started in search of Mr. J. Smith.

Harry sat opposite to the corner whence proceeded the little silvery laugh. All he could see was a sort of vapory cloud of gauze, and the tip of a little white satin shoe, on the dark carpet of the carriage, as they passed the gas-lights. By these same friendly lamps he perceived, also, the outline of a beautiful and graceful form, enveloped closely in a white satin burnous, with a heavy pink and white fringe. The deep-blue eyes and the waving hair, which danced and played to the jolting of the carriage, and the yielding form, nestled in the corner, made a pretty picture.

Scarcely were they on their way, before Miss Mansfield addressed him.

"This is a most delightful adventure! though I hope you wont take cold, papa—that would spoil it."

"Put on Mr. J. Smith's paletot," said Harry, laughing.

"By Jove, I will!" replied Mr. Mansfield, "I hope it isn't as tight as yours."

"You were at the Groves's, then?" said Harry.

"To be sure I was; but you didn't see me, I've no doubt."

Harry, thinking how stupid he had been to have seen any one else, replied—

"I went late, and I danced a good deal—and"—

"And you didn't see me; it's no use, Mr. Gordon, trying to compose a civil speech. I am nobody, you know; so we will date our acquaintance from this present wondrous adventure—a pilgrimage in search of Mr. John Smith and a paletot."

"And a key," put in the father.

And so they journeyed on, through the quiet, silent streets—all talking and laughing as merrily as though they had been old friends—for Harry's temper was bright and joyous, and Miss Mansfield's seemed to be even and cheerful as his own. Not one word of discontent or reproach to her father—her spirit appeared unwearied, whatever her frame might be; and though she might be a nobody at a New York ball, she certainly was calculated to be a personage of the greatest importance, with all who knew her and came within the influence of her bright intellect, her refined manner, her sweet temper and affectionate disposition—not forgetting the radiant, deep blue eyes, and the sunny hair.

"Here's Mr. Smith's," said the coachman, at last.

"Let me get out," said Harry, leaping to the ground; "I'll make 'em hear, I'll warrant."

He rang, and rang; and then, when he imagined his tocsin had sounded the alarm, and aroused the drowsy sleepers, Harry tapped at the basement window.

"What do you want?" said a gruff voice, half opening the window, and admitting to view a sulky, fat, black face. "What do you want, sir?"

"Mr. Smith," boldly replied Harry.

"Which Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. John Smith," ventured Harry.

"That aint here," said the black head, withdrawing itself.

"James Smith!" shouted Mr. Mansfield, from the carriage.

"Jeremiah!" suggested the silvery voice, with a laugh.

"Josiah!" again said Harry, but the black head exclaimed, in a state of extreme irritation—

"That aint it! Get along with you all—you're a-making fun on me!" and closing the window with a bang, Harry and the coachman remained looking in blank consternation, from one to the other.

"I aint a-going any further," said the coachman; "my nags is tired and so be I, and I aint a-going any further."

"Yes, up to my house, wont you?" said Mr. Mansfield.

"No, I wont—that's West Twenty-Third street—miles and miles off."

"But you'll go to mine, that's close by," said Harry, insinuating a corpulent silver piece into the coachman's hands, as he got into the carriage.

"There is no help for it, my dear sir, it is three o'clock, you cannot keep Miss Mansfield any longer in this cool air, after dancing all night."

"Tired, Susy, are you, darling?" said Mr. Mansfield, turning toward his daughter, "I'm sure I am."

"Then," said Susy, gracefully addressing Harry, "let us really consider this night as one taken entirely out of our common every-day life; let us suppose we are some centuries older; let us suppose these tall houses forest trees, myself a benighted damsel, with an exiled father, (you, dear papa,) and imagine that we encounter a gallant knight-errant—yourself, Mr. Gordon—and so accept the hospitality of your castle. What part we are to assign to Mrs. Gordon, is the only thing that puzzles me."

"Oh, she will play the good fairy and set all right—she never does anything but good things," said Harry.

And now they arrived; and Harry, opening his door with the tiny pass-key his mother had had made to fit his waistcoat pocket, (he never forgot or changed his waistcoat, as he did his overcoats,) introduced, with all possible deference, his new-found friends into the breakfast-room.

Leaving them there, he proceeded to his mother's room. In five minutes explained all, in another five, Mrs. Gordon was down stairs, and in ten minutes more, Mr. Mansfield and Susy were each in a comfortable bed-room; where, going to sleep on their luxurious pillows, Mr. Mansfield dreamed of his paletot and Mr. James Smith; and Susy, of Harry Gordon and his fascinating manner; whilst Harry didn't sleep at all, but thought all the while of the blue eyes and waving hair of Susy Mansfield.

Next morning there were three persons gathered

round the breakfast-table, by the fireside. Mr. Mansfield had gone up early, and sent down suitable apparel for his daughter, and had promised to call for her in a few hours.

Merrily the three talked over the last night's events, and the ball; and Mrs. Gordon quizzed Harry about his overcoats, and unmercifully told Susan how Harry always did lose his overcoats; and then Susan laughed at him, too, and Harry bore it wonderfully well, and seemed rather to like it than otherwise.

And then there was a concert in the evening, for which Mrs. Gordon had tickets, and Miss Mansfield had not—and so, another supply of clothes was sent for, and Mr. Mansfield stayed to dinner, and Miss Mansfield stayed again till the next morning, and then Mrs. Gordon told Harry she thought Miss Mansfield was too sweet and refined a creature to be at a boarding-house—and Harry coincided with this opinion—and then Mrs. Gordon suggested she should ask her to stay with them for just the time they were to remain in New York.

"You're so much away, Harry, it won't interfere with you to have a young lady in the house."

Harry thought it wouldn't, and so Miss Mansfield stayed, and Mr. Mansfield came and dined, and talked with Mrs. Gordon, and they found out many mutual friends, and were quite taken up with old remembrances. And Harry and Susy—oh, they strolled about the long, pompous parlors, and Susy opened the fine Chickering piano, which from a mere thousand dollar piece of furniture, became, beneath her skillful hand, awakened into all the dignity and magic of art—and her light step and silvery laugh sounded

through the rooms, and up and down the broad stairs, making Mrs. Gordon smile and feel happy, even when Harry was away—and altogether, it appeared as though rays of light had suddenly penetrated into the calm, solemn dignity of the happy but quiet home.

Susan stayed, and stayed. First it was one excuse, then another, then another, there were plenty to be found in the busy *carnival* time of New York; and, at last, when really neither Mrs. Gordon could find another for keeping Susy, nor Susy for staying, nor Mr. Mansfield for delaying his return to Alabama, Mr. Harry Gordon found an admirable one, which satisfied them all—he converted Miss Susan Mansfield into Mrs. Harry Gordon—and so she never went away at all.

"Take care of your overcoat," said Mr. Mansfield, laughingly, to his son, as the bride and bridegroom drove off on their wedding excursion, for the last you lost found you a wife, and Susy is very jealous, I warn you."

"I'll take care both of Harry and his overcoat," said Susan, smiling and kissing her hand to her father.

And we suppose she did, for Harry looked happier and happier every year—and he never lost his overcoat again, because it was always, when he went to balls, most carefully wrapped up with a beautiful, delicate, discreet white satin burnous, which never wandered from its mistress, and which, after once it had taken the impress of her grace and elegance, never could be mistaken for anybody's but the sweet darling, Mrs. Harry Gordon's—as everybody called Susy, for everybody loved Susy excepting Harry and his mother—and they adored her.

TROUBADOUR.

BY JOHN M. LESLEY.

I WATCHED the Soldan in the fight,
And saw his blood-stained sabre fall
O'er thinning ranks; and at the sight
Outblazed my father's valor all;
And, closing on his mail-clad form,
I poured the vengeance of my arm,
And blows redoubled swelled the storm
Of mutual hate and mutual harm.
The quivering blades, with giddy gyre,
Ran round each helmet in their wrath,

And glanced from casques the sparkling fire
Amid the lance's maddening scath.
Foiled in his wrath the Soldan sprang
In anger on his Arab steed,
And all the vales with terror rang
To his fierce horse's clattering speed.
The crescent sank away in death,
The Red Cross rushed in glory on;
And in the passing of a breath
The holy sepulchre was won.

TRIFLES.

BY W. WAGTAIL.

I OFTEN hear trifles spoken of, and almost always disparagingly or contemptuously. "It's only a trifle, and does not matter much;" or, "There's no use in quarreling about trifles;" or some poetic individual quotes—

"Trifles light as air."

In fact, by almost common consent, small things are not deemed worthy of much thought; and it seems quite a sufficient reason, to many minds, that they are "unconsidered trifles." I am an old man; I have seen much of the world; I have thought much, in my own fashion, of what I have seen, and my conclusion is, that this is one of the great mistakes the world makes. Trifles are all important; they make up the mass of great things; they form the bulk of the incidents of our lives; they are the starting points from which great events begin their course; they are as the hinge, the little hinge, on which the large door turns—as the rudder, the small rudder, which controls the vast ship, and guides it in its path over the waves. All the popular sayings are not against me either on this point; the best of them are with me. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is our English aphorism. The shrewd Scotch, with a saving touch of Northern caution, have their "Mony mickles mak' a muckle." The Spaniard says, "The loose shoe-nail lames the horse." From the Arabs we get, "The last straw breaks the camel's back." All of them wise sayings, evidencing an appreciation of the power of trifles.

Wherever we turn, the doctrine I hold will, if we have our eyes open, be impressed upon us. Almost all the natural agencies by which great operations are effected are minute—often so small that they are imperceptible. The rock which has been for centuries a land-mark to mariners suddenly topples over, and is lost in the waters which formerly washed its base. How did it fall? Did some volcano explode beneath it? did some earthquake-shock shake it from its position? No; the skies were calm above, and the waters were smooth and bright, reflecting back the sunny firmament; the wind was hushed; there was a silent calm around when the tall rock fell. What did it, then? This: day by day, year by year, century by century, as the waves washed around its base, each carried off

some little, impalpable atom of triturated matter; each an unconsidered trifle, light as air: but by the subtraction of such trifles the solid rock was worn till it was unable to support its own weight, and fell.

Take another instance: An island is rising up in the midst of a fathomless sea; a topmost point appears, and the birds, and winds, and waves, bring to it the seeds of vegetation, and it is clothed in verdure. From that point a widening circle spreads, and in time, there slowly emerges from the waves an oasis of the ocean, like the isles which stud the Southern seas. Here is a work, not of destruction, but of creation. What great power has been at work to effect this? Old fairy tales come up to the mind, and stories of magic and witchcraft, and traditions of the doings of the genii. Some great submarine fire forcing up the bottom of the sea is suggested by the reason. No, no such thing. See where the edges of the new land are fringed with reefs, dangerous to the passing bark—those fringes are of coral. Take your microscope and examine more minutely; you may see the coral-worms still at their work—tiny creatures, so small that you might hold them in groups on the tip of your smallest finger—little things. Well, they are the architects of the newly-risen island. Millions of them, millions of myriads rather, have lived for that work, and died at it, long before you and I were born; so long ago, that perhaps our ancestors were naked, painted barbarians, when they commenced their labors, unsounded fathoms deep below the surface. For generation after generations the insect-builders formed their narrow cells; for generation after generations they advanced upward over the lifework—the monuments and tombs of each other—till that first spot came in sight and grew green, like a basket of floating verdure amid the blue waves, and spread to the broad island clothed with tall palms and the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and inhabited by beings of our own race.

One other example, drawn from silent nature, of the greatness of little things: A spacious harbor opens from a rugged coast; mariners used to run their vessels into its land-locked waters for shelter from the tempests which beat upon the shore. Once there was water deep enough at its mouth for largest ships, laden to their utmost

depth, to pass. Gradually it grew more and more shallow, till to-day, the keel of the fishing-boat, which almost skims over the wave's top, grates upon the bottom. How has the deep water become shallow? No great banks have been heaved up; no gigantic rocks lie prostrate there; no large boulder-stones take up the passage. No: grain by grain, atom by atom, each wave, as it came and went, left its tribute of sediment, so small—such an unconsidered trifle—that the watching eye would never have noticed the deposit; and thus grew the bar which has stopped up the harbor's mouth.

Facts like these bear with them analogies applicable to the daily life of the millions. It is not the great things which press upon their attention—for which they are ever upon the watch—which cannot pass unnoticed—that shape their lives; it is the little things, the trifles, so minute that they cannot be seen without the strictest attention, so apparently unimportant that they do not challenge notice, which are borne by on the current of time, till they accumulate into what men call fate. Let my readers dive into their consciousness, as I am accustomed to do into mine, and they will acknowledge the truth of what I write. Most of them, perhaps, have heard the story of that great Parisian banker—Lafitte, I think it was—how a pin may be said to have made his fortune. The tale runs, that he came a poor thread-bare lad to seek employment of some great capitalist. The rich man did not need an *employé*, and the youth left the house to seek his fortune elsewhere. As he passed through the courtyard, a pin on the ground struck his eye; he picked it up, wiped it carefully, and stuck it securely in his coat. The *financier*, who had just dismissed the lad, saw the action from his window. He knew the value of attention to little things, called the rejected applicant back, and gave him an engagement. Attention to little things marked all the life of that young man, and, by seizing them, he rose from the position of the poor clerk, to that of the richest banker in France. The tale may be founded on a fact, or embody a pure fiction—I know not which; but this I know—its moral is a true one. Bulwer tells us that the ideal is as true as the real, for it always underlies the real, and points to the condition toward which the real is always tending; so, true or false, the story is as valuable as though it were confirmed by the latest edition of the most authentic biography. It does not often happen, in the lives of ordinary men, that such great and well-marked changes can be traced directly to such small and trifling causes, but I

hold that in all lives something similar takes place. It is not apparent, perhaps; because, while the effect is seen and remembered, the causes are, from their minuteness, unobserved or forgotten. If I ask any man how he became what he is, what a vague notion I get of the facts which determined his life-course—the point from which it branched off. He does not know; he cannot tell; he supposes it was chance. It was the result of the sum of little things which he has ceased to remember, if indeed he were ever conscious of them, which mounted up at last to destiny. For such men, Chance and Destiny are one deity with two different names. Has any one ever noticed the items of a bill, representing an enormous debt, crushing some struggling man down into difficulty? Petty items of fractions following close upon one another, farthings running up into pence, pence rising into shillings, shillings aggregating into pounds, pounds accumulating into thousands, till the total overwhelms the debtor. The illustration is prosaic and homely enough, but I do not know a better one of the power of little things. Have you ever listened to a tale of embarrassment? If you have, has it never struck you how seldom any of the facts are of any magnitude? Small annoyances, little difficulties, petty troubles, fragmentary obstacles, paltry hindrances, insignificant burdens, each by itself hardly worthy a thought, but running up into a total, expressed by one word—Ruin.

A minute too late for a railway train is a journey lost, as much as though one were an hour behind time. Almost right, all but the merest trifle, is as bad as all wrong; as the old saying puts it, "A miss is as good as a mile." A shilling short of the sum for which your bill of exchange lies due at the banker's is as certain commercial dishonor as though the whole sum were wanting. A step too far carries you over the brow of the precipice, and hurls you headlong down to destruction, as surely as the farthest leap forward. Men's lives often run on the very edge of fate, and a trifle throws them off one track and on to another, as effectually as the greatest event.

You hate some man, perhaps hate him with an animosity which has lasted the better part of a lifetime, and feels as though it would endure through all time; or you love some other being, man or woman, with an affection which binds you together so intimately that you regard separation as too great a calamity to be contemplated. Had little things nothing to do with the origin of that hate or that affection? Was the one prompted by some deep injury either done or attempted?

Was the other born of some inestimable benefit either conferred or offered? It may be so; but if it be, then your emotions flow from a different source from that of ninety men out of a hundred. In the great majority of cases, the hatreds and loves of the world are due to trifles long since forgotten in the effects to which they gave rise—the hatreds, to some curl of the lip expressing not so much scorn as contempt, to a hard glance, or a sneering word, or a haughty bearing—the loves and friendships, to a kindly look or tender word in the hour of sorrow and trial, or a genial demeanor and a conciliating manner.

In domestic affairs, the action of trifles is particularly conspicuous. I know many married couples, and, old-bachelor-like, having neither household cares nor joys of my own, I pay a good deal of quiet attention to those of my neighbors. I have often found that the phrase, "A good husband," or that other one, "The best of wives," rested on nothing greater or more important than a regular, unobtrusive, gentle performance of those small duties which fill up the hours of household life. The "good husband" seldom found his way home without some trifle, to show that he had not forgotten "the best of wives," and "the best of wives," in her turn, proved by the slippers warming by the fire, the snug seat in its accustomed place, and the evening meal ready for the home-comer, that the "good husband" had been remembered. On the other hand, I have known the fiercest domestic quarrels leading sometimes to lives of misery; sometimes the breaking up of homes arise from these same trifles. I remember one instance. The parties married young; it was what is called "a love match." I knew them both, and "wished them joy" a few days after they had set up housekeeping, and began to face the world together. I thought as others thought—what a happy life was before them. So it might have been, but for shirt-buttons. Do not smile—for shirt-buttons! Events caused me to lose sight of the young pair. At the end of some years I met the bridegroom in the street, still

young, but a gray-haired, haggard, disappointed-looking man. We recognized each other, and one of my first questions was of his wife. I saw there was something wrong before the answer came. There was a dimness of the eyes and a quivering of the lip; but the man put down those signs, and told me, in the fewest words, that his wife and he had separated. I learned the whole story. The wife was a young girl, to whom neither years nor teaching had brought the staidness of matronhood; "and," said poor Tom Sadlock, "there was always something wrong." The "something wrong" was, of course, always only a trifle; but the trifles mounted up, and the shirt-buttons towered at their apex. "One word brought up another," said Tom: each word being by itself, no doubt, a trifle too. Altogether, though, they amounted to a heap of insult, and wrong, and misery, which neither could bear with, and so they parted. That was Tom's story, and Tom's is not a case that stands alone in the world. The moral of all this is, that we should pay more heed to trifles, and not, in our own supposed greatness, regard them as unworthy of notice. If it be true, that when we take care of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves, so it is equally true, that if we take care of trifles the things of importance will seldom want looking after. Beside, it may be that you, my good friend, are, as I am, among the obscurities of the world. We are not great men. As pence make up the possessions of the poor, so command over trifles is our main, if not our sole, heritage. Let us attend then to our own, or we shall cease to control anything. And after all, is not that the true way to become great? It would be glorious to be among the clouds, but we are here on a dull, soddened clod of earth. Well, let us make use of the clod, since the clouds are beyond our reach. We may pile clod on clod till cloud-land itself is gained; for have I not already said trifles are the pivots on which great events turn. As the hinge is to the door, or the rudder to a ship, so are trifles to men's lives.

LA POESIE!

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

The loveliest of Carlo Dolce's daughters
Thou surely wert, peerless La Poesie!
Thine eyes, clear mirrors of sky-tinted waters,
Look forth like stars upon a moonlit sea.
Goldenly gleam the long and wavy tresses
In silken lengths, adown thy fair arch'd brow:
And daintily a pearly finger presses

A cheek that blooms, like roses on the snow!
Methinks the tale is true, they tell of thee,
Sweet one! that thou of mortal mixture wert;
That Human Nature, O, La Poesie,
Throbbed in the pulses of thy sinless heart!
Thou didst but keep the creed pure angels hold above
And nature's Life pervades—that God himself is love!

THE SCULPTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNIE LEMAN.

Shall I confess it!—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love.

IRVING.

That heart, the martyr of its fondness burn'd
And died of love that could not be returned.

CAMPBELL.

I.

NEVER was there a gayer throng or more of manly beauty and of feminine loveliness than was assembled in that brilliantly lighted saloon. It was evening—evening in winter, and the moon shining cold and bright and beautiful, would send its beams through the half draped windows and mingle them fantastically with the gleaming lights.

Standing alone, at the embrasure of an open casement, was a lady of a superior and peculiar style of beauty. Her form, rather above the usual height, was exceedingly graceful, and every movement betrayed that original dignity and native nobleness which at once excite respect and admiration. Her high, arched forehead was clear and white as the marble that her father sculptured, and her finely moulded features might have been a model for his most masterly production, while her large, dark eyes were soft and beautiful as the famed skies of her native Italy.

As she was gazing on the moonlight shadows with a thoughtful air, she started at a light touch upon her hand, and the sound of a gay and pleasant voice:

"Aye, Florence, I scarce had seen you, half hidden in the drapery of this window, and had almost passed you as I just entered the saloon."

The youth who addressed her was a pupil of her father's, and had been for years a daily visitor at his studio.

There was nothing striking in his countenance, unless it was that peculiar paleness about the mouth which is so often observed in the intellectual and studious. He had just returned from a distant city where he had been absent for several months, and they now met for the first time since his departure.

His deportment was frank and brother-like. His calm, clear, blue eye looked out the quietness of friendship; but hers was full of a deep, warm, wild poetry, that seemed to have drawn its fervor from the fount of love, and he—all unconsciously—was the object of that devoted passion:

"She had no breath, nor being, but in his;
He was her voice; she did not speak to him,
But trembled on his words; he was her sight,
For her eye follow'd his, and saw with his,
Which colored all her objects; she had ceased
To live within herself; he was her life,
The ocean to the river of her thought,
Which terminated all: upon a tone,
A touch of his, her blood would ebb and flow,
And her cheek change tempestuously . . .

But he in those fond feelings had no share:
To him she was
Even as a sister—but no more . . ."

Another, a young midshipman, joined them.

"Well, Lester," said he, addressing the artist, "you are soon to be married to the pretty Mary Hartley, I hear."

The lady started: the well-spring of her being was suddenly poisoned, the light of her existence extinguished. But the soul, wrought up to its highest pitch of excitement, often exhibits a quickness of thought and a self-possession, to which, in a less excited state of feeling, it is a stranger. The desperation of despair, the agony of an over-wrought mind, brings with them a calmness, coolness and deliberation never seen where hope is mingled with those feelings. Thus mingled, a fluctuation is produced which, like the waves of the sea, prevents this fearful stagnation.

Florence heard the words, and her soul was death-struck; but, though with a face of snowy paleness, she turned to him, and with a gay and sportive laugh, gave him a jest as bright and beautiful as the bubble of a glancing wave, and then she praised with ingenuousness the fair and innocent young being that he had chosen, and wished them happiness.

II.

Lester was sitting in the drawing-room alone with Florence. As he raised a book from the table, an opened paper fell from it. He took it up and half unthinkingly read the lines scribbled upon it:

"This earnest love must all be crushed,
These wild affections must be hushed;
No more my watchful eye must roam,
To seek thee wending to my home.

When thou shalt choose another bride,
A wife stands fondly at thy side,

This earnest love I feel for thee
Will then, I know, be guilt in me.

'Tis now, 'tis now, ere comes that time,
While still this soul be free from crime,
That I must banish from my breast
The love so long, so fondly prest."

There was no quotation, and it was written in Florence's hand. What does this mean? Whom could Florence Cordova love that would not be proud of that love? Have not all sought her and she refused them all?

With deep seriousness she fixed her large eyes upon him. One moment she determined to tell him all; that it was he—he whom she loved and who was meant there in those agonized lines; but the thought of his bride came to her, and she would not for her life have been unjust to her.

Suddenly, as though her seriousness had been a farce, she burst into a laugh:

"Hey, Charlie, and did you think I meant myself there? It is easier sometimes to speak in the first person than any other, and so I did it then."

And that gay laugh and those light words took effect, and he believed those lines to be the feelings of some heroine of her strong imaginings.

III.

The marriage day came, and Florence accompanied her father to the brilliant scene. Her nerved spirit operated as the wine cup in bringing to her even more than her usual keenness of intellect. And she was the star of the evening, sparkling in her beauty and wit, and never was her proud father so conscious of the unusual talent and loveliness of his darling child. He knew not that that evening hers was the brilliancy of the hectic, and like it, was the presage to consumption—a consumption of the soul.

And there was Mary Hartley, her face beaming with smiles of happiness, standing beside the devoted and affectionate Lester.

Soon as the ceremony was pronounced, Florence sealed a kiss on the young bride's brow and gave her a bouquet of flowers, tokening a thousand wishes for their happiness.

Nor were her air and words of affection assumed. She was one who would have scorned to breathe one word of love that came not from the innermost sanctuary of her soul: she loved the girl because of her own excellence and purity; and yet more, because she was beloved by him whose very shadow she had gazed on with affection.

IV.

It was October, soft, sad and beautiful, and it was the close of one of its softest, saddest and most beautiful days—an Indian summer day. The sun was gathering in its last rays, and evening was beginning to collect her dew-drops to gild another morning.

Florence, in deathly beauty, was reclining on an ottoman in her father's studio, and watching with earnest gaze, the varying tints of the departing day. It was a semblance of herself; those few soft days, when summer seemed to step back a moment, as if sorry it had departed, and steal from the brow of autumn this hurried farewell kiss, were the sure presage of the chilly blasts of winter. And that bloom upon her cheek, that hectic spot, the mockery of health, had lighted up her beauty for the gloom and darkness of the grave.

It was a fitting season for youth and beauty to depart, and Florence felt that the "Angel of the Covenant" was near.

Her father sat beside her and gazed intently upon her. There was a long silence, and then a sound

"Like the low wailing of a sweet toned harp
Broken and 'hung upon the willows.'"

"My father," said Florence, "I feel that I am dying. Mine has been a disease that no physician could cure, no medicine heal: it is my soul's strong workings that have worn out this tabernacle of clay. The fire of the young affections, burning upon the altar of the heart, and the offering not lying there, often consumes that heart. It is this which withers the rose ere half bloomed, which hurries down the sun though scarcely risen, which brings many to an early grave—the 'dew of youth' fresh upon them.

"And it is thus that I die. Forgive me, my more than father, my dearest, best friend, if I have erred in concealing from you that which has absorbed my being. But I have loved with all the intensity of which a woman's nature is capable. Yes, while you have regarded Lester with the tenderness of a father, and he, looked upon me with the affection of a brother, I have felt for him all the fire of an ardent love.

"And it has all been concealed—and let it still be. Let not the tears which Charles and his sweet Mary will shed over my grave, be embittered by the thought that it was their love that bore me so early there. And, as I die, dear father, let that mantle of your love, which has ever been wrapped around me, fall upon those dear ones whom with you I love best on earth.

Their affection, your beautiful art and your trust in Heaven, must be your consolation when I am gone. And it will be a consolation too, when I tell you that I grieve not at death; that I rejoice in the prospect of it. It is a gladdening thought to me, that my spirit is about to escape from its earthy temple, that I am to become altogether spiritual and so soon to be among those angelic spirits that 'adore and burn;' for the crucible of agony through which my soul has passed, has, I trust, refined it, and I dare to hope fitted it for the society of Heaven; that

those throes of the soul have been a presage of its birth to a higher and better home, and prepared it meet for the archangel to take and bear away to the arms of God, its Father.

"Give me one other kiss, dear father, and I go."

That father sealed on cheek and brow one deep and agonized embrace, and when he raised his face from hers, she was as white and soulless as the statues around him: he was alone with the creations of his art.

MERINO WOOL.

ALL our fair readers are doubtless familiar with the word *Merino*, as applied to a material in use for dresses; but a few words in explanation of the peculiar advantages of this species of wool, and the mode in which its superiority is attained, may not be unacceptable to a greater portion of those ladies who are already intimately acquainted with its merits, when handed to them by the draper—although they would scarcely recognize it in the hands of the Spanish shepherd.

The celebrated merino wool is obtained from the migratory sheep of Spain. Some years ago, it was calculated that the number of these migratory sheep amounted to 10,000,000. Twice a year, in April and October, they are led a journey of about 400 miles, passing the summer in the mountains of the north, and the winter on the plains toward the south. The excellence of the wool, to which everything else is sacrificed, is supposed to be due to an equality of temperature maintained by shifting the position of the sheep, so that they may occupy the cooler mountains in summer and the warmer plains in winter. An objection to this explanation arises from the fact, that the fleece of some of the German Merinos, which do not travel at all, is far superior to the best Leonese fleece; and, even in Spain, it is said that there are stationary flocks which produce wool equal in quality to that of the migratory ones. The first impression made by the merino sheep, on one unacquainted with its value, would be unfavorable. The wool lying closer and thicker over the body than in most other breeds of sheep, and being abundant in *yolk*,* is covered with a dirty crust, often full of

cracks. There is also a coarse and ugly patch of hair on the forehead and cheeks, which is cut away before shearing time. There is also a singular looseness of skin under the throat, giving a remarkable appearance of hollowness in the neck. The pile, when pressed upon, is hard and unyielding, in consequence of the thickness with which it grows on the pelt, and the abundance of the yolk detaining all the dirt and gravel which fall upon it; but when examined, the fibre is found to exceed in fineness, and in the number of serrations and curves, that which any other sheep in the world produces. The average weight of the fleece in Spain is 8 lbs. from the ram, and 5 lbs. from the ewe.

The periodical journeys taken by these sheep in Spain can be traced back to the middle of the 14th century, when a tribunal, called the *Mesta*, was established for their regulation, consisting of the proprietors of these migratory flocks, the king being the merino mayor. It established a right to graze on all the open and common land that lay in the way; it claimed also a path, 90 yards wide, through all the enclosed and cultivated country, and prohibited all persons, even foot passengers, from traveling these roads when the sheep were in motion. The flocks are divided into detachments of 10,000 each, under the care of a mayoral or chief shepherd, who has under him 50 shepherds and as many huge dogs. The mayoral precedes the flock, and directs the length and speed of the journey; the others, with the dogs, follow and flank the cavalcade, collect the stragglers, and keep off the wolves, which regularly follow at a distance, and migrate with the flock.

It is during this journey that the sheep are shorn, and the shearing time is an epoch of primitive oriental festivity. Buildings are erected

* The yolk is a peculiar secretion from the glands of the skin, and serves to nourish the wool, and, by matting the fibres together, forms a defence against wet and cold.

at various places in the early portion of their journey: they are very simply constructed, consisting only of two large rooms, each of which will contain more than a thousand sheep; there is also a narrow, low, long hut adjoining, called the *sweating-house*. The sheep are all driven into one of these apartments, and in the evening those intended to be shorn on the following day are transferred into the hut. As many are forced into it as it will possibly hold, and there they are left during the night. In consequence of this close confinement they are thrown into a state of great perspiration; the hardened yolk is melted, and thus the whole fleece, by being rendered softer, is more easily cut. There is no previous washing nor any other preparation for the shearing. From 150 to 200 shearers are generally collected at each house, and a flock of 1,000 sheep is disposed of in a day. The sheep are turned back, as they are shorn, into the second apartment, and on the same or the following day continue their journey. Thus in the space of six days, as many flocks, each consisting of 1,000 sheep, pass through the hands of the shearers. The wool is then washed and sorted and is ready for sale. The rams give most wool: three fleeces often averaging 25 lbs. When the sheep arrive at their summer pasture, salt is placed on flat stones, at the rate of about a hundred weight for every 100 sheep; this they lick eagerly, and it improves their appetite. They are always on the move in search of grass, which is scarce, for they will not touch thyme, which is abundant, and is left to the wild bee.

They are never fed until the dew is dry, nor allowed to drink after hail-storms. In September the flocks are daubed with a red earth, which is said to conduce to the fineness of the wool. After their return, in October, the yearning time approaches. The merinos are not good nurses, so that nearly half the lambs, and in bad seasons, when the pasture fails, full three-fourths, are killed as soon as they are yeaned. The skins are sent to Portugal, and from thence to England, where they are used in the glove manufacture. The wool is soft and silky, and is formed in little rings or curls. March is a very busy month with the shepherds, who then cut off the tails of the lambs and the tips of their horns, that they may not hurt each other in their frolics; the shepherds also mark them on the nose with a hot iron. Forty or fifty thousand shepherds are said to be employed in tending these sheep. They are a singular race of men, almost as simple as their sheep. Their talk is almost entirely confined to rams and ewes; they know every one of the sheep, and the sheep know them. They live chiefly on bread, seasoned with oil or grease; and though they sometimes procure mutton from their old or diseased sheep, it is not their favorite food. Their dress is a jacket and breeches of black sheep-skin; a red silken sash tied round the waist; long leathern gaiters; a slouched hat; a staff tipped with iron; and a *manta*, or brown blanket, slung over the left shoulder. When they have reached their journey's end, they build themselves rude huts, living generally a single life.

SEPARATION.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

“Stop—Not to me, at this bitter departing,
Speak of the sure consolations of Time.
Fresh be the wound, still renew'd be its smarting,
So but thy image endure in its prime.

“But if the steadfast commandment of Nature
Wills that remembrance should always decay;
If the lov'd form and the deep-cherished feature
Must, when unseen, from the soul fade away—

“Me let no half-effac'd memories cumber!
Fled, fled at once, be all vestige of thee—
Deep be the darkness, and still be the slumber—
Dead be the Past and its phantoms to me!

“Then, when we meet, and thy look strays toward me,
Scanning my face and the changes wrought there,
*Who, let me say, is this Stranger regards me,
With the gray eyes, and the lovely brown hair?*”

Editor's Table.

It was lately proposed in London, that the Literary Fund, established many years ago by Mr. Williams, with aristocratic patronage, should be combined with that of the society got up recently by Charles Dickens, Sir E. B. Lytton, and others. The people of the former establishment voted against such an arrangement, and their decision has given rise to a great deal of discussion in the literary circles; which is not wonderful, seeing the subject is one of the most delicate and difficult in the world. Mr. Dickens and his friends—a numerous party—wish to give the principle and plan more popularity and popular support—arguing that every writer should be interested in such an institution, and come forward with his subscription for its support. The others think aristocratic support and exclusive system best; and indeed, a great deal may be said on both sides. The great difficulty seems to be to get the literary men themselves to coöperate in the business, and unite cordially in favor of a common establishment. The truth is, they are not disposed to have anything in common. The other trades and professions have their societies and guilds. But it seems a hopeless thing to try to formalize the children of *Cantor Apollo*, in respect of any undertaking. The traditions and prejudices of intellect are opposed to any scheme involving the mechanical virtues of industry or forethought. Genius, it has been said, moves independently of rules and precautions, and every writer thinks he is more or less of a genius, and will act up to his pretensions. "Writing for bread" was never thought respectable—even when Johnson, Burke and Goldsmith practised it, and there is a large class of literary men who scorn the imputation, and anything which would identify them with the employment. The higher order of pensmen will not fraternize in such a scheme of literary providence and assurance, or mix with the poor pelting compilers, essayists, and so forth. They might, in fact, be brought unawares, into colloquy with some newspaper chap, and feel, in consequence, all the humiliation and rage of Sir Barnet Skettles against cheerful Mr. Baps, the dancing master! These tall minds are fastidious. We once heard one of our brightest minds say he could not join a literary society, because it would be forever discussing literary questions—so professional! With a deep salaam toward him, knocking our head thrice on the matting, we think this is being too far removed from the level of our humanity. It is as if the sun should say, I will not come out and mix with those foolish fogs. Genius should be tolerant and condescending, above the little haughtinesses, and democratic by right divine. But we find it otherwise sometimes. And indeed, the little writers are as fastidious as the great ones—measuring one another, and thinking they are measured in turn; carping and carped at, and full of bitter jealousies and savage little sneers.

Under such circumstances, perhaps it is no wonder

that those English literary plans are not in a very prosperous condition. A great number of writers will claim to be considered in the first rank, by imitating the higher men in holding aloof. They will not, by being amenable, allow the inference that they are of an humbler class of pens. Again—those most likely to be benefitted by the proposed relief institution are naturally desultory and fitful, and not to be depended on, in paying their subscriptions or insurance money. Along with this, they dislike the idea of looking to the charitable assistance of their brother authors—they would rather look elsewhere—to the "big bugs," bankers and lords. We have an idea the English spoiled this scheme, for the benefit of literary men, by their mode of setting about it. They called it a *charity*—just as they call some of their schools *Ragged*—a most insolent piece of John Bull inspiration, and one that will not thrive. We have an idea that a better plan for the relief of authors could have been carried out. An institution might have been got up, in connection with a rich and attractive library, a club-room and conveniences for social meetings, conversations, and all that enjoyment which literary men love, and must have. This would be a charity indeed, in the radical sense of the word. It would lessen the causes which drive writers to expense, extravagance and want, and thus lessen the number to be relieved in the end. In a hundred ways it would teach the self-respect, which is the best guard of the intellectual man. A sufficient number of the aristocracy, both of rank and letters, could be got to help such an institution; but it would be based upon the intelligence of the writing classes. Its funds could be nobly sustained by a system of lectures from the best men in the land; and from the moderate payments which would insure the prudent writer against indigence in sickness or age. Sir Edward B. Lytton, with his little ideas, got up *almshouses* on his own estate of Knebworth, for disabled "writer chiefs," and spoiled the whole business with his *bow-wow* philanthropism.

Leaving John Bull to manage his own matters, however, we bring the subject home, and find that, in this commercial country, with its many resources, our writers are not, as a general thing, so dependent on literature as their English brothers. They do not wade into it so deep that they cannot come out and come away, and turn to other speculations. So that the idea of charity, in respect of used-up authors, is not so important here as among the insulars. But that arrangement which we have spoken of for their behoof, is one which would suit us very well—we mean a large library—a literary club or academy, in which the whole body of our writers would be interested. At present, we are in a defective, scrambling condition, as respects these matters—dependent for our mental food chiefly on the light, rapid gushes of literature from our publishers' stores. The whipt syllabubs of our presses are spoiling, in some sort

the stomach of the nation. We want large, liberal libraries of French, German, Spanish, Danish, Italian, Russian, and other books, as well as American, to meet the wants of our many-tongued people. Attached to such should be lecture and refreshment rooms and an assurance system for the support or assistance of distressed writers. For, even in this country there may be found studious men who cannot turn their hands to anything but the quill, and who should have some security against the turns and chances of the business-world, by which they are very often abused and wronged. The number of such men must increase with our civilization. We have spoken of the English scheme, not exactly as a thing to be imitated, but as a suggestion that the condition of the literary class is very uncertain and *harum-scarum*, and with the design of showing that we in this country may very well discuss these things, and recommend our authors to plan something favorable to literature and themselves. They need not, in a democracy like this, be cramped by the fastidiousness of the islanders, but, identifying all active thinkers and writers in one brotherly category, draw some distinctive lines, and make some honorable sort of *Hetairia* which may prevent the literary folk from being overborne, scattered and disparaged in the general rush of the social divisions, along the high roads of progress. Let no distinguished writer object that literature would lose its dignity, all along of such a *mizem-gatherem* as such a society would imply—that the compilers and itemisers would jostle the Prescotts, Irvings, Bryants. Burke was a poor compiler, Macaulay is a compiler; Dickens was a little reporter; two of our most agreeable and clever authors were sailors. We venture to say boldly that there is as much talent among our reporters as among our editors, and as much talent among our editors as among our professed book-makers, and so forth. And there's more American talent in the streets than in all put together. Don't tell us! We ought to have the institution we have indicated. But when shall we see such a thing agitated? What brilliant pen—what solid money-bag will begin it, and be greater than Girard or Astor?

The Paris *Charivari* gives a burlesque account of Mr. Dodge's reception at the court of Madrid:

"Mr. Dodge was mounted, without a saddle, on a wild prairie horse, called a Mustang. He carried his rifle slung behind him, and wore a six-barreled revolver in his belt, on one side, and a scalping-knife at the other. He had a tomahawk in his hand, and uttered fierce cries. One of his retainers, a gigantic Kentuckian, carried a flag, on which was written, 'Cuban Annexation.' When Mr. Dodge went to present his credentials to the queen, he was dressed like an Indian. His hair raised on the top of his head, and bound by a ribbon, formed a sort of plume, somewhat like a furniture-duster. From his nostrils hung two gold rings, and half a dozen wigs were attached to his girdle, which, with the plea-

santry peculiar to Americans, he called scalps taken in battle.

"When he and his secretary reached the palace-gate, the porter refused to let them pass. Mr. Dodge drew his revolver and fired at the man. The poor fellow was not hit, but he let fall his halbert and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Mr. Dodge picked up the weapon and flourished it in triumph. A Master of Ceremonies met him—

" 'What do you want, sir; and where are you going in that dress?'

" 'I am the ambassador of the United States. I come to present my credentials.'

" 'But this tomahawk—this revolver—that halbert?'

" 'I won the last from your door-keeper, who would not let me pass.'

" 'And this half dozen of perruques at your girdle?'

" 'Perruque yourself! These are the scalps of my enemies. Get out of my way, old fellow, and congratulate yourself on being bald!'

" 'Sir, etiquette will not allow'—

" 'Everything must be allowed to the ambassador of the United States. Open that door!'

"The Master of the Ceremonies was afraid of embroiling his government with that of Washington. He let in the ambassador, sighing and raising his hands to heaven—

" 'Unhappy Spain!' he murmured.

Dante, in his lowest hell, has placed those who have betrayed women; and in the lowest deep of the lowest deep, those who have betrayed trust.

Sydney Smith, as remarkable for his shrewd common sense and excellent judgment, as his humor, was in the habit of making observations on the practice of preaching, which must have occurred to a great many others as well as himself. He could not abide the regulated tone, chill gestures, and stereotyped phraseology of clergymen in the pulpit; considering the effect in the majority of cases to be more soporific than edifying. It is a comfort to us mere lay critics to find our own ideas thus borne out by one, himself a preacher, and to feel that if we have been irreverent, we have been so in good company. The Canon of St. Paul's could not see that a tone of grave monotony is necessarily proper to the delivery of a sermon, and he had an idea that a more conversational tone, and a more secular cast of oratory, would convey divine truths in a more forcible and fixing manner than those in clerical use. He had reason in this. There is a certain scriptural diction, running on sacred quotations, which is very common, and enables a man to furnish a great amount of speaking with but a slight draft upon his stock of original thought. The epistles of Paul show that, in his discourses, he must have been the preacher Sydney Smith would have liked—plain, conversational, simple, earnest, and not at all afraid of using a pagan image or quotation if it made his meaning the clearer. It would certainly, we think, (under correction,) be

a great improvement, if clergymen of all denominations would pitch their voices and ideas to an easier and more modulated key, and talk more than they deliver. The most impressive tone that can be used, is the plain, talking tone, with its natural pauses, repetitions, and unstudied emphasis. The wish to be fluent is very often a delusion, a snare and a mockery.

The belief is common in Russia, that the souls of the dead remain near their bodies until they are purified from sin, when they are conducted by their guardian angel to Paradise. They are supposed to follow the same pleasures and occupations as in this life; hence, perhaps, the custom among so many nations of burying with the dead their most cherished objects—arms, horses, even wives and slaves.

The following authentic anecdote in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre, rebuilt by Holland the architect in 1794, and by him leased to Sheridan, will, we doubt not, be new to our readers:

"Holland could never obtain a settlement or even an interview on the subject with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentleman, whom he had invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few minutes I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that is the reason why they have become so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring the question to issue definitively, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

"A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!"

"Then I wish you a very good morning."

"So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again."

A Lowell editor says, that one reason why he supports the ten hour law for the factories is, that then the factory girls will have time to garter their stockings in the morning, instead of having so frequently to draw them up in the streets.

A friend of ours was dining at one of the watering-place hotels, during the hot summer, with ladies, and he noticed one of the party to be highly amused at something which the colored waiter was saying. It seems the young lady had finished the solids of the dinner, and was ruminating on what she had better take for the dessert, when the "colored gentleman" approached and asked her what she would have.

"A little ice cream, if you please," replied the lady looking over the *carte*.

The waiter left, with a hurried "Yes'm," but suddenly returned, and said, as he placed his lips near her ear—

"Ice cream all gone, miss; is there nothing else you could like to *top off* with?"

"No, thank you," replied the lady, vainly endeavoring to conceal her merriment.

The waiter now left again, and soon appeared with a blue finger-bowl, which he planted down before her, saying—

"If you wont eat nothing more, miss, there's something to *wrench* your fingers with."

It is a particularly disagreeable thing to find one's self stranded, some burning summer's day, on a hot unshaded hotel, in the midst of a barren looking landscape, and while waiting for dinner, to have a well-thumbed novel put in one's hand, some marvelous story of crime and retribution that went out of print in the days of our grandmothers, and, after becoming quite interested in heroes who flourished centuries ago, to find that there are two volumes, and that the second is not forthcoming.

One sometimes catches glimpses of other people's affairs in an unfinished state, which is quite as unpleasant. A friend of ours was lately bemoaning the loss she had experienced in being called off before the termination of a small tragedy in which she had become quite interested. A long, dusty, country walk, she says, brought me to a small tenement that appeared to possess the most elastic properties, for although not much over six feet square, it contained toys, stationery, one or two attempts in the millinery line, and a gay-colored placard on which "ice cream" dazzled the eyes with its slanting capitals. Our friend's scribbling propensities called her to the pen and ink quarters of the establishment;

and having made her purchases, she availed herself of permission to rest in a rickety rocking-chair, and the woman disappeared behind a soiled curtain, which evidently concealed an ironing-table, for the sound of the iron, at intervals, could be distinguished.

The mistress of the establishment talked almost incessantly—she evidently liked to hear herself talk—and from faint responses made by a weak voice, our friend soon concluded that the object of her displeasure—for she *was* in a high state of displeasure—was a child. You may call it listening, if you like, but somehow our friend felt that she had a “call” to listen; and, having settled herself comfortably, she was favored with the following:

“You are the most destructive child, without *any* exception, that ever I laid eyes on; you’ve broken enough things to set up the shop time and again. When I give you a new drum, what do you go and do with it? *Say!*” as there was no response, “*What* do you go and do with it?”

“See what’s inside,” was the reply, which sounded very much as though it had been shaken out.

“See what’s inside,” she repeated, in true Mrs. Caudle style; “yes, you *do* ‘see what’s inside’ with a vengeance. Haint I told you that there wasn’t *nothing* inside? And didn’t you go and bore holes in it, just out of clear sheer ugliness and destructiveness? Don’t tell *me*, I know better! *I’ve* tried you often enough. If ever there was a wicked child upon earth, it’s you. And where do you expect to go to, I should like to know? Where do you expect to go to?”

“I don’t know,” this time *very* faintly.

“Well, I know—you’ll march into that closet before you’re a day older—and *that* aint all neither,” she continued, warming with her subject; “didn’t I say I’d whip you if you did it again, and aint you done it again? say, *aint* you?”

The only answer this time was a sob.

“Yes, you know you did,” continued the woman, who seemed to be fond of answering her own questions; “and now I *mean* to whip you. I’ll give you a good dressin’ this time, and *that’ll* teach you to be careful.” The ironing, however, proceeded, and the sobs increased. “Of all the things that you’ve had, you haven’t got *one* to show—not a single *one!*”

“Why, mother!” and the voice brightened up a little, “I’ve got my little iron!”

“*Your little iron!*” and her own iron hung suspended, to give more point to her contempt; “your little iron! Just answer me one question, *could* you break that little iron? say! *Could* you break it?”

There was no answer, and the sobs were renewed. But the woman resumed her ironing, and the whipping remained a pleasurable expectation. Whether the mother approved of the Indian style of torturing victims previous to their final execution—or whether, in the words of the old proverb, her bark was worse than her bite, and the threat of a whipping was in reality apropos to nothing, are questions which have puzzled our informant’s brain at intervals

ever since—for she now caught sight of the rumbling old stage that was to convey her back, and not daring to delay, she was obliged to leave a scene of so much interest.

She has passed the place since, we would add, and seeing a happy, careless-looking, blue-eyed mite, completely absorbed in making dirt pies, she was reminded of the whipping, and thought of going in to see whether it had been administered, but wisely remembering that this might remind the mother of one being due, she desisted and went on her way unsatisfied.

Coleridge used to say that there were four kinds of readers. The first are like an hour-glass, their reading is like the sand, which runs in and out, without leaving a vestige behind. The second class resemble a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class are like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class the great talking philosopher compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.

Lardner’s Handbook says that the sirene (an instrument for nicely calculating the vibrations of musical sound), when applied to the purpose of noting the buzzing made by wings of insects, shows that a gnat’s fans flap at the rate of 15,000 times per second. This is one of the most astounding things in the universe. The powers of the most powerful engine on earth, or the mightiest hurricane, are less wonderful than those of a singing gnat! It is impossible to conceive the tremendous velocity of wings that strike 15,000 times while you say *one*. To save ourselves from utter helplessness of idea in this business, we are obliged to say, we do not believe it. We don’t care for Lardner’s Handbook.

“It may, indeed, be generally remarked,” says Bulwer, “contrary to the common notion, that the men who are the most happy at home, are the most active abroad. The animal spirits are necessary to healthful action; and dejection and the sense of solitude will turn the stoutest into dreamers. The hermit is the antipodes of the citizen; and no gods animate and inspire us like the Lares.”

A Maltese offered his services as dragoman at Alexandria.

“Know English well, sir,” he said, “have served many English gentlemen; I’m English subject, sir; I get drunk, get drunk, sir.”

A friend in the rural districts tells the following comical story of the “preliminary” of a negro “scourge” he once heard. It seems the colored gentleman was a stranger, and had come quite a distance to exchange with the regular preacher; his “preliminary” was as follows:

“Bredren, I hab come a consid’r’l distumce to

lectar' to you, and 'fere I commence my reg'lar 'scoorce I wish to tell you sump'fin', and I shall split de preliminary into tree parts. Fust, I mean to 'scoorce of sump'fin' dat I knows and you doesn't know, dat you doesn't know and I does know. Second, sump'fin' dat you knows and I doesn't know, dat I doesn't know, and dat you does know. Third, sump'fin' dat you doesn't know and I doesn't know, dat I doesn't know, and you doesn't know. Well—dars, now, fust—what I knows, and you doesn't know, am dis: In coming here in de cars, I sot down on a pisen sharp nail—I spook 'twas, sartin—made me jump up like a parch pea, belubed brudren, it did, and tore de seat of my trowsumlooms. You doesn't know dat, but I does; oh, gol, yes, sartin sure, I does, so dat be sump'fin' I does know, and you doesn't know. Second, for de spashiatin on sump'fin' I doesn't know and you does know; it am dis: I doesn't know wheder, when the sarcer goes roun', you will put enough in to pay for de mending of dat tar, does I? 'um, does I? Third and last, for the spashiflosshun of what I doesn't know and you doesn't know, it am dis: you doesn't know how much broder Johnsing, de tailor, will charge to mend dat ar tar, and I doesn't know, nudder, does I? 'um—does I? Havin' spashiated on dese diversions, to 'stablish my preliminary, I will now incede to de stansifloating of de tex' I hab select of, on dis bless'd occashun."

A memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith in his private character, apart from his literature, has been just published in England; and it is enlivened by several of those jocose good things so characteristic of that laughing divine. His name is identified with a new order of wit—if it may be called wit. It is certainly a more hearty and laughter-compelling thing than what is usually understood by the term. Smith's sayings are full of oddity and fun, calculated to set the table in a roar, better than anything Sheridan, Moore, Lamb or Hook ever uttered. There is a quality of *simplicity*, so to speak, in the Canon, that gives effect to everything he delivers; everything is easy; nothing seems looked-for or far-fetched. It seems inevitable in the flow of his subject; and that is the charm. When other men say their good things, we have the evidence and perception of effort—there is something forced in them. Charles James Fox used to say he disliked the figurative style of Sheridan—his flowers seemed artificial and tawdry. But in Edmund Burke, he said, all these ornamental things came in, naturally and happily. It is the same with Smith's wit. His jolly things are so natural, you think you might have said them yourself—which is the test of true appreciation, after all. We remember a few of them, in the work we have alluded to.

In one, he meant to exemplify the rigid professional character of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, who carried her dramatic ways into everyday life. We all recollect the couplet recorded of her, by some one of her friends. Being one day at dinner, and asking for water, the waiter brought her some ale

instead, whereupon she fixed him with her glittering eye, and said—

"I asked for water, boy! you've brought me beer!"

This was very good. But Smith says of her that she was so grand at dinner, she used to *stab the potatoes!* This is irresistibly comic; and yet in what a brief and simple way it excites laughter! Again, alluding to the great talent of a little man, he says: "There's M——, he has not body enough to cover his mind; he goes about *with his intellect improperly exposed!*" He slips, as it were, involuntarily into the common mode of expression; and the idea or picture it conjures up, must disturb the severest gravity. He produces his effects by gliding off from a customary form of speech—as if he could not help it.

"It is so warm," he says to a lady, "that I could take off my flesh and sit in my bones."

The lady did not laugh. The idea had something oddly indelicate in it, as we perceive. But everybody else laughs.

Of a certain tyrannical Dean he said, he ought to be preached to death by wild curates!

All these things are very grotesque and funny. The man, in fact, found out a new vein of intellectual plesantry, discovering in simplicity a charm analogous to that of the late natural poets in their own line. Sydney Smith did not much affect puns—so cultivated by Lamb, Hood, Moore, Swift, and the rest. He preferred a careless ramble in the fields and copses, to those prim parterres of wit, and showed what could be made of the common flowers of the vulgar idiom. In his thoughts and words he seems to have exercised two faculties, moving side by side, one for the literal obvious import of sentences, and the other ever on the watch for their occult, unsuspected meaning or capacity; and we believe that if a man were to train his mind to such a practice, he would find points, parodies, and oddities enough to set the people laughing. Goldsmith used to say that witty sayings can be elaborated, and Sheridan proved it. "The gods sell everything to labor;" even wit.

All professed letter-writers have an eye to posthumous fame, and indite their epistles with a view to their being kept and circulated by those to whom there are written—a mode of publication which escapes expense and direct responsibility. The apparent ease and light discursive variety of these compositions are laboriously studied; their telling points are arranged and calculated with mathematical precision, and their spontaneous sentiments are elaborately artificial. Madame de Sevigné may be named as an eminent example; Pope supplies another; Swift and Horace Walpole must be added to the list; Gray bestowed more painful corrections on his letters than even on his few poems; and Voltaire never took pen in hand even to exchange the ordinary compliments of the day, without a determination to astonish and produce an effect.

The following touching verses have been sent us by a friend. Being a bachelor, of course we cannot speak with any degree of authority on the correctness of the picture, but would presume it to be quite as true to nature as the generality of "life-pictures" of our young and passionate school of poets.

Whene'er to Mary I complain,
That I have loved, and loved in vain,
She, smiling, aggravates my pain
With—"Well, I can't help it."

To pity when I strive to move her,
And vow by Venus that I love her—
That Juno's beauty's not above her,
She smiles—"I can't help it."

But when in my arms I rudely press her,
And at each kiss with lies I bless her,
'Tis odd to hear, while I caress her—
"Oh! dear, I can't help it."

The Philadelphia Ledger records the following remarkable case of epicurism in a "Youthful Afrite" (vide Alexander Smith) who "got nothing but chicken."

"About ten days since, a small, but old looking black boy, was arrested by an officer of the Sixth Ward, for sleeping in the market house. Alderman Clemens took him home, intending to take care of him. On Saturday night he was again caught at his old tricks, and when asked by the lieutenant why he had run away from the alderman, replied that 'he could get nothing to eat except bread and butter and chicken; he wanted pies.' Alderman Butler sent the boy to the House of Refuge, where it is probable he will miss the chicken."

Rachel, the French actress, is about to spout Gallic hexameters in this country, and set us all furbishing up our knowledge of Racine, Corneille, and the dry, full-periwigged school of French poetry. She comes to us in time, otherwise Ristori would have come instead, probably, and spoiled the American prospect for that wonderful Jewess. Ristori is a Sardinian actress, full of spirit, nature and passion, the very antipodes of Rachel in every respect, and far better qualified to thrill the feelings of a French audience, or any audience. It does not appear that the Italian can play in French; but in her native version of Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, and other high parts, she produces the finest effects. The Paris critics have received her with open arms, and loudly given her the preference in a comparison with their old idol, whom they now speak of as the priestess of a dead literature—a classic formalist, and so forth. Such is the opinion of Dumas, Jules Janin, St. Victor, Gauthier, Preméray, Fiorentini, and others, who all hail the Sardinian with *vivats*. The social character of the latter is also in favorable contrast with that of her rival. For, while Rachel is hard, saturnine and avaricious, seldom playing for charities or her brother or sister performers, Ristori, like Jenny Lind, lends herself to every generous purpose that may be

suggested, with a cheerful *abandon* that takes all hearts by storm. Rachel must abdicate, very probably, and follow the younger and elder branches of the House of Bourbon. For some time past, the rivalry of these two women was a fortunate thing for Louis Napoleon, as it diverted the minds of the people, in some measure, from the Crimea and its bloody blunders. We venture to predict that Rachel, in this country, will not reap a harvest like Lind's. The latter came with her frank heart, her fair-haired head and the prestige of those Norse races that formed so large a portion of our own ancestry, while she gave utterance to a language universally understood. The latter is a pale, sombre Jewess, illustrating a dead literature in a strange tongue. We hope, however, that she will not have any great reason to feel, while here, as discouraged as her old namesake of Ramah.

Can any of our friends inform us who is the author of the following beautiful lines on "Early Spring." As for ourselves, we are completely at fault.

"Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth,
'Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth,
For their overhanging bowers;
The forests seem to listen,
For the rustling of the leaves;
And very skies to glisten,
With the hope of summer eves."

A fair correspondent requests the answer to the poetical enigma in our July number. The article which figures so prominently in our "Sir Humphrey's Feast," is that simple piece of domestic furniture in common use, y'clept a Nap-kin.

"I cannot bear," says Madame de Sevigné, "to hear old people say, 'I am too old to improve.' I myself would rather pardon young ones for saying, 'I am too young for that.' It is precisely when we are no longer young, that our especial endeavors must be to perfect ourselves, and to seek, by good qualities, to compensate for what we lose in point of agreeableness."

A recent visitor to the home of Goëthe, relates that near one of the windows in his study, in the corner of a letter were some fragments of colored silk, which had an interest of a different character when he heard for what purpose they had been employed. It appeared that his grandchild had been in the habit of visiting him in his study. He was too kind-hearted to repel her, and when he did not wish to be interrupted, he placed her by his side, and offered some small new coin as a reward for unravelling one of the silken shreds: an occupation that generally kept her quiet. I thought, said our traveler, more of Goëthe, after hearing of this trifling anecdote, than after reading even his "Faust." A mere heartless man of talent must be little better than a Mephistophiles.

"Do we eat ourselves, or do you eat us?" we once heard a shrewd Yankee inquire of a steamboat captain, with whom he was bargaining about the fare.

"You eat yourselves," responded the captain, gruffly.

"With the mosquitoes, however, at the sea shore," writes a friend, "the case is quite different, as one may find to his cost. We have become a New Jerseyite for the time being, and find it is no joke. The blood-thirsty monsters monopolize all our attention, and friends salute friends with the question, 'How are mosquitoes to day?' just as people used to say, 'How are pots and pearls?' We came here for rest and quiet; but we are obliged in self-defence to lead a remarkably active life. Everything is hungry here, even the very flies; one mosquito here is equal so three city ones, and there are five hundred here, where there is one in town. We hear people talk of 'going back'—we expect to be saved the trouble. By the way, operas always appeared to us superlatively ridiculous. The idea of singing, when one is angry or in grief! Yet a friend who has broken forth into song upon the mosquito-question, is quite as absurd. He says that it is to be sung to the tune of 'We wont go home till morning: our mosquitoes, if they could speak, would add, 'And not even then.'

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"Tell me not of peaceful slumber,
Ye who go to sleep and dream!
Here mosquitoes without number
Do not cease to sting and scream.

"Through the dark and silent arches
By the parted curtains made,
Come in slow, funereal marches
These assassins to their trade.

"Talk of trouble! real and earnest,
Are these 'shadows on the wall?'
'Back to slumber thou returnest,'
Is not spoken here at all.

"Not enjoyment to our sorrow
To our destined end or way;
And be sure that each to-morrow
Is an encore of to-day.

"'I've got you!' exclaimed our poet, breaking down at the fourth stanza to take summary vengeance on one of his tormentors, who incautiously approached too near: and so delighted was he with his victory that he quite forgot to finish his poem. It will probably be published in the complete edition of his works—whenever that may be.

TAKING ORDERS.—A young Episcopal clergyman, about getting married, has made his intended promise, before she enters the matrimonial state, that she will never exceed thirty-nine articles of dress.

There is a man down in Alabama so tall that he doesn't pay any poll-tax—his head being considered to be out of the county.

The following verses on the Wild Honeysuckle, by Philip Freneau, a sketch of whose life will be found in the present number, are a more pleasing specimen of our poet's abilities than those coarse political satires so prevalent in his day and generation.

Fair flower, that does so comely grow,
Hid in the silent, dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by:
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour—
The frail duration of a flower.

Any man who wishes to see all the bloody blunders of the Crimean warfare explained at once, and to take in, at a glance, the meaning of all the ridicule and objurgation flung upon it by the English press for the last year, has only to look on a couple of portraits in one of the late numbers of the *London Illustrated News*—one representing Lord Raglan, the other, Admiral Lyons—the land and sea commanders-in-chief—a pair of sleepy, stupid-looking, toothless thunderbolts of war, as you would wish to set your eyes on. These venerable gaffers and old fogies were the men to whom the great John Bull entrusted the military renown of the monarchy in face of the Czar and an admiring world; and the Czar and the world have seen the results; and will see more of them. Discomfiture mantles the aspects of these men:

We trace

The year's disasters in each senile face.

Lord Raglan is gone. He was killed by the shame and horror of the 18th of June—*quantum mutatus ab illo!* (allowing that great day to be masculine). The gratuitous carnage before the Redan lay heavy on his soul, and he followed the 40,000 British islanders who lately vanished from the surface of the Crimea. His successor is General Simpson, a man of no name or ability, who will be the duplicate of his predecessor—blundering old foggy the second. We have a picture of that Kempion also, in a London paper,

and he looks like an old priest in a long coat, trotting on a mule. The curse of infecility is on our relative, John. But his fatal persistency will work out some of the beneficent ends of human progress.

An elderly gentleman traveling in a stage-coach who had been amused by a constant fire of words, kept up between two old women, was asked by one of them if their conversation disturbed him.

"Oh no, ma'am," was the ungallant reply, "I've been married these twenty years, and am used to a woman's tongue. That and the church bell next door, are all the time going."

Why is a washerwoman like a man of war? Because she draws a great deal of water.

It has been a hundred times said, and it must be said again, that the fashion of masculine dress, in this and other civilized countries, is tasteless, inconvenient and ugly. In matters of costume we have degenerated from our ancestors of two hundred years ago. There was something picturesque and easy in their soft felt hats with feathers and brooches, their coats without those ugly capes, their ample ornamented waistcoats, and their shoes with buckles that gave such a desirable grace of lightness to the foot. Our hats and coats are horrible inventions, and our dress on the whole has a miserable smugness and rigidity. The ladies are far beyond us in these respects. Their dress is generally graceful, and every new female fashion seems to look better than the preceding—the present bonnets excepted. The mohair or horschair petticoat, with its grand batteries of flounces, gives any lady a very gorgeous look in the street.

We, for one, venerate a petticoat so beautifully bombasted—so airily puffed out. If the ladies would only throw away stays, and *pad out* their waists with cotton, they would greatly improve their symmetry and attractions. Their busts don't appear to belong to the big, balloon part of them, but seem stuck into the latter. Women must begin to be taught that small waists are uglinesses and deformities, and that, on grounds of nature and common sense, a man with tight stays is less of a folly and an enormity than a woman with the same. On the whole, however, the female costumes are far more easy and good-looking than those of the men. The latter dress themselves succinctly and sparingly, to rush the faster through their business, as prize-fighters have their hair cut close all round for the ring. We look, in fact, as if the tailors of the land were our governors and commanders-in-chief, and we the melancholy brigades they send about in a wretched sort of uniform.

"Papa, are the hogs that go to Cincinnati sick?"

"No, my child, why do you ask?"

"Because the papers says they are *cured* there."

The man who has money can put up with anything. The man who has none must do so.

A friend, complaining to Warde, the actor, that his clothes did not wear well, said he must change his tailor, and inquired if he could recommend him where he could meet with apparel more durable.

"Yes," said Warde, "I recommend you to chancery; there you may have a suit that will last you your life."

A friend of ours, a maiden lady and a quaker, we may add, often takes it into her head to "travel," as she calls it. She never wants a beau, she manages everything for herself. She can procure tickets, she can elbow her way through the crowd to the car or steamboat, she can see that her baggage is checked. Nothing, indeed, is there that she cannot do, and do "right well"—excepting to swear at "smashers" and hackmen one encounters at a landing. Once upon a time she was hardly tried by a cloud of drivers of drays and cabs. They surrounded her by twenties, they stunned her with their incessant "Ride up, ma'am," "Take your baggage, ma'am," "Carry that up, ma'am," pointing to the small dressing-valise, she carried in her hand. Yet for a long time she wore the calmest, the most placid of countenances. Finally, her good temper broke down, her brow became ruffled with frowns, while a whole volley of scorching words were struggling to her lips anxious to emerge. They fought there for egress, they were only kept back by the propriety of the lady. On went the "smashers" and hackmen, frowns only seemed to whet their desire to annoy, for it amounted to this at last, and our friend at last spoke considerable of her pent-up rage when she exclaimed, as she planted herself firmly on her feet, and with arms akimbo, glanced slowly around upon the crowd,

"Get out you plagues, if I was a man, I would certainly kick you."

The speech had its effect, the "smashers" and hackmen retired, and our friend was left quite alone. During the same journey, she concluded to sail up to Albany by the night boat from New York. She went on board late, and engaged no state-room, concluding to save the extra charge, and depend upon a chance berth in which to repose. The night was beautiful, and she enjoyed it till quite a late hour, on the upper deck of the steamer. A fine moon shone in the heavens, and the long Highlands were bathed in its soft light. At last, she bethought herself of a bed, and proceeded with a dignified tread to the cabin. The berths were all occupied but one, so into that she threw herself and was soon fast asleep. But her slumbers were of short duration. They were broken in upon too, by the oddest of things—for her, a maiden lady—even a baby. She was dreaming of the days of youth, she seemed to be walking by a lovely little lake, in her own native town. The day was warm, and ever and anon, as she strolled along the banks of the placid lake, she would stoop down and bathe her temples in its cooling waters. At last she fancied she was bitten by a huge mosquito, while a weaving of trailing vines from the trees, that margined the water, seemed to have caught her by the neck, and was fairly strang-

ling her. She awoke and found herself in bed with a large, and by no means tidy baby, who was by turns slobbering her face with its saliva, and clasping her neck with its fat arms.

Our friend was in a fever of distress; a young, greasy drawling baby was her horror, and she disengaged herself and leaped from the berth into the middle of the cabin, as if chased by the foul fiend himself—making necessarily, as may be imagined, no little disturbance. The youngster was alarmed at the sudden exodus, and set up a piteous squall. The cry of a child is infectious among children. One baby in full blast, gives the key note to twenty others, and the cabin for a time presented a perfect variety of squallings, from the diminutive, flageolet of the sucker, to the sturdy French horn of the two year older.

"Patience me!" exclaimed our friend, and she pinned on her clothes as well as she could, and left the bedlam she had created, wiping from her neck and face the effects of her little bedfellow's damp embraces. It seems a deck passenger had a troublesome child, and desiring to get a few winks of sleep, had stolen into the ladies' cabin, and deposited her darling in the berth of our friend.

Man is at last satisfied with everything but never with a little.

The epitaph said to have been written on Burbage the actor, is one of the briefest on record, and reminds one of what his friend and contemporary said about all having "their exits." This it is, "Exit Burbage."

For brevity, this beats that of "O rare Ben Jonson."

The epitaph on Dr. Caius, the founder of Granville and Caius College, cannot be blamed for its prolixity, "Fui Caius."

From a late Book of Travels in Natal, South Africa, we extract the following account of a Caffre wedding, which was that of a Fingoe chief marrying his fourteenth wife:—

"Passing through an undulating tract of country, well wooded, we reached the craal—a large circular inclosure formed of brushwood, and encircled by a score or two of thatched huts. Within this inclosure sat two rows of matrons with arms full of children, and within them again stood a dense body of armed warriors, ranged round the craal so as to leave a tolerably-sized space unoccupied in the centre; the bridegroom (who, by the by, was a gray-headed, toothless old man of seventy) occupying a raised seat in the inner ring directly opposite the entrance; while the astonished cattle, expelled from their craal, grazed cautiously around and about the huts, ever and anon raising their heads and uttering a plaintive low.

"Scarcely had we taken our station near the Umdodie, (husband,) when a low, shrill chant came floating on the breeze from the bottom of a lovely vale hard by, where I discovered a long train of

damsels, slowly wending their way amongst bright green patches of Indian corn and masses of flowering shrubs, studded with giant cactus and the huge flowering aloe. As the procession neared the huts, they quickened their pace and raised their voices to the highest pitch, till they arrived at the said cattle craal, where they stood motionless and silent.

"A messenger from the Umdodie then bade them enter the craal, an order that they instantly obeyed, by twos; the youngest leading the way, closely followed by the rest, and terminated by a knot of marriageable young ladies, (entombies,) clustering thick about the bride—a fat, good-natured girl, wrapped round and round with black glazed calico, and decked from head to foot with flowers, beads, and feathers. Once within the craal, the ladies formed two lines, with the bride in the centre, and struck up a lively air; whereupon the whole body of armed Caffres rushed from all parts of the craal, beating their shields and uttering demon yells as they charged headlong at the smiling girls, who joined with them in cutting capers and singing lustily, till the whole craal was one confused mass of dancers, roaring out hoarse war-songs and shrill love-ditties.

"After an hour dancing ceased, and joila (Caffre beer) was served round; while the lovely bride stood in the midst of the ring alone, stared at by all, and staring in turn at all, until she brought her eyes to bear on her admiring lord; then, advancing leisurely, she danced before him, amid the shouts of the bystanders, singing at the top of her voice, and brandishing a huge carving-knife, with which she scraped big drops of perspiration from her heated brow, produced by the unusually violent exercise she was performing."

The ceremony concludes by the slaughter of a milk-white ox, who stands an unconscious spectator of these preliminaries—and devouring him for supper—after which the parties are man and wife.

There is an anecdote of a certain reverend gentleman of the name of Guy, who, horror-stricken at the fact of a brother clergyman running a horse on Knavesmire—although the horse was entered under a friend's name—posted to the late Archbishop of York, and revealed the dire atrocity. The good prelate only smiled; but he petrified the reverend Mr. Guy with his remark which followed hard upon the smile.

"If 'Slasher' really belongs to the canon, I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Guy." Guy was all ears, "I will offer you half a crown to ten shillings that 'Slasher' wins."

The prelate good-naturedly laughed at the reverend informer's look of horror and disappointment; and on the afternoon of the race, the view of the shovel-hat from behind the hedge which bordered the course, bespoke an archiepiscopal presence, honoring the triumph of 'Slasher' and the canon.

DOUBLE-SEXED.—A southern paper says that a Mr. Ellis, of Tennessee, has emancipated twenty-four slaves of both sexes belonging to him!

Monthly Summary.

THE UNITED STATES.

Our home history since the preceding Summary has been full of the usual amount of local bustle and activity, and accompanied with the usual noise of the political machinery in energetic motion all round; but nothing of any striking importance has marked the chronicles of the month. The officers of government in our ports and cities have been on the watch to prevent John Bull's agents in their attempts to enlist men for the Crimea, and some arrests and trials have taken place in consequence. The revenue cutter Campbell boarded the Buffalo, carrying recruits from New York to Nova Scotia, and brought them and their German officers to Boston for adjudication, on complaint of the men, who said they were citizens of the United States and allured by false pretenses. The officers, named Count Cazinsky, Hugo Lippi, R. Rudelius and Dr. L'Anglois, were acquitted on the charge of violating the neutrality laws of the United States; but their schemes and those of their employers were disconcerted; as was the case at Cincinnati and our other large cities. The expedition of Col. Kinney and his friends, on their way to *Nicaragua*, has been apparently baffled. Their ship was wrecked among the reefs of the Turks Islands, and they were indebted to an English ship for their passage to a Nicaraguan port. The defeat of Col. Walker, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, appears to be a complete discomfiture of the hopes of the military colonizers on both sides—for the present at least. In the territory of *Kansas*, the Governor Reeder and his legislature have been in a state of sharp antagonism. The former refused to recognize the latter, because they had their sessions elsewhere than at Pawnee, and vetoed the measures passed; whereupon the legislature passed them in spite of him, by a two-thirds vote. They desire his removal from office; and a delegate was sent to Washington with a prayer that another governor may be appointed in his stead. In consequence of which he has been removed, and Mr. Dawson of Pennsylvania put in his place. The people of *Kansas* are negotiating for the annexation of Platte County with 30,000 inhabitants, now part of Missouri. News from *California* shows that it is slowly approximating to the level of the eastern states. Rents are falling in a remarkable manner, and it is stated that both labor and capital have become greatly reduced in value. At the same time the agricultural resources of the country are found to be extraordinary, and full of the finest promise. This summer, however, the ravages of the grasshoppers have greatly injured the grain crops. The people of San Francisco met and passed resolutions declaring legislative reforms respecting the land tenures to be highly necessary to the prosperity of the state. The tenor of these resolutions maintained the superior rights of labor, against any claims of monopoly, whether as respects lands or mines, and recommends a legislative protection of

actual settlers on the public lands. The people of the mining districts were afraid of depositing their money, and, apprehensive of another Adams & Co. earthquake, burying it and carrying it about with them. The legislature has passed a vagrant act, by which all loafers are liable to arrest and prosecution. Col. Steptoe with his command of 500 men had arrived in Carson Valley. The Indians in the Klamath reservation had murdered several of the whites. In the state of *Texas* Major Neighbors and other officers have been active in repressing the depredations of the Indian tribes, and inducing them to give up their nomadic and predatory habits. They have succeeded with several chiefs, who have settled on the Clear Fork of the Brazos—and the Camanches, Caddos, Wacos, Ionics, Ketohies and others have set themselves to rear herds and cultivate grain and cotton crops. In Austin there was a rumor of a foray into Mexico in aid of the insurgents against Santa Anna. Governor Pease recommends the policy of accepting the act of congress, respecting the state debt, and thus putting an end to a ruinous controversy. Governor Stevens of *Washington Territory*, and General Palmer of Oregon, have made treaties with certain confederations of Indian tribes, by which vast extents of wilderness, fertile and full of resources, are opened to the settlements of our citizens. In *New Mexico*, Colonels Fauntleroy and St. Vrain led an army of United States troops against the Apaches, and stormed their camp near the head waters of the Kansas, killing 40 of them and taking all their camp equipage. After this, another camp was surprised and taken possession of. The Indians of that state are incessant in their depredations and aggressions against the whites, and the military lead a very perilous and exciting life. The future Walter Scotts of America will yet find in these Indian *guerillas* a large fund of gallant adventure and romantic incident for the delight of the coming generations. From all states of the Union, accounts of the crops give promise of a harvest unprecedentedly good.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

If we were to rely on the accounts we receive from Acapulco and the Rio Grande, we should conclude that Santa Anna was on the point of being once more sent into exile. But our intelligence must be taken with a grain of salt, seeing the dictator is no favorite of any of our writers. It is stated that General Santiago Vidaurri, with other generals, at the head of a strong force, has advanced from Camargo toward Reynosa against General Woll, hoping to drive him back from the districts of Lower Rio Grande. Vidaurri published a terrible proclamation, giving Santa Anna to destruction as a traitor and ordering the arrest of several of his officers. A stranger, not knowing how the case stands, would take Vidaurri for the regular governor of the country, and Lopez de Santa Anna a sudden and overbearing kind of

insurgent. Meantime Alvarez sits and enjoys himself in Acapulco or at his military head quarters of Texoa. It is stated that his associates, Comonfort, Villareal, Garcia, Villalra, command strong bodies of men at Morelia, Villalta, Tapan and other posts. Alvarez has made Acapulco a free port, is on excellent terms with Americans, and is for freedom in everything. religion, trade and politics. He also encourages immigration. These Mexican adversaries will worry and claw and abuse one another, for a great while, like the Chinese Wangs; but they will certainly be supplanted in the end by the foreign influences. An American, C. R. Wheat, of New Orleans, has become one of Alvarez's generals.

Nicaragua has been as unpropitious to the fortunes of Col. Walker as Lower California and Sonora were, before. On 14th June, the Col. coming down from San Francisco with 56 Americans, arrived at Rialejo, and proceeding thence to Chinandega conferred with the democratic President Castillon, to take the department of Rivas. Along with Walker went the Colonels Mendez and Ramirez, with about 150 Central American troops. They arrived, 200 strong, at Rivas, on 28th June, and attacked and took the place; but, their designs being known, a reinforcement came up from San Juan del Sur and assailed them by surprise. On this the native troops ran away, leaving the Americans to bear the brunt of the fight. The people in general showed themselves unfriendly to the "Yankees;" and the latter were forced to fly for refuge to an adobe house. Here they defended themselves with their rifles through loop-holes and windows, till the place was stormed by a body of hot-headed young volunteers, who forced the doors and obliged the Americans to retreat from the house. Thirteen of Walker's men were slain and several wounded; but the rest contrived to escape in the night toward San Juan del Sur, where they embarked in a schooner which they seized, and so escaped. The bodies of the American dead were burned as heretics, and not worthy of any rites of burial. About thirty or forty persons were killed on the side of government in this *raid*. Col. Walker was greatly disappointed by Castillon, having been informed that he would be supported by 1,000 Nicaraguan soldiers and favored by the people at large. He and the other filibuster, Col. Kinney, with whom he expected to coöperate on the Isthmus, may write to each other letters of mutual condolence on the failure of their respective enterprises.

OTHER STATES.

In *New Granada* the subject state of *Panama* had got a constitution and congress, and laws were proposed by which immigrants may enjoy all the privileges of citizens after a residence of two years. Dr. Justo Arosemena was chosen Jefe Provisional.

President Carrera of *Guatemala* has declared war against Honduras, and sent General Lopez to invade that state. The island of *Cuba* is in apparent repose. None of our newspapers can manufacture a revolutionary paragraph from its condition. Some of the journals of the *Sandwich Islands* were advo-

cating a Maine liquor law, for that lazy little monarchy. The South American state of *Chili* is remarkable among its neighbors for its legislative and social progress in the ways of reform—encouraging education and immigration, and building railways and telegraphs

THE OLD WORLD.

The war in the *Crimea* is waged with a bloody monotony of bombardments, sorties, skirmishes and assaults, which result in nothing but the butchery of the combatants on both sides. On the 18th of June last, this monotony was varied by the wild and stupid attacks of the French and English forces on the Malakoff Tower and the Redan, and the sanguinary defeat they underwent at the hands of the Russians. There was no concert between the two nations in these assaults; and the fatal blundering of the English officers, on the occasion, exceeded any they had previously been guilty of on that dreadful ground. The English regiments were mowed down and literally butchered, without knowing where they were going or what they were about. After the battle, a Russian officer asked if the English regiments were drunk! A great number of officers perished, and about 1,800 men. The French lost near 3,000. On the night of that disgraceful day, the cries and groans of "Murder" were heard, says the correspondent of the *London Times*, from the tents of the expiring officers, and were repeated all over the camp. This fact demonstrates the horror of that shameful battle. The unhappy old Lord Raglan, who felt the silent reproaches and accusations of his army, could not bear up against the blow. He sunk under it—took to his bed, and died in nine days—on 28th of June. He was sixty-seven years old. General Simpson succeeded to the chief command—a man of no name or ability, and incapable of inspiring his forces with any confidence in him. General Pellissier, on his side, has been accused of desperate rashness, and a desire to furnish public opinion in France with some military stroke, however bloody, which may serve to dazzle the people. But his condition, like that of the English commander, is unpromising and full of peril. The Russian towers, forts and mounds are stronger than ever, and those who man them fight desperately. The Czar issued a proclamation of thanks to his army for its victory of the 18th June, and called on them to fight strenuously to the end in defence of their holy and orthodox Russia. The proposed plan of advancing against the Russian forces at Simpheropol and other points to the north-east of Sebastopol, was given up. The allies were not strong enough to advance from their position into the open field. The road of Perekop remains open, and by that route and the road of the appropriately named *Sevash*—on the edges of the Sea of Azoff—the unconquered garrison still receives its reinforcements of men, provisions and ammunition from the North. At the same time, Austria refuses to help the Western Powers against the Czar; and those powers are so desperately feeble, that they dare not remonstrate or threaten. The Emperor

Napoleon demanded a new loan of seven hundred millions of francs, and 150,000 men. New taxes are proposed to meet this enormous drain. England cannot find men to replace the soldiers so bootlessly massacred. The home islands do not furnish them; they do not come from Canada; and the United States repulses the marauders who come to kidnap our citizens. Black sepoys are about to be brought from the Indus and other parts of the British possessions in the East, to help the broken regiments of the Crimea. It is highly probable that the campaign in the Crimea will be fatal to the military strength, perhaps to the naval armaments of the Western Allies. In the North, the English fleet lies moored in front of the defences of Cronstadt, which are as formidable as those of Sebastopol, and secure against any sea bombardment. Meantime, the people of England have been making war against their aristocracy, and succeeding better than the soldiers against the Czar. Lord Robert Grosvenor brought a bill into parliament, to put a stop to the sale of beer on the Sabbath, and otherwise keep the people in order. But the latter went to Hyde Park two Sundays in succession, and so hooted the nobility, and so warned them to go to church, that Lord Robert was frightened out of his measure and withdrew it. In the absence of the army, the Cockneys felt themselves very stout against the government.

Spain was in a disturbed condition. In Catalonia there was a turbulent rising, ostensibly respecting the rate of wages, and the National Guard had refused to oppose the people. There was a Carlist rising in Perpignan; but it was suppressed. Louis Napoleon had expressed a determination to prevent the dethronement of Isabella.

The treaty concluded last year between Great

Britain and Japan, has been published. It was managed by Admiral Stirling, on one side, and the high authorities of Nagasaki on the other. The purport is, that the ports of Nagasaki, in the Island of Kiu-Siu; Hakodadi, in Matsmai; and Simoda, in the Principality of Idzu, are open to British trade, according to a tariff of prices to be arranged by agreement. On and after the 30th September, 1855, agents and consuls may reside at Simoda, and at the other ports when there may be need of them. Hakodadi was opened to the English in December, 1854—which shows that they were allowed the freedom of the place before the Americans—a fact which pleases the English not a little. British ships in Japanese ports must conform to the laws of Japan; and Englishmen can only travel into the country about two and a half of their own miles—a wonderfully limited radius of exploration. The French turn is to come now. They will, doubtless, go for a little more, in every respect; and a radius of twenty or thirty miles at least, in the matter of inland excursions. As regards their convention, the English are disposed to think the commercial advantages gained by it rather scanty in the beginning, considering that the Japanese will arrange the tariffs and the prices; and everything is to be transacted through the intervention of Japanese officers. Strangers are to have no direct communication with the natives. All this is certainly very unfavorable to those hopes of trade and intercourse nourished by the outside barbarians. But it is probable that a few short years will bring about changes in this respect, and see the intercourse and commerce of the Japanese and the world established on a basis of full trust and freedom.

Review of New Books.

Literary and Historical Miscellanies. By George Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo

When we first heard the announcement that Mr. Bancroft was preparing his miscellaneous writings for the press, we feared that the collection might impair rather than increase the historian's wide and splendid reputation. The test which the public applies to an author's last publication, is commonly that which his previous one has invited, and to try Mr. Bancroft's essays and orations by the exacting requirements furnished by the sixth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history, would, we expected, result in injuring his fame. But we have been agreeably disappointed, and after a careful perusal of the volume, we are forced to confess, that it has all those qualities which make it worthy the author and of a prominent and permanent position in our literature. It consists of three essays, the first of which was originally published thirty years ago—of five "Studies in German Literature," commenced in 1824—of four admirable

historical papers—and of five occasional addresses, the last of which is a revised edition of the author's celebrated address on the Progress of the Race, delivered last year before the New York Historical Society. The literary and historical essays are among the best productions of Mr. Bancroft's mind, whether we consider the extent of the scholarship they evince; the moderation and enlargement of their general view; their fertility and felicity of thought; their generosity and justice of sentiment; and their lucid, pointed, and polished diction. In respect to style, indeed, we prefer the rhetoric of his essays to that of his history. If less sinewy and vivid, it is also less spasmodic, and its even and animated elegance is not deformed by any of those outbursts of tumid declamation which occasionally mar the style of his longer work.

Among the miscellaneous essays, that on the Doctrine of Improvements is perhaps the most striking not so much for the originality of the general divisions, as for the ingenuity with which the great men of history and literature are physiologically classi-

fied, and its affluence of apt illustration and entertaining anecdote. The sketches of Demosthenes, Themistocles, Sextus V., Potemkin, and Frederick the Great, are excellent. A story told of the latter, though doubtless familiar to some of our readers, we venture to quote—

"The people of Neufchatel dismissed their pastor, because he disbelieved in the eternity of future punishments. The pastor appealed to Frederick, who declined interference.

"If," said he—and it was his only and formal answer—"if the people of Neufchatel insist on being damned forever, I shall interpose no objections."

The essays on "Ennui" and "The Ruling Passion Strong in Death," are very readable; and the description, in the former, of that weariness and disgust of mind, which has afflicted so many great men of thought and action, is metaphysically exact, while it is illustrated by numerous pertinent examples.

The Studies in German Literature occupy a hundred pages in the volume. The criticisms on Gottsched, Haller, Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Heyre, Richter, Voss, Schiller, and Goëthe, are, in general, equally accurate in perception and elegant in expression, and considered as having been written when the interest in German literature, common in our day, was confined to a comparatively few English and American scholars, and just criticism, rarer even than diligent readers, these "Studies" are worthy of great praise. We are strongly tempted to extract all that he says of Goëthe, for whose character Mr. Bancroft has no sympathy; and though the following remarks on the man may sound harsh at the present time, they present the assailable side of his nature and conduct with great force and compactness of style—

"Goëthe lived before the European mind was ready to rebuild, and after it had caused the time-honored institutions to totter. Faith in verbal inspiration was gone; and it was still rather the fashion to deny the existence of the soul, than to look for sources of truth within it. This is the moral and political aspect of Goëthe as a writer. He is not a destructive. He came into a world of ruins; but he had not vigor to continue the warfare, nor creative power to construct anew. And thus he floated down the current passively; adhering to the past, yet knowing that it was the past; no iconoclast himself, yet knowing that the old images, before which men bowed down, were demolished. His works have no glimmering of faith; *he cries hist! and lets the multitude continue to adore the idol which he knows to be broken.* His infidelity reaches to the affections and the intelligence. He writes of love; and it is to recount its sufferings, and leave the sincere lover to shoot himself. He writes of a hero, the liberator of his country, the martyr of its independence; and confounding republicanism with libertinism, he casts aside the father of a family, whom history had extolled, to represent a reckless seducer. He writes of a scholar outwatching the bear, becoming wise with stores of all knowledge, and makes him so dissatisfied by his acquisitions, as

to sell himself to the devil for the opportunity of sensual enjoyment."

These judgments seem as calm as they are caustic, yet every reader of Werther, Egmont, and Faust, to which works Mr. Bancroft refers in the latter portion of this extract, must feel the exaggeration of the criticism. Shakspeare might be as summarily disposed of, if he were made personally responsible for the passions and errors he depicts. In a similar style, Mr. Bancroft censures Goëthe's conduct, overlooking that "many-sidedness" and moderation of mind, which is his most characteristic quality. No man can act from enthusiasm, if he clearly perceives its limitations; and Goëthe's eye for limitations and relations was marvelously and almost morbidly keen. When Mr. Bancroft says that everywhere "the pages of Goëthe are stamped with evidence that he has *no* faith in reason, or in the affections, in God, in man, or in woman," he evidently misunderstands the principles by which a dramatist, a representer of human life, actual and possible, is to be judged. However, that Goëthe had vanities and weaknesses, was more selfish and prudent than so great a man ought to have been, and that the vigor of his will did not correspond to the comprehensiveness of his intellect, must be admitted, when we consider that Mr. Bancroft is not without facts to sustain the following one-sided view of his conduct—

"Will you have a type of Goëthe's character? Behold it in his conduct. In his earlier life he joined the army of the Prussians, when it invaded France to restore the Bourbons. He was no Roman Catholic; he knew that legitimacy was a worn-out superstition; he knew that the old noblesse of France had lost its vitality; and yet he takes up arms to compel the worship of the public at deserted shrines and broken altars. Such was he in opening manhood; such was he as a writer; such was he throughout his pilgrimage. Goëthe—who in youth was indifferent to God, and reverential only toward rank and the Bourbons—Goëthe, who, in his maturity, while his country was trodden under foot by foreign invaders, quietly studied Chinese, or made experiments in Natural Philosophy—Goëthe, who wrote a fulsome marriage-song to grace the nuptials of Napoleon—Goëthe, the man of letters, who, in his age, becoming a duke's minister, almost alone, with but one ally, stood out against the freedom of the press—Goëthe is the poet who represents the morals, the politics, the imagination, the character of the broken-down aristocracy, that hovered on the skirts of defeated dynasties, and gathered as a body-guard round the bier of legitimacy. He was a prudent man, and, in the great warfare of opinion, kept quietly out of harm's way. On religious subjects, he mystified; on political subjects, he was discreetly silent, except that he adored rank; worshipping birth like intellect, and ever ready with flattery for the ruling powers."

It is a pity that some critic, competent to the task, does not attempt a delineation of Goëthe's intellectual and personal character, in which the facts, on which writers, with whose views Mr. Bancroft

sympathises, base their censure, and the no less notorious facts, on which writers of the school of Carlyle base their panegyric, may be harmonised, or at least thrown into relations. At present, we have two Goethes, instead of one.

The poetical translations which follow Mr. Bancroft's "Studies in German Literature," seem to us the weakest portion of his volume.

The historical disquisitions are on "The Economy of Athens," "The Decline of the Roman People," "Russia," and "The War between Russia and Turkey." These are all valuable, either for the justness of their thought, or the fullness of their information. The ablest is the masterly disquisition on the "Decline of the Roman People;" which, as it applies as well to America as to Rome, we wish that every citizen of the republic could read and ponder. The addresses, with which the volume closes, are on Calvin, Channing, Andrew Jackson—a queer triumvirate! The Office of the People in Art, Government and Religion, and The Necessity, Reality, and the Promise of the Progress of the Human Race. The rhetoric of these is more ambitious and declamatory than that of the essays, and they seem to us to have less intellectual sincerity than the other divisions of the volumes; but they still are productions eminent of their kind, and their extravagance is of that march-of-intellect sort for which our people have a vicious relish. The oration on Human Progress, certainly one of the most extraordinary works of the school of eloquence to which it belongs, would have done more honor to the orator, if the besetting sins of the people had been pointed out with some of the same force and vehemence devoted to the exhibition of the people's "destiny." As regards the religious character of this production, on which many pious men have lavished their encomiums, we think that the inference from its teaching is that God was in the Battle of Waterloo, in just the same sense in which he was in Christ—a proposition from which, we suppose, many persons would shrink, however great might be their delight in finding that Mr. Bancroft, in developing the leading idea of his oration, seems to express his belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, as held by orthodox Christians, though he has always been classed with Unitarians.

Taken as a whole, this volume must be admitted to be a valuable addition to our literature—and to evince Mr. Bancroft's familiarity with provinces of thought, literature and history, which his History of the United States might not have indicated to a considerable portion of his readers.

Waikna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.
By Samuel A. Bard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume purports to be the work of a painter; and certainly, if he can paint in colors as well as he can in words, he must soon rank high in his profession. "The Mosquito Shore" is more or less known to the public from its connection with our foreign relations; but in this book we are presented with its interesting inhabitants, its geography, scenery, man-

ners and customs. The author writes not merely from a full, but a joyous mind; and conveys, in his descriptions, not only the forms and hues of objects, but the sensations and emotions they awakened in himself. The book, accordingly, like Curtis' Nile Sketches, transports us to the scenes it describes; we feel as well as see them. The animal spirits of Mr. Bard are fully up to his pictorial power, and give to his adventures and descriptions, a zest, and movement, and sparkle, very exhilarating to the reader. It is surprising, also, how many just views and how much valuable information he tries to insinuate into his dashing narrative. The illustrations, sixty in number, are excellent. The portrait of his landlady is especially worthy of being transferred to the canvas, and to appear in the Academy's next exhibition.

The Note-Book of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

Of the numerous volumes of the series of De Quincey's miscellaneous works, published by Ticknor & Fields, the present volume is one of the most attractive and powerful. It contains thirteen articles. The first, entitled "Three Memorable Murders," a sort of pendant to a previous paper, entitled "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," is in De Quincey's grandest style of thought and expression. The description of John Williams' murders, exhibits an intense power of imaginative realization. It places the reader in the midst of the passion and terror it depicts. A friend, who has collated this article with the account of the same murders in that time-honored rascal classic, "The Newgate Calendar," informs us that its additions, alterations, and general treatment of the real incidents, make it worthy of careful study, as indicating the processes by which the baldest narrative of facts may be raised by artistic handling into almost epical dignity.

The paper on "Schlosser's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," is a fine specimen of De Quincey's humor as well as analysis and representation. Schlosser himself is very properly riddled without mercy. The incidental notices of Swift, Steele, Addison, Fox, Burke, and Junius, are admirable. "The Antigone of Sophocles" is an essay in which the most grotesque banter and fun are made the vehicles of expressing much learned investigation and profound criticism relating to the Greek stage. "A Peripatetic Philosopher" contains the only fair and accurate account we have ever read of Walking Stewart, a celebrity in his own day, and not altogether forgotten at the present time. The papers on "Suicide," "English Dictionaries," "Pope's Retort upon Addison," "Dryden's Hexastich," "Superficial Knowledge," "Marquess Wellesley," and "Falsification of English History," are of various but still characteristic merit. There is not an essay in the volume which does not suggest more than double what it directly conveys. It would seem as if the author's intention was more to set his readers

thinking, than to give them thoughts. Opulent as his mind is in ideas, and exhaustive as is its power on some one topic of his subject, he commonly leaves his theme to be rounded and finished by his reader. Thus, in nine pages, he advances a striking principle on "The True Relations of the Bible, to merely Human Science," and at the close of the essay, the reader is left with a stimulating sense, but dim view of its hundred-fold applications, with the necessity of making them himself unaided by the writer. It is needless to say that such reading tends to provoke thinking, for the sting of the leading principle being subtly fixed in suggestive faculty, the mind is "sweetly tormented" into active thought.

Art-Hints: Architecture, Sculpture and Painting. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This elegant volume is by the author of "Parisian Sights and French Principles," though it has little in common with that sparkling work, if we except the pervading animation of its style. The book is full of information, and what is more, full of suggestiveness. The principles and the history of Art are both treated at considerable length; and the criticisms on particular artists and pictures indicate a sensitive and appreciating, but thoroughly independent mind. The writer is evidently deeply in earnest; urges the claims of art with eloquence and judgment; and is especially to be commended for his practical aim and skill in detecting the useful in the ideal. As a specimen of his style, we quote the following judgment on Turner:

"To England is the honor due of producing the most complete landscapist; one who has shown us the capability of Art to make us feel the *variety* as well as grandeur of Nature. Turner was to the landscape what Raphael was to the human figure; each embodied in his branch of Art, a certain grace of expression, whether in repose or movement, hitherto unequalled. Everything that either touched, *lived*; its vital functions were at once fully developed. As complete, however, as was the internal expression of each, we feel that the former has but suggested what remains to be done in comparison with the latter, who, in his water-colors, has created a new era in Art. Turner gave the physical truths of Nature, on every scale, with a fidelity and variety which placed him far above preceding landscapists. Through his works Nature talks to us; she smiles or frowns, incites to action or invites to repose, as may be her mind. To no artist is the lover of Nature more indebted than to Turner; for he has established a standard of truth in Art from which the world will not readily forgive departure. The universality of his genius in this, is remarkable. Other landscapists have contented themselves with being distinguished in parts; but he aimed at the great whole. Nothing that God had created and endowed with beauty—from an Alp to a limpet—escaped his notice. His true field was Nature; but in the works of man he could equally distinguish himself. Few artists had ever drawn architecture like Turner; witness his

Cathedral at Rouen, in his 'Rivers of France.' Ships, too, were his delight; he reveled in ocean sublimity and mountain grandeur. His heart was no less open to the joy of the plains and the quiet of the valleys. Whatever he undertook he touched lovingly; at times carelessly, it is true, and even wantonly, but always with power and meaning. In no respect is his genius more apparent than in his management of Nature, by which, in general, he instinctively seized upon her happiest moments and most beautiful aspects. The trivial and commonplace seldom found sympathy in him, because he felt that in interpolating Nature, his mission was to be faithful to her highest instincts."

Mr. Jarves then proceeds to state his objections to Turner as a colorist; and his criticism on his oil-paintings appears to us just. His concluding remark is, that "the grace of Raphael, color of Titian, and variety of Turner, harmonized into one soul, would make the complete artist."

We hope that a work so able as this, so calculated to diffuse and increase the love of Art, and so full of valuable "hints" to the thoughtful mind, will have a wide circulation.

Mountains and Mothills; or, Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryat, Author of "Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Of all the records of "Life in California," this volume seems to us most full of the peculiar life of that region. The dashing, daring animation; the animal spirits carried to recklessness; the spirit of adventure and good-fellowship, which sparkle along every page of this volume, make it a reflection rather than description of the rough and roving life it aims to portray. The pictorial illustrations, from the author's own pencil, lend increased piquancy to the book.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Memoirs of Bennett and his Times. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

The Magic Word. By Alton. Boston: Monroe & Co.

Female Life among the Mormons. New York: J. C. Derby.

Trial and Triumph. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

My Confession; The Story of a Woman's Life, and other Tales. N. Y.: J. C. Derby.

Which: The Right or the Left. New York: Garrett & Co.

The Old Farm House. By Caroline H. Butler Laing. Phila.: Chas. H. Davis.

Cone-Cut Corners. N. Y.: Mason Brothers.

The Winkles. By the Author of "Wild Western Scenes." N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co.

The Controversy between Senator Brook and Archbishop Hughes. N. Y.: Dewitt & Davenport.

The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man. By Ezra Sampson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Fashion.

A FRIEND of ours once made a wager that out of fifty modern books, there would not one be found in which the word *Waterloo* would not be mentioned. He won his wager, for it has become a favorite comparison with modern writers, to call all the difficulties or dilemmas of their heroes and heroines, the Waterloo of their lives. Now, the Waterloo of fashion is the months of June, July, and August! In June, poor fashion lays her plans, with a view to the brilliancies of the watering-places, the springs, and various jaunts and excursions. In July, she struggles on and bravely fights with the scorching, enervating enemies which assail her in the form of 103 degrees of heat, making silks rustle in vain, mantillas be cast from their abiding places, and just carried on the wrists. Then comes August—and she but faintly struggles—coming forth occasionally, after some refreshing thunder-storm, in the coolness and freshness of muslin, lace and ribbons. But by the end of the month, fairly exhausted, she gives up the struggle, takes to large fans, shapeless wrappers, and dark rooms. She has been conquered—this is her Waterloo, and she acknowledges herself vanquished.

But now, in September, she peeps out through the cool trees, and like the autumn foliage, she begins to assume her bright and many-tinted robes.

So now we will see what the followers of the revived goddess are to expect from her decrees.

DRESSES.

The most stylish silks are *chiné*. They are in stripes, with dark grounds—the prevailing colors of the season being dark chestnut, deep blue, green, purple, and more especially, black. All these stripes have bouquets of flowers thrown on them, as it were. These dresses are often made with numerous flounces; but, as the silk is a revival from the silks worn by our grandmothers, the dress-makers have, as far as possible, revived the style of making of that period. These dresses, therefore, are trimmed round the skirt with very full quillings, of the same silk as the dress, pinked out. These quillings begin as low as the hem, and reach to within a quarter of a yard of the waist.

Many *chiné* silks, with white grounds, intended for dinner-dress or home wear, have, between each row of quilling, a row of short rosettes with long ends, of the prevailing color of the dress. These ends thus fall over the rows of quilling, give a very light appearance to the whole trimming. The basques—for basques still are the rage—are trimmed, of course, to correspond; the rosettes, with ends *à l'Impératrice*, being placed round the waist at equal distances. The ends called *à l'Impératrice* are about three quarters long. They are exceedingly elegant, but they should only be worn by very slender figures—only in full dress, and never in the street.

Black dresses are much in favor this autumn, and

the new silks from Lyons are black plaids—the plaids being formed in velvet, on a plain or watered ground.

With these dresses no trimming is worn—the basques alone have a chenille fringe, over which falls another of black bugles, and round the basques, above this fringe, is a deep gimp of chenille and jet. The sleeves are very wide at the bottom, and the gimp trimming terminates them, whilst the same fringe as that round the basque, goes from the elbow to the wrist on the outside of the arm. Nothing can be more graceful than the manner in which, from its position, the fringe, with its glittering jet, waves around the person.

A new style of dress consists of a rich plain emerald green silk, shot with brown. In this dress were woven velvet stripes in every shade of brown, the darkest being at the bottom—and the very lightest almost reaching the waist. The stuff for the basque, was so manufactured as to allow of the same velvet trimming coming round it and round the end of the plain Turkish sleeve. The basque was closed to the throat with enamel buttons, set in marquasite, (cut steel,) which buttons are much the fashion.

Another dress of deep blue, shot with white, having the trimming of alternate blue and white, the basque and sleeves entirely trimmed with rows of shell-pearl button, set in steel, was also a most elegant toilette.

Another dress, of purple silk, had six flounces—each of these flounces was edged by a black velvet ribbon. Another flounce of black guipure lace, full in with the silk one, falls over it to the edge of the velvet. At equal distances are bows and ends of black velvet—bows, with ends the width of the flounce. With this dress no basque is worn; the waist is made high and plain to the figure; the sleeves, moderately wide, have a trimming in smaller dimensions, round the bottom. The waist was buttoned down the front with black velvet buttons, and black velvet bretelles trimmed with narrow black lace.

MANTILLAS, CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.

The newest autumn mantilla we have seen is composed of alternate dark blue and black velvet, divided by black guipure lace. These materials are formed into a mantilla somewhat in the form of a talma, excepting that it is long. It is trimmed all round with a deep black guipure; over this lace at equal distances fall ends of blue and black velvet ribbon. Black and dark colored silk mantillas braided in the narrowest black velvet, instead of the usual silk braid, with three small flounces round them, are pretty for young ladies and for demi-toilette. Large silk shawls, with a double row of black lace, instead of fringe round them, are much worn. Barege shawls, with silk fringes or merely pinked out, are very pretty and simple for morning dress. In white they can even be worn with a visiting dress. Large double black lace shawls or black lace man

dillas, lined with colored silks, are suitable to every one, but they are not suitable, unfortunately, to everybody's purse.

BONNETS.

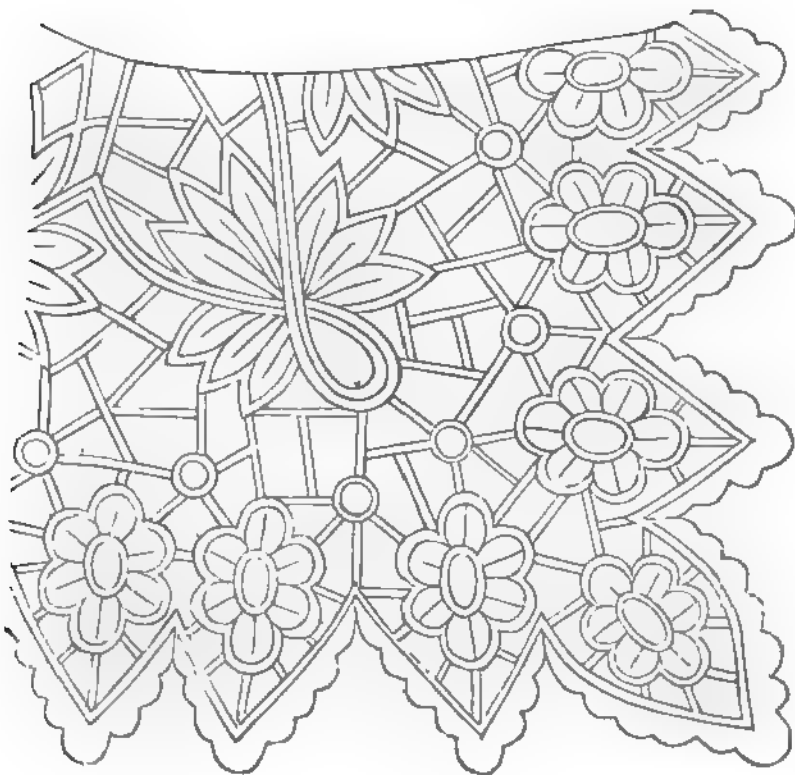
Flora has disappeared from the bonnets, and Pomona has been installed in her place. No more flowers, only fruits are now to be seen twining and winding amongst the craps and tarlatane and straw; of which these bonnets, unchanged in form, are composed. As yet the tropical fruits have not been tried, but the vegetable garden has been invaded. The Countess Xalutrailles, wore at the Gymnase a white crape bonnet with a wreath of tender green peas, leaves, tendrils, pods and all; and the Princess Mathilde has appeared in a delicious head-dress, composed of gulpure lace and nasturtions; but she wore, with a floral anachronism allowable in a princess, the flower with the fruit.

A pretty straw bonnet, recently sent from Paris, has all the characteristics of the present fashion. It consists (being very small, open and worn at the back of the head) of black velvet and straw. There is no curtain to these bonnets, but a row of bows and ends of cherry-colored and black ribbon, set closely

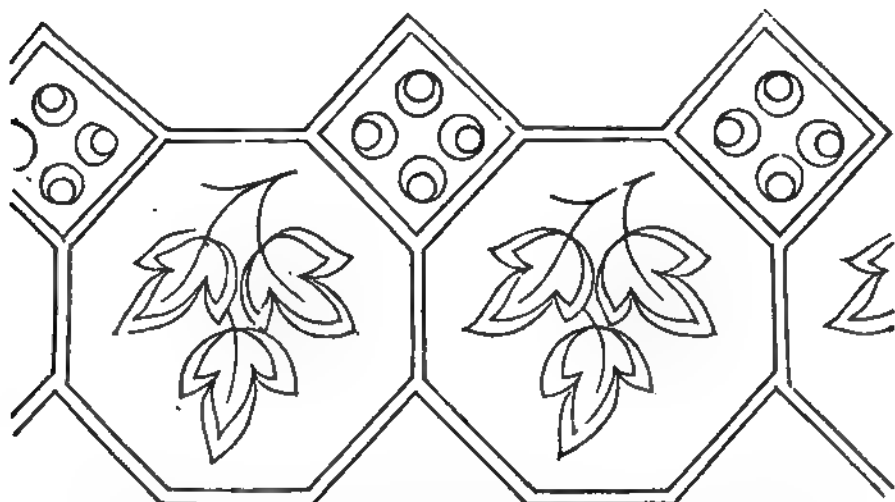
together, forms a substitute. At the edge of this bonnet are four quillings of black blonde and ribbon alternately, then on one side there is a bunch of cherries, the leaves of which mingle in a long bow and end of ribbon and black lace on the opposite side. The face trimming is of white blonde with a wreath of cherries. The strings are of ribbon, trimmed with black lace.

OUR FASHION PLATE.

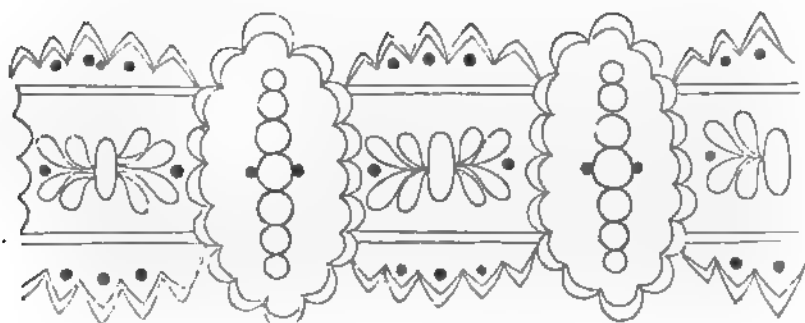
Green silk dress with four sounces—the sounces having the white trimming woven in the silk. The waist made high to the throat, without basque; mantilla of white embroidered muslin, trimmed with three muslin sounces, having a ribbon run into the muslin as a heading. Bonnet of white silk and blonde, with mixed flowers inside. Dress of royal purple, the basque made with the caraco Eugénie, the sleeves made all in one, without the trimming being added afterward. The caraco is trimmed with black lace, and over it is worn a chemisette of muslin, with lace insertions edged with a deep lace. The head-dress, composed of a simple ribbon, is exceedingly simple and elegant.



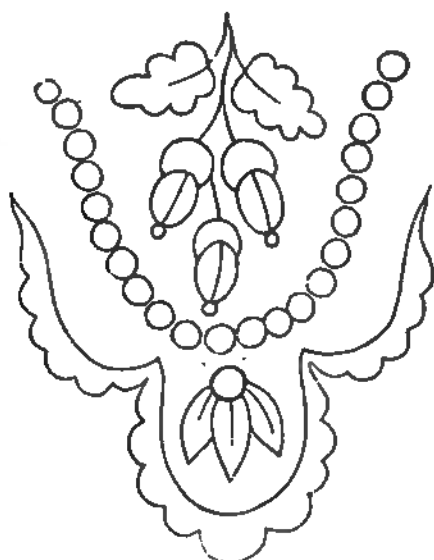
Gulpure collar.



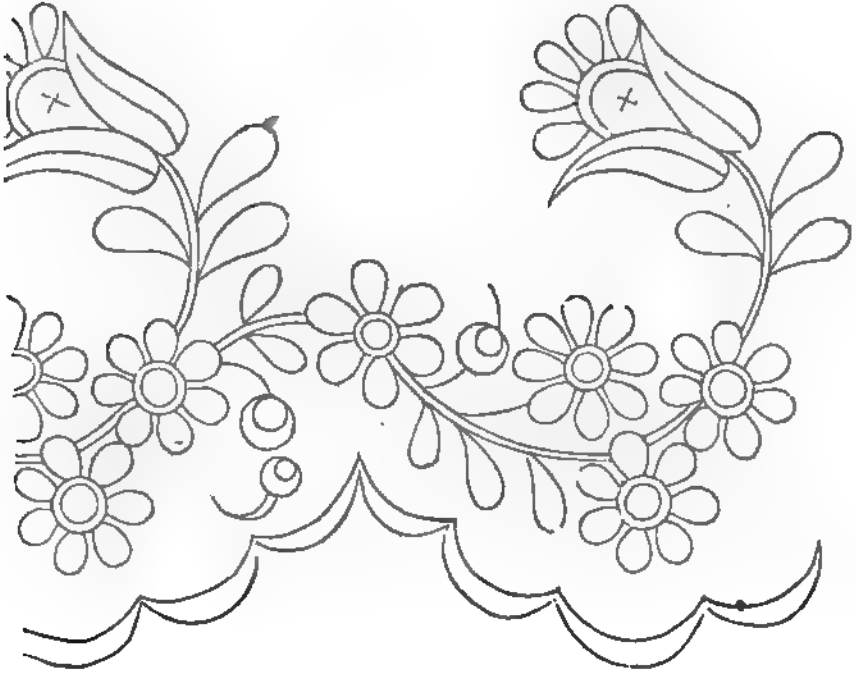
Pattern for an underskirt—all the lines are to be done in button-hole stitch.



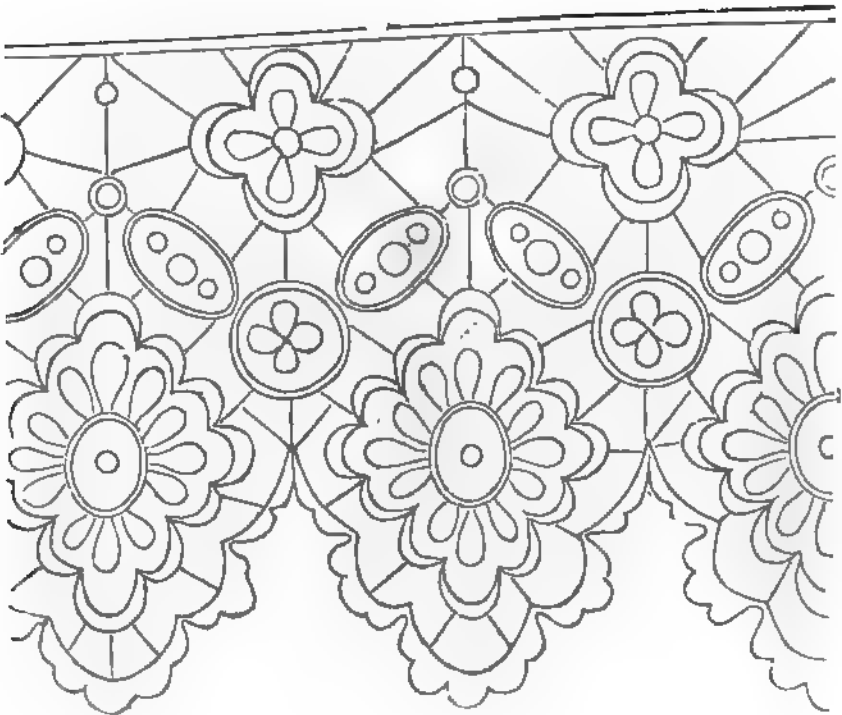
Pattern for the bosom of a shirt; to be embroidered between the folds of the linen.



Oak-leaf pattern for frilling.



Pattern for an underskirt, or the drill of a muslin jacket.



Guipure undersleeve.



Cameson or muslin waist--to be worn over a silk or muslin dress, made with a low body.



Muslin waist, trimmed with lace and ribbon, for evening dress.



Insertion in broderie Anglaise.



Dinner cap—ribbon and blonde lace.



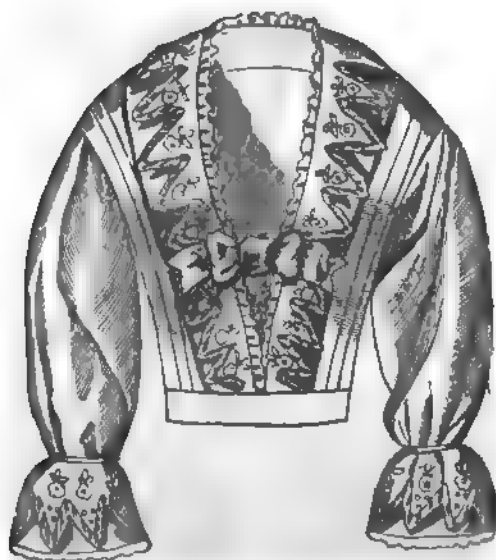
Pattern for undersleeves.



Undersleeve, tulle and lace.

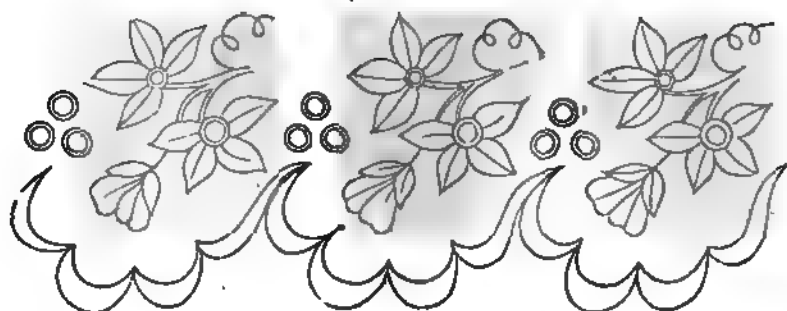


Half Bertha, composed of lace, with a ribbon on side.



Under muslin waist, with ribbon under the work, to be worn with an open dress.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.



Design for child's skirt.



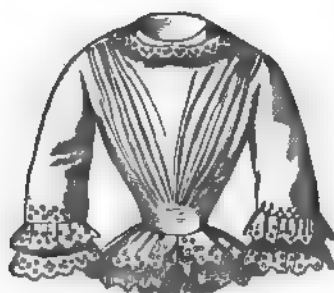
Child's cap, lace and ribbon.



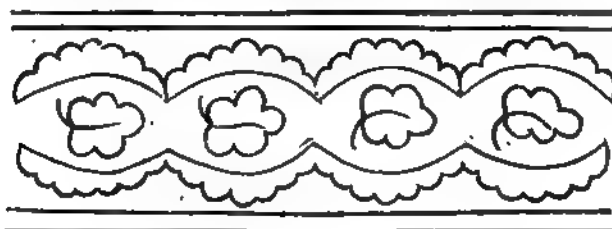
Child's overdress, in thin muslin, worn over a light-colored silk.



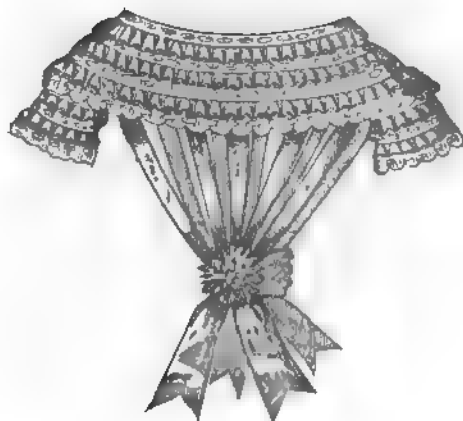
Child's undersleeve



White muslin overwaist, without band, suitable to a child from six to twelve.



Insertion in muslin and lace.



Ribbon and lace Bertha, for evening wear



For a pocket handkerchief—the initials inserted in them.

COTTON, LINEN, AND CAMBRIC.

A well-known lingère, or maker of lady's underclothes, has just sued a lady—a very great lady—for her bill, amounting to the small sum of seventy-one thousand francs for underclothes. It appears that this lady, the Princess de Chimay, has an inordinate love for linen, cambric, cotton, and lace. Amongst the items are sheets at twelve hundred dollars a pair; pillow-cases at six hundred; the most necessary garment, three hundred and seventy-five francs each, though the princess only had six of these, completing the dozen by six, at one hundred and fifty francs, to

which were added another dozen at the plebeian price of one hundred francs (twenty dollars) a chemise.

The princess has already paid half of this bill, and is sued for the other half, and the lingère says that such prices are not exorbitant, nor such bills unusual, nor such great ladies rare. She appeared nevertheless astonished, either at the bill or at its non-payment—she was used to such things.

Talk of the extravagancies of Chestnut Street and Broadway—moiré antiques and brocades—they are nothing to this.

YOUNG LADIES' ALLOWANCES.

There has been very much, and with great justice, said lately about the extravagance of female dress in this country. Out of New York much of this has been exaggerated, though enough is still true, to render an examination into facts desirable.

There is nothing that grows on one so much as habits of extravagance, particularly in the present day, when the fashions have a tendency to revive the expensive stuffs, the ornaments and the embroideries of ages, such as those of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., when these expensive articles were worn only by the privileged class, all of whom possessed princely fortunes.

There is nothing so calculated to keep both the purse and imagination within bounds as the fixed fact of a regular allowance.

In England, the marriage settlements generally provide the wife with pin-money, varying, of course, according to the fortune and position of the parties. It is customary in England also for a father to give his daughter a yearly allowance for her dress, as soon as she passes the rubicon of the school-room, and is what is called "out," which great event takes place at the age of eighteen.

Many noblemen's daughters, in the very highest circles, have not more than two hundred pounds a year, (\$1,000.) This, indeed, is a very magnificent allowance—many girls have sixty, and some contrive to make a very fair appearance upon thirty.

This, for those moving in society, with morning concerts, dinner parties, and a ball every night, of course demands great ingenuity. Girls, however, are only required to display taste and elegance; magnificence, whether in silks or jewelry, is not for them. The season too, in London, lasts but from three to four months; it is in the spring and summer when muslin dresses and all cheap fabrics are worn in the day, in preference to silks.

During the other months of the year, there is very little dress required. At country houses, it is bad taste to wear any but the most unpretending costume during the day, and for dinner dresses, those exhibited in London will do.

At watering-places, no variety of dress is deemed necessary, excepting at the German baths, so much frequented until within the last year, when the campaigns of the allied armies, and the fear of a German revolution, kept people at home. At these baths—Baden, Carlsbad, Kissingen—the dressing and promenading begin at six in the morning, and are carried on with great vigor, at the rate of five toilettes a day.

In France, the young ladies have no allowance, because they are not permitted to exercise either taste or discretion in the choice of their dress—mamma dresses them, and papa pays most moderate and modest bills without the slightest murmur. All the expense is for mamma, but though amongst some of the higher classes, the nobility of the old Napoleon, and the richer classes, the bankers and brokers, there is a fabulous degree of extravagance. A French woman is, in general, rather inclined to economy than ex-

travagance—neatness and taste go a great way, and have more to do with elegance than we think. Some ladies dress very well upon fifty francs a month, (\$10)—eighty or a hundred is the average allowance for the middle classes.

French women possess, to an extraordinary degree, the spirit of order; they are also quick and clever arithmeticians, and therefore never liable to self-deceptions as to the price of things, as many young ladies with less mathematical heads are apt to be. For instance, a silk is marked and offered for sale at \$1 95 cents a yard—"How cheap," cries the young lady, because the only figure impressed on her mind is the \$1, the 95 cents is not put down as an item, though afterward, on reflection, it is found that \$2, and not one, should have been the figure impressed on the mind, as it is afterward on the purse.

A young lady in the large cities of the United States, should be able to dress tastefully, elegantly, and according to the season, on two hundred dollars a year. This, of course, implies some industry and taste on her part—a great deal of tidiness and great care never to wear within doors the costume destined for without. Neatness of all the accessories to the toilette, such as undersleeves and collars, elegance in the way a dress is cut and made, extreme attention to the smoothness of the hair, are all that is required for home. Plain muslin, mousseline de laine, and simple braids or curls, will besit household duties and the fireside home much better than silks, embroideries, and flowing ribbons. These, if worn at all, should be reserved for gala days, the promenade, and then with great sobriety as to quantity and color, and invitations to friends from the social tea-party, to the brilliant ball.

HOW TO ARRANGE A PARLOR.

It is a great art to know how to place the furniture of a parlor, not as regards the general effect of the room, that is easy enough, but in such a manner as it shall become an element in the entertainment of your guests. Much of the dullness and formality of a party depends on the arrangement of the furniture. There are some magnificent furnished apartments, which, with their solemn well-arranged seats, each immovable in its own place, actually chill wit and banish animation.

A drawing-room or parlor, destined for a reception-room, should not be like a Dutch parterre, but should be ranged with all the careless grace and negligence of an English park. There should be little groves of sofas, with low seats, grouped around—there should be little tables, with two or three chairs invitingly placed near it—but there should be no long rows of chairs standing against the walls—no sofas, with large tables in front of them, behind which the guests we delight to honor are completely sent to Coventry, and pass a most isolated evening, for nobody can get at them.

The arrangement of the furniture, that is, caring more for the look than the use of furniture, causes those gatherings of men into square battalions of black coats, it would require the skill of a Napoleon

to break through—they would have much preferred these black coats sitting near and talking to the beautiful pink, white, and blue dresses—but they had not the courage to traverse the carpeted desert before them, or to thread their way amidst etageres and fragile tables loaded with china and ornaments a nudge of the elbow would destroy. And for what? Has not the fair acquaintance they seek a lady in pink on her right hand, and a lady in blue on her left hand, neither of whom our black coat knows. As long as we are the slaves of the upholsterer, there is no hope for intellect, wit, or conversation; people can only make speeches in a large room thus arranged, and orators are not always to be had, nor are they always amusing, if they were. Conversation loves a cozy party—five or six being almost the extent of an audience, in which all can mingle. Threes and mysterious twos get on famously; and if a hostess would only sacrifice the symmetry of her rooms, and be no longer the slave of her chairs and sofas, she would, without any further effort, suddenly find herself famous for the brilliancy of her parties.

“In order to know,” says Mme. de Girardin, a woman celebrated for her parties, (*not balls*,) “how to arrange your drawing-room, according to the tastes of your guests, and in order to promote conversation, and bring congenial spirits together, a hostess should carefully examine the drawing-room after her guests are gone, note down the position of every article of furniture, and so dispose them for her next assembly. She will see that the very chairs still appear to converse—that their arm-chairs seem confidentially whispering each other—and majestic sofas give audience to two rocking chairs still oscillating beside it. As they left your parlor, so at the next meeting let your guests find it, and you will have the pleasure of seeing your guests sociable from the beginning of the evening—happy, gay, and brilliant throughout; and all will wonder how you manage, and attribute the pleasant evenings at your house to your talents and amiability, and each to his own individual merit; and nobody will guess that it is all owing to the right position of inanimate and insensible sofas and chairs!”

OPERA-GLASSES.

An optician in London has constructed an opera-glass, which, besides revealing minutely all the stage effects, enables one to see the most minute objects, such as a pin or the very tiniest daisy in the grass. This new invention is not larger or more cumbersome than the usual opera-glass; but, of course, will entirely supersede the older invention. An opera-glass is a difficult instrument for a lady to manœuvre, and before assuming it, a little study as to how it is to be managed, is required. And if it is possible to avoid its use altogether, it is better, for it is a heavy instrument for a lady's hand, and when held to the face, completely hides the upper part of it. It should not be used to see anything but the most distant objects in the house, and the stage and actors, of course. A smaller eye-glass is better for anything nearer

Opera-glasses are still most mysterious objects to people out of the two or three large cities—and we remember to have seen, not more than two years ago, the attention of a whole audience drawn from the stage, and attracted toward an opera-glass, which was most unconsciously taking its survey of the theatre. The opera-glass too, was borrowed by all, handed from one to the other, and looked through by eyes of all colors. Be it remembered, that an opera-glass should never be borrowed—it is as much personal property as a pocket handkerchief or a bouquet.

ANOTHER SILK-WORM.

The communications opened with China, through California and British India, have endowed us with many valuable discoveries—and on penetrating into the Chinese Empire, though there may be much to laugh at, there is much to bring out of it for our own advantage.

Amongst the most precious discoveries of the Chinese products, is the most recent one of an inferior species of silk-worm, which lives on oak leaves, and is to be found in the northern part of China, where the climate corresponds to that of the north of France and the south of England. This hardy plebeian silk-worm, as compared with his more ancient and well-known brother, feeds on the leaves of the oak, is very hardy, and withstands the inclemency of what are called temperate latitudes. The silk he spins, in cocoons larger than those of the aristocratic silk-worm, is coarser, but still durable and exceedingly glossy. This worm requires little care—in fact, he takes care of himself. He does not require, as the other worm does, that the leaves of the mulberry, his food, should be brought to him—but being placed on the oak tree in full leaf, he will get his own living, till he spins himself into his precious house and accomplishes his task.

This silk, when, after its various processes, it is taken from the looms, can be sold at as cheap a rate as coarse woolen stuffs, so that silk garments will be accessible to all.

These worms have been introduced in France, and are already in successful operation, though none of the woven silk has yet been made. In China, all the poorer classes wear under-garments of this silk, and a great deal of it is used in British India. Some of it is brought to England and to San Francisco—but as duties and the expenses of transportation are the same for articles of high and low prices, merchants usually prefer importing the more expensive products, for the use of the rich. But, thanks to this useful little worm, which, no doubt, will not be long in emigrating here, silk dresses can be had without the catastrophes and the heart-burnings to which the desire of possessing a silk dress has driven so many young, vain, and giddy girls of the poorer classes. Silk made by this worm can be, it is calculated, manufactured and sold as low as three shillings per yard.

DISTANT HOME.

BY KÜCKEN.

ANDANTINO.

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE.

con express.

Friends to you I sing, Hear my lay, Let the

echo ring, Far-a - - way O - ver sea and land, Sound my lay, To the

o - cean strand, Far a - way. Friends to you I sing, Let the e - cho ring, and my

lay, round far a way. When night's gloom bids the birds seek their bow'ra,

Ere the red morn wakes the flow'rs Oft are my dreams with thee, Hap - py

home, Oh come to me.

COLLA VOCE. *mf*

2. In a foreign land long I've dwelt,
 Like a banished one since I've felt.
 Loved ones left behind, ever dear;
 Shall I once more find true hearts near?
 Loved ones left behind
 Shall I once more true hearts near, my home so dear,
 When night's gloom, &c.



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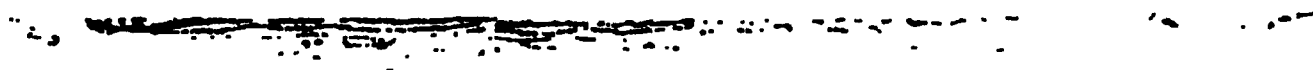
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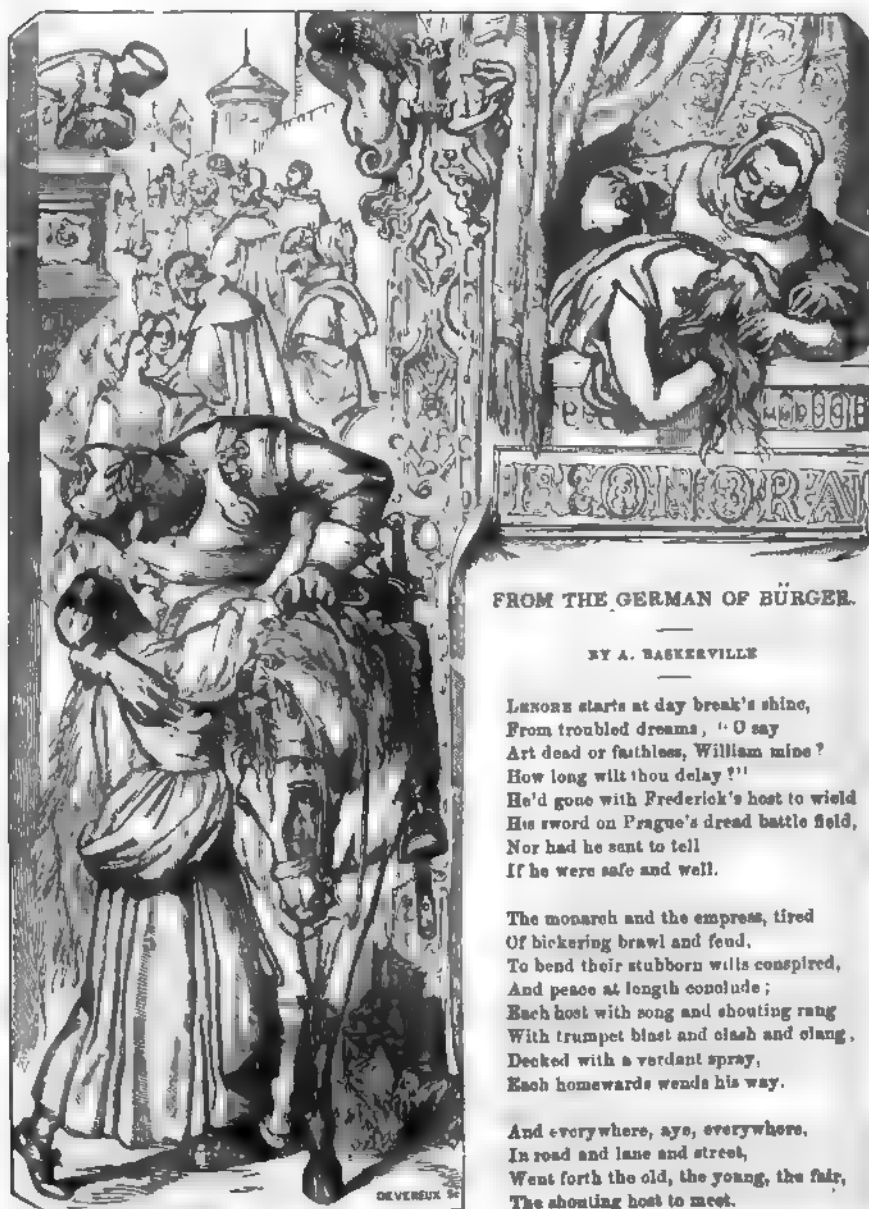
DE CAUS IN PRISON (See page 321.)

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

BY A. BASKERVILLE

LENORE starts at day break's shine,
From troubled dreams, "O say
Art dead or faithless, William mine?
How long wilt thou delay?"
He'd gone with Frederick's host to wield
His sword on Prague's dread battle field,
Nor had he sent to tell
If he were safe and well.

The monarch and the empress, tired
Of bickering brawl and feud,
To bend their stubborn wills conspired,
And peace at length conclude;
Each host with song and shouting rang
With trumpet blast and clash and clang,
Decked with a verdant spray,
Each homewards wends his way.

And everywhere, aye, everywhere,
In road and lane and street,
Went forth the old, the young, the fair,
The shouting host to meet.

"Thank Heaven!" child and mother cried,
 "O welcome!" many a promised bride.
 Alas! kiss and salute
 Were for Lenore mute.

To glean intelligence she sought,
 Of all she asked the name,
 But there were none could tell her aught,
 'Mong all the host that came.
 When all were passed, in dark despair
 She wildly tore her raven hair,
 In rage and grief profound,
 She sank upon the ground

Her mother hastened to her side,—
 "God banish these alarms!
 What is the matter child?" she cried,
 And clasped her in her arms.
 "O mother, mother, all is o'er!
 O world, farewell for evermore!
 No mercy God doth know.
 Unhappy me, O woe?"

"Have mercy, God! in thee we trust;
 Child, pray a pater noster!
 What God decrees is right and just,
 God us with care will foster."—
 "Oh mother, this illusion flee!
 Unjust, unjust is God to me!
 Availed my prayers before?
 Now need I pray no more."

"Help, God! who knows the father, knows
 He hears his children's prayer;
 The sacrament will soothe thy woes,
 And soften thy despair."—
 "Oh mother, mother, nought will tame,
 No sacrament will quench this flame.
 No sacrament avails
 When death our flesh assails."

"My child, what if the faithless youth,
 In Hungary's far plains,
 Have cast aside his faith and truth
 For other nuptial chains?
 Look on his heart, my child, as dead,
 'Twill bring no blessings on his head.
 When soul and body part,
 Flames will consume his heart."—

"Oh mother, mother, all is o'er!
 Forever lost, forlorn!
 Death, death is all that I implore,
 O would I'd ne'er been born!
 Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark!
 Die mid'st these horrors drear and dark!
 No mercy God doth know.
 Unhappy me, O woe!"—

"Help, God, do not thy vengeance wreak
 Here on thy sickly child!
 She knows not what her tongue doth speak!
 O be thy judgment mild!

All earthly cares, my child, forswear,
 For God and thy salvation care!
 Then for thy soul's avail
 A bridegroom will not fail."—

"What is salvation, mother? say!
 Oh mother, what is hell?
 Salvation is with William, yea,
 Without him is but hell.
 Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark!
 Die midst these horrors drear and dark!
 Nor there, nor here on earth
 Hath bliss without him worth"

Thus raged with dread omnipotence
 Despair in every vein,
 Blaspheming, she of Providence
 Continued to complain
 She rung her hands, she beat her breast,
 Until the sun sank down to rest,
 Till o'er the vaulted sphere
 The golden stars appear.

Hark! tramp tramp tramp, without is heard,
 A charger in full speed!
 And at the gate a rider, spurred,
 Dismounts his reeking steed.
 And hark! O hark! the portal's ring
 So soft, so gentle, ting ling ling!
 Then came unto her ear
 These words, distinct and clear.

"Holla! my child, come ope the door!
 Dost wake, my love, or sleep?
 Lov'st thou me now as heretofore?
 And dost thou laugh or weep?"—
 "Ah, William, thou, so late by night?
 I've wept and watched till dimmed my sight.
 My grief, alas, how great!
 Whence comest thou so late?"

"We saddle but at dead of night;
 I from Bohemia come,
 'Twas late ere I began my flight,
 Now will I bear thee home."—
 "Ah, William, quick, come in to me!
 The wind howls through the hawthorn tree!
 Come in, my fondest, best,
 And warm thee on my breast!"

"O let it howl and whistle round
 The hawthorn tree, my sweet!
 The charger paws, the spurs resound,
 To linger 'tis not meet.
 Come bind thy dress, spring up to me,
 Behind me, for to-day I thee
 A hundred leagues must bear,
 My nuptial couch to share."—

"Up her bridal bed wilt bear
 A hundred leagues thy bride?
 O hark! the clock rings through the sky,
 Its tongue eleven cried."—

"Come, dearest, come, the moon is bright,
The dead and we ride quick by night.
To-day thou shalt, I vouch,
Lie on thy nuptial couch."—

"Where is thy little chamber? where
Thy nuptial bed? relate!"—
"Cool, small, and quiet, far from here,
Eight boards, two small, six great!"—
"There's room for me?"—"For me and thee,
Come bind thy dress, spring up to me!
The guests await and hope,
Our chamber door will open."

She tied her dress, and with a bound,
Upon the charger sprung:
Her arms of lily white around
The faithful rider slung;
And tramp tramp tramp, they flew anon
In furious gallop, on on on!
Steed snorted, rider too,
The sparks and pebbles flew.

On sinister and dexter hand,
Before their eyes in sunder,
How swiftly fly mead, heath, and land!
The bridges how they thunder!
"Love, fear'st thou aught? The moon shines
bright.

Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear the dead?"—"Ah no,
But love, O speak not so!"

What tones are they which sweep along?
The flapping ravens hurry.
Hark, tolling bells! Hark, wailing song!
"The body we will bury."
A mourning train came on before,
A coffin and a bier they bore.
Their song—so croaks the frog,
Ill boding in the bog.

"At midnight bury in the tomb
The corpse with song and wail!
I bear my youthful spouse now home.
Come to the bride's regale!
Come, Sexton, bring the choir along,
And chant to me our nuptial song!
Speak, priest, thy blessing ere
We to our couch repair."

The song was hushed, the bier was gone,—
Obedient to his call,—
Whoop! whoop! behind the charger on
They scoured one and all.
And tramp tramp tramp, they flew anon,
In furious gallop on on on!
Steed snorted, rider too,
The sparks and pebbles flew

How flew unto the right and left
Hedge, tree, and mountain fast!

How swiftly flew, both right and left,
Town, village, hamlet, past!

"Love fear'st thou aught? The moon shines
bright.

Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah, leave in peace the dead!"

See there! see there! Ha! dimly seen
How dance around the wheel,
Crown'd by the moonbeam's pallid sheen,
The spectral dead their reel.
"Beho! ye rout, come here to me!
"Ye rabble rout, come follow me!
And dance our wedding reel
Ere we to slumber steal."

Whoop, whoop! ho, ho! the spirits flee
Behind with din and noise,
So with the wither'd hazel tree
The rustling whirlwind toys.
And further, further, flew they on,
In furious gallop on on on!
Steed snorted, rider too,
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How all beneath the moonbeam flew,
How flew it far and fast!
How o'er their head the heaven's blue,
And stars flew swiftly past!
"Love fear'st thou aught? the moon shines
bright.

Hurrah! the dead ride quick by night!
Dost fear, my love, the dead?"
"Ah! speak not of the dead!"

"Steed, steed! methinks the cock I hear;
Nigh is the sand glass spent.
Steed, steed! up, up! away from here!
The morning air I scent.
At length, at length our race is run,
The nuptial bed at length is won.
The dead ride quick by night.
Now, now will we alight."

Unto an iron gate anon
In wild career they flew,
With slender twig one blow thereon
Burst lock and bolt in two.
Wide open creaked the folding door,
And grave on grave they hurried o'er,
And tombstones gleamed around
Upon the moonlit ground.

Ha! look! see there? within a trice,
Whough! whough! a horrid wonder!
The rider's jerkin, piece by piece,
Like tinder falls amunder.
Upon his head no lock of hair,
A naked skull all grisly bare;
A skeleton, alas!
With scythe and hour glass.

The snorting charger pranced and neighed,
Fire from his nostrils came,
Ho, ho! at once beneath the maid
He vanished in a flame.
And howl on howl ran through the sky
From out the pit a whining cry
Lenore's heart was wrung,
"Twixt life and death she hung.

Now in the moonlight danced the train
Of phantom spirits round,
In giddy circles, in a chain;
Thus did their howl resound:
"Forbear! forbear! though hearts should break,
Blaspheme not, lest God's wrath then wake!
Thy body's knell we toll,
May God preserve thy soul!"

REMARKABLE CHAIRS.

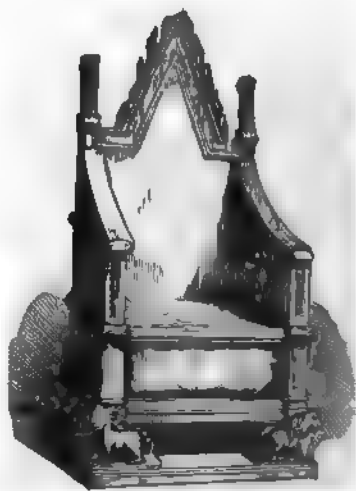
BY REV. JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D.

THIS is an universally interesting subject. Who does not value his chair, and spend in it his happiest hours? Almost every writer describes some chair or other, or what might be called such; and however original an author may be considered, in some way or other the matter comes up, and like Ik Marvell, he will tell us of his "very old arm-chair," and his "big arm-chair." Let us, then, write a few paragraphs on this fruitful subject.

Chairs are of very high antiquity; indeed, their origin is buried in the very depths of obscurity. The Jewish Rabbins tell us of a most extraordinary giant in the days of Abraham, indeed, one of the servants of that patriarch, one of whose teeth fell out with trembling, because his master was angry with him. Some of those eminent scholars say that of this tooth Abraham made a bedstead, but, as says the distinguished Dr. Kitto, "other authorities equally credible, assure us that it was not a bedstead which Abraham made of Og's tooth, but a *chair*, on which he sat as long as he lived." Among the Assyrians, as we are informed by Layard, in his admirable work on "*Nimrod and its Remains*," their tables, thrones and couches were made both of metal and wood, and probably inlaid with ivory. Herodotus tells us that those in the temple of Belus, in Babylon, were of solid gold. The chair represented on the earliest monument in without a back, the legs are tastefully carved, and the seat is adorned with heads of rams. The cushion appears to be made of some rich stuff embroidered or painted. The legs were strengthened by a cross bar, and frequently ended in the feet of a lion, or the hoofs of a bull; either of gold, silver or bronze. On the monuments of Khorsabad, and in the rock-tablets of Maltheiah, we find representations of chairs supported by animals, and by human figures, sometimes prisoners, like the Carytides of the Greeks. In this they resembled the arm-chairs

of Egypt, but appear to have been more massive than they. Chairs and couches, adorned with feet of silver and other metals, were looked upon as great objects of luxury in Persia; from whence they were probably introduced into Asia Minor and Greece. In the Lydian sculptures we have representations of stays or arms on either side of the seat, such as lions. This fashion, introduced into Asia Minor by the Persians, was originally borrowed from the Assyrians.

Chairs, or thrones, which are really the same things, stand out very prominently in history, and have been the prizes for which vast armies have contended. The throne of England, so splendid, when covered with its silk velvet and gold, is, as our readers well know, only an oak chair, in itself coarse and rough. It has been used for this purpose of coronation for six centuries past, and may yet continue for six hundred years longer. Here is an engraving of the



CORONATION CHAIR.

A few facts relating to this extraordinary seat

may be acceptable to our readers. In Westminster Abbey, under the screen of the Confessor's chapel, are two chairs; one of them is used for the coronation of the queen consort, when a king is called to the throne; and was first occupied by Mary, when crowned with her husband, William III.; the other, similar in form, but of great antiquity, is *the coronation chair*, the existence of which is readily traced back to the days of Edward I., and in it all English sovereigns since that period have been crowned. The wood is very hard and solid; the back and sides were formerly painted in various colors; and the seat is composed of a rough looking sandstone, measuring twenty-six inches in length, sixteen inches and three quarters in breadth, and ten and a half in thickness.

This stone, in fact, constitutes the grand peculiarity of the chair. Without implicitly believing the traditions which our forefathers were assuredly ready to credit, that this was the very stone on which Jacob laid his head on the memorable night of his dream, or without admitting that this is the fatal marble chair which Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, carried from Egypt into Spain, and which then found its way into Ireland, during a Spanish invasion under Simon Brek, son of King Milo; or another, told by Irish historians, that it was brought into Ireland by a colony of Scythians, and had the property of issuing sounds resembling thunder, whenever any of the royal Scythian race seated themselves upon it for inauguration, and that he only was crowned king under whom the stone groaned and spoke—we may acknowledge the possibility of its having been brought from Ireland to Scotland by Fergus, the first king of the latter country, and his coronation upon it some three hundred and thirty years before Christ, and the certainty that from a very early period it was used at the coronation of the Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II., when he united the territories of the Picts and the Scots in the ninth century; where it remained till the thirteenth, when Edward I. committed the worst possible outrage on the feelings and hopes of the country in the removal of the famous stone, which was strongly connected by superstitious ties with the idea of national independence. According to Fordun, the Scottish Chronicler, it then bore an inscription in Latin, to the following effect:

“Except old saws do fail,
And wizard's wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.”

Mighty efforts were made to regain this wonderful stone; special clauses were inserted in treaties; and a special conference was held on the subject between Edward III., of England, and David I., of Scotland, with a view to its restoration, but in England it still remains.

If chairs have been used for thrones, so also have they been found in the grave. When the tomb of Charlemagne was opened by Otho, in 997, the body of the emperor was found seated on a throne, “which,” says the historian, “resembled an arm-chair.”

Chairs were formerly sometimes kept in England, as instruments of punishment. In each of the Cinque ports, on the south-east of that country, was a chair carefully preserved by the authorities, “in which,” according to their old charters, “brawling wives were placed when they were ducked;” and Southey mentions, in one of his letters, one Rebecca Penlake as punished in this way. The identical chair used on this occasion he saw, in the year 1836, at St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance Bay. In other countries, too, chairs have not always been seats of peace, whatever they may have been of dignity. The Rev. T. T. Thomason, of India, tells us that in his travels in that country, he saw the reigning prince, the poor representative of Timur's house, taking an airing. He was carried on a *Tonjoh*, or chair, borne on the shoulders of men, preceded by a train of attendants. “The whole,” however, he adds, “was so miserable as not to be seen without a sigh.”

Our subject expands as we proceed, and we find it impossible to grasp the whole of it. We should be glad, if we might, to say something about the old-fashioned sedan chairs in which our good old European grandmothers were accustomed to sit, snugly covered up, to be carried by poor men to parties and the theatre. Even in England these said chairs are seldom used now, except to remove the sick and dying poor to hospitals and poor-houses. “Now-a-days,” says Chambers, speaking of Scotland, in his journal; “chair-carrying is a much reduced business, in consequence of the prevalence of hackney-chaises: only a few old ladies stick by them, much like Caxton's three customers in the ‘*Antiquary*.’”

If in Great Britain, chairs have been invested with interest, they have not been without attention paid to them in our own happy land, whose inhabitants carefully prize all good things. Our venerable friends, the Pilgrim Fathers, were evidently fond of their chairs; nor can this be a matter of surprise, for, probably, they seldom

enjoyed ease except when they were seated in them. Reposing in these valuable articles of furniture, they formed the determination to leave the persecutions of England, and to commence a new community on our then rugged, cold and barren shores. In Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, there are yet preserved several precious relics belonging to those noble-hearted men. Such as a sword, a pewter dish, and an iron pot, which belonged to Miles Standish; a cane and a dressing-case of Wilkin White; a china mug and a leather pocket-book of Thomas Clark; and a "brass steelyard"—if an instrument for weighing, made of brass, may be called a *steel-yard*—that was owned by Thomas Southworth. There is also in the cabinet a piece of ingenious embroidery, in a frame, executed by Loree Standish, and other things which we have not room to mention. That which most concerns us at present is, that among the company which came over in the *May Flower*, and landed on Plymouth Rock, was a gentleman of great energy and independence of character, who was elected the first governor of the Plymouth Colony. This was John Carver, and here is



GOV. CARVER'S CHAIR.

Of this venerable seat, we would say with one who has written of it before us, "The old-fashioned chair, with its stiff, high back, and staid, substantial appearance, is no mean emblem of the sturdy republican, and we hope that the present effeminate generation, which have rejected the upright chair of an upright ancestry, and are reclining, instead, upon plush lounges and

luxurious divans, will not always eschew their principles."

Nor was this the only chair deemed worthy of preservation at Plymouth. In the same hall is a chair very much like the one we have placed before the reader, except that it is smaller. It belonged to Elder William Brewster, a clergyman of great eminence, of whom the ecclesiastical writers of that period have much to say. Bancroft tells us, too, as a matter worthy of record, that at the first celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, held at Plymouth, Dec. 1769, the president occupied the antique chair which was formerly the property of Governor Bradford; and Lady Wortley, in her recent description of a visit to Plymouth, informs us that she was seated by Mrs. Warren, "on a precious old-fashioned chair, that actually had come over in the *May Flower*."

There were still other chairs highly valued by our ancestors. The chair preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as the one in which sat Governor Winthrop in the Colonial Assembly of Massachusetts, during the debates concerning American liberty, is a precious relic. How many important resolutions were put from this chair, and how eloquent were the denunciations of tyranny, and the praises of freedom, from the time when James Otis denounced the Writs of Assistance, until Governor Gage adjourned the Assembly to Salem, in the year 1774! The reader will most assuredly be gratified by a sight of



GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S CHAIR.

Chairs are closely connected with ecclesiastical history, but we have room only to speak of two or three. On the continent of Europe our favorite seat is yet honored. In the school at Witten-

burg, formerly the university, is still shown the chair, as well as the drinking-cup and the table of the distinguished Martin Luther. Barcelona, the Jesuit, tells us that when Satan once appeared to him, his humility led him to invite the prince of darkness to sit in the chair, as being more worthy of it than the Jesuit himself. In the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, in Canterbury Cathedral, is a very large ancient chair, formed of gray marble in pieces, which is used for the enthronization of the archbishops of that see, and which, sayeth tradition, was the ancient regal seat of the Saxon kings of Kent, who may have given it to the cathedral as an emblem of their pious submission to Him who was first declared among them—the King of Kings. Durham Cathedral contains a most magnificent chair, usually called the Bishop's Throne, and a very large stone chair, the history of which we have been unable to trace. In the church at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, is



WICKLIFFE'S CHAIR.—IN WHICH HE DIED.

This venerable man, it is well known, was one of England's earliest reformers, whose remains were dishonored, as far as Rome could dishonor them, many years after his death. The chair in which he usually sat, and in which he died, now occupies a place by the communion table of the old church.

At the end of a dark recess in the gardens of the palace of the Bishop of London, at Fulham, in the western part of the British metropolis, stands a chair which once belonged to Bishop Bonner. More than two hundred years after the death of that cruel prelate, one of his successors began to cut a walk through the thicket, and in the works of the distinguished Hannah More may

be read "a copy of verses," which the said Bonner, rising from his chair, is supposed to have addressed to the said successor.

William Huntington, an Antinomian preacher in England, distinguished alike for vigor of mind, and for a coarse vulgar taste, some forty years ago, represents himself as having a preaching friend who described a visit from Satan, to hold with him a theological dispute. He insisted on his Satanic majesty taking the chair, and, according to his own account, he obtained over the empty chair a very great victory.

But let us turn now to chairs which are to us of far greater interest. In the vestry of John Bunyan's church, in Bedford, we found in 1816, the chair of that "glorious dreamer," in which we sat, and felt gratified in occupying a seat, though but for a moment, once filled by so eminent a man, and which is now visited by the *literati* from different portions of the world. On the morning of our visit, the late Lord Holland, and the no less distinguished Samuel Whitbread, a philanthropic member of the British legislature, called in to pay their respects to it. It somewhat resembles the chair of Governor Carver, excepting that it is much smaller and lower, and has thin legs, and very thick arms. Dr. Cheever's edition of "*The Pilgrim's Progress*" contains an engraving of it. It was in this chair that "glorious John" sat when he was told by one of his hearers that he had preached an excellent sermon, and when he replied that the devil had told him so before he left the pulpit.

In the Tabernacle parsonage house, at Rodborough, in Gloucestershire, is an old elbow-chair, often occupied by the eminent George Whitefield, who very frequently preached there. Some years since, the Rev. John Rees, then pastor of the church, wrote the following lines, which were engraved on a brass plate, and affixed to the said chair—

"If love of souls should e'er be wanting here,
Remember me, for I am Whitefield's chair;
I bore his weight—was witness to his fears—
His earnest prayers—his interesting tears;
This holy man was fired with love divine,
If thine be such—sit down and call me *thine*."

By the way, we are told, though we have not seen it, that the chair in which Whitefield died, at Newburyport, is now in the rooms of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, at Boston. We ought to hear something about it.

The late Rev. Dr. James Milner, of New York city, was a man after our own heart, who duly respected remarkable chairs. In his very in-

interesting narrative of a visit to England, in the year 1880, he relates that in the vestry of a Methodist church in Liverpool, he saw a curious arm-chair, formed of a part of a trunk of an oak tree, by the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, the Commentator, who was then living. It was entirely the work of the doctor's own hands; his pocket-knife having been, as Dr. Milnor was told, the only instrument used in giving it its finish. Dr. M. adds—"It is in one piece; and the knots and other appendages of the tree have been very ingeniously used to give a grotesque appearance to the whole. It is highly varnished, placed on rollers, and comfortably cushioned; and it will remain, no doubt, a monument of the doctor's industry, taste, and patience, long after he has gone to receive the reward of his more important labors."

Dr. Milnor mentions also that he visited the house [since taken down] where Dr. Watts resided for thirty-five years, in Abney Park, and that in the hall were chairs of a very antique appearance, which were there in Dr. Watts' time, and which were said to have formerly belonged to the Stadtholder of Holland.

Those of my readers who have examined that charming tract, "*The Dairyman's Daughter*," will remember Leigh Richmond's first visit to her. "As I advanced," says he, "I saw Elizabeth sitting by the fireside, supported in an arm-chair by pillows, with every mark of rapid decline and approaching death." It was while sitting in that chair that she took her part in those most interesting conversations which the pious author of the tract has related for the benefit of thousands. When Dr. Milnor visited the Isle of Wight, in the year before named, in the cottage in which Elizabeth died, then occupied by her brother, he found this chair; and an American Christian merchant, who visited the cottage soon after, purchased it, and greatly to the regret of many Christians in England, he brought it to the United States. It has for many years been in one of the rooms of the Tract Society, in New York, and a correct daguerrotype of it is now placed before our readers, because we are sure it will give them pleasure.

A short anecdote in connection with this chair, it may be worth while to place on record, in this place. Some years ago, a worthy clergyman called at the Tract house, in New York, to have some conversation on the subject of their publications. He was accidentally seated in this chair, and began to express the doubts he had heard, and indeed, which he himself felt, whether some of the narratives were not works of fiction, and especially referred to "*The Dairyman's Daughter*."



DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER'S CHAIR.

ter." What was his surprise when he was told of the rigid inquiries which Dr. Milnor had made on the spot, and especially when he found that he was sitting in the very chair in which she passed her declining days. He went away more than satisfied.

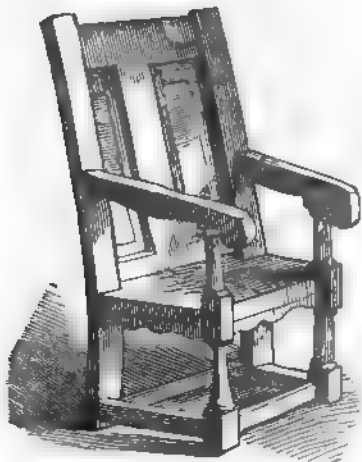
Among the remarkable chairs now in existence, we must not forget one at Rome, which tradition says has been occupied by the Popes, from Peter downward, but which Lady Morgan informs us, on the authority of two gentlemen, who related the story in her hearing, was found, during the French invasion, to have been of Mohammedan origin, and to have an inscription on its back, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Cardinal Wiseman, of London, who, at that time, we believe, had not seen the said chair, wrote in an angry tone, denying Lady Morgan's statement, but giving, after all, no evidence to the contrary. "Punch," a London paper, always ready to show wit on every subject, published an article, entitled, "*Chairs to Mend*," from which we extract a few lines, with the hope that the hint which closes our extract may be acted on—

"Enshrined at Rome, there is a certain chair—
Concerning which, as you may be aware,

A terrible dispute at present rages
'Twixt two old women—I won't say—
Because one writes in such a clever way;
And I don't know precisely what her age is.
Long, for St. Peter's, this same chair had passed,
"Till Lady Morgan wrote her reputation."

Thereby provoking the tempestuous blast
 Of Dr. Wiseman's zealous indignation.
 According to my lady's story,
 When Bonaparte, in quest of glory,
 Invaded Rome, some Frenchman—men of science—
 Who, on tradition, placed but slight reliance—
 Dragged into light this holy chair,
 Stripped it, and swept the dust and cobwebs off it—
 When, lo! they found its back to bear
 A queer inscription, hard to read,
 Which proved to be the brief, but famous creed—
 Concluding with, 'and Mohammed's his prophet!'
 All this the cardinal denies,
 As though it were a pack of lies;
 Which, to refute, his eminence describes
 This hallowed chair, though he has never seen it;
 One would have thought the way to stop all gibes,
 Would have been simply to unscrew it."

Our own country contains at present several chairs of deep interest, not yet referred to. Among these we might mention one in the council chamber in New York, occupied by the immortal Washington, when he took his farewell of the American army. Another is said to be somewhere in the same city, which was wont to be filled by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, ex-president of the Philosophical Society. And yet another, which we have occupied—a hair-dresser's chair, on board the Bay State steamboat, that sails from New York to Fall River, which is said to have cost one hundred and fifty dollars. One chair more, connected with the United States, we give from the hand of the engraver. It is the



FIRST PRESIDENT'S CHAIR, YALE COLLEGE.

Its date is 1700, and the name of the Rev. Abraham Pierson, its first occupant, will ever be held in high esteem by the friends of this ancient and honorable University. This chair, for many years, was not in the college buildings, but has

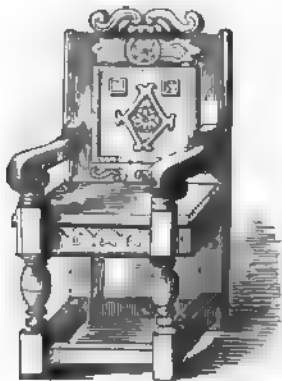
now been restored to its proper place in the library, by the kind presentation of the Rev. John Bray, of Humphreysville, Conn. It has never before been engraved.

Chairs have, of course, been connected with literature. What may be called *Shaksperian* chairs, present quite an interesting item of history. Within the kitchen of the house in which he was born, at Stratford on Avon, Mr. Ireland, who visited it in 1792, tells us, was a small arched recess for a chair; here often sat John Shakspeare, and here his son William passed his earliest days. "In the corner of the chimney," says Ireland, "stood an old oak chair, which had, for a number of years, received nearly as many adorers as the celebrated shrine of the Lady of Loretto." This relic was purchased in July, 1790, by the Princess Czartoryska, who made a journey purposely to obtain intelligence relative to Shakspeare. Being told he had often sat in this chair, she placed herself in it, and expressed an ardent wish to become its purchaser; but being informed that it was not to be sold at any price, she gave a handsome gratuity to old Mrs. Harte, and left the place with apparent regret. About four months after, the anxiety of the princess could no longer be restrained, and her secretary was despatched express, as the fit agent, to purchase this treasure at any rate. The sum of twenty guineas, or somewhat more than one hundred dollars, was the price fixed on, and the secretary and chair, with a proper certificate of its authenticity, on stamped paper, set off in a chaise for London.

With all due anxiety to supply relic-hunters, who visit Stratford, and who sometimes feel disappointed with the little which remains there connected with the poet, the absence of the *genuine* chair was not long felt. A very old chair is still in the place; and Washington Irving thus speaks of the chair he saw in 1820—"The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when he was a boy, watching the slowly-revolving spit with all the longings of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales, and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom for every one that visits the house, to sit; whether this is done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine-host privately assured me, that though built of solid oak, such

was the present zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed, at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for, though sold some years since, to a northern princess, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner."

There was found, however, by Ireland, during the visit of which we have already spoken, in 1792, in a house in Stratford, a chair, which, there can be little doubt, was really often occupied by the immortal bard. It was in the house of the father of Anne Hathaway, who afterward became Shakespeare's wife. Ireland purchased this chair, which he engraved in his "Picturesque Views on the Avon," and which is here copied. He says that it was called



SHAKESPEARE'S COVERING CHAIR.

With a similar desire to please relic-hunters, and lovers to that which has been already shown, this chair, although long since gone, has a successor dignified by the same name, in an old settle in the passage through the house, and which has but one bit of old wood in it. It is but fair to add, that those who are sceptical, are not met by bold assertions of its genuineness, although there be no denial of its possible claim to that quality; but all credulous and believing persons are allowed the full benefit of their faith.

The late distinguished Hannah More, like a wise woman as she was, set a very high value on the chairs of great men. Hence, speaking of a visit to Garrick, and describing his garden, she says—"Here is the famous chair, curiously wrought out of a cherry tree, which really grew in the garden of Shakespeare, at Stratford. I sat in it, but caught no ray of inspiration." One of her sisters, in describing Hannah's introduction to Dr. Samuel Johnson, says—"I forgot to men-

tion, that not finding Johnson in his little parlor when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius. When he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat."

In the Life of Moore, by Lord John Russell, we are told that some of the most interesting objects which the poet saw in the University at Ferrara, were the chairs of Ariosto.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction, at Barnstaple, Devonshire, his native place. It contained a drawer, underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out. We learn from Washington Irving's inimitable biography of Goldsmith, that the poet's chair is still preserved, and that the present possessors have frequently refused large offers for it. It is of oak, with back and seat of cane, which preclude all hopes of a secret drawer like that discovered in Gay's.

We never had an idea till lately that chairs had been found in the earth ready grown for the use of man. But here is an extract from a New Bedford (Mass.) newspaper, printed in the summer of 1868:

"Mr. Dwight B. Perry, residing in this city, recently dug up on his estate a curious natural chair of granite stone. It is perfectly formed, with a back slightly sloping and terminating in a peak. The seat is perfectly smooth, and the solid block forming it supplies the place of legs. This remarkable production weighs about half a ton, and forms a complete chair. It is evidently natural, as it would be impossible to hew out such a massive block with anything like ordinary labor. Mr. Perry has caused the chair to be placed in his grounds, where it forms an appropriate and picturesque ornament."

But after all, commend us to the comfortable fireside, domestic chair. Chairs, as every reader knows, always enter into the description of the furniture of a comfortable house. Southey, after more than forty years' interval, describes his grandfather's cottage at Redmire, and represents Windsor chairs of cherry wood; and warming into great enjoyment, he adds, "and two large armed ones of that easy make, (of all makes it is the easiest,) in one of which my grandmother always sat." And again, in describing his aunt's parlor after a similar lapse of time, he says, "Chairs, carpet and everything are now visibly present to my mind's eye." He even dreamed that the devil appeared, was politely

received by his aunt, and was invited to occupy one of those chairs. This good aunt Tyler, (dear good old maid), seemed almost to have idolized her chairs. Southey says, "A chair in which an unclean person had sat, was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion, when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair; how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not."

But we must close; and we shall do so, by transcribing Eliza Cook's lines on the family "*Old Arm-chair*." She is, as she ought to be, quite enthusiastic on the subject; and though it is entirely possible that the reader has seen the poem before, we expect his thanks for now placing it before him, thus saving him the trouble of rising from his own comfortable chair to take down her volume from the shelf:

"I love it, I love it—and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with
sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

"In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me that shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

"I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart could bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

"'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow.
'Twas there she nursed me; 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with a lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it—and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair."

THE REALM OF THE UNREAL.

ARE, case-harden as you may, grim, vinegar visaged inculcator of matter-of-fact—most potential denouncer of reverie and romance—case-harden as you may, with rules of rigid utilitarianism, the sympathies of your pupils and disciples, and after all your pains, a large proportion of the waking hours of human beings will be passed—or "wasted," as you, grave sir, would say—in absolute "day-dreaming." It is an instinct, my friend, coexistent with our species, and which, however mischievously it may run to extremes in exceptional cases, is one of the emotions that indicate to us that man's higher destinies and better hopes rest in the future.

And day-dreams are of all kinds; and each age, each condition, each variety of temper and disposition, has its own order of "wandering thought." The student, modest but ambitious; the merchant, cautious but enterprising; the plough-boy, plodding but "deep;" the May Fair belle, and the cottage damsel over her milking-pails—but why attempt a catalogue which might prove as interminable as the variations of human impulses, motives, and circumstances? The privilege of self-delusion is an inheritance common to us all.

How many blithe hearts have been saddened—how many bonnie cheeks have blanched—how many bright e'en have paled their wonted light, as, by every burnside, in every Highland bothie and Lowland homestead in old Scotia, "the Spae-wife" has poured into the eager ears of credulous lassie her network, so cunningly concerted, so dearly bought and paid for, of all imaginable rigmarole relative to love and wedlock, and other matters most familiar to maiden meditations. And, dear heart! how often, on the other hand, has grief been turned into gladness, and fear to joyous confidence, and despondency to buoyant hopefulness, when the "wise woman," finding her cue to be the dispensation of sunshine, and not the gathering of storm-clouds, spoke words of encouragement not worse founded—and not better—than those of doubt and menace. Ah! sunny or sombre, old lady, may be the color of your deceptive vaticinations; but be the hue what it may, they are equally productive of reveries which take their unsubstantial shape from the lights and shades of the empty words that gave them birth.

And what of the daughters of privilege, ease, and wealth? Have not these, likewise, their

hours of abstraction from the real into the ideal, where the future, faintly reflected by analogy from some vision of the past, is clad in all the variegated, rainbow robes conjured up by fancy, defiant of calm reason and prudent calculation? Watch that charming, changeful, radiant countenance, beaming manifestly with some thought too precious for communication, and which—a rare emotion with the happy—seems, whilst freighted with love and benevolence, to court the selfish luxury of solitude. For this is a peculiar characteristic of the day-dream—that, for the nonce, it usually seeks no companionship, and is unwilling that even the nearest and dearest friend should fully comprehend the source and nature of the felicity enjoyed.

That young, fair, gifted creature, hath haply not yet known love, in the sense of its concentration, “for better for worse,” on a single object. How comes it, then, that she seems thus wrapped in some joyous vision thereof? Ask the tell-tale volume in her hand, and you will need not to tarry long for the answer. In the poem, the romaunt, the eloquent and suggestive novel, the maiden finds food abounding for her day-dreams; she partakes of it with as much zest and relish as does her humbler sister the fare provided by the itinerant ballad-singer, the gipsy, the “Spaw-wife,” the village story-teller. Its flight once taken, the wandering thought will receive impersonation, and living forms mingle themselves with the landscape-perspective created by fancy. But this mental process—or hallucination, as the Gradgrinds and Bounderbys of the “practical school” would term it—takes place independently of individualized love, it being often observable that day-dreams are most intense and recurrent amongst those who have not yet experienced that absorbing emotion, which itself is in some

respects eminently “matter-of-fact,” and so far wholly different from the purely romantic and visionary. The fixed affection of two lovers hath ever a coherent object, whereas the imaginings of the day-dream, all delicious and fascinating as they are whilst passing, have no definite course or plan, but are, in truth, as baseless and fugitive as the “fabric of a vision.”

Woman's nature is, after all, essentially that of romance; and this is as plainly typified in the faces of those simple, wondering girls, duped by the shallow device of the stooping beldame, who has doubtless been tutored by the crafty varlet, lurking, listening, and chuckling in the background, as it is in the more intellectual lineaments of the girl who has had the advantage of careful scholastic cultivation. There is no end of argument amongst philosophic theorists, as to the effect which habitual dwelling on the unreal produces on the minds, morals, and fortunes of men and women. Without entering into that controversy, we may safely affirm thus much—that whilst such communion with the fancy is undoubtedly associated with some of the noblest attributes which elevate mankind above the lower creation, and whilst “day-dreaming,” all shadowy though it be, has, on occasions infinitely numerous, assuaged grief and mitigated suffering, it becomes, when too much indulged, a dangerous luxury, and, if the over-indulgence be persisted in, a curse and affliction. Too often have fine talents been frittered away, and careers of early promise closed without producing fruit, wholly and solely because young people, unsuspected and unnoticed, have gradually imbibed an inveterate, and ultimately incorrigible habit of “day-dreaming,” incapacitating them for the consistent discharge of the serious duties of life.

THE TWO VOICES.

BY SARAH ANDERTON.

“I AM within the silent flower,
The soneless, all-pervading sky—
The sun, the star, the breeze, the shower,
And deep in thine own breast I lie,”
The Spirit saith!

“Love me—thou hast a deathless love,
Bound to the Infinite, thy soul—
Limit, Decadence, soars above,
And lives, progresses, with the whole!”
The Spirit saith!

“I am beside thee through the day,
In all its thoughts, cares, joys, have part,
When plaintive night-winds track their way,
Thy dear head pillowing on my heart,”
The Lover saith!

“This beauty, this warm life of thine,
Near me true use and import gain,
Thy soft, bright eyes must look in mine,
To learn they are not bright in vain,”
The Lover saith!

BUBBLES AND BLUNDERS.

A NEWPORT LOVE TALE.

"The earth has bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."—MACBETH.

THE Newport boat was as usual crowded. True, it was a most distinguished company—one in which it was quite an honor to feel uncomfortable, seeing that one was elbowed by the fashionables, the Fifth Avenueites of New York; and if one's toes were crushed, why it was sure to be by the heel of an admirably made boot, and that was some consolation, at any rate.

To add to the convenience of the crowded condition of the deck, the boat arrived, as it always does, in the middle of the night; the moon had forgotten to shine, and the clouds, taking advantage of her temporary absence, were hanging in hazy laziness over the waters, reminding the passengers of their presence by an occasional sprinkle, which caused a little chorus of giggles and little shrieks, and a general gathering of bandboxes; besides eliciting from deep male voices more emphatic abuses of the climate, the boat, the time, the hour, things in general, and women in particular.

At length the huge steamboat was moored—a fact ascertained by the spontaneous chaos of uncouth sounds which arose on all sides. First, a succession of bumps sent the impatient passengers into each other's arms; then the faithful steam, having finished its office for this special occasion, was let off with a bang, and pursued its fixing and hissing, till it mingled with the clouds and vanished into thin air.

As far removed as possible from the gangway, standing aloof from the crowd, might have been seen, (if anything could have been seen in the darkness visible which prevailed,) a group calculated in less excited moments to attract the attention, if not the admiration, of all who might have looked on them.

First of all—there was a young lady; yet, though precedence is due to the fair sex, it would not give a right idea of the relative position of the various individuals in this group to begin the description by the lady, though she was young, bright, beautiful and distinguished looking. She was the least important of the three individuals assembled together, and evidently of the same party. She was sitting beside a gentleman whose tall, stalwart frame was unbowed by age, though his features and his gray hair attested that he was long past the prime of life.

They were looking at a tall, handsome young

man, who stood before them, a sullen and disdainful expression on his well-shaped mouth, shaded by the most exquisite moustache, whilst with his cane he impatiently beat the measure of some opera tune he was mentally humming—at the same time obstinately trying to steady himself and to remain unmoved by the undignified bumping of the boat.

"It's unlucky there's no moon, Lennox, is it not?" said the elder gentleman, apologetically, addressing the younger; "I assure you it is quite pleasant to land here at midnight, on a fine moonlight night."

"I think it deuced lucky, sir, that there is no moon," replied Lennox, with a slight infusion of sarcasm in his tone; "it spares one many a queer sight, and saves me from being unnecessarily shocked by the eccentricities of my countrymen, and especially my countrywomen."

"Oh, cousin, I am sure that to-morrow, when you see the beautiful assembly of your countrywomen from all parts of the Union, you will not remember your European beauties."

"Oh Mary," replied the young man, who had been addressed as Lennox, "I wish you wouldn't call me cousin; you have no idea how exceedingly vulgar it is—cannot you say Lennox? There is no necessity to proclaim our relationship to all who are within ear-shot."

"Particularly, my son—or rather, Lennox," replied the older gentleman, laying a stress upon the appellation; "as the relationship is so very distant that it is really great condescension in Mary to dignify it with the name of cousin."

Lennox replied not, and the darkness hid the blush with which he turned away, muttering,

"Where is that fellow Lemoine,—where has he hid himself?"

When he was out of hearing, Mary, turning to Lennox's father, put her hand on his arm and exclaimed, half playfully, half reproachfully,

"Oh, Mr. Murray, why are you angry with poor Lennox? You know he has been so long away from us—you really should not scold him."

"He has been too long away, I am afraid, my dear, and I begin to think I was very wrong to allow my fine European sister-in-law to have so much to do with him."

"Oh no, you cannot have been wrong. Why, when you look at Lennox, you must be proud of him. So handsome—but that is a merit he inherits, you know, from his father."

"Coaxing, Mary, coaxing! You're a dangerous little puss."

"Oh, never mind me—let's talk of Lennox. Think what a finished education he has received—how many languages he speaks."

"And what perpetual fault he finds with the language of his own country, which he vows is not English at all."

"And then," interrupted Mary, pretending not to hear the last observation; "then only think of his refined and elegant manners."

"Yes, only think how disdainful they make him. What is he to do with these fine manners down in Virginia?"

"Oh, my dear sir, they are the very things for Virginia; why, the Virginia gentleman, you know, is a proverbial saying."

"True; but I never heard of a Virginia fop, Mary."

"Nor I, answered Mary, drily; "and I'm sure Lennox is not going to be the first, for he is no fop. He has no affectations, no pretensions, only he is just a little different to us, and perhaps has just been a little wee bit petted too much."

"Spoiled, you mean; eh, Mary?"

"Well, there isn't much difference."

"Yes there is, Mary, just the difference there is between you and your cousin. The affection, the care, the petting of others, has developed all that is noble, generous and unselfish in you; whilst with your cousin—"

"You can't say Lennox is selfish; why, he is ever thinking of others; and then he is the most generous, liberal creature in existence—and how kind! Then, through all these years of separation—let me see, five years in London, Paris, Spain and Italy, is it not—he has not forgotten any of us, and brought back the same affectionate heart as a man, he took away as a boy. Why, he had not forgotten one of the names of his personal attendants; and didn't he bring a fine coral necklace all the way from Naples, for his old nurse?"

"Well, to be sure, his heart is in the right place—but then, to tell you the truth, Mary, I don't quite understand him: but you do, and so—"

"Mary! Lemoine says there is a carriage ready, and that the way is pretty clear. Will you take my father's arm, and I will go behind you and protect you from the crowd."

Mary and Mr. Murray immediately rose, and somewhat accustomed to the darkness, they proceeded along the boat and stepped on shore.

At length their carriage was found, and the whole party were safely ensconced in it; and the

door being ceremoniously closed by Lennox's French valet Lemoine, they disentangled themselves from the conglomeration of vehicles, passengers and drivers, and drove off to the Ocean House, where Mr. Murray said he had written to engage rooms.

On they jolted, through the little, dark, ill-paved streets, and soon they reached the wooden pagoda glories of the Ocean House.

Here, too, all was still—till after repeated shakings of the glass entrance-doors, which were unshuttered, there appeared at the extreme end of the long hall a little glimmering light.

At its first dawning on the horizon, the assiduous Lemoine had hastened to open the carriage door and liberate the travelers from their shaky vehicle, whence they were ushered into the general parlor.

Mary, wearied and bewildered, stood silently by the table. Suddenly she started! She heard a strange noise, and something move at her feet. She started back, and with the help of the taper beheld a figure enveloped in a green and white table-cover, snoring comfortably on the carpet. She moved hastily away; but whichever way she turned, figures in attitudes of profound slumber met her view. So she resumed her position close to Mr. Murray, and waited.

As for Lennox, he walked up and down the long room, but after the third or fourth turn, he threw himself down full length on a sofa.

But instantly he started up—for the sofa moved beneath him.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" exclaimed an angry voice, as a figure half rose from the sofa, and snatching off a bright red silk handkerchief in which his head was enveloped, disclosed the features of a fine, portly, middle-aged gentleman in a considerable state of excitement. "What the devil do you mean by floundering down in this sort of manner, when a fellow's in a quiet sleep?"

Lennox made no immediate reply, for he literally was lost in amazement; but at the loud expostulation of the awakened sleeper, the whole room, as it were, started into life.

From floor, chair, table and sofa, up darted black, brown and auburn heads; and sleepy eyes, both black and blue, were rubbed in startled curiosity.

Mr. Murray hastily walked across the room to his son, and Lemoine, seizing his dressing case, rushed after him, exclaiming,

"Oh, mon Dieu! what a nation! dey eat, dey talk, dey do de court to de ladies, all in public—and, mon Dieu! dey so afraid to be alone,

dey sleep, too, in public; what a nation of originals!"

But most opportunely at this juncture the clerk entered, *almost* hurrying, as he heard the unusual noise which disturbed the peaceful asylum of those who made it, in default of a better, their "parlor and bed-room and all," glad at any price to have their names down on the list of the "guests" stopping at the Ocean House.

Mr. Murray, Mr. Lennox Murray, Miss Mary Dormer, together with Monsieur Henri Lemoine, (much shocked at the disrespectful propinquity,) were all down in this list the next morning.

Mary, as she saw the annoyance of her cousin, as she called him, began to feel something like remorse—for this excursion had been entirely of her planning, and intended, in the deep policy of simple Mary's heart, utterly unused to such crooked paths, to reconcile her cousin to the society, ways and manners of his native country, with which the short sojourn in New York had, he declared, thoroughly disgusted him.

The favorite of his aunt, a rich widow who had married at an early age a French nobleman, then Secretary of Legation at Washington, Lennox had spent the last five years of his life, from sixteen to two-and-twenty, in the principal capitals of Europe. Idolized by his aunt, indulged in all the whims and caprices which youth and fortune can suggest, it was with no small degree of consternation that Mary and Mr. Murray, who had come from Virginia to meet him on his return, beheld the disdain and superciliousness of his manner, and his utter discontent of all he heard and saw.

Lennox was Mr. Murray's only son, and destined to inherit his large estates, but, like his father, to reside on them and superintend their cultivation.

Mr. Murray, though secretly flattered at his son's distinguished appearance, could not but wonder how all these refinements and accomplishments would do, in the rough realities of a Virginia farm. He could not even resist a little quiet laugh, when he noticed poor little finical M. Lemoine and his dressing-case, in the midst of the merry, quaint black household—till at length he looked both on his handsome son and his attendant as he would have done on something fragile and precious, which had to be packed and conveyed from New York to Virginia in the most careful manner possible. Having come to this conclusion, Mr. Murray turned the whole execution of the ways and means over to Mary, for it was his custom when anything puzzled him, or went wrong, to refer it to her, who,

as he said, was sure to make it out and set it all right.

Mary, in her wisdom, after pondering well, and studying, as she imagined, thoroughly the character of her cousin, had thought that to take this fastidious youth into the very heart of fashion, was the best thing to win him from his European prejudices, by showing him at one view, all the taste and beauty of his own country.

But then she had, in coming to Newport, another little plan of her own, which she revealed to no one, but which she certainly, in her secret heart, thought a brilliant inspiration of feminine Machiavelism. She intended that, amidst the congregation of belles assembled at Newport, Lennox should find a wife; for little Mary, like a true woman, imagined love and matrimony to be the end and scope of all things.

So, settling the folds of her dress, and giving a satisfied glance at her general appearance, Mary issued forth in search of Mr. Murray. It must not be imagined that, though Mary didn't think herself beautiful enough and charming enough for the resplendent Lennox, she had abandoned the idea of pleasing all mankind in general—not at all. She was neither romantic nor sentimental, and she had been taught to know that in the fulfillment of woman's duties and destinies was she to seek her happiness. Mary, who was an orphan and a rich heiress, actually looked forward to the future when she should see herself a wife, dispensing happiness around her, in her old home, the home of her father, closed and abandoned to solitude since his death.

She also intended to take her full of all the enjoyments of Newport, making her own pleasures subservient to Lennox and his interests, of course, and to Mr. Murray's comforts and habits too. He was her first consideration; he couldn't do without her; she had been his constant companion—had been like a daughter to him, since she left school; but then, there would be plenty of time for all.

Mary always had somebody's pleasures and interests to think of before her own, and yet a merrier, brighter, happier girl had never entered the long breakfast-room of the great Newport hotel, than Mary Dormer, on this summer morning.

It was late—the breakfast-room was almost deserted when our party entered it. The only loiterers were a few young men, who occupied one end of a long table, near which the assiduous head-waiter had reserved places for Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray, it has been observed, had been

at Newport before, and knew its ways; therefore, the first ten dollars he drew from his pocket in that most disinterested of villages, was spent in the purchase of an article not "set down in the bill"—civility from the waiters.

Mary, seated between Mr. Murray and Lennox, began to laugh at their last night's adventures, with her cousin, whom she found in no pleasant humor, to be sure; but she had a way of never seeing other people's ill-temper, and had herself such a superabundance of good temper, that it was quite catching.

"Well, Lennox, did you dream of your attempt at annihilation, last night? Did the bald head and the red pocket handkerchief haunt your dreams?"

"Dreams, my dear Mary; how do you think I should have any dreams? Why, I had no bed. I couldn't dream, when I didn't sleep."

"Oh, Lennox! I declare I heard you snoring," said Mary, laughing.

"Mary," exclaimed Lennox, "I really wish you wouldn't joke in this absurd way. Lemoine can tell you that I never snore."

Mary wisely refrained from positive affirmation, but looked around her with her eager, bright glance.

Next to them were three young men in the very acme of thin coats and embroidered muslin cravats, the ends stiffened into windmill arms. Their sleeves and their pantaloons were so wide, that the tailor had evidently reckoned on the fattening effect of the Newport air for filling them out. They were sitting with their elbows on the table, talking in loud voices, all together, and they all turned pointedly round and stared at Mary, as she came up the room.

But she was evidently unknown to all; so, having eyed her from head to foot, they resumed their easy attitudes and their loud conversation—looking occasionally most intently at two small plates, which, surrounded by all the preparations for breakfast, were reposing on the opposite side. These two unoccupied places appeared to have a mysterious interest for all: even the head-waiter came occasionally and gave an extra twitch to the immaculate piece of table-cloth on which they reposed, and the other waiters, as they rushed by, paused to put the two arm-chairs in mathematical precision before it. Then, each time the door opened, all heads eagerly turned toward it, but many times with a look of disappointment turned again away.

At length Mary, who was curiously observing all this—for Mr. Murray was absorbed in his newspaper, and Lennox in his own discontents,

beheld the head-waiter walk quickly toward the door, whilst two of his grinning, shining subordinates seized the two chairs, and stood ready, like soldiers at their guns, to fire the occupants under the table. The three gentlemen rose, one pulling up his collar, the other pulling down his wristbands, and the third passing his fingers through his hair; then, with a simpering smile, they came a few steps forward.

Mary followed the direction of their eyes, and saw, advancing up the room, marshaled by the head-waiter bursting with importance, two ladies. Soon they were opposite to her. The three gentlemen came round, as they saw the side of the table they had taken, and were ready to receive them as they took their places.

One was a fine, tall woman, who, having this advantage toward a good figure, had continued to make up the other requisites by most judicious dressing. Pearl powder and liquid rouge had been employed with equal judgment, to concoct an appropriate complexion, and the most elegant of morning-caps completed the very perfection of what our friend Lennox, in his Parisian phrase, would have called *une femme bien conservée*, but which a painter would more aptly have denominated *une femme bien restaurée*.

Sadly, however, the pains taken by this lady for the public, were thrown away; for the portion of it before whom she now appeared, took not the slightest notice of her, beyond a polite bow.

It was her companion who was the object for whom all had pined and waited—her daughter, the beautiful, the fashionable, the charming Ella Chase, who now, with languid, training step, slowly followed her mother.

How beautiful she was! She broke upon Mary's sight like some bright vision. Not one of those visions of the old foggy poets, with

"Robe loosely flowing, hair as free,"

but a vision of modern times, most refined, most elegant, well coiffed and admirably dressed.

Where was there hair so simply and so artistically dressed? Where such a small waist? Where such a tiny foot? Where such delicate, pretty features—such pearly, baby teeth, and such a pure complexion? Where such an exquisite morning-dress, all soft muslin and lace, with just here and there a bow of tender blue satin ribbon? Where? Certainly, nowhere else were these things to be found, but in the last Parisian fashion-plate; and indeed, Ella Chase looked the very personification of the goddess of fashion, in one of her languid moods, as she sank helplessly into her chair, and leaning back, whilst officious

hands gently pushed her up to the table. With an upturned, languishing glance, and a half smile, she inclined her head gently in return to the salutations of the bowing beaux.

"Ah, Stacey," said she, holding out one finger to one of the gentlemen who advanced at that name; "I'm glad to see you alive—I assure you that last polka was too much for any human being. I'm half dead this morning."

Chorus. "Oh, Miss Chase, don't say that!"

"And you, Moreton, you naughty man! Oh! I'm quite shocked at you!" and the beauty held her embroidered handkerchief playfully within a few inches of her eyes, just to allow of her looking archly over it. "I don't know what I heard about you, but it was very shocking—and I wonder you ain't taken up and put into a horrid prison, for you know nobody is allowed to get tipsy any more! Ah! ah!"

Chorus of intense admiration. "Ah! ah! ah!"

"Well, now what do you want, you tiresome John? Oh! breakfast! Now, John, you don't think I'm going to order my own breakfast? Funny idea of John's, ain't it?"

Chorus, (including the highly flattered John.) "Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

"Here, ma," continued the fair goddess, tossing the bill of fare to her mother, "here—you know that's one of your duties. Order breakfast, please, and don't let them plague me."

Languid as were the beauty's tones, they reached the opposite side of the table. Even Lennox heard all that was said, though he had not condescended to notice any of the people or the proceedings in the room since he had entered it. Mary was excessively amused, and her country inexperience made her look with perhaps exaggerated admiration upon the lovely creature before her.

"Do look, Lennox, at the prettiest girl you ever saw in your life! She looks just like some of those beautiful Parisian ladies you have described."

"I certainly shall not flatter her by any such attention; she's making herself ridiculous enough already. I don't care how pretty she is—she is very *mauvais ton*, and that destroys all beauty for me."

"Do look at her pretty hands! I'm sure she is refined enough, even for you."

"Mary, I wish you wouldn't stare at them so much; I assure you, those puppies looked at you as we came in, in a way which I longed to resent, only I supposed they were American manners, and so—but what detestable cutlets! Oh, for my *Café de Paris!*"

"Now, then," said the silvery voice opposite, "I suppose I really must go through the exertion of eating. I really am tremendously hungry! Here, Stacey, there's a good creature—cut up this chicken; and Moreton, take a fan and fan me during the operation; and Douglas, go round and shut down that window opposite me, just three inches. Ma, give me your bread—mine ain't baked enough."

And so, babbling on, her servitors doing her bidding, the belle of Newport proceeded with her breakfast.

Suddenly, as she looked up from her plate, her eyes encountered those of Mary, and she paused and gazed from one to the other of our party, examining them with a broad stare from head to foot; then looking up at Stacey, who was fanning her, she exclaimed, in a voice she took no pains to subdue—

"New people, eh? don't know them. Anybody know them, eh? Who are they?"

Now Stacey had asked himself precisely the same questions, on the entrance of Mr. Murray and his party; but there was a something about them all which made him feel that they were not, though unknown to the fashionable world, people upon whom to vent fashionable impertinence. He therefore began his reply to the inquiry in a whisper, and blushed slightly, as he spoke—but before he had said these words, the whole party opposite had risen, and Lennox, looking toward Mr. Stacey, said, in a calm, unmoved tone, and with an air of perfect self-possession—

"We *are* new people, sir: and as you may not have moved in the same sphere as ourselves, you may probably not know our names. This, sir, is my cousin, Miss Mary Dormer, of Linwood—this gentleman is Mr. Murray, of Murraytown, Virginia, of whom perhaps you may have heard in the Senate. As for myself, sir, my name is Lennox Murray—and I have just returned from Europe to escort—I mean, to protect, my cousin from the impertinences of a watering place. In case you should forget it, I beg to refer you to this card, where you will find my name at full length."

With these words, Lennox quietly took a card from his pocket-book, and laid it most politely on the table before the astounded Stacey; then, bowing to Mary and his father, he motioned them to proceed, and followed them from the room.

"Oh, Lennox," said Mary, "I wasn't the least offended; you know fashionable people think themselves privileged. So you are not ashamed of me, after all?"

"Ashamed of you, Mary dear! Are you not like a sister to me? I am proud of you, and I don't choose anybody should treat you with disrespect. As for that girl—"

"Lennox, don't commit sacrilege, my boy; why that girl is 'the belle of Newport,' and the daughter of one of our most distinguished men. I knew him many years ago—he is dead now, and his widow seems to have forgotten me. You were quite right, my boy—our Mary isn't to be laughed at by any one."

"It's a pity the girl is so very *mal élevée*—she is exquisitely beautiful," replied Lennox, as he sauntered away.

"I say, Mary," said Mr. Murray, watching him till he was out of sight; "what a spirit he has! You're right, after all; he isn't a fop. I see the difference. Those young fellows are fops—my boy isn't like them. And with what an air he did it all! Mary, he's a handsome fellow, isn't he?"

"Take care you don't spoil him, as his aunt did," replied Mary, laughing; then, as she sought her own room, she said to herself, "So, after all, Lennox did look at her. I'm so glad—for I know she is a darling little creature—all those airs were put on, I could see that—and she's the belle of Newport, and belongs to one of our first families—just the wife for him!"

If ever Ella Chase, the belle of Newport, and the reigning belle of New York, lost her self-possession, it certainly was for about three minutes after Lennox Murray had made his most unexpected speech, and his dignified exit. Mr. Stacey sat looking vacantly at the card before him, and mechanically continuing to move his fan. Ella played with her rings; Moreton hashed up the chicken, until one would have thought it was destined to be eaten by the chicken itself, into such small particles did he cut it; and Douglas was very long fumbling at the window.

The only unconcerned individual of the party was Mrs. Chase, over whose haughty features a smile of satisfaction appeared to play, as she continued placidly to discuss her breakfast.

But a belle's self-possession never deserts her long; and, with a little giggle, Ella exclaimed, "How funny! quite dramatic, wasn't it, Stacey? I thought the man was an actor."

"Very bad taste," said Moreton; "I'm sure you didn't do anything but look at him; and I think a fellow ought to be flattered by that, rather than offended."

"Lennox Murray is likely to know something

about good breeding," said Douglas, now joining in the conversation. "He has been to all the courts of Europe; he belongs to one of the first families of Virginia, and was quite the rage in Paris—countesses and duchesses dying for him."

"He has, besides, ten thousand dollars a year from his aunt, and his father is rich and a man of great influence," said Mrs. Chase, "I know him quite well, though he is altered since I saw him last, and I did not remember him."

Ella looked up thoughtfully at her mother; then, with a pretty toss of her head, and a smile to Moreton, and a nod to Douglas, she rose gracefully from her seat, and taking Stacey's offered arm, slowly left the room.

"Ella," whispered Stacey, as they walked along, "I'm sure that fellow was suddenly struck with you."

"And suppose he was, Mr. Stacey? do you think because I have the honor to be admired by Mr. Stacey, that I am to renounce all other homage?"

"Well, after your promises—"

"Promises!" exclaimed Ella, opening her blue eyes to their utmost extent; "we are not come to that yet, I imagine; and indeed I don't know that we ever shall—particularly if you take to tyrannizing already. I declare I won't submit to it—you know we are not engaged."

"Ella, dear Ella," pleaded the astonished Stacey, "What have I said?"

"Got jealous, and most unjustly, and made me miserable," said Ella, putting her handkerchief to her eyes; "and I won't go out with you, as I promised, so you needn't wait for me, I won't speak to you again to-day."

With these words Ella broke from Stacey, hurried along the corridor, and dashing into her own room, closed the door after her.

"So," said she, as soon as she was alone, going up to the glass and smoothing the hair and ribbons her quick flight had disarranged—"so, I've got rid of him, at any rate. Ten thousand a year—a good name—and the beau of Paris, and certainly handsome and elegant—that can't be passed by. Now the girl he distinguishes here, will be a belle at once, and I'm not going to be cut out. I've been a belle undisputed for three seasons, and I mean to be so to the last; for I suppose I must marry this year, or they'll say I'm getting old. Well, I can have Stacey, and he understands life and style, and between us we shall be pretty rich. However, ten thousand a year! But how to get over that blunder? Oh, ma knows them. Let me

think—let me find something striking—something new.”

The beautiful Ella reclined on her sofa for a few minutes, lost in thought; then, a bright flush passing over her features, she rose and rang her bell.

“What is the number of Miss Dormer’s room?” said she, to the waiter who answered it.

“Twenty-two, ma’am.”

“Take me to it,” said she, and rising, she followed him.

When they reached the door, she dismissed the waiter, and going up to it, knocked gently.

“Come in,” replied a voice from within, and Ella Chase entered the parlor appropriated for the use of Mr. Murray and his party, and where at that moment all three were assembled.

Mary, as she saw her enter, looked up in amazement, while Lennox immediately rose from his seat and stood leaning on the back of his chair.

With what timid, blushing confusion did the sweet, sylph-like creature, with a gentle tripping step, run up to Mary, and taking both her hands, exclaim,

“Oh, Miss Dormer, you must excuse me for coming in this unusual way, but I’m so ashamed of myself, and so unhappy, that I couldn’t rest any longer, indeed I couldn’t. Wont you forgive me? You look so sweet, I’m sure you will. Oh, I know you’re the best tempered girl in the world. How naughty I was! Oh, Mr. Murray, you will ask Miss Dormer to be friends, wont you? You know ma—she says you knew poor dear papa—and I’ve been such a spoiled child! And oh, Mr. Lennox,” added Ella, turning with a most irresistible, appealing look to Lennox; “you know you introduced yourself, so I know your name; oh, Mr. Lennox, I hope you wont be too much shocked. You know American girls are allowed great privileges—and then we haven’t the advantages of European manners.”

With this insinuating, coaxing, flattering speech, did Ella Chase contrive, by a masterly stroke, to form an alliance with a party, she foresaw might have been a party of rivals. In a few minutes she was seated by Mary and opposite Lennox, chatting in the most familiar, charming way, and, from that day, Mary Dormer and Ella Chase were inseparable friends.

As for Lennox, from the hour of her sweet, guileless apology, he had not attempted to conceal his admiration of her, and soon became her avowed adorer. How Ella Chase’s triumphs were increased by this homage, it is impossible to state; for Lennox Murray was the cynosure of

all eyes. The men copied his dress—bribed Lemoine for a pattern of his coats—tried to imitate his manners—and interlarded their conversation with French, which they flattered themselves was as pure Parisian as Lennox’s. The ladies were all more or less in love with him: a word from Lennox Murray gave distinction; and a polka or a waltz with him, was sure afterward to bring the happy girl the best partners for the evening.

How fortunate was it for Ella that she had enlisted this new glory in her train! How she was envied, how she was hated by the women; how she was flattered, how she was courted by the men! How Mary admired her, and transformed all her follies into virtues, merely from the fact of her being the chosen object of her cousin’s admiration, which at once conferred a patent of perfection. Mr. Murray, too, tried to love the object of his son’s choice, for that gave her a charm in his eyes; but as yet all he could do was to admire her beauty, and rely on what Mary said for her other qualifications.

How the principal parties were affected in this alliance, which set all Newport speculating, and which revived the flagging interest of the last month of its expiring season, can be seen from the following conversation:

Ella and Lennox are seated under the large piazza, and the music is playing, and the crowd is parading up and down before them, every one as they pass casting a sly glance at the belle and beau of Newport.

“For Heaven’s sake, don’t laugh so loud,” exclaimed Lennox, “my dearest Ella, you forget you are in public; a woman shouldn’t attract public attention in that way.”

“Oh, Lennox dear, do let me enjoy myself a little—am I not with you? I declare, I forgot I was in public, as you call it.”

“Well, Ella, I trust you will never be in public, as you call it, again; for when once you are mine, you shall never mingle in the vulgarities of Newport or any of these public crowds. We will live on our fine Virginian estates. In the winter we will go to New York—we will enjoy all the artistic novelties of the season, and a few select friends. Mary shall go with us, of course; but we will not live in a crowd like this—that is insufferable. I’m sure you don’t like it, my beautiful, my charming fairy.”

“Of course I like anything you like, Lennox dear! but as long as I am amongst the crowd, as you call it, you know I must do as everybody does—and so, you mustn’t be angry, but I really do mean to go to-morrow to the fancy ball, and

to go in character, too, and not to tell you what character I assume."

"Ella," replied Lennox, "I'm sure you are not in earnest—for to imagine that the woman I love, was actually going to make a mountebank of herself, would be more than I could bear. Mary has promised me to give up the idea, and will go quietly with my father and myself, and I trust that you—"

"Oh, Mr. Stacey!" exclaimed Ella, to that gentleman, as he passed; "wont you ask the band to play 'Sounds from Home.' No, Mr. Stacey, on second thoughts, don't go, but come here; I want to talk to you a little—just sit down here. Don't listen, Mr. Lennox, for it's a little secret between Stacey and me."

"Ella," whispered Lennox, "are you going out of your senses? You know that Stacey and myself are not on speaking terms."

"I don't want you to speak to him—I'm going to speak to him," replied Ella, with a laugh. "Come, Mr. Stacey, come!" and drawing her dress round her, she made room for the delighted but surprised Stacey, who, nothing daunted by Lennox's haughty looks, seated himself in the chair by Ella, and began a whispered conversation with her, interrupted by an occasional laugh which set Lennox into a perfect fury.

At length, he could stand it no longer; and perceiving Mary, he rose, and with a slight bow to Ella, joined her.

Mary had the art of soothing all Lennox's sorrows—to which she first implicitly listened, and then, one by one, provided a remedy and a consolation, so that by the time they had taken two or three turns in the piazza, Lennox was convinced that Ella was quite as charming as he had thought her in the morning; and it was with a feeling of remorse that he ever should have had a harsh thought of her, that he rushed back to where he had left her.

But there he found her not. Mr. Stacey alone was there. To him Lennox of course could not speak; but Stacey, coming up to him, addressed him, in a cold supercilious tone.

"If you are looking for Miss Chase," said he, "she will not return this evening; she has retired to her room."

"Did she desire you to deliver this message to me?"

"She did sir."

"She might have chosen a more agreeable messenger."

"Perhaps she might, as far as regards Mr. Lennox; but she took the one which pleased herself," replied Stacey in an insolent tone.

"Sir," said Lennox, lowering his voice, and assuming a tone of the most formal politeness; "this is scarcely a place in which to discuss such a matter. It is not my custom to have so many witnesses to conversations of this nature; and though I may have objected to any message from Miss Chase, sir, delivered through you—believe me, Mr. Stacey, any message from yourself, shall meet with my most prompt attention."

With these words, Lennox, raising his hat and courteously bowing, retired with a slow and dignified step and mingled with the crowd.

"Hang the fellow!" said Stacey; "but he deserves a lesson! With what an air he speaks to one! Does he think I'm going to fight, *à la Parisienne*? No, no, my fine fellow—we wont fight about the lady, we will just let her be the umpire; but we will dispense with the duel."

Thus soliloquized Mr. Stacey, as with a triumphant air, he too joined in the crowded and noisy procession, parading up and down the piazza before the distracted orchestra.

Meantime from the window opening into the piazza, where, shaded and hidden by the curtains, she had sat a witness of the whole scene, stole Mrs. Chase through the deserted corridors to her daughter's room.

Here the shutters were closed, and Ella, enveloped in her white dressing-gown, was lying half buried in pillows, on the sofa.

Mrs. Chase opened the door, and after looking for an instant at her daughter, she walked across the room and opened one of the blinds, so as to let in the light; then drawing a chair close to where her daughter reclined, she addressed her in a sharp, authoritative tone:

"Ella," said she, "will you condescend to explain your conduct to me?"

"Really, ma, I don't see why I should," replied Ella, with a forced laugh.

"Because, Ella, though I am perfectly unconscious, either of your motives or your actions, the world will make me responsible for the result of both. Are you aware that Lennox and Stacey have quarreled?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ella, half rising, and looking up eagerly at her mother; "you don't say so?—that's too good!"

"Good, Ella! I thought you were engaged to Lennox."

"Did you?" said Ella, in the most innocently unconscious tone.

"And are you not?"

"Excuse me," said Ella, with mock deference; "that is a question I must decline to answer."

"What, to your own mother! Well, daugh-

ters are strangely altered from my young days!"

"You see, mother, fashions change. It's a good many years since your young days."

"It is, Ella; for you, I believe, are five-and-twenty."

"I believe I am, mother—you see quite old enough to be my own mistress, and entirely beyond your control."

"Ella Chase," said Mrs. Chase, "Lennox Murray is not a man to be trifled with, nor a match to be thrown aside. Your vanity, I should imagine, inordinate as it is, must have been gratified by this conquest, the envy of all Newport. The very New York papers have recorded your triumph. Lennox himself is, I should imagine, a man to have touched a girl's heart, if she had a heart. I warn you—Stacey and Lennox have quarreled—you will be the talk of the whole place."

"Oh, ma, I have such a headache!"

"Which means to say that you will neither listen nor reply to me?"

Ella bowed affirmatively, and thrust herself deeper into the pillows. Then Mrs. Chase rose, and looking for an instant on her, as she lay, she muttered,

"Foolish! heartless! absurd!" and swept from the room.

"So I really have contrived to become the talk of the whole of the fashionable world! Oh, it's a grand thing to be the principal thought in the minds of so many—to be talked about—to be written about—to be quarreled about!" added Ella, with a laugh. "My Don Magnifico, did you really imagine that the belle, the leader of fashion, Ella Chase, was going to sink into the obscure and subservient wife, overshadowed by her splendid husband? *Pas du tout*, Mr. Lennox! To have made your conquest, brought you to my feet, made your absurd European airs bend before American caprice, is a great triumph; there is but one greater—that is, my hero, to jilt you—having won the prize, to disdain it—to reject ten thousand a year and your charming self. Oh, that is a splendid termination to my career—quite a bouquet! Though, after all, I am only going to begin another career of fashion—the married belle has quite as much power as the unmarried one—if she has a sensible husband, one who understands life—not Lennox—ye gods! Our fine Virginia estates! and a little quiet music as a treat! I should have been a mummy in a year!"

Ella's headache continued all the next day—she was invisible even to her mother—even to

Mary, who came several times to her room. But this event, which might have preoccupied the world of Newport at some other time, was scarcely observed on this particular day; for the grand concluding fancy ball was to be given in the evening, and every body was thinking too much of velvets, satins, and feathers, of final effects of dress and flirtations—all to come off on that evening, to be very much preoccupied, even with the health and affairs of the reigning belle.

Lennox kept entirely in his own apartments. He had, of course, not mentioned his encounter with Stacey to any one, and was in hourly expectation of a message from him. He sat by Mary the whole day; and Mary, seeing her cousin, as she always called him to herself, unhappy and restless, gave up the whole of her time and thoughts to his amusement—occasionally creeping to Ella's room, for with a woman's instinct she guessed that some lovers' quarrel was the cause of Lennox's disquiet.

Very restless, and difficult to please, indeed, was Mr. Lennox; but Mary's gentleness, cheerfulness, and tact, almost brought him into a contented state of mind.

As evening drew near, Mary began to hint distantly at the ball. Her own pretty dress was lying on the bed, in her own room, and she longed to put it on and show her cousin how very becoming and simple it was—though, in compliance with his wish, it varied in no way from the fashion of the day.

But Lennox took no hints, and appeared to have forgotten all about the ball, till Mr. Murray, knowing how much his little Mary cared for it, asked her if she was not going to dress.

"Yes—no—not yet," replied Mary, blushing and looking at Lennox.

"I am not going, Mary," said Lennox, "but my father will take you, and—"

"I don't care about it, at all, Lennox—indeed I don't!"

"Mary, Mary!" said Mr. Murray.

"Well, I don't care enough about it, to leave Lennox here alone and unhappy—I mean, uncomfortable," added she, blushing; for she did not like Lennox to imagine that she divined the cause of his unhappiness.

"Mary," said Lennox, "stay here, then, with me. I know your heart so well, that I am sure you would be unhappy, knowing—"

A knock here interrupted Lennox's praise of Mary, to which she was listening with such gratification; a waiter entered and delivered two notes—one to Miss Dormer, the other to Mr. Lennox Murray.

Mary's note was from Ella, and contained these words—

"DEAR MARY—Your cousin (I believe Mr. Lennox Murray is your cousin) was very anxious to know the character I should assume this evening; will you tell him that, though I shall not go to the ball, I shall appear, nevertheless, this evening, in the character of—a bride?"

"ELLA."

The note addressed to Lennox, was a mere envelope, and contained but one card, highly glazed, and with an elaborate silver border; on it was engraved—

"MR. AND MRS. HERBERT STACEY."

Some months after these events, Mary and Mr. Murray sat together under the porch of their own beautiful Virginian home. It was evening, and the stillness was broken only by the songs from the distant habitations of the merry slaves, and the lowing of the cattle, returning to the farm-yard. Mary and Mr. Murray looked at the distant sunset, making the glowing tints of the gorgeous autumn foliage still deeper and more glorious. They were seated side by side, and for some time spoke not. There was a pensive look on Mary's face, which it had not worn when first we saw it; but it vanished, and was replaced by a bright smile, the moment Mr. Murray addressed her.

"There is no place in the world like this, Mary; not even boasted Italy can show tints like the massive woods, which seem to have taken their color from the very sun itself as it sets. Those blue hills, and these plains, so rich and fertile, though we are so near winter—is it not beautiful, Mary?"

"Lovely," said Mary; "and look, dear Mr. Murray, to add to the picturesque effect of the scene, there is actually a traveler coming down our unfrequented road, which leads to nowhere but here, you know—and he seems coming toward the house."

"And," exclaimed Mr. Murray, rushing forward, "I am sure I recognize the form, though on foot, and alone. It can scarcely be—"

"Yes, it is!" exclaimed Mary, "it is Lennox; it is my cousin Lennox!"

"It is your cousin Lennox!" cried the traveler, who now reached the porch, and eagerly grasped the hands extended to welcome him. "Lennox, so happy to see you both, and to return to his home."

"But we thought you had sailed for Europe," said Mr. Murray.

"So I almost did," replied Lennox, laughing; "but at the last moment I decided to stay, and only sent Lemoine, with my blessing and his dressing-case—for I found that it was not Europe, but Virginia, that contained what I wanted, and so I came as fast as I could—on foot, Mary, from the station—thank Heaven, we have no railroad nearer than six miles! though it is a long way to walk."

"It is indeed, cousin"

"Cousin!" said Lennox; "now, Mary, dear, do you know what I wanted to come here in such a hurry, for? It is, that I have made a discovery, and that I know why I didn't like to call you cousin."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, darling Mary," continued Lennox, and putting his arm round her, he led her aside; "yes, darling Mary, I have discovered in this absence and solitary travel, that the reason I could not bear to call you cousin was, that the only happiness life can offer me, will be to call you—wife!"

Mary did not reply, though the ardent gaze she felt, but saw not, thrilled her. She leaned a little heavier on Lennox's arm, and walked by his side to the end of the green embowered piazza; still she spoke not, nor paused, but turned and resumed her walk, coming to where Mr. Murray stood, most discreetly gazing at the setting sun. When she came up to him, she paused; then putting her hand on his arm, tears in her eyes, and a deep blush on her cheek, she said—

"Father!"

Mr. Murray looked for one instant at his son; then, with a face beaming with joy, he stooped down, and kissing Mary's forehead, said, in a solemn tone—

"God bless you, my child"

Mary, then turning toward Lennox, put her arms round his neck, and hiding her face on his shoulder, murmured—"Husband!"

And the happy Lennox clasped her tightly to his heart.

"Take her, my boy," said Mr. Murray. "The pure, guileless, devoted and simple-minded American wife—not the belle of a season, such as paltry, mistaken imitations of foreign follies and vices, fashion makes the girls of our city aristocracy—but the wife fitted for old age, as well as youth—the mother of whom your children will be proud—the mistress, making home a paradise, her household a scene of peace and happiness—her pride, not to be the talk and admiration of the world, but her glory to be the honored and virtuous wife of a Virginia gentleman."

PROPOSED CANAL AT SUEZ.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

LOOKING at the Isthmus of Suez, on the map, people, in general, have an idea that the great canal at that place, so much talked about, is, or would be, or was a way going right across, from one sea to the other, in a direct, or at least, a well-defined line. We are apt to suppose such must have been the case with the channel which they say existed there formerly. But it is not so. The track of that old canal is very uncertain; its existence, indeed, is also considered to be uncertain; and all this uncertainty would seem to have arisen, not so much for the want of any traces of a canal, but for the number of the canal traces. Nature, in fact, made that part of the world a place of canals or channels, long before the shepherd kings drove their flocks upon its marshes, or Sesostris dug a trench or baked a brick in it.

That Isthmus is a sort of hollow lotus-land, lying where the Nile makes its delta, or its many deltas, and carries its waters, turbid with the earth of Ethiopia, to the Mediterranean. So that, having been in a great measure permeated and overflowed by the river, from the day it first emerged from its lacustrine state, its natural canals must have been used by the earliest inhabitants of such a rich amphibious country; and history, or tradition has accordingly narrated that, over four thousand years ago, the kings of Egypt had begun to dig trenches in its alluvion. The oldest writers speak of a canal between the two seas, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Herodotus says it was made by Necho, son of Psammetichus, and that it was broad enough for three triremes abreast, and a four days' voyage from the sea. Strabo, again, tells us that Sesostris built it, or one of the same character, before the time of the Trojan war; but that he abandoned it in the end, finding that the Red Sea was higher than the Mediterranean. Aristotle says that Pharaoh first, and Darius, the Persian, after him, attempted to complete the canal, but that they gave up the undertaking, fearing the waters of the Red Sea would rush in and drown the land. Pliny's account of it is, that Sesostris, and also Darius, would have constructed and preserved it; but for the same consideration. Herodotus says, however, that about 400 or 500 years before our era, Darius did actually complete and work the canal, for a certain period.

About 700 hundred years subsequently, in the

time of Trajan and Hadrian, when that hollow-land was Roman, there was a canal in existence from Cairo, eastward toward Wady Toumilat, a place considered to be the Goshen of the captive Hebrew family, or somewhere near it. In 639, A. D., the Caliph Omar, finding it neglected or useless, hollowed it again. About 125 years subsequently, the Caliph, Al Mansour, the great Know-Nothing of his day, ordered that it should be choked with sand, to prevent the rascally "furriners" from using it and making a thoroughfare of the country, as they were doing in great numbers.

After all that has been written on this subject, it is not at all certain that any canal was ever made from sea to sea. The canal of Necho, by which is probably meant that or those of which most of the old writers speak, is allowed to have extended only from Suez, on the Red Sea to Cairo on the Nile. It was carried from Suez, over or through a ridge of about five miles broad which lies near that place, and separates the sea from the interior of the country which sinks toward the north, and is full of marshes. It has been thought that, but for the ridge, the sea would overflow that low region. The canal of which we speak, ran northward to the neighborhood of Wady Toumilat, (the description is a loose one; but it may serve to convey the idea,) and there turned westward in the direction of the Nile, at Cairo. When the French invaded Egypt, in 1799, the first consul employed the engineers of the army in surveying the ground of this old water-way, which was chosen as the most practicable. M. Linant proposed to form a canal through the Salt Lakes of the hollow ground, up to Pelusium and the shallow bay of Tineh—a course which would be about seventy-five miles in length. But the fortune of war put an end to the speculations of the French and their great commander. The cannon put a stop to the canal.

Latterly, a society was formed, consisting of English, French, and German capitalists and men of science, for the purpose of working out this idea, and Stephenson, Negrelli, and Paul Thalabot, in 1847, spent some time examining the Isthmus and the levels of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. One of the results seems to be—it M. Thalabot, the Frenchman, who arrives at it—that there is no such difference in these levels the world has long supposed—that, in fact, t

Mediterranean waters rise nearly as high as those of the Red Sea, and that the old fear of inundation was a vain one. But this scheme hangs. Something is in the way; and the French and other continentals do not hesitate to say that this something is the reluctance of England to see this short-cut to the East Indies completed, so as to supercede the system of ship-carriage—round by the Cape of Good Hope—which is mainly in her hands.

The rulers of Egypt would also seem disinclined to see a canal made from Suez up to the Bay of Tineh—for that route would lie aside from Egypt—the current of travel and trade would not greatly benefit that country. Mehemet Ali, (he who raised it to an independent condition,) was desirous to carry the thoroughfare through the heart of his dominions; and so employed an army of poor Egyptians, for several years, in scooping out the Mahmoudle Canal, running between Alexandria and Cairo. By this route, the water-way, if completed to the Red Sea, would be about four hundred miles long. The difference between that and about seventy miles, would certainly give an advantage to that on which the French have been setting their minds. They have also, and some English projectors as well, talked of a railroad in the same direction—that is, across the swamps of that lowland region. But the greater part of the way is a wilderness, without water fit to drink, and otherwise discouraging. It is liable to sudden inundations of the Nile, which submerge the hollow plains to a great extent. The whole region is so low and sandy, that it must have been once covered by the waters of the Mediterranean.

We have already spoken of Wady Toumilat as occupying the site of the ancient Goshen, or lying very near it. The children of Israel, on their way eastward, would necessarily pass through that swampy and channeled region we have spoken of, so liable to be covered by sudden inundations. This has led a great many free minds to speculate; and some persons have concluded that the passage of the tribes and the sudden destruction of the Pharaoh and his Memphian chivalry, must have taken place in those lowlands where a fierce overflow of the Nile—(which seems to have had formerly a more powerful current in that direction,) would have pro-

duced the historic miracle recorded. Young Bonaparte and his staff were once very nearly drowned in one of those unexpected gatherings of the waters; and it was with difficulty they escaped the fate of the Egyptian leader and his men.

As regards that projected canal, it is probable the Frenchmen are right, and that John Bull has no mind to see it completed. If ships were once to pass that way, from the Mediterranean to the Indian shores and seas, the commerce of Europe would be revolutionized, and the sea supremacy of England would be greatly compromised. The people of the old classic shores of that sea would awake to the energetic trade and enterprise of their ancestors, seeing their way to the east would be so greatly shortened, and the commerce of nations would flow once more before their doors. France would greatly benefit from a change which would inflict a severe blow upon the shipping interest of England, by giving the rest of mankind a share in that lucrative business she has been so long enabled to monopolise.

It is not very probable that the Suez thoroughfare will be soon opened. It is said, the expense of making it might be between twenty and thirty millions of dollars—a pretty round sum. Then, if it were once a ship-way, the commerce of Russia would flow over it from the Black Sea, and thus increase the influence of that dreaded power. There is no doubt that the Czar has his eye on the Isthmus of Suez, as much as any of the other potentates, and makes his calculations accordingly. If he were once master of the Dardanelles, he would look on himself as chief gate-keeper of Suez, and his maritime enterprise to the South, combined with his military establishments in the North, would enable him to put a girdle round all Asia, as it were, and hold within that circle the astonished empire of John Bull in the East.

Speculation could easily plunge over head and ears into this subject of the Suez Canal. But it is useless. We must wait to see how the Crimea business is to end. There will be a good deal of fighting, overthrow and wild change in that part of the world, before the people of the pickaxe and shovel will be allowed to go to work in the ditches and salt licks of Suez. The cannon will put a stop to the canal, as before.

THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, 'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

Continued from page 212.

CHAPTER IV.

Ye Fattie Manne relateth how he gatte thar—Jacke Hardyman telleth ye tale of ye hondred niggers, and ye hondred wheele-barrowes—They starte to hunte ye Cariboo, and howe they thrive thereinne.

"How be you, Frank, how be you, boy?" bellowed the jovial old cock at the top of his lungs, as he came sweeping up in his canoe in all his dignity, with his three sable functionaries, for it turned out that they were all of that complexion, plying their paddles lustily. "Right glad I am to to see you. I began to think, I'd niver have got here, onder heaven, and I guess as I shouldn't neither, if I hadn't chanced, by best kind o' fortin, to come across Jack Hardyman and uncle Jothe, here, out aways yonder in Round Lake."

"And how the deuce you did get here, is a thought beyond my comprehension," said Forester, laughing heartily, as he shook the fine old fellow by the hand, and introduced him by the name, so well known and beloved by all true lovers of sportsmanship and sportsmen, honest Tom Draw of Warwick, to his fellows.

"Come up to the fire, Tom," continued Frank, "and we'll see if we can't hunt you up a drink, one way or other, though we are something of a temperate party here, between the necessities and the proprieties of the case, and let us have your adventures. Now then, bustle boys, bustle and look lively with the dinner, for with the work before us, we can't afford to be lazy. We must be afloat and under way, 'Ky tells us, by three o'clock in the morning."

"Why, what in thunder's afoot now?" cried old Tom, "onder way at three o'clock! afore sunrise—and you too, you darned little critter, as sets such a valley on a long morning snooze—what's afoot now? I ax you."

"Look here, Tom," said Frank, pointing to the trophies of the morning's chase, extended on their wooden frames; look at our to-day's work, before you ask about to-morrow's."

"Painters, by thunder!" shouted the veteran, "and most onrighteous big painters, too. I haint seen such a sight since Harry Archer and

I fixed that all-fired big one, down in Quaker creek Cedar Swamp, way back of McLaren's Folly, as they calls them thunderin' pit-holes as he digged on Snake Island ridges, sarchin' for copper. Where did you come across these spiteful cusses? Tell me, Frank. They'd need take a desp'rate sight o' killin', I guess."

"We did not come across them, Tom, at all," said Frank, who had by this time accommodated the old boy, with a moderate pull of rum and water, and a light for his pipe. "They came across us, for our good luck and their loss!"

"What do you mean by that? You don't tell me as them cussed ugly varmints come in stret here to the camp, jest for you to kill them like?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything else, old horse," said Forester, laughing heartily. "I shot my fellow from the very spot on which you stand, and 'Ky fetched the other from a rest on the boughs of that pine by the water side. You can see their blood on the gray stones yet, over the river. They hunted a big bull cariboo down wind into the falls, this morning soon after sunrise, before we had fairly roused out of our nests; he swam across and got clear, and we stopped the cougars."

"Thunder! and where's the cariboo gone, or what's kept you a-lazin' round the camp fires, here, with such a first best, nicest, finest, thunderingest *good* pair of deerhounds as them I see tied up yonder, and all right to up and arter them?"

Thereupon, not to fall into repetition, the whole story was recounted at length, with 'Ky Sly's comments on the habits of the beast, and all the whys and wherefores, to all of which old Draw did most solemnly and approvingly incline his ear, manifesting his satisfaction by some of his well-known epigrammatic outbursts, more forcible and sonorous than suitable for ears polite, interspersed with occasional hints and suggestions as to the various culinary operations, which were in process around them, and laudations of the smell of the strong venison soup which was simmering in the camp-kettle, as also objurga-

tions of the three negroes, who had paddled him up the lakes, and who were now busily engaged in toting, as he expressed it, his plunder ashore.

This plunder, by the way, differing therein widely from that of our party, consisted of but few simple articles, two of which, it was evident at a glance, were sorely diminished in weight since they had been put on board. A pair of blankets closely rolled up, with a pair of socks and a pair of slippers enclosed; his mighty double-barreled fourteen pounder of ten guage, a small stock of ammunition, a provision basket, whose vacuity was evident by the ease with which one of the sable functionaries was twirling it round his head with a single finger, and a five gallon gray stone jug, which he admitted to have embarked, on its lake voyage, containing its full compliment of first best cider sperrits, though "cuss it!" he added, "it's as dry now as an old powder horn, or's my tongue was this here morning, when I rousted out of them pine branches, as Jack Hardyman fixed for a bed for me, underneath of the canoe, meaning to take a pull at the pitcher, and found as them all-fired greedy, snoopin', stealin', stinkin' niggers had been and dranked it dry. Did so, Frank—now I tell you! clean dry, not so much as the littlest mite left, to give a feller a chance of making himself believe as he even smelled a drink."

"The same fate, it seems likely, will befall our *medicine*," replied Forester, among the intense and obstreperous cachinations of the negroes, who, instead of appearing abashed or offended at the charge, actually rollicked in their delight at having accomplished their roguery. "Therefore, I shall remove the keg, master Tom, for you must observe that we have it along with us really and truly as a *medicine*, and not as a beverage; in case of getting thoroughly ducked, or chilled, or overheated, so as to make it dangerous to drink cold water too freely, or of being forced to encamp in a fever and aguish situation."

"Seems to me," answered Tom, looking rather crustily, as the keg of spirits was removed from his gloating gaze, "as this place *here*, where you be camped now, right stret under the drip and drizzle of them eternal falls, as wont let a chap hear himself a thinkin', is worst kind o' fever and aguish—and I'm kind o' overheated too with paddlin' this livelong day in the blazin' sun, and it's getting sort of chilly like now—don't you conqate it to be, Frank?"

"No, I do not conqate it to be, you old gormandizing guzzler," retorted Frank, "nor any-

thing of the kind. But I've not the least doubt you'd find the mouth of an oven an uncommonly fever and aguish spot, if your finding it so were your only chance of your getting at the grog bottle."

"Ef he didn't find it chilly," 'Ky Sly interposed his oar, for it was notorious that he leaned more willingly toward the bibulous exhortations of Tom Draw, than to the sober precepts and practice of the cool-headed old sportsman, who knew by long experience that aching heads, dazzled eyes, and shaking hands were not the things to produce good shooting, and therefore, as well as for other and more solid reasons, enforced strict temperate regulations in the camps, and among the parties under their command. "Ef he didn't find it chilly, likely he'd be sartain as he felt overheated, if so be he found himself sot thar."

"Well, whether he did or no, and whether you do or no, just now, which I fancy is more immediately to the point, not one drop of rum do either of you get this night, you may be sure of it, nor to-morrow morning either, unless there should be a mist on the river, when we are starting. Then, indeed, I might circulate a dram, with a dash of cayenne pepper in it as a preventive. Now, then, Fred Somerton, put the coffee-kettle on, the soup is well nigh finished already, I can tell by the perfume; and that saddle of venison will be roasted before the coffee is ready, boys. Those cakes will be over-baked in the ashes, if you don't look after them, master Armiger, and then you'll come worse off than your royal namesake, when he spoiled the woodcutters's wife's baking. Now, Tom, you haven't told us yet, what brought you up hither, or how you got along, or where you caught all those black imps, who are squatting round their own fires yonder, like so many crows on a misty morning, and who have fraternized with Jothe, as if they had known him these twenty years.

"Tew of 'em," interjaculaed 'Ky, scratching his head, as he calculated the length of time, "has knowed him mor'n twenty by jest thirteen years, four months and six weeks, or thereaway. Leastways, it'll be thirty-three years and six months, the first of next October, anyways you can fix it, since 'Siah Foster he moved down to the lake shore from Franklin; and he brought black Plute and copper-colored Tobe along with him, I allow. They've a-knowed Jothe, I kalkilate, anyways, since then; as for that other humliest kind o'nigger, as is a derved sight liker to a big blue-faced baboon as I seed over to St. Alban's oncet, than to any kind of a christian

man, I allow the old man here fetched him along. We don't raise no such nasty looking niggers in these parts."

Now be it known that although "Black Jake," Tom's *Tcetotum*, as he calls him, substituting habitually the syllable *tes* for *fac*, is by no means a beauty, his physiognomy partaking strongly of the most ultra African peculiarities of the race, he by no means merits the appellation of a nasty looking nigger; as Tom, by dint of constant threats to tan his black hide with a boot-jack, or to cure his crooked shins with an axe-handle—though he is notoriously the best natured of masters, and was never known to lift his hand to a servant in anger—contrives to make him keep his stout, blue pilot jacket, butternut-dyed homespun trousers, huge cowhide jack-boots and fur cap in the best and neatest possible condition. He tolerates, moreover, no fuzzy mustachios or ragged, wiry goatee, which give so ruffianly and piratical a look to the African; and as "Black Jake's" phiz, framed in a setting of closely shorn knotty wool, is none of your mottled, parti-colored speckled affairs, but a perfect ebony, as lustrous as if it had been recently polished with palm oil, and animated by a continual glow of jollity and good humor, he is on the whole a very prepossessing specimen of his race, as he is a general favorite, for his amiability and willingness. Tom was, moreover, at all times, warmly attached to Jake, as indeed he was to every one and everything, that attached itself to him, and would never tolerate any insinuations against the beauty or excellence of the boy, any more than he would have suffered a slur to pass, uncontradicted, on the merits of his nice little dog, "Dashy," or on the speed of the "Old Roan," which he brought home in his sleigh, a sickly foal from a *vandoo*, and which grew to be the best and biggest, according to his master's confident belief—he would have made his affidavit to the fact willingly—the fattest and the fastest horse in all Orange county.

He waxed indignant, therefore, and thus discharged the vials of his wrath on the head of the aggressive Sly, giving Frank Forester, according to his wont a sly backhanded lick *en passant*.

"That's putty much what Jack Kelsey, the big pilot, said to Frank, down to Pete Bayard's oncet, on the Battery at York, when we went in to git a drink, afore goin' down to look at that ar' biggest kind of battery, as Uncle Sam began a-buildin' at the Narrows, jest, as it seems to me of set purpose to let it go to wrack and ruin, to rights, afore 'twas half finished. But though what *he did* say to Frank, was jest as true as the

Bible, what you says about Jake, Mister Sly, if so be as your name be 'Ky Sly, and a tarnal nastiest kind of name that be, if it be, is nothen onder heaven, but a cussed lie—and the worst kind of lie, at that—and I don't stand no pokin' sharp sticks at that *good* boy, I'd have you to know, Mr. Sly, you nasty, sneakin', sly-lookin', scaly-lookin', Vermont-raised, white nigger Yankee, you! and if you go pokin' sticks at him, Mr. Sly, I'll jest take you by the scruff of your neck and the seat of your breeches, and pitch you stret, from where I stand, so as you'll 'light in a settin' poster, right stret on your hinder eend, in the pot under the falls, there. 'Taint half as fur, as from the hearth of my bar-room into the middle of the street, nor 'taint much deeper to go down, nor you aint half so big a man as Forester's seen me pitch that trick twenty times and over; and, if so be, it be a softer place to light on, it would be a plagued sight harder gettin' out on, I tell you."

Vast was 'Ky's astonishment at this fierce outburst of Tom Draw's fiery indignation, which he had drawn upon himself most unwittingly; as, in all probability, there was no person to whom he could readily have been introduced whom he would have done more, or gone farther to conciliate than this mighty Nimrod and man of great renown, of whom he had so often heard Frank and Harry Archer speak, in terms of so warm attachment and such strong veneration.

Deep, therefore, were his protestations that he had meant no offence, either to Tom in person, or through the medium of the trusty Jake; but it was long ere he could mollify the indignation or smooth down the ruffled bristles of the fat man's wounded dignity; and, when he did so, as Frank positively denied the cup of reconciliation, by means of which old Draw proposed to re-cement his interrupted relations with 'Ky, it bade fair to be but a brief armistice, followed by a renewal of hostilities.

Alf Armiger, however, adroitly turned the subject, by inquiring what it was that the big pilot had said to Frank, which Tom considered to approach so nearly to gospel truth.

"Well," said Tom, "you see, Armiger, we'd sot a day to go down to see them fautifications, as they call 'em, and pooty good name I consider it to be for 'em, seein' as they be pooty much all *fauts* and nothing good about them; and some of them army fellers, Uncle Sam's fellers—none o' your sneakin', stinkin' malisha cusses—they'd sot to meet us, and arter we'd ben through the works like, we was to go down to the fort Hamilton House to dine with the officers and the big

folks as was stayin' there for the hot weather. Well! we'd fixed ourselves up kinder nice, in our best Sunday go to meetin' clothes, and Frank he was fixed out to kill. Sich a green satin neckcloth with long eends, and sich a fine linen frill to his shirt, and sich a starched shinin' white vest with them jig-a-maree gold buttons, and sich a claret-colored cut-away coat with the same all-fired gold buttons, and sich a pair of white pantaloons, for all the world as sleek as white marble, and sich a pair of varnished boots, and sich a white wide-awake hat, stuck a one side, at top of them red soap-locks of his'n, and sich a sight of bear's grease on them great red moustashers. If *he* wasn't fixed that day no one ever was fixed, that I ever saw or heerd tell of.

"Well!" as I said, "we stopped into Pete Bayard's to git a sherry-cobbler, for it was a hot day, the hottest kind, *I* tell you, and who should be in there, but California Phil, jist come up from Staten Island, in his nice little clipper-yacht, a talkin' with a lot of them York pilots, and among them, the biggest and the sarciest of the hull crew on 'em, Jack Kelsey. Well! Frank, he knowed quite a lot of them chaps, along of his consorting so much with our Phil; so he upped and axed them to jine in and drink—and they jined in and drink't; and jest then, Phil, he introduced Jack Kelsey. 'Mr. Kelsey,' says he, 'this here's the sportin' man, as you've heered so much tell on, I reckon, Frank Forester. Not the sportin' man,' says he, 'what keeps the Tiger, nor speckerlates on thimble-riggin', but him what shoots, and hunts, and fishes, and writes, and tells such darned lies, about *what* he kills and catches.' So Kelsey said he kind of reckoned he *had* heern tell on him; and so *they* shook hands, and Frank asked him to up and jine in and drink, and *he* up and jined in and drank. And in about a minnit; whether it was for devilment, or that he raally *did* think the *hairy* kritter was a high Dutcher; I don't know; but anyways, in about a minnit, he looks at Frank as hard as ever he could stare, and, 'Mr. Forester,' says he, 'you'll excuse me, sir, but uncommon good English, you speak, seems to me?' Well! Frank, he wasn't best pleased, you'll b'lieve—he's a kind of spunky kritter too, is Frank—and he answered sort of short, 'And why the d—! shouldn't I speak good English? I should be glad to know, Mr. Kelsey.' 'It's German, I should have kalkerlated, you'd have spoken betterer,' says Kelsey. 'And why, in thunder, should you suppose as I'd speak German, Mr. Kelsey?' says Frank, shorter yet. 'I

don't know a word of German.' 'Well,' says Kelsey, says he, 'I always kalkerlates as a German, he'll speak German, and as an Englishman, he'll speak English; and as I didn't look as you'd speak such uncommon good English—uncommon good English you do speak, I'll allow.'

"Well! *I'm* an Englishman,' says Frank, 'and why shouldn't I speak good English?' says he. 'An Englishman! Well!' says Kelsey, as if he was kind of amazed, 'ef you ain't the nastiest lookin' Englishman, as ever I did see!' You *should* have heerd the shout that busted out among them pilots, at that word. They hollered and they roared, and they eenamost choked themselves a laughin'. And Phil, he laughed and roared, and I laughed and roared, and, at the last 'eend, Frank guv' in, though at the fust he was as mad as thunder, and *he* laughed hisself, louder, nor any of us all—to think as he should be called '*the* nastiest lookin' Englishman,' and that jest at the very time, when he thought as he was *the* nicest lookin'! I was kind o' sorry; and I *did* feel kind o' bad, thinkin' of Frank, that time."

"You go to thunder! you old reprobate!" said Forester, giving him a hearty dig in the ribs, as he concluded his harangue, amid a roar of laughter and applause from all sides, which completely mollified the narrator.

"But here, dinner's ready. So let us set to work at it at once, and you can tell us, between the bites, how you got here. For, nice looking, or nasty looking, I'm curious to know *that*."

"Well," said Tom, as soon as the soup-kettle was removed and he had consoled his inner man with some three quarts at the lowest estimate of the delicious compound, while the venison, which, on examination, proved not as yet to have been thoroughly cooked through, was receiving its last basting from the faithful Jothe, under Frank's own careful, though somewhat distant supervision. "Well, I'll tell you now, boys, how it comed round that I'm here among you, arter all, among all these wild hills and forests, the wildest I ever did see, anyhow. You see I'd a started down last Saturday, with Jake, to Newburgh, not thinkin' to go no further than to the river, and right stret hum agin; but I'd chanced, by good luck, to take the old gun along, seein' as she needed some fixin'. And jest as I was on the dock, thinkin' about turnin' back for home, who should I meet but Squire Foulcher, as Frank saw and gave a note to for me afore startin', saying as how he shouldn't be at my place to Warwick for three weeks anyhow, or a month likely, and how he was agoin' to '*the* Falls of the White-water,' and what fust-rate

shootin' and fishin' there was to be had up here-aways in the hills, and how he wished I could be up to jine along; and he told me how I might come up a shorter kind of cross-cut by the Fish House, and nick in upon you, here, at the Falls. But I don't reckon as how you'd any so overly strong notion I should come, had you, Frank?"

"Well, I had not, old fellow," replied his friend, "but since you are here, we are all right glad to see you, and will try that you shall not be sorry that you *have* come."

"There ain't much fear of that, nohow," quoth Tom, "leastways, not so long as this here soup lasts, and there be such fish and venison to be got hereaways in the woods, without having so much as to pay for them. Well, as I was a-sayin', jist as I'd got done a-readin your letter, the old Swallow, she stops alongside, and the captain he hollered at me, and told me as how so be you'd gone up by him, at his up-trip, with the boys and the dogs, and how you wanted as I should foller on. Then I made up my mind torights; and I went up to old Belcher's, and got the gun fixed, and some buckshot and powder; and had me two good Mackinaw blankets put up, and a five-gallon demijohn of apple sperrits, and a basket of victuals, and then Black Jake and me, and Old Roan, come aboard the South America, and up to Albany that same night, and at daybreak away by the Fish House road, through the mountains, and a plaguy wild road it is, I swear, to Siah Foster's, whom I knowed years and years ago, when he kept tavern in Herkimer; and he fixed me out, with that 'ere canoe, and them two niggers, and they said as they knowed all the ups and downs, and ins and outs of this here wild wood country, from fust to last; and where you camped at the 'White-water Falls,' and what not. And they was ready to take their oaths, every one on them, as they know the road here, for all the world as well as if it had been an old wagon track; and, arter all, cuss the yard of it did they know at all; and when we'd got across the high carrying place into the round lake, they gave up and wanted to turn back; and, though I rared and snorted some, and swore till all was blue, turn back they did. But Lord sake, Frank, they didn't know no more how to get backards, than they did how to get forrards; and so they got lost like. And for the Heaven's sake, what we'd a-done, I don't so much as consider; seein' as the licker bottle it was dry, and the provision basket that was empty, and though I'd got my gun, I hadn't got no dogs, nor nothin' to help me, except three darned black niggers, with no more sense than so many dumb critters, that didn't

know how to help themselves. But luckily, jist as the shadows began to fall thick and dark in the woods and over the waters, where we hadn't the least mite of hope of seein' a man's face, any-more than of seein' the Astor House or the old City Hotel, in the thiek of the wilderness, nor much more chance than hope, I spied the blaze of a big fire in the brush on a kind of pint, where we was a thinkin' sum of puttin' in to pass the night ourselves, hungry and thirsty, and a-cold as we was; and about the light I saw figures a-movin'. And, then, what do you think, Frank, but them etarnal, cussed, stupid niggers, it was all as I could do, anyways, to make them paddle in to the fire, where they was sure of warmth and food, and something warmer to drink than cold water, if they was anything short of Injuns, that was a-layin' off there in the blaze. They knowed, they said, that they was the spooks of the dead Iroquois that was killed, somewheres thereabout, in the time of the old French wars. And you'd better b'lieve I had to load up the old gun, and swear as I'd qualify them, torights, to be the spooks of dead niggers, if so be they didn't paddle right stret in and face the devil, if so be it war the devil, like men and not like monkeys. My eyes! Frank, if you'd only a-heerd them niggers' teeth chatter, and seed how pale they looked and white about the gills, through the thickness of the black like, you'd say you'd a-heered and seen the scarest set of niggers, as ever a white man sot eyes upon. When them niggers see Jothe's white eyeballs and teeth, and his black face and red flannel shirt, in the blaze, though one wouldn't a-thinked there was so much to frighten one nigger, in the sight of another, they begged and prayed and went down on their knees to me, that I'd let them put back, for 'dey seed de ebil one, sartain!' But I upped the old musket, and they allowed 'dat de ebil one warn't so bad, arter all, as a bullet out o' de fat old massa's gun,' so in we came, and found torights, that instead of 'de ebil one,' we had come acrost 'de good two,' and Jack Hardyman and I warn't no very long time makin' friends, you'd better believe, and he gave us a first-rate supper, and a first-rate bed, and a first-rate breakfast, and we made a right airly start, and so that's what brought me 'way up here, and how I comed; and how I'll get away agin out o' sich thunderin' bad company, that wont do so much as give a poor, tired, worn-out fellow-traveler a drink of nothin' stronger than cold water, I've got to larn yet."

"I am sorry, Tom, old boy," replied Forester, "but rules are rules, and rules can't be broken, in this camp, while I'm captain."

"Hear me, Mr. Draw," said Fred Somerton, "I've got a small private bottle of my own, and just before we turn in, I'll stand treats round, on one condition. Jack Hardyman, here, has got a story, I'm told, of some most extravagant thing he saw in the West Indies, when he was there, about a hundred negroes and a hundred wheelbarrows, and I'm on tenter-hooks to hear it. Now, if he'll tell it, I'll treat. That's one word.

"And *one* word like that," said Tom, "is better, a blamed sight, nor a hundred, and is the *best*, anyways, as I've heered this night. Now then, tell away, Jack! Tell away, dear man. Tell away. Don't you hear as we're all to git drinks, as soon as you've done tellin'."

"Waal! that ain't much to do, nohow;" replied the doughty Jack, "to airn a good glass of licker, like Squire Somerton's be. So I'll allow, as I hain't no objection to tell that 'ere yarn fifty times over, stret away, ef so be he'll give fifty drinks to hear it.

"Waal, it's some fifteen years ago, I tuk poorly, one fall; and all the winter I kept steady at it and riglar, sinkin' and sinkin', day arter day, weaklier and weaklier, poorlier and poorlier, 'till I warn't nothing much more nor skin and bone, when the month of March come round; and the doctors they all swore that I'd got a *consumption*; and so I had got a *consumption* of everything except victuals; and them I couldn't consume a mite on. Waal! some of my folks allowed, as how, maybe, if I'd take a run to *Jamaiky*, or some other of the West Ingy Islands, it mought be as the *consumption* would leave off a consumin' me, and as I'd take to consumin' other something. So I allowed to go. And I put for Portland, and from Portland I shipped for Kingston, in *Jamaiky*, in the good brig *Ethan Allen*, loaded with staves and hoops and notions, and a smart chance of *Weathersfield* onions, and a lot of *Narraganset* pacers, as was in great go, in them times. Waal! we'd a pooty bad time, anyhow, and there was a deal of sea-sickness among the hands on board, and, strange as it may seem to you, I, as was the weakliest and poorest looking, and puniest of the hull set, was the least tuckered out by the sickness; and when none of the rest, 'cepting the old salts, weren't able for nothin' but takin' nips of brandy, to stop the retchings, and layin' about the decks, like *Doolittles*—though 'Ky he don't like to hear about *that* fam'ly—I was as peart and as spry as a jay bird, and always was a wantin' somethin' to be doin' like, to while away the time. Waal! the feller as owned the *pasin'* horses, he tuk sick, and the fel-

ler as he hired, he tuk sicker, and there warn't no one to attend to the dumb kritters, or shake down fodder to them, or give them water, and they suffered tew days or perhaps three, afore I heerd tell on it, orfully. Now, I allus notioned dumb kritters, and I couldn't a-bear to see them a-sufferin' so, and, as I was a-sayin', I wanted somethin' to be a-doin', to keep up my own sperrits; so I tuk to the dumb kritters, and fed them and watered them, the nicest kind, till we made land, and the chaps begin to come round agen, as had been sick all the hull time, as we was out on the blue water.

"Waal! after a fortnight or so, we dropped anchor at Kingston, and no sooner was we thar, than the raal owner of the horses he came aboard, and axed to see his stock that he set sich store by; for the chap as I thought owned them, he warn't the raal owner, arter all, but only a super-cargo, kind of. Waal! the captain, he interduced me to the owner, who was a fust-chop English merchant chap up to the city, as had sent for these kritters for his own ridin' and his lady's—for he was noo married. His name I kind of disremember, but it was Henry somethin' or other, *Esquire*, and he was a fine man anyways, whatever name he had. Waal! when he larned how his kritters had suffered, and how it was me as had 'tended to 'em and no one else, and how if it hadn't a-been for me they'd a-suffered a derved sight wuss, and when he larned how I was sick, he had me right stret up to his own house, and a fine time I had on't, I tell you.

"Ef I'd ben his own brother, I couldn't have been a bit better treated. Waal! I told you as my friend, 'for he *was* my friend, and nothen else, was noo married; and his wife, she was from the old country, tew, acrost the water, and had never been in the West Ingies, till she come out some few weeks, or so, afore I landed in the Island; she was about the pootiest kritter as I ever laid eyes upon, tall and slender, and swayin' about like a willow tree in a spring breeze, with long light hair as looked, when the sun touched it, for all the world as ef it was wove out of sunbeams, and eyes as blue as the heavens the sun shines out of—"

"Helloa! Jack!" interjaculated 'Ky, at hearing this sudden and unusual effusion of eloquence on the part of Jack Hardyman.

"What's the go, now?" exclaimed that genius, seemingly quite unaware of the rhapsodical emanation of his genius, which had, not unnaturally, called forth so much wonder.

"Why! of a surety, master Jack," Forester put in his word, "of a surety, you are waxing

sufficiently poetical, to wake 'our special' *admiration*, if not 'wonder.' "

"Poetical! I guess you'd a-been poetical, tew, ef you'd seen that young beauty, for beauty she *was*, ef she was an Englisher. Poetical! hey? Why, *she* was all poetry, and nothen else, at no price! not a bit of practical ootility about her. That 'ere gal, now, though she could play the pianny, and the what-my-call as King David, he used to play upon in *Jeroosalum*. What is't, Frank? say."

"The *Jew's* Harp, I believe," responded our fat friend, before Forester could reply, "but warn't it in the Bible, Mr. Hardyman, and not in *Jeroosalum*?" and he attempted a most ludicrous imitation of Jack's in-itself-sufficiently-ludicrous dialect.

"No! it war *not*," replied Hardyman, authoritatively, and a little surlily. "It war *not*, least-ways, ef it war, it war in *Jeroosalum* tew; for *Jeroosalum* it's in the Bible, anyways, and so's David; and I don't b'lieve as it was a Jew's harp, nuther; as King David played, only I kind of disremember, 'xactly. But I don't b'lieve it war, no how; for 'taint likely, as him what killed the great Goliur, and what the Lord chuz eout to be the king and cap'n of his people, should 'a gone dancin' through the streets of *Jeroosalum*, in his ryal gairments, likely, and a crown of goold upon his head, with all his priests and keounselors and cap'ns, and all his men-o-war followin' arter him—I never could come at it rightly though, how them men-o-war went through the streets of *Jerusalem*, ef they was anythin' like the North Car'liny as I see downt' York, oncet—but lettin' that a be, I don't b'lieve as King David ever danced deown them streets, or up to the temple, on top of Mount Moriah, twanglin' and janglin' a derved, nasty, little bit o' crooked iron atween his teeth, like a dutty-nosed little young 'un, as has jest got his fust breeches on, on a malishy trainin' day."

"Why Jack, heow you talk? a Jew's harp is mighty pooty music neow, I consider; interposed Ky Sly, and I read in one of them nice books as Frank gave me, as was writ' by one Cypress Joonior, as they has them deown t' York, quite big like, and plays on them in the meetin' huzes."

"Waal! 'Tis *pooty* music, I allow," replied Jack, but I don't b'lieve as King David played them in *Jeroosalum*, and I know as my frend, the fust chop English merchant's wife didn't play on them in Jamaikey; and that's more to the pint. But whatever that ere what d'my call um was, she played on't first rate; and it didn't go

into her pooty little mouth at all, not a mite of it; but she did it with her fingers, and, I tell you, it was a sight to see her soople figger a bendin' and a wavin' over it, and her pooty reound white arms a windin' over the chords, and the singin' more like a mockin' bird than a human kritter. I liked to looked at it, and hear it, neow, I tell you. I did, by Jolly! But as I said afore, it warn't of the least mite of practical ootility, and she warn't herself, nother! That gal, neow, could'n't a cooked an Injun puddin', or tossed a dozen of griddle cakes, or peeled a peck of onions, no more nor I couldn't have played and singed like she did. But she was the kindest, tenderest, softened-heartedest kritter, as ever I see or heerd tell on. She couldn't a-bear that any of them lazin, moopin' niggers, as there was hundreds of all over, not in the plantations only and the farms, but in the houses and the chambers, of all kinds and colors, should get a hidin', howsoever much they deserved it. And she was allus a making tecny-weeny little night caps and flannel shirts, and I d'know what all, for the nigger babbies; and coddlin' the old nigger women as looked more like old gray 'Ranootans, sich ~~the~~ old Barnum shewed one of 'um deown to 'York, and made all them derved fools of Yorkers b'lieve to be Jyce Heth.

"Waal! I was a sayin' how this handsome wife of my merchant friend at Jamaikey was constantly tormentin' herself, the wurst kind, conqarnin' the sufferin's of the darkies, as was'nt sufferin' nohow; least ways of eatin' and drinkin' and snoozin' in the sun, and growin's fat as butter and 's slick 's palm ile beant sufferin, then them niggers they warn't sufferers in no sense of the word. Waal! among other things, as kind of exercised her mind, one was a seeing the big, black, hulkin' niggers a carryin their loads on top of their heads. And 'Oh! my! Mr. Hardyman,' says she, 'how truly orful it is to see them poor unfort'nit kritters a totin' everythin', in natur and out of natur', on their heads!' Waal! it wasn't the least mite of use in my life, my tellin' of her not to be a frettin herself about no sich nonsense as that 'ere, for why everybody knowed, as knowed anythink at all, that a nigger's head was jest the hardest part of his hull body, and the safest part to hit him on with an axe handle, as Mister Draw recommends, if so be as you don't want to hurt him; if you do, it's jest as well to hit somewhere's elst. And that if they carried them on their backs, or anywheres elst 'xceptin on their heads, they might likely chafe their black hides, and do themselves some small sort of mischief—but that a full-blood

African can butt his head right up agin a three foot stun wall, and atween the scull bone that's as thick as a Rhinoceroses and the wool that's as solid as a hair mattress, he couldn't hurt himself, if he tried it on—and that's what I niver heard tell of a nigger's doin' yet. No! it wer' none of it no use, not a mite. It was—'O my! Mr. Hardyman! O Lud! what a heard-harted, cru'l man you do be! Why you talks as all one's of them unfot'nit krittters warn't of the same flesh and blood as we be!'

"Waal! and I jist allow they arn't neither. My flesh is white flesh anyhow—not a darned bit elst, jist as good as the King of England's, for there *was* a *king* in England in them days, and my blood's as *red* blood as runs in any *lord's* veins, not a black drop in the hull mixer, for I'd have you to know my pooty mistress—for she was sweet pooty, I tell you—that we free native 'Mericans, ain't niggers noheow you can fix it, nor injunns nother—but jest's white as the whitest folks you see in Great Britain, though why, in thunder! they call it *great*, when it ain't altogether, to take the hull on the three kingdoms in wun, no bigger than three mod'rate sized states, I never could tell. Then she luffed, ever so merry, and with sich a sweet look in her face, and sich a roguish twinkle in her pretty vows—'and she knowed that,' she said, 'very well, she wasn't not so ign'rant as that, she knowed very well 'at from the very first day's we landed on the Plymouth Rock we showed how much we thought on our white blood, and what a valley we set on it, when we wouldn't have no red skins about us no how, but jest killed the varmints off, as they deserved, and tuk their huntin' grounds to raise corn and punkins on, and warn't that right surely?—all for the good of the hull world and "the rest of mankind," as Gin'ral Taylor said, and for the interests of civilization, not by no sort of keount for our own interests—and how we'd proved what we thought on the niggers, secin' that we made slaves on em all, and kept them allus a totin' burthens, as was fitter for an elephant or a camel's back, than from a man's head, on top of their wool!' And that riled me *some*, and I up and telled her that it warn't no 'Merican fashion, no how, to make niggers tote burthens on their wool, but a West Ingy fashion altogether, and that a Noo Jarsey half Dutch nigger, much less a Vermont or a Noo York nigger would despise to tote anythin' on his wool, if it was heavier least-ways than an old wool hat. 'Why! dew tell,' says she, 'Mr. Hardyman. Why lauk a massy loves! How dew they tote their burthens

in 'Meriky' 'They don't *tote* them anyways,' says I, pretendin' to be quite riled still. 'Why you doosn't go for to suppose that we'd be so barbarious in 'Meriky, as to make them poor, unfort'nit, misguided krittters *tote* their burthens. No! *marm!* In 'Meriky, they wheels them in first-rate white oak, *republican* wheelbarrows—what d'ye think of that? *Marm!*' 'Wheelbarriers!' cries she, clappin her little white hands—'Oh! how delicious, and how stupid of me never to think on wheelbarriers. Oh! dear me! I'm so glad, so glad, them poor critters shan't never tote no more things on their heads, on our place, sure's my name's 'Marianne'—and her name *was* Marianne, tew; but the niggers did carry suthin' on their heads, on that place, tew, and a mighty cur'ous lookin' sight it was. 'I'll run and tell Henry,' says she, 'and Henry must import wheelbarriers, torights, for, now as I knows on it, I never could be answ'erable for the cru'lty of letting them onhappy humans be totin' things on their heads, no more, all's wun as if they was raal beasts of burthen. And where can Henry import wheelbarriers from,' says she, 'Mr. Hardyman? for now's I knows on't, I can never rest day nor night, until its done, and the miseries of them mis'erable krittters is put an end tew.'

"Waal, I telled her, as wheelbarriers was pooty plenty in Portland, and I didn't misdoubt much, as ef so be, her man war to tell our cap'n, the cap'n of the old Ethan Allen, to get him a lot, he'd do it as slick as grease, and I guessed tew, as ef he'd be wantin' five hundred or a thousand, takin' them hullsale like, they'd come pooty cheap.

"Waal! to make a long story short, that 'ere gal never quit tormentin' her man, day nor night, leastways I knows she didn't *days*, and I allow she didn't *nights* either, for he looked kind of pale and peaky, tell he promised her he'd send for them ere plagued wheelbarriers, and send for 'em he did, tow; for he couldn't deny her no-then', though he said it was all *nonsense*, and it was all nonsense, tew; but I d'know as I'd a ben much better able to refuse her, than he war.

"Waal! arter a while the old brig she sailed back for Portland, but I kind of conqated that, between the fine climate and the good livin', first rate eatin' and drinkin' it was I tell you, I was a gainin' on the consumption. So I allowed I'd hold over till the next trip, and the cap'n he was charged to buy, or to have made, ef he couldn't find 'em ready made, one hundred wheelbarriers, that the mis'erable darkies, big, fat, oily, laffing, merry critters, that knowed no more about

mis'ry than a Jew does about pork, mightn't tote no more loads on top of their heads, and to bring them over, when he come back, on the next vy'ge.

"Waal! 'twas about tew months as the old brig was gone, and fine times I had, I tell *you*! The cane harvest came, and the only consumption I had arter that, was a consumption of cane juice, and that's a darned sight sweeter and more fattenin' tew nor molasses, and of good old Jamaiky sperrits. And I kinder improved daily and my cough left me, and I grew most as fat and lazy, and I d'know ef I didn't grow more ily than them mis'able niggers.

"Waal! arter a time, the Ethan Allen she got back, and noos come as the wheelbarrers was thar, and as they'd be ready for delivery next arternoon. So the mistress she was tickled as anythin' could be, you'd better believe; and everything was all right, and it was nothen' else, but it war so smart of Mister Hardyman to think on them wheelbarrers, and so kind of Henry to git them wheelbarrers, and so happy as them mis'able niggers 'ud be, when they'd get them nice noo wheelbarrers to roll afore them. Waal! we was sittin' on the piazza, in front of the hus, drinkin' cold shrub and water, and most oncommon good drinkin' it is, I tell yew, if yew don't know it without tellin'; and smokin' best Havana plantashun cegars, and the lady she was a-bendin' over her Jew's harp, ef so be it be a Jew's harp, with her pretty delicate figger and white arms twanglin' the strings along side on us; and the niggers they'd been sent down to the dock, with one of the black under overseers, to bring up the wheelbarrers. When suddently, jost as I turned to set down my glass on the table, what d'ye think I see, but them hondred mis'able niggers a-marchin' up, all in single file, each one on 'em with his arms stuck akimbo in his sides, and a bran noo wheelbarrer balanced on top of his wool.

"'Luk'e here,' says I, 'mistress what-my-call-ye, here cum them mis'able niggers, and you may jest skin me, ef they isn't a-totin' their burthens on top of their wool, jest all's one's ef they hadn't got them fust-rate, Portland, white-oak, republican wheelbarrers!'

"Waal! she gave one look down the street, as them niggers came up, singin' some of their merriest kind of nigger tunes, laughing and rollickin' along, each one of them with a wheelbarrer on top of his head, jest for all the world as if that was the nat'rallest place onder heaven whar to put it—then she gave *me* one other look, and sich a look I never got from that gal, afore

nor after, and then, when her husband and I busted out into a roar of laughter, that one might a-heerd a mile off, and when all them hondred niggers, as had jest come into heerin', hooted out into a roar tew, like the brayin' of ten thousand jackasses, not that they knowed what we was a laughin' at, but jest for sympathy and fun, and for the love of heerin' their own noise—she busted out a cryin' and cut stick up stairs into her own chamber, and slammed the door arter her like winkins'. I was thar, tew months arterward, but darn the word did I ever dare say about the mis'able niggers or the wheelbarrers. The wheelbarrers they was all paid for and burnt up right stret away, that same night; and it's to the best of my b'lief that if they're both on 'em yet livin', as I trust they be, and as happy as they deserve to be, arter their goodness to a poor humless Yankee stranger as hadn't no claim on 'em, her husband hasn't yet dared to let slip the word wheelbarrer from that very day to this. And that's the last I heerd on it, and it's every word true's holy scripiter."

Great applause greeted Jack Hardyman's story, the merit of which, by the way, consisting perhaps even more of the manner than of the matter, shows but faintly on paper, in comparison to the effect it produced, as delivered in Jack's quaint vocabulary, queer, half Yankee accent, and with the dry wit, which was conspicuous in his character. The dram could not be denied, and was admitted at all hands to be well earned; and, that discussed, two or three pipes more were smoked, the coffee-kettle was emptied, replenished and hung over the fire, in order that they might have a warm mouthful before starting after the giant cariboo, which it was determined that they should do, in no less than four distinct companies, before the paling of the earliest east.

This done, and all their arrangements fully made, it was committed to the charge of Jothe to maintain a roaring fire all the night through, to look well to the coffee-kettle, and, above all things, to refrain, if he erred in all else, from feeding the dogs, as it was his wont to do, to excess, during the night, whenever he was on watch. 'Ky Sly's horologe was entrusted to his care, with strict injunctions that the whole party should be aroused and afoot, at the latest, by three o'clock in the morning, on pain, as Tom seriously endeavored to impress upon his mind, of some considerable pestigation of his shins with axe handles, to which awful menaces, delivered in Tom's gruffest tone, and with the most solemn bend of his shaggy brows, Jothe, who did

not in the least know his man, but only perceived that he was 'a orful big-boned massa,' as he afterward made it known, confidentially, to Frank, who was especially in his good graces, "and about de cru'llest torkin' ole man, dis nigger eber did hear tork. Why, lorra a gorra, Massa Foresta, he think no more, to hear 'um tork, a mashin' up 'a ole brack man's shins wid de ax handle, nor I'd tink a killin' a ole coon or a possum in de moonlight. Terr'ble ferse ole massa he! Dis nigga take care not 'fend him no how. Gorra a mighty, he tork make ole brack man tremble like de leaf. Why, massa Foresta, he gwang to shoot both 'Siah Foster's niggas, an' he own Black Jake, stun dead, 'cos they afeerd to paddle up to fire on ole Injun point where dey say de Yankees kill a French Injuns, many years ago. Mighty stoopid niggas, fool niggas, them of 'Siah's, and Brack Jake, I tink, not so berry much betta; to take ole oncle Jothe for de spook. Not look bery much like spook, you 'llow dat, mass' Forester, but not deserve to shoot 'um stun dead for be leetle piece stoopid and skeery. Mose brack mans skeery sometime or other, sartain, be bery feard of spooks. Sartain, ef mass' Tom Draw shoot ebery color' pusson he find feared of spooks, mass' Draw hadn't need come out, hereaway, into de woods to get shootin', he find plenty to shoot at, arout his leavin' old Orange county he so fond talk about."

At the time, however, he prudently contented himself with shaking his head solemnly, and recording a vow in the depth of his bosom, that he would neither feed the dogs nor be caught napping even for a moment's space, nor be guilty of any possible delinquency, which should have weight to call down upon him the indignation of that "terr'ble ferse ole man."

Human resolves, however, are weak, human temptations strong; and although, for some three or four hours after the hunters retired to their warm blankets and cozy beds of hemlock tips, Jothe persevered manfully in his design, and might have been seen heaping fresh logs on the roaring watch-fire, at every successive half hour, and only withdrawing occasionally to the smaller beacon, which his compatriots had kindled at a short distance, in order to solace his inward man with a share of the fust best cider sperrits, which 'Siah Foster's negroes had, in reality, had the address to abstract from Tom Draw's demijohn, and to conceal about their persons in their gourd bottles. At length the watch proved too long and the spirits too strong for him. The *yah-yah-ya-ahs* of the mirthful dar-

kias, first, became fewer and farther between, then sank all together into silence; and, within half an hour after the contents of the last gourd were utterly exhausted, Jothe with his brother darkies, was fast asleep beyond the possibility of any one of the number being awakened by any less marked occurrence than the roasting of any one of their feet, which according to the time-honored custom of their people they had thrust almost into contact with the hot coals, to such a degree that the smell of the burning should arouse his fellows.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Jothe's wool, for, although his shins, had he but known it, were safe enough from all assaults of Tom's axe handle, his topknot might have chanced to undergo a tweak or two, had the party overslept themselves and so lost the cariboo through his negligence. Frank Forester, who was at no time a very heavy sleeper, especially when there was sport on the wind, woke of his own accord about two hours after the fire had been last replenished, and some three quarters of an hour before the time indicated for the *reveillé*.

Proceeding at once to replenish the fire, he next crawled softly down to a sufficient proximity for his purpose, to the negro fire, ensconced himself behind a great granite boulder, within six feet of Jothe's head, and commenced a low, modulated howl, gradually swelling and increasing in volume, until he calculated, that without arousing his own comrades, it would surely suffice to start the truant darkies. For a few minutes he was in doubt whether his artifice would succeed; but, before long, he saw first one and then another black form move and roll over uneasily—then one and another hand scratch its owner's or some other woolly poll, and at length, two or three black heads arise simultaneously, listen for a moment, and then dive frantically under the blankets which partially enshrouded them, as that doleful howl waxed louder, nearer and more doleful.

"Wurra dat?" shouted old Jothe, at last, unable to control himself any longer, and hoping, probably to drown his own terrors by his own noise. "Wurra makee dat noise, dar? Wurra you do dat fur, you brack, nigga, rascal you?" partially suspecting some of his own friends.

But thereupon Frank swelled his howl into such a hideous eldrich screech, that trusting no longer to the safeguard of their blankets, they sprang to their legs, and broke for the camp, fancying that the presence of the white men could protect them even from the powers of the other world.

"Gorra save us, it is de debil! it is de debil! in right airnest!" exclaimed old Jothe, to whose feet the extremity of terror had actually lent wings. "De ebil one, he be among among us, Massa Draw!"

But at this instant, Frank put the ivory mouth-piece of his key-bugle to his lips and wound the long well-known blast of the reveillé, till rock, wood, and hill sent back the keen clangor, and the roar of the falls itself was for the moment overpowered and unheard among the shriller cadences.

The heart of the mystery was plucked out, but while the whole alarm was ascribed, as usual, to Frank's deviltry, and when old Jothe, ignorant how far his own delinquency was known or suspected, ventured to suggest that it was a "mighty uncomfortable way Massa Frank had of skeerin' pussous in a mornin', and mought be 'twarn't de more 'spectful way of returnin' thanks arter de perils ob de night were ober." Forester very briefly shut him up by inquiring, in a whisper, whether he thought it would be much more comfortable, to a brack man, to be dancing about alternately on either leg, while the other was undergoing the dreaded process of mashing by "de terr'ble forse ole man's ax-handle;" and then suggested an inquiry, whether there might not possibly be an escape "from de perils ob de mornin'," for which it was quite as good to render up thanks, as there was in that from the perils of the night.

After this, Uncle Jothe proceeded in profound silence to hand round the boiling coffee, the crust of bread which, with the bit of salt pork toasted in the blaze, was all the morning meal for which they intended to tarry, and the *chasse*, which the close, misty, damp descending fog rendered permissible, even in Frank's category, as strictly a preventive; and within half an hour the whole party were afloat and under way, with the exception of Jack Hardyman, Alf Armiger, and Jothe, who remained behind, the latter to perform the part of camp-keeper, the two former to get on foot, when the sun should be three hours high, or about five hours after the departure of the boats, and to strike with the deer-hounds through the forest, directly to the marsh at the mouth of the rattling brook, in order to start the cariboo from his lair, and either secure him by a happy shot themselves, or drive him out across the lake toward Big Maple Island, where the others would lie in wait, to intercept him.

Of the rest, 'Ky Sly and Fred Somerton led the way, pulling two pair of sculls in the light skiff, Tom closely following them, *solus*, in regard of sportsmen, but strongly manned with his three darkies, in his long canoe. These, it had been arranged, were to sweep across the lake for the farther side of the island, along the outer shore of which 'Ky was to creep until he should reach the swampy brake at the north-eastern end, leaving Tom and his dusky band to guard the south-western point. Frank, on reaching the embouchure of the lake, was instructed to paddle silently in shore up to the marsh, in which the cariboo was supposed to lie, and there to communicate with Alf Armiger and Jack, and to take counsel of circumstances, trusting to good skill and to good fortune.

The others started first, but Frank, as having less distance to paddle, tarried awhile by the fire to smoke his pipe, and well was it for him that he did so; for, before the sound of their paddles was lost in the distance, the mist grew thicker, changed into a drizzle, and it soon began to rain heavily.

"All now depends," said he, "on how the wind comes out when the rain and fog lift, which they will do soon after sunrise. You will have to look sharp, Jack, it's a chance if it don't change."

"Ef it do, it'll be to the south-westward, and that wont hurt us none," replied that worthy.

"Well! it wont," returned Frank; "and now I'll be going, but first I'll guard myself somewhat against the weather," and, with the word, he thrust a change of clothes into his oil-skin knapsack, covered his rifle with a casing of the same material, donned a MacIntosh overcoat and souwester, and entering his canoe, paddled away cheerily and comfortably, while his unfortunate friends, scarcely a mile a head of him, were shivering and grumbling, and one of them at least, indulging in no measured terms, equally at the condition of the weather, and what he was pleased to term the shiftlessness of his niggers, among the chill mist-wreaths and falling torrents, which soon lashed the river into a surface of dancing foam and bubbles, and thoroughly drenched the unfortunates, who dared not provoke the scornful objurgations of their comrades, however much they might in truth desire it, by the abandonment of the much miscalled sport, and a return to the creature comforts and the cozy camp-fire.

SOLOMON DE CAUS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

OUR engraving of this personage, with his head in the bars of the Bicêtre prison, represents one of the French traditions of science. This Solomon was a wise man at first and in the end—if we believe the aforesaid tradition—was looked upon as a fool—like the greater Solomon before him. The French sage lived in the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, and having observed the powers of steam, and pondered on them, in connection with mechanism, he was very earnest in his attempts to demonstrate what he knew, and to bring the subject under the notice of Cardinal Richelieu, the famous minister of Louis XIII. of France. The tradition is that he went besieging, and beseeching, and worrying that statesman so pertinaciously, that he was voted out of his senses with his hot water, his pistons, cranks, wheels, and so forth, and so taken and put, for the sake of quietness, into the lunatic asylum, where they kept him for some years. The painter intended to represent him at the moment when Marian de Lorme, the celebrated courtesan, goes, in company with the Marquis of Worcester, to see that place—according to a letter purporting to have been written to a friend by that lady, giving an account of the incident. Solomon sees the strangers, comes to the grating of his cell, and makes a vehement protest against the stupidity and injustice of what Micawber calls “his fellow-man”—using, in fact, the language of Paul, and telling them he was not mad. All this has a melo-dramatic air, suited to the effective genius of the French people, and flattering to their pride of scientific discovery. For, this Marquis of Worcester was the man who, in his “Scantlings of Invention,” published several years subsequently, is considered to have made the most significant proclamation of the steam discovery before the times of Fulton and Watt. In our English histories of the invention, Solomon’s name is hardly mentioned, and this slurring over must have appeared very unfair to the French. In the picture of M. Lecurieux he is brought into favorable juxtaposition with the English steam-theorist—favorable, that is, as respects the pride of his country; for the aspect of the poor fellow himself, or of his affairs, does not look very favorable under the circumstances. So much for poetical or pictorial justice.

But, after all, it has been shown and known that De Caus was not put into prison; and there-

fore, the interview did not take place. But what of that? Do you think one need swear to the truth of a picture, any more than that of a song? *Se non e vero, e ben trovato*: if it is not true, it is to the purpose. If the Niebuhrs and Gradgrinds and other stricklers for facts, will not allow us to take it for authentic, why, let us take it in a metaphorical sense, and it is worthy of all acceptance—as representing the fate of the generality of discoverers and innovators.

Since the beginning of the world, those men who set about getting up the steam, in an unprecedented way, have been snubbed, ill-treated, and shut up, as we know from the biographies of Socrates, Anaxagoras, Bruno, Roger Bacon, Galileo, and a crowd of others. Human nature in general is a large bundle of habits, loves what it is accustomed to, and dislikes all untried variety of being.

Our own Fulton found this. Though he only worked on a demonstrated and recognized fact of science, the people did not believe in him. When he rose upon a wind of prophecy and talked of sending great ships across the oceans of the world by steam and driving huge cars on land by the same, steady-going practical men smiled at his enthusiasms, refusing to be taken in. They were up to that sort of thing—they were “rough and tough J. Bs.” Away to Europe, therefore, wandered the theorist—the Pilgrim of the Piston—so to speak. He was in France at the close of the consulate, and laid his hot-water schemes before the sallow First Consul himself. The latter affected science, while his thoughts ran on war. But he grew tired of Fulton’s importunity, and once, when the vapor-maker was coming again, cried out in vexation: “Will no one rid me of this American fool?” They all then said the man of steam was demented—out of his senses—a lunatic. We don’t say Bonaparte put Fulton into an asylum; we have not heard of it. We are not sure, however, that, 200 years hence, such will not be one of the traditions of science; and some artist will make a picture on the subject. There will be the First Consul and Josephine, in the centre, and Fulton peeping through a grate, holding the stars and stripes in one hand, a steamer-model in another, and singing Yankee Doodle in a fierce fragmentary manner. Well, Fulton went away from France and applied to John Bull. As it was war time, the latter gave him something to

do in the way of blowing-up; and he managed to destroy some French ships in the channel, with his detonating machinery. At last, to get rid of him, the English ministers gave him a sum of money; whereupon he came home and began to put his crotchets in execution, pretty much at his own expense. He got up the "Clermont" on the river Hudson, where he found the genuine descendants of Wouter Van Twiller, a hundred thousand strong, *twiffling* sagaciously round his work. The world knows the rest:

Cætera norunt

Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes!

Then we have the attempts of Professor Page and others to get a motor out of electro-magnetism; of Ericsson to impel ships by the chemistry of the air—the antagonism of hot and cold; and of others to create a fuel from water—things which are looked on with disfavor or doubt—and considered delusions by the majority. But, as

Lamartine well says, delusions are, in general, truths which present themselves before their time—matters not chronologically ripe; and we confidently believe there shall yet be ships and locomotives set going with air chemistry and magnets, and water doing duty for anthracite. We hope, however, these consummations will not delay for 200 years, like steam—which, being recognized in the beginning of the seventeenth century, did not come properly to its work till the nineteenth. Men arrive very slowly at the knowledge of the Cosmos. The world is in its infancy, and the increased development of its powers and elements will yet make it something very different from what we see. But to that more glorious earth we shall be very indifferent; unless indeed the spirit-rappers say truth. We wish it may be so. We should be happy to have a knowledgable peep at the mundane state of things in 2055.

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

AUTUMNAL sunshine seems to fall
With riper beauty, mellow, brighter,
On every favored garden wall
Whose owner wears the mystic mitre;
And apricots and peaches grow,
With hues no cloudy weather weakens,
To ripeness laymen never know,
For deans, and canons, and archdeacons.

II.

Dean Willmott's was a pleasant place,
Close under the cathedral shadows;
Old elm trees lent it antique grace;
A river wandered through the meadows.
Well-ordered vines and fruit trees filled
The terrace walks; no branch had gone astray
Since monks, in horticulture skilled,
Had planned those gardens for their monast'ry.

III.

Calm, silent, sunny: whispereth
No tone about that sleepy Deanery,
Save when the mighty organ's breath
Came husht through endless aisles of greenery
No eastern breezes swung in air
The great elm boughs, or crisped the ivy:
The powers of nature seemed aware
Dean Willmot's motto was "Dormivi."

IV.

Dean Willmott's mental life was spent
In Arabic and architecture:
On both of these most eloquent—
It was a treat to hear him lecture.
His dinners were exceeding fine,
His quiet jests extremely witty;
He kept the very best port wine
In that superb cathedral city.

V.

But oh, the daughter of the Dean!
The Laureate's self could not describe her:
So sweet a creature ne'er was seen
Beside Eurotas, Xanthus, Tiber.
So light a foot, a lip so red,
A waist so delicately slender—
Not Cypres, fresh from Ocean's bed,
Was half so white and soft and tender.

VI.

Heigho! the daughter of the Dean!
Beneath those elm trees apostolic,
While autumn sunlight danced between,
We two had many a merry frolic.
Sweet Sybil Willmott! long ago
To your young heart was love a visitor:
And often have I wished to know
How you could marry a solicitor.

MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Continued from page 282.

CHAPTER XIII.

Queen Mary goes to Glasgow to see her sick husband—
Their Interviews—The three forged letters—Writing of them impossible—Darnley conveyed in a litter to Edinburgh—He refuses to lodge in Craigmillar Castle—Goes to Kirk of Field House—Morton comes from England to Whittingham Castle, and confers with Maitland, Archibald Douglas, and Bothwell—The Murder arranged—Mary's visits to Darnley—Spends some time with him on the fatal night—Wedding at Holyrood—Strangling of Darnley.

Fair Christabelle to his chamber goes,
Her maidens following nye;
O, well, she saith, how doth my Lord?
O, sick, thou fair Ladye!

SIR CAULINE.

This ae night, this ae night—
Every night and alle!
Fire and sleet, and candle-light,
And Christe receive thy soule!

OLD BALLAD.

WE now come to the closing scenes of Darnley's life. The queen, who had written kind letters to her husband, and promised to go to see him when the worst of his disease should be over, set out for Glasgow on 24th of January, to keep her word. From this point her movements and acts begin to be involved in an increased degree of calumny and doubt. The reader has to distinguish between what is dramatic and what is true; no easy task; for, instead of plain records of events, we have the forgeries and after-thoughts of those who, desiring by the most unscrupulous means, to destroy the Catholic sovereignty of Scotland, have left us a narrative which screens themselves and criminales Mary Stuart. Knowing, now, their deadly purposes, as revealed in the subsequent confessions of Morton, Archibald Douglas, Huntley, Argyll, and others, we must move distrustfully where so many true lights have been extinguished, and false lights hung out. The generality of readers trace Mary at this time by the narrative of the murderers, manufactured, for the benefit of history, two years later by their scribes. But, thanks to Chalmers, Strickland, and others, we still find facts enough to carry us right in this labyrinth.

Buchanan and the rest, preparing their documents, after Mary's imprisonment in England, have set forth that three of those superfluous, remorseless Casket epistles to the Earl of Bothwell, were written by Mary, from Glasgow. To suit this correspondence, they give her, by Murray's *post facto* journal, three days to sojourn in that city—showing that she wrote to him a long and fully self-criminating letter per day—an ample evidence, no doubt, of great wickedness and wantonness—to say nothing of the bracelets she worked for him, at the same time. They make her quit Edinburgh on 21st of January, reach Glasgow on 23d, and leave it on 27th. But a couple of little facts derange that story. There are two documents among the Scottish archives, showing Mary's signature to a warrant, making one Inglis, tailor to her infant son, and also to a precept, confirming a life-rent in land to James Boyd, and Margaret Chalmer, his wife; and these are dated 24th January. There is another document—a grant to Archibald Edmonstone—which she signed on the same day, in Darnley's name, as well as her own—his signature being usually fixed by a stamp, in his absence. The 24th, then, was the day on which she left Edinburgh, and proceeded, accompanied by her train, in which were the earls of Huntley and Bothwell, to Lord Livingstone's house, at Callender, where she supped and slept. Next day she journeyed to Glasgow, which she reached on the evening of the 25th. It is a fact admitted on all sides, that she left that place on Monday morning, 27th. So that there seems to have been, after all, but the space of a single day—and that a day of matins, masses, vespers, receptions, and so forth—in which to get through the three desperate letters, putting the bracelets, as before, out of the question. Many can believe that a rapid, licentious penwoman could achieve these things, bracelets and all, by a vigorous effort, in three days. But the other chronology is too hard for any belief; and so the first instalment of the Casket suffers, we fear, a fatal disparagement. But the moral internal evidence

against these forgeries stands in no need of corroboration. As Miss Strickland well observes, we have hundreds of letters written by Mary, and can easily see—what perhaps could not be so clearly seen till our own day—that she never could have written the coarse, guilty, clumsy epistles concocted by Lethington and his assistants, and meant to impose on the popular imagination in an age of ignorance, when prejudice and passion were so strongly mingled with the judgments of men.

The narrative of that time, not only undertakes to tell us what the queen thought with respect to Bothwell, but also what she said to Darnley, and how she acted toward him. A suborned witness, Crawford, came out two years subsequently to this date, and at the suggestions of the earls of Lennox and Murray, put together his recollections of the Glasgow sojourn; and his statement has been for us, the history of that interval. The evidence of this man, one of Lennox's adherents, is unworthy of implicit belief. It bears a very curious and suggestive resemblance, in its facts and statements, to the three letters got up to misrepresent the queen's feelings during her stay at Glasgow. The resemblance is so close, that it betrays the purpose of those fraudulent ex-post-factors.

On her arrival at Glasgow, Mary, instead of going into the castle where Lennox was, took up her lodging in the house of Hamilton, Archbishop of Glasgow, in the city. That night she went to see Darnley in the castle. Crawford seems to have been his chamberlain, and to have looked and listened, on all occasions, for the purpose of observing the conversation of the queen and her husband, and reporting it to Lennox, who, shut up in his own apartment, never once came into Mary's presence. His deposition, arranged on the suggestions of his master, and received by the English Commissioners in 1568, is not, as we have said, to be relied on—though it gives an idea of what passed between the queen and Darnley;—"some truth there is, but dashed and brewed with lies." It says, that after the first greeting, sharp, bitter, and reproachful recriminations were exchanged; which is not improbable; when we consider that Darnley was quick of temper and discontented. This, however, must be taken with the facts that he was, as Crawford says, extremely delighted to see the queen, and that Knox sneers at his uxoriousness. They had an explanation concerning the report that the queen was about to arrest him, and came apparently to an understanding on that matter. Crawford says the king complained

that Mary would stay with him but for short intervals; a falsehood—seeing that it was he himself who always swerved aside in displeasure, and quitted the queen. It is also stated that he wished she should share his apartment; and that she replied he must first be purified from the effects of his disease.

The queen could see that this last had been very severe; for the physicians had ordered his head to be shaved; and he had now a pale, bald, unlovely look. She told him she had come to remove him to a healthier locality where she may often visit him, and had prepared a soft and easy litter for the purpose. He replied that he was very well pleased with the arrangement, and hoped that, for the future, they would live more like husband and wife. The queen then gave him her hand, assuring him she would love him as well as ever, and he promised to do all she bade him, and love all she loved. This was a perfect reconciliation; and Crawford's report could not entirely slur over the fact. It shows that Mary treated Darnley with great gentleness and kindness, and that he in return had a perfect confidence in her affection. When she told him that she had prepared the Castle of Craigmillar for his reception, he at once assented and prepared to spend there the time still wanting to his perfect recovery.

Mary's purpose in removing Darnley, was to keep him free from the influence of Lennox, a man who was always urging his son to assume a king's authority in the state. Accordingly, the royal party left Glasgow on the morning of 27th of January, the invalid being comfortably carried in a litter between two horses. That night they slept at Callender. Next day they went to Linlithgow, where they stayed two nights. On the 30th, they approached Edinburgh; and Murray's journal, made subsequently for Cecil's guidance, takes care to record how Bothwell "kept tryste with the queen, meeting her by the way she brought the king to Edinburgh." The simple fact being, that the Earl of Bothwell, who, as Sheriff of the Lothians, was bound to furnish her majesty with an escort whenever she traveled within his district, came, as usual, to do his duty, with a crowd of gentlemen. On her arrival in Edinburgh, Mary found that Darnley had changed his mind respecting Craigmillar, and expressed a reluctance to go there. Lennox had found means, through Capt. Crawford, to excite the young man's distrust of Sir Simon de Preston, castellan of that fortalice, supposing that Mary would be obliged to take him to Holyrood, after all—as was the wish of

the patient himself. A new arrangement was now necessary, and Murray and his friends proposed the house of Robert Balfour, Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary—a dwelling situated in a healthy open place, called the Kirk of Field. It was well understood that in consequence of his heavy sickness and delicate condition, brought about by his gross excesses, he could not go to live with the queen and his child, till he had undergone the cleansing prescribed by the custom of the time. He was accordingly escorted, in an evil hour, to the gate of the deadly Kirk of Field, the owner of which was brother of the man who drew up the bond of assassination, and of course, one of the conspirators.

Darnley having got into his new lodging, the queen gave orders that it should be made as comfortable as possible. Servais de Conde, her Master of the Wardrobe, arranged in it a presence-chamber, with a *dais*, and chair of state, called a *canapé*, covered with red and yellow taffeta; and a bed-chamber, with a bed of violet velvet, double valenced, ornamented with gold and silver lace, and furnished with a silk palliase, mattress, bolster, pillows and pillow-cases, and coverlets. Along with these, there were several velvet cushions, a little table, with a cloth of green velvet, a high chair and cushion of violet velvet, and sixteen pieces of tapestry for his chamber, the wardrobe and the hall. The entire place, in fact, was furnished in a manner suitable to the rank of the queen's husband, and Darnley expressed himself satisfied with everything that was done. Leaving him to become acquainted with his last home on earth, we must revert to the proceedings of the chief conspirators.

About the time of Queen Mary's arrival in Edinburgh with Darnley, the Earl of Morton, coming from his English exile into Scotland, arrived at his Castle of Whittingham, in Haddingtonshire—a solitary fortress in a forest, about two days' journey from the capital. The castellan of this place was his kinsman, Sir William Douglas, brother of Archibald Douglas, the emissary, who went backward and forward on the business of murder; and here was arranged the plan of Darnley's taking off. The Earl of Bothwell and Secretary Maitland held interviews with Morton and the Douglasses, in the garden at Whittingham; and a tree is still pointed out under which they are said to have had their sinister conversations. Morton, when overtaken about fourteen years later by the slow-paced, yet sure arrest of justice, and about to be beheaded for this murder, by the son of the murdered man, said he

was consenting to it, on condition Bothwell and Lethington could procure the "handwrite" of the queen, sanctioning the business. After his fellow-conspirators had reached Edinburgh, they failed, he said, to send him the promised autograph, after which he had nothing farther to do in the matter, but went to the house of his nephew, the Earl of Angus, at St. Andrews, and staid there. Young says,

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart."

But history and experience show the contrary; and the instances are few in which criminals, in their last moments, tell the whole truth. Morton pretended he could not countenance "the deed-doing," because the queen had not encouraged him to it! History has set that subterfuge aside. Morton was, with Murray, the head of the plot, and his kinsman, Archibald Douglas, the right hand; Bothwell can only be regarded as the left. This rash, hazardous, vain-glorious border chief was just the man to enter into such a project, head-foremost, urged by the cool, calculating leaders of the conspiracy, who stood aloof and set their instruments to work. Bothwell, doubtless, really believed it would be doing the queen a service to get rid of the raw, sensual, giddy Darnley, and it seems certain that Murray, Lethington, and the rest, excited his insane ambition by hinting the fitness of such an energetic Protestant nobleman to be Mary's next husband. For, we may be very sure that the subsequent signing of the bond at Ainsley's Supper, (binding the chief peers of Scotland to support Bothwell's claim to her hand,) was no sudden thing; but part of a foregone conclusion; part of a deep-laid conspiracy to urge the Queen of Scots to destruction.

The house of the Kirk of Field, in which Darnley now lay, stood about three quarters of a mile from Holyrood. At one time it was outside the city wall, in the fields; but at this juncture, it lay just within it, on the spot at present occupied by the College of Edinburgh. The dwelling was so close to the wall, that a little postern led through the latter from the outside into the kitchen. It comprised four rooms. On the lower floor were two of them—the kitchen and a chamber, occupied as a sleeping apartment by Mary when she remained all night. The room corresponding to the latter, overhead, was Darnley's; and over the kitchen was a gallery, or wardrobe, used as a servant's room, and having a window in it over the postern and looking into a lane. In the latter apartment, five attendants slept, and a man named Taylor had his couch in

Darnley's own chamber. Underneath the whole lay a cellarage, rough with the masonry of which the house was constructed, and exhibiting the blocks of the foundation—huge stones which were soon to be torn from their places and hurled into the air on all sides.

For ten days young Henry Stuart lay living in that dreadful house, visited almost every day by the queen and her company. Her coming always gave him the greatest pleasure and toward night he would often prevail on her to stay much later than she had intended. In view of this, and willing to gratify the invalid, she ordered the room under his to be fitted up with a bed, and slept in it several nights. In the daytime, she and the ladies of the court would often come and walk in the gardens of a ruined Dominican convent, lying close to the king's lodging, and sing duetts with Lady Reres, to amuse him. She would also bring the musicians from Holyrood, to play in the same place. Such is the evidence of those who have recorded the circumstances of that time; and everything shows that Mary and Darnley were on the most cheerful terms, and that the latter was apparently disposed to be more moderate and amenable for the future. Going into his room one day, she saw him writing to his father; and, reading the letter, at his request, she found he had been saying the kindest things of her, and expressing his belief that everything would change for the better.

The hour was now at hand when Darnley was to be strangled by the hands of the Douglasses, assisted by the Hamiltons and Balfours. A historic attention to the events of this period enables us to perceive that Bothwell plays a collateral and minor part in this murder—an atrocity participated by a crowd of over thirty men engaged in three parties. Bothwell furnished some of the powder which blew up the king's lodging; but Archibald Douglas and some nameless assassins were those who directly slew him; and the Balfours were those who prepared the secret mines in the cellar, and gave the murderers easy ingress to the house. Bothwell has been a by-word long enough, and time and inquiry have destroyed the influence of the anti-Stuart historians. Whittaker and Chalmers were right in terming that reckless chief the "cat's paw" of the deeper and more cold-blooded homicides—Murray, Morton, Lethington, and others, acting in close understanding and concert with Randolph, Bedford, and Cecil.

In trying to comprehend the catastrophe of the Kirk of Field—in itself only part of a great

scheme of destruction—we must remember that the conspirators and murderers of Darnley influenced the examinations, trials and history of that time, for the next fifteen years, stifling the truth by every means in their power, and leaving a series of false statements and records to set men of future ages by the ears.

From the evidence of Bothwell's servants, Hay, Powrie, Wilson, Hubert, and others, we gather, that a little before the assassination, Bothwell proposed it to them as a thing resolved on by the nobility, and that they had consented. He ordered gunpowder to be brought in mails from Dunbar, and placed in his lodging at Holyrood. He also recommended, as chamberman to the queen, a servant of his own, named Hubert, or French Paris, and from this man Bothwell contrived by threats and promises to procure the key of the queen's bed-room—the chamber under Darnley's. Hubert, in his first confession, says that he expostulated with Bothwell, and being told that the lords were in the plot, asked him what part a certain very honorable and prudent nobleman—that is, the Earl of Murray—would take in the matter. Bothwell's answer to this was, "My Lord of Murray—my Lord of Murray! He will neither help nor hinder; but it is all one!" Seeing that Hubert gave this answer at a time when Murray was at the head of affairs, we may be sure the earl's complicity was an undeniable fact—a thing which he could not pretend to ignore; otherwise that piece of evidence would not have been recorded.

Sunday, 9th February, 1567, was the last day of Henry Darnley's life. The previous evening, the queen had remained in his apartment to a late hour, and this evening she was to visit him again. On the morning of the Sabbath, the prudent Earl of Murray, knowing what was to happen before the rising of another sun, came to the queen and asked her permission to cross the Firth into Fife, to visit his countess, who had sent him word, he said, that she was ill of a burning fever with pustules. The queen wished him to delay till after the departure of the Savoyard embassy, which was to leave Edinburgh next morning. But he was steadily resolved to go, saying his wife was in danger of premature childbirth, and may possibly be dead before his arrival. So the cautious Earl of Murray departed precipitately, in the shrewd hope of preserving his good name in the eyes of the world, and the estimation of posterity.

This Sunday was a day of gayety at Holyrood. In the Chapel-Royal, Sebastian Paiges was married to Margaret Carwood, the queen's waiting-

woman—the same who, twenty years subsequently, bound the eyes of her dying mistress in Fotheringay. Mary appeared at the wedding-dinner, in compliment to those who had served her so faithfully, and with that feeling of consideration for her servants, which was one of the finest *traits* of her character, and marked it to the close. She also promised to come to the mask and late supper, which were to wind up their festivities. Meantime, she proceeded, with the chief persons of her court, to sup with the Bishop of Argyll, who had prepared a farewell banquet for the Savoyard embassy. This entertainment commenced at five o'clock in the evening; and, about eight o'clock, the queen, who seemed in very cheerful spirits on that day, rose to go to the Kirk of Field house and sit, as usual, with the invalid for some time. She was accompanied by the earls of Huntley, Argyll, Cassilis, and other nobles, with several ladies. The Earl of Bothwell, who had sat at the banquet, a perturbed and anxious guest, instead of accompanying the queen, with the rest, went to his apartments at Holyrood, where he had ordered Dalgleish, Powry, Wilson, Hay, and others, should stand ready for his coming. He found them on his arrival, and commanded that the gunpowder contained in a trunk and a leathern bag, should be carried at once to the Kirk of Field.

Bothwell then proceeded to look for the Laird of Ormiston and Hob, his uncle, Hepburn of Bolton, and Hay of Tallo. These he found out and ordered to go to the Blackfriar's Garden, adjoining the Provost's house, and there receive from Dalgleish and the rest the powder which they carried. After this, he hastened to the king's lodgings and went up stairs, where the queen was sitting with Darnley in his apartment, surrounded by several ladies and noblemen, who had come to congratulate him on his recovery. Bothwell stood near the door, partly hidden from the queen's view by a knot of gentlemen, and conversed in a vacant manner with the earls of Argyll and Cassilis. In spite of his natural recklessness, the heart of the border chief beat thick and fast, as he glanced now and then at the two who sat that night on the *dais*, the queen looking and conversing cheerfully, and Darnley evidently gratified by the courtly attendance around him. There were others of the nobles then in presence whose agitation was only less than Bothwell's, inasmuch as they were not to take a direct share in what they knew must happen. Just then the perturbation of Bothwell's mind was greatly increased by the sound of trampling, which he could hear from the hall.

Slipping down hastily, he found that the noise was occasioned by those who were bringing in the powder. The trunk was found too large for the postern door, and Hay and Ormiston were obliged to take out the bags and bring them in singly. Hubert stood trembling at the door of the queen's bed-room, as they passed into it, and laid the sacks on the floor. At this moment they were startled by the angry face and muttered curse of Bothwell, who had come down in the dark—

"My God!" he exclaimed, between his teeth, "what a din ye make! They may hear, above, all ye do!"

An explanation followed, and in a few minutes the contents of the trunk and mail were stowed away in the queen's room. Bothwell, Hepburn, and Hay, then entered the chamber without a light. At the end of a few moments the former came out alone, leaving the other two behind. He then locked the door, and bid Hubert keep the key in his pocket.

"They must remain in that room," he said, in a stern undertone, in answer to the bewildered look of the servant, "I shall be back anon. Now follow me up stairs, fool, and wear not such a vile, wo-begone face. It may hang every one of ye. Do ye hear?"

In another moment Bothwell stood among those nearest the door, and Hubert came close behind him. The queen had already alluded to the lateness of the hour more than once; but now saying it was eleven o'clock, and that she must not disappoint the bridal folks, she rose to say she would go to the abbey. A movement took place accordingly, and she bid the invalid good-night, in a very kind manner.

"The torches! The queen's torches!" was now heard from several voices of the company, as Mary descended the narrow stair and passed out through the little postern door into the lane. Here she found her litter in waiting, and getting into it, was carried directly toward Holyrood; the gentlemen of the household walking on each side with flambeaus in their hands. Having reached the palace, Mary, followed by her company, went up to the apartment where the marriage festivities were held. Everything looked gay, and the queen, surrounded by the countesses of Argyll, Mar, Athol, Bothwell, and the rest of her court, appeared to share in the general cheerfulness of the occasion. Bothwell was there, too, in his court-dress of velvet hose, passamented and trussed with silver, and his black satin doublet, and trying, by an appearance of bustle, as he assisted his countess in the business of the entertainment,

to hide the perturbation of his thoughts. His eye often followed Hubert in the midst of the company, and it was with a feeling of alarm and anger he saw that unfortunate man standing in a corner and looking absorbed in some terrifying train of thought. Coming up to him, and speaking in a low voice, the earl muttered—

“Look ye, man, if ye draw the queen’s attention by that face of thine, and lead to any questioning, I swear ye shall have such a dressing as ye shall remember as long as ye have life.”

Frightened by these threats, Hubert took the first opportunity of slinking away and hiding his ill-omened visage in some darker part of the palace.

Meantime, the queen having heard music, witnessed some of the masquing, and drunk a loving cup to the health of the thankful bride and bridegroom, bade them all good night, and about twelve o’clock, passed out to her own apartment, leaning on the arm of the Countess of Argyll. In the midst of the breaking up, Bothwell went to his chamber, and throwing a horseman’s cloak over his finer dress, went down to where his servants were waiting his farther commands. In a few minutes a group of five or six men passed stealthily out of Holyrood in the direction of the Canongate.

“Who goes there?” exclaimed the sentinel at the queen’s gate, seeing them approach in silence.

“Friends!”

When the soldier asked, “What friends?” the reply was—

“Friends of my Lord Bothwell.”

And so they passed on. At the Netherbow Port they roused the porter Galloway to get up and open the gate for them. He asked them where they had been at that hour, and they replied they had been at the palace, to see the festivity. They then proceeded toward the house of the Kirk of Field, and having reached the back wall or dyke of the town, Hubert climbed over, bidding the rest remain for awhile. In about a quarter of an hour, during which the latter scarcely exchanged a whisper, he returned, along with Hay of Tallo and Hepburn of Bolton, who had been left in the queen’s chamber with the powder. When they were all again together, it was understood that a piece of tow was burning in such a way that it would soon reach the powder. The evidence of these men goes on to say that they all stood for a long time in suspense, till at last, Bothwell himself grew impatient, and wished to go back to examine the fuse. For it is stated that the earl accompanied them on this occasion. But that is not likely. The business

to be effected after he had left Hay and Hepburn in charge of the train, was such that they and the other servants could easily see it done; and everything seems to show that Bothwell, like Morton, Murray, and the rest, left the accomplishment of the work to his subordinates. After these had stood together for a space, which seemed ten times as long as the reality, they saw the house rise with a crack like the discharge of artillery. Every dwelling in Edinburgh shook in the concussion, and the citizens, starting from sleep, thought they had been visited by an earthquake. The conspirators then fled, making the best of their way to their homes and places of concealment, and avoiding the citizens, who now began to come out by twos and threes into the streets to ask the cause of that sudden uproar.

Such are the statements on which writers and others have, in general, founded their conclusions in this dreadful matter. Bothwell is put prominently forward as the chief actor, in dramatic accordance with the idea which makes the murder the result of a household antipathy. But a closer investigation points us to other parties, who were certainly the most direct agents in the business. The evidence of Dalgleish, Powry, Hay, and the others, indicating Bothwell, ignores the coöperation of Archibald Douglas and the Balfours—adherents of the party which presided at the trials. But it was for this bloody work that the Douglasses came back from exile; and the Balfours were the men who arranged in the cellarage of the Kirk of Field the hidden gunpowder by which the whole masonry of that house was dislocated and “dung into dross.” The bags of gunpowder placed by Bothwell’s men in the queen’s room, could never have made so complete a wreck. That underground work of the Balfours was put beyond a doubt by the evidence of Binning and Gairdner at the time of Morton’s trial, in 1581, thus throwing, as Miss Strickland well shows, a flash of suggestive light on the dark history of that catastrophe. Again—as respects the Hamiltons, who were certainly in concert with the murderers, it is a significant fact, that four years later, when the Earl of Lennox was regent, he hanged Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, for complicity in the murder of Henry Darnley. This hanging of an archbishop made as great a noise in Scotland at that time as the killing of that other Archbishop of St. Andrews, who, near a century later, was shot on Magnus Muir; and the motive for it was a thing recognized and beyond question.

Buchanan, who was on the spot, and seems to state the general impression, says there were

two parties at the killing of the king, along with that of Bothwell. He states that the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who lived close to the Kirk of Field, sent eight Hamiltons out of his house, on the night of the murder, to take part in it; and that, using false keys, which had been supplied to them by the Balfours—a fact which appears in the confession of Ormiston—these men entered Darnley's room, and having strangled him and his servant, took them both through the postern and flung them into an orchard lying beyond. After which, he says, they blew up the house. It would seem, however, that it was Archibald Douglas who directly slew the king, or saw his servants do the deed. According to the testimony of Binning and Gairdner, (at Morton's trial,) this Archibald left his house on the night of the murder, wearing a steel cap on his head, light armor on his breast, with velvet *mules* (moulds, slippers) on his feet, and, accompanied by those men, his servants, proceeded to the Kirk of Field. Here he and others, using false keys, got into the house, with a muffled tread, and killed Darnley, and his servant, Taylor. When Archibald came back from "the deed-doing," they said his clothes were full of clay and dirt, and he had lost one of his *mools*—which was afterward discovered in the ruins of the house. His men, passing away from the scene when the deed was done, met several other men with vails on their faces in Thropstow's Wynd, and recognized the voice of Provost Balfour, the owner of the house. At the same time they saw John Maitland, brother of Secretary Maitland, join them, and putting his two hands over his own mouth, make a gesture of silence.

No doubt—Darnley was not blown up with gunpowder, which is tantamount to the conclusion that Bothwell did not slay him—though, of course, stupidly consenting to his death; and we can now truly perceive how that stroke helped to demolish the rude chief himself, as well as Darnley. It is interesting to note that Morton, being asked, in his last moments, in 1581, if the king had been strangled or blown up, did not answer; did not say what, till then, he had given out—that Darnley was blown up! He refused to say he was strangled—which would fix the crime upon his own Douglasses. This has the force of positive evidence. And there is a passage in a lately published letter, which also seems to bring the act home to the Douglasses. It is from the Archi-

vist, Tanfani, to the Pope, and says it is the opinion of Moretta, the Piedmontese Envoy, who was in Edinburgh at the time of the murder, that Darnley heard them trying to open his doors with the false keys, and fled through a door into a garden with his pelisse in his hand; that he was overtaken, strangled, and then carried into a neighboring orchard; and that some women, who lived near the place, heard the king cry out, while under the hands of the murderers—

"Ah, my kinsmen, have mercy on me, for the love of him who had mercy on us all!"

Poor Darnley well knew that his death would be most likely to come from the Douglasses. He probably recognized some of them, and therefore appealed to them, as his kinsmen—for the Countess of Lennox and Morton were first cousins.

Respecting the manner of Darnley's death, there is further evidence, strong enough to discredit the idea that he was blown up. Melville says that one of the palace pages reported how Darnley was taken into a stable and choked with a napkin.

Again, in a letter from Drury, the English Marshal of Berwick to Cecil, written after Murray had gone to visit him at that city; the writer says: "The king was long of dying, and to his strength made debate for his life." This, coming from a man who intimately knew the plot, and the plotters, is highly significant of the truth, in this case.

All these facts throw Bothwell into the background. We see between twenty and thirty men—and it should be mentioned that the savage Kerr of Faudonside, whom the Queen had excluded from all pardon, was among them—surrounding that doomed house, in two parties, and prowling about in the dark, independent of Bothwell's men; and we see at once that he himself and his few bags of gunpowder were things beside the bloody act, and only made part of the catastrophe for an ulterior purpose—that of converting him into a screen and a scapegoat. We also see that we have, in truth, only a slight, uncertain glimpse of the murder of Darnley, as it was really enacted under the hands of his fierce and remorseless kindred, the Douglasses. Archibald Douglas, if he dared, could have written a chapter on that occurrence, of a deeper and more terrific interest, than any the reader can find in these pages.

CHAPTER XIV.

Alarm at Holyrood—Mary's astonishment and fear—Investigation of the murder—The murderers say she and Bothwell destroyed Darnley—Anonymous placards against her—Murray goes away once more—Trial of Bothwell—His acquittal—Morton and the rest sign a document recommending him as a fit husband for the queen—Bothwell meets Mary on a journey, and carries her to Dunbar castle—Their marriage—Rebellion of the lords—Bothwell driven into exile.

Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor—
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
In truth, I know not.

QUEEN KATHARINE.

There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed earle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, the plague of womankind,
Who, trussing me, as eagle doth his prey,
Me hither brought with him, as swift as wind.

SPENSER.

In the last chapter, we loitered into argument from the course of the narrative—an inevitable proceeding, perhaps, where the subject has been so much involved in misstatement and uncertainty. We now take up the thread of the story.

When the explosion at the Kirk of Field had roused up the startled citizens, many of them came running to Holyrood with the news. A man named George Hackett knocked at the palace gate, breathless and black in the face, and asked to see the Lord Bothwell. Being taken up stairs to the apartment where the earl and countess were in bed, Bothwell exclaimed—

“What's the matter, man, that ye come at this hour, staring in such a manner?”

“Oh, my lord, the king's house is blown up—and I trow the king be slain!” stammered Hackett, in consternation.

“What say ye?” cried Bothwell, in well-feigned alarm; “fie, treason! Call my lords Huntley and Athol, and let me put on my clothes!”

He was soon dressed, and joined by the other earls; whereupon they proceeded, without exchanging many words or looks, to the queen's apartment, that lay at the other side of the court. She had heard the great noise, and asked what it meant. No one could tell, till the earls of Argyll, Huntley, Bothwell, and Athol, with several ladies, came crowding into her room to say some strange accident had occurred at the house of the Kirk of Field. Once again, as she sat up in her bed that night, did the heart of Mary beat with the old feeling of ominous dread, so familiar to her of late, while with a pallid face and agitated voice, she ordered that the cause of the uproar should be instantly discovered, and

news brought to her of the king. In her secret soul she suspected some catastrophe, and knew that something had been attempted against Darnley.

The earls hurried away, accompanied by the queen's halberdiers, in the direction of the Kirk of Field, carrying torches with them, for the night was, just then, at its darkest. When they arrived they found the house one mass of ruins—hurled from its foundations, and “dung into dross”—proving, as we have said, that it was the powder deposited in the cellar by the Balfours which destroyed the house, and not the few bags carried into the queen's room by Bothwell's men. After some labor, four of Darnley's attendants were taken up dead, and another, named Nelson, was rescued alive. At last when it was daylight about five o'clock in the morning, Darnley and his man Taylor, were found dead in their shirts, in a little orchard about eighty yards off. There was found no sign of burning or blackening on them;—no dislocating sign of an explosion so terrible could be seen on any part of their bodies. How he and Taylor came to that orchard will probably never be known. Nelson was examined, but only testified that he heard and knew nothing till he found himself blown up. It is very likely the man was tampered with, or his evidence destroyed. If the king had been killed in the house, the murderers would have left him there to be crushed in the explosion. Miss Strickland very justly supposes—and the hearing of Darnley's last appeals to his kinsmen sustains her opinion—that being alarmed by the entrance of the assailants, he and his servant escaped out of the house, and that being followed by Archibald Douglas and the rest he was thrown down and strangled, Taylor sharing his fate.

An inquest was held in the Kirk of Field on the body of Darnley. But of course it was not meant that it should set forth the manner of his death. We are told that the surgeons were not exactly agreed upon it. But the conspirators spread their own report for their own ends, and that report became the history we have all believed in. The Douglasses shook their heads and talked of gunpowder and Bothwell. Meantime the news of her husband's cruel slaughter reached the queen. She received it with a look of horror and retired at once to her chamber, from which she had come forth. She was told the gunpowder in the Kirk of Field took fire by accident. But she knew it all. She knew the instigators of the crime. She knew that Murray, Morton, Lethington, George the postulate and their friends were the deadly enemies of Darnley—as

he was theirs. She also knew that Bothwell and her husband had never any falling out, and that the earl was in his bed, "when the crack rose"—as he afterwards proved on his trial. Yet, at the same time she felt that Bothwell was a party to the business. But then, who was not? The unhappy queen knew, in fact, that nearly all her chief nobility were leagued against the young man, but that the fiercest foes he had were the Douglasses, the return of whom he had opposed with such unavailing bitterness.

By the orders of the queen, the body of Darnley was brought to Holyrood where it was embalmed by a *pothegar*, at the cost of 11 pounds Scots. Mary went with her women to look upon the face of her dead husband and wept as she did so. The corpse was then laid out in royal state, and candles were lighted, and dirges and masses sung, after the rites of the Catholic Church, for the repose of the departed spirit. The queen, meantime, sat in her darkened chamber, leaving her council to draw up a statement of the king's death for the Queen Regent of France; and this was signed by Bothwell and Lethington, two of the conspirators, who spoke of the deed as a wicked one, and said that God would never allow such wickedness to remain hidden and unpunished. On 11th of February, two days after the murder, a Court of Investigation was held in the Tolbooth, presided over by the Earl of Argyll, chief justice; but of course, nothing was discovered. On the same day Mary sent to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then at Paris, an account of the murder, in which she says she is convinced the assassins would have destroyed herself as well as Darnley if God had not so ordered it that she did not sleep at the Kirk of Field on the fatal night. She then took her child and went for safety into the Castle of Edinburgh, where she had her chamber hung with black and sat in mourning, according to the royal custom of the time. Meanwhile, her enemies, the murderers and conspirators, were whispering and spreading the most fatal calumnies against her; and preparing the next act of the tragic drama. They desired that Bothwell should underlie the odium of the murder, and share it with the queen. They knew that as lieutenant-general of the Marches, he was the chief support of the crown, and that until his power could be crushed nothing effective could be done against her person. The day after Darnley's burial, a paper was fixed on the gate of the Tolbooth, stating that E. B., Balfour of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers and black John Spens were the murderers, and that the queen was assenting to it, through

the persuasion of the Earl of Bothwell, and the witchcraft of the Lady Buccleuch—the same we read of in the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The queen called on the writer, by proclamation, to come forward and make good his words and have the reward already offered. The skulking slanderer, instead of appearing, put up another paper. The money, he said, should be given into impartial hands first. Then he would appear with four others. Meanwhile he advised that Bastian and Lutini, the queen's goldsmith, should be stayed. The queen did not reply to this gross and impudent subterfuge; and another piece of writing came out to reiterate the charge against the Earl Bothwell, Balfour and the others. The writer of these was never known. But his vile scrawls had a terrible effect. The pulpits also took up the subject; and people were in the habit of going about the streets at night, crying, Wo, Wo, to the queen and the murderers of the "gentil Henrye!" The preachers seemed as sorry for the latter as if he had been a sound Protestant.

On 16th February, the queen was persuaded by her considerate council, that she ought not to injure her feeble health in her dool-chamber, but take some needful air and exercise. She was accordingly escorted to the house of Lord Seton, a few miles from Edinburgh, accompanied by the Archbishop of St. Andrews and lords, ladies and servants, numbering one hundred persons in all. But calumny, as well as care, still sat upon her horse's crupper. A certain game of butts shot gaily at Tranent, between her and Bothwell on one side, and Lords Seton and Huntley on the other, has become a portion of her life's history. But the shooting match never took place. Drury who reported it in one letter, contradicted it in another. Mary now carried on a correspondence with the Earl of Lennox. Several letters passed between them, on the subject of Darnley. In one of these the earl thanks her for her gracious and comfortable letter, and requests her to convene the nobles to inquire into the murder. In reply the queen stated that Parliament would shortly meet and nothing should be left undone to discover the actors in such a dreadful tragedy. Lennox rejoined, at the end of five days, praying her to arrest those named in the placards. But as the queen herself had been named in those dastardly papers, the request of Lennox was insolent as well as illegal. Mary declined to act upon it; but, in a letter of 1st of March, she observes there are a great many names on the tickets and asks him to point out those he thinks worthy of trial. She did not get an answer for

sixteen days. Lennox seemed afraid of a responsibility which he would have flung promptly upon her shoulders. Meanwhile the placards were continued, accusing M. R. and L. B. with a cowardly pertinacity which excited the minds of the people a good deal.

On the 7th of March, Mary returned to Edinburgh Castle and there received Killigrew who brought a letter from Queen Elizabeth. The latter had been vigorously affected by the death of poor Darnley who was her bitter scorn while living, and she wrote to express her concern for the condition and fame of Mary—who having read the letter of consolation might have said, in the words of Coleridge to a didactic friend—"You have poured oil into my wounds; but it is oil of vitriol."

Thus began the condolence of that terrible dear sister:—

MADAM:—"My ears have been so much shocked, my understanding so much perplexed, and my heart so much appalled at hearing the horrible report of the abominable murder of your husband, my slaughtered cousin, that I have scarcely, as yet, spirits to write about it."

She then goes on to tell Mary boldly she is more concerned for her than for the dead cousin, and implores her to do prompt and open justice on all those guilty of Darnley's destruction, and so free herself from suspicion. She looks on it as a dreadful affair; and then she slips in that never-dying Treaty of Edinburgh—and says if Mary will sign it now, it may be all the better for her, and so ends, her "dear sister!" Mary preserved that letter; but her reply to it is not to be found in the archives of England. It was probably not one of those things Cecil would label and put carefully into a pigeon-hole, for posterity to read.

About 7th of March, after a month's absence Earl Murray came back, looking very innocent and took his place at the Council Board of the queen. During his absence he—though one of those "banded" for the destruction of Darnley—had come to an understanding with the Earl of Lennox, his enemy, and made a compact with him to pursue the murderers—the chief murderer, Morton, being also included in this compact! It was by advice of Murray and Morton that Lennox now prepared to indicate Bothwell and demand his arrest—which they all well knew the queen could not venture on. The treacherous part played by Murray is truly set forth in a letter from the Bishop of Mondovi the Pope's Nuncio in Scotland, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, pointing out the earl's design of slaying

Bothwell, dethroning Mary, and crowning the prince under his own Regency; and all this to be done with the assistance of the Queen of England. The Nuncio was right; and his letter was prophetic. Meantime the double-faced Murray, on his return, greeted Bothwell with courtesy, invited him to his banquets and treated him in all respects as if his fellow conspirator was also his friend. He well knew he could not violate the Craigmillar Bond and attack Bothwell, openly. But he worked in secrecy and delegated the business to those who accomplished it with a savage success, as we shall see.

In view of the dangers that seemed to threaten her on every side, Mary gave her child into the custody of the Earl of Mar, Governor of Stirling Castle. On 17th of March she received from Lennox a reply to her letter of 1st of that month, in which he repeats his request, wonders sarcastically she should ask for names when all the world has been pronouncing them and writes them down again, beginning with the Earl of Bothwell. But she answered him gravely, bidding him come to Edinburgh, the ensuing week, when the nobles would have met and formed a tribunal for the trial of the persons named. At this time, Mary's health suffered greatly from her anxiety, and Drury, the English gossip, said she was breaking very much, as every one could witness who saw her at the *Requiem* and *Dirige* for the soul of her dead husband. He also mentions her midnight Vigil in the Chapel of Holyrood, where, with two of her ladies, she remained praying and sighing in the cold for several hours. The journal prepared by Buchanan and others, for Cecil and Elizabeth, says Mary was at this time passing her time at Seton House, with Bothwell, in a gamesome frame of mind.

Mary's Privy Council fixed the 12th of April as a day on which Bothwell should stand his trial; and on 27th of March, a proclamation ordered him to appear accordingly. This was a perilous arrangement; for the peers of that earl would not dare to bring in a fellow conspirator guilty. Lennox now demanded that the assize should be postponed; but this was considered unreasonable by the council, and they refused to comply. On 12th of April, therefore, the important trial of Bothwell took place. But, three days previously, the cowardly Murray once more ran away—quitted Scotland to shelter his reputation—leaving his instruments behind to do the violent rough work which he had cut out for them. Of all those conspirators and murderers, Murray certainly shows basest and most contemptible. Mary, with tears in her eyes, im-

plored him to stay by her side. But he was deaf as an adder. He said he was in debt and should leave Scotland for five years. In about five months, this kindless hypocrite was at home again, governing Scotland in Mary's stead!

On the morning of his trial, Bothwell rode with a cheerful confidence to the Tolbooth, guarded and escorted by a strong body of his own retainers. Along with him rode his fellow homicides, Morton and Lethington; and their accomplice, Argyll, presided as Justice General, in the hall of the Court. There the Border Chief was indicted aloud for the murder of the late king, and Lennox was formally cited by a crier to appear and accuse him. But Lennox did not appear. His servant, Cunningham rose up and said his lord had not had sufficient notice; and was moreover deterred from coming to court by the number of armed men surrounding Bothwell. He demanded time. The Justice Clerk, however, decided that the trial must go on. During a trial of eight hours in which Bothwell was confident they dared not to touch upon the real facts of the assassination, he proved that he was in bed with his countess when the king's house was blown up. He was, of course, acquitted. He then published a cartel, offering to fight any gentleman of Scotland, France, or England, who should gain-say the finding of his jury. And thus this noble commission closed, having hurried over an inquiry which it would not dare to carry on in good faith. If the peers had found Bothwell guilty, he could have retorted on them all, in a terrible manner, by proving the complicity of Murray, Morton, Argyll, Huntley, the Hamiltons, the Balfours, Lethington and a number of others. The trial to convict that chieftain, should have been one in which he himself could have no power to speak. And, in fact, his brother conspirators were shortly enabled to preside, informally, at that very sort of trial, and to bring him in guilty. At the close of this assize, Lennox finding he could no longer carry on his suit against the destroyers of Darnley, went away to England on 17th April.

We have seen enough to show the demoralized and savage character of those reforming lords. Lord John Manners who would permit arts and commerce to die, but preserve an old nobility for the assurance and benefit of the world, could not have drawn his poetic inspiration from those Scottish nobles. But greater baseness and treachery were to come. Murray, as we have stated, left behind him a train which his accomplices were to fire. It was resolved that the unhappy young widow, not yet twenty-five years old, and

trembling with the recent horror of her husband's fate, should be cast into the arms of a married man—that she should be infamous in life and infamous in all ages to come. The destroyers of Darnley, Bothwell's fellow-conspirators, drew up a bond in which they and other Scottish Noblemen recommended that same Bothwell as a fitting husband for the queen. The doings of Italian plotters and assassins have become proverbial for their wickedness, but none of them ever exceeded in a certain remorseless ferocity the acts of Mary's ministers, councillors and peerage.

The Parliament which had met on 14th of April, sat for five days. At the end of that time, Bothwell was encouraged to invite nearly all the nobles then in town to an entertainment at the house of a man named Ainsley. On this occasion he produced to them a document in which the subscribers were to declare that James Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Crichton and Liddesdale, Great Admiral of Scotland and Lieutenant of the Marches, was acquitted of the king's murder; that they would support him with their lives and fortunes; that they considered him the fittest husband for their unprotected queen, and that they would support his suit to her majesty and hold themselves ready to maintain the marriage against all impugnors. That thrice infamous bond was signed by the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Bishops of Aberdeen, Dumblane, Brechin and Ross, the Earls of Huntley, Argyll, Cassilis Morton, Errol, Sutherland, Crawford Caithness, Rothes, and the Lords Boyd, Glamis, Ruthven, Sempil, Ogilvie, Fleming and Herries. The copy of this document in the Cotton Library was furnished by Reid, Buchanan's Secretary, and has at the head the name of the Earl of Murray, But the latter was not at the "supper;" and Reid put down his name because the earl was well known to be the instigator of the measure—though he had fled from the necessity of putting a hand to it. The signing of that bond is a black stain upon the nobility of Scotland—though it is not to be doubted that the names of several of the nobles were procured in an unfair manner. Some of the signers were drunk, probably. Bothwell put the bond in his pocket and paid the cost of the banquet; then, intoxicated by the ambitious thoughts which grew from the favor of his sovereign and her helplessness, and urged to his destruction by his treacherous friends and fellow-homicides, he prepared an enterprise which was to be the crowning sorrow of Mary Stuart's life.

On 21st of April, the queen left Seton House,

attended by Huntley, Livingstone, Lethington, Melville, and her ladies, and traveled to Stirling for the purpose of seeing her child. The Earl of Mar, keeper of the prince, received her courteously, and she had the happiness of caressing her boy, little dreaming that it was the last time she should ever behold him on earth. Calumny of the basest sort pursued her even to the cradle of her infant. The English marshal of Berwick, writing an account of this interview, shows the miserable sycophancy with which Englishmen of that age served the antipathies and fantasies of an imperious woman, and the vileness of the stuff history is made of. It seems, the child, then ten months old, did not recognize its mother, and cried; and this the marshal indicates as a kind of instinctive horror against the destroyer of its father. Indeed, this March veteran, Drury, gravely narrates that the infant tried to scratch her! Then he tells the story of the apple. The queen, to quiet the baby, took an apple from her pocket, and held it up to him; she could not induce him to taste it, however. But, lo! when it fell to the ground, and was eaten up by a greyhound bitch and her whelps, they all grew sick and in a little time died.

And when the casket of letters was brought out, something over a year later, and it was made to appear that during her stay at Stirling, Mary had written three more letters to Bothwell, people felt that the infant was miraculously inspired to treat the mother as she deserved. Just at the edge of the former crisis, (the murder of Darnley,) the queen was made to send a volley of epistles to the bad man, Bothwell; and on the eve of the abduction, she was made to send another close volley to the same—inviting and encouraging him to seize and carry her off. She saw him at Seton, as she was coming away, on 21st April; she spent part of Tuesday, 22d, at Stirling, with her child and the Earl of Mar; wrote a letter to the Pope's Nuncio; came away on 23d, and on the road to Linlithgow, was attacked by one of those severe fits of sickness which grew from fatigue and mental anxiety, and obliged to rest for some time in a cottage, by the way. And yet, with all this visiting, nursing, journeying, corresponding, and fainting, they say she had leisure to write three secret resolute love-letters to Bothwell, before her meeting with him on Thursday. And the meaning of these letters was, that he should way-lay and carry her off, and have men enough to make sure of her. All this, two months after Darnley's burial, and addressed to Lady Janet Gordon's husband! The slanderers of Mary Stuart re-

posed an astonishing confidence in the ignorance and credulity of mankind in general. Their trust in God's providence could not be much stronger.

On 24th of April, Mary set out from Linlithgow, on her way to Edinburgh, with a small company of twelve or fourteen persons, among whom were Melville and Lethington. She traveled briskly along, till she came within a mile of the Castle of Edinburgh, glad to think she was about to have a place of repose, after her fatigues and sickness. But she was not fated to sleep in Edinburgh that night. At a place called Foulbriggs, she was aware of the approach of a strong body of armed horsemen, under the Sheriff of Lothian, who had just ridden out of Edinburgh with six hundred men, apparently to perform his usual duty of furnishing the queen's escort. But his purpose was otherwise. As his troops approached, he rode forward, and saluting the queen as she sat on horseback, said he had some words for her private ear. Lethington and Melville went aside, and for a few minutes, Mary and her chief minister conferred together on the road, the former listening with calmness, and the chieftain trying to persuade her there was danger awaiting her in Edinburgh, and that she could be in safety nowhere but surrounded by troops, in one of her own strong fortresses, commanded by a man devoted to her interest. Mary had just received from Paris a letter written by the Archbishop of Glasgow, to warn her again of some peril that still menaced her, and she also remembered that Sir James Balfour, castellan of Edinburgh Castle, was an associate of those she dreaded most. Listening to the words of a man she believed loyal, and her friend, she therefore turned her horse's head, with a sigh, and said he ought to know best and advise her best. "She suspected no evil in him"—to use the emphatic language of the Scottish parliament, convened a few months later. The word was accordingly given, and the queen's company, including Melville and Lethington, and surrounded by the escort of the Earl of Bothwell, took up their rapid march for the fortress of Dunbar. On their arrival at that place, Mary, who was half dead with fatigue and anxiety, was received in the most respectful manner and with royal honors, and the sister of Bothwell, widow of Mary's half-brother, (Lord John of Coldingham,) came forward with several ladies to help her from her palfrey, and give her welcome to the castle.

There was nothing extraordinary in this visit of Mary to the castle of one of her great nobles—the commander of her forces. It is curious to

observe that the English were aware of the abduction before it took place. Drury, writing from Berwick to Cecil, says—

“This day she minded to return to Edinburgh or Dunbar. The Earl of Bothwell hath gathered many of his friends very well provided, some say to ride into Liddesdale. But there is feared some other purpose much different from that—of the which I believe I shall shortly be able to advertise you more certainly.”

Elizabeth was well aware that one more deadly scheme was in action against the character and royal dignity of her rival.

Ten days was Mary kept in the fortress of Dunbar, exposed to the misrepresentations, entreaties, menaces and violence of the Earl of Bothwell, to whose fierce will she found herself obliged to submit. In her letters of explanation, she states that he used force; though, being his wife when she wrote them, she makes a melancholy show of extenuating the outrage. Though the casket letters would show that she and Bothwell had planned the seizure, we find that the earl had not made the necessary preparation for putting away his countess. After the abduction, this business was got through in the most hasty manner. Two suits of divorce were immediately carried on—one by the Countess of Bothwell, in the Protestant Kirk Sessions, against her husband, for infidelity—the other by the latter, in the Catholic Court of Consistory, on the plea of near relationship; and in about a fortnight the Earl of Bothwell was pronounced a free man. Then, on 6th of March, he brought the queen from Dunbar to Edinburgh, allowing her what Buchanan terms “a vain show of liberty.” She was carried to the Castle of Edinburgh, where the earl surrounded her with a strong guard, and thus prevented the visits of those among her nobles who would be disposed to assist her. Melville, at this time, endeavored, in an underhand way, to dissuade her from a marriage with Bothwell; and he and her other well-wishers entertained unfavorable ideas of her when they found she did not attend to them. But they did not know the treatment she had received from the earl, and that she could no longer hesitate.

The nobles now executed another document—another bond of baseness—in which they declared that Bothwell was the best and fittest husband the queen could choose: and on 9th of May, Craig, minister of St. Giles church, published the bans of her marriage; but very reluctantly and with a public declaration, that no second marriage of the earl could be lawful, after divorce on the grounds of infidelity; a protest for which

Bothwell threatened to have his ears cut off. The unfortunate queen now declared she acted freely in this matter, and meant to raise the earl to higher honors, and was permitted to remove to the palace of Holyrood, where Bothwell's strong guard kept watch at the gates. On 12th of May, he was created Duke of Orkney, with a dreary attempt at pageantry. On the evening of the 14th, the day before the wedding, Melville went to visit the queen, and saw Bothwell sitting at supper in the hall, with Huntley, the justice clerk, and others. The new duke called for a cup of wine, and drank to him, that he may pledge in return, like a Dutchman, as he said, bidding him drink and grow fat, seeing his zeal for the commonweal had made him lean. Melville drank and listened to some of Bothwell's coarse jokes; after which, he went to the queen, who was sitting in sadness and alone, and appeared very glad to see him and talk to him.

Next day she was united, with a heavy heart, to the Duke of Orkney—not according to the Catholic rite, but with a Protestant marriage—a thing she disliked as much as she did that brutal man himself. The ceremony took place in the hall of Holyrood—not in the chapel. It was a strange, silent and ominous bridal. Mary had put off her dark garments, at the desire of the bridegroom, and wore jewels. But all who gazed on her face were surprised and saddened at the change which was there visible. The day following this joyless marriage, Du Croc, who had refused to be present at it, went to Holyrood to see the Queen of Scots. He found her pale and agitated, and saw Bothwell, who was present, looking dark and sullen. He could not help showing his concern at such a state of things, when Mary spoke, with a cold smile—

“Do not be surprised, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, if you see me sorrowful. Though the bride of a day, I cannot make any show of rejoicing, nor ever shall again.” She said this with solemnity, looking on vacancy, and scarcely noticing the gesture with which the duke turned and left the room. “I have nothing more to look for now, but death.” The following day, being in her cabinet with the duke, she was heard to scream out, and in a shrill vehement voice, threaten to kill herself. Arthur Erskine, captain of her guard, heard her, in one of those marital interviews, call for a knife to stab herself, and declare she would go out and drown herself. The people of the palace ran to Du Croc, to say they feared she was growing desperate, and he went three or four times to comfort her. A dreadful honeymoon! proving Mary's antipathy to that blockish

chieftain, and giving the casket letters their most conclusive disproof.

The savage plot was ripening. Murray was in England, speaking worse of Mary, says Drury, than became a subject—still less a brother; and Morton, quitting Holyrood, was arranging his plans in Fife, assisted by the learned schemer, Lethington. They had made use of Bothwell for the dishonoring of the queen, and they were now resolved to overwhelm him and her in the same destruction. They drew together at Stirling, loudly exclaiming against Bothwell as the murderer of the late king, and assisted by the trumpets of the reformers, calling on the people to rush in and separate the newly made man and wife.

On the evening of 6th of June, there was an unusual bustle in the palace of Holyrood. In the court-yard were assembled about a hundred armed men on horseback round the royal litter, while near it stood several horses bridled and saddled—some of them harnessed for female riders—for it was whispered that at nightfall the queen was to leave Holyrood for a place of greater safety. In the midst of the hurried preparation, the Duke of Orkney was walking up and down the great hall, giving his orders in a harsh voice and with impatient gestures. He had issued a proclamation in the queen's name, on the 28th of May, summoning the crown retainers to meet at Melrose on 15th of June. But the lords resolved to anticipate the muster, were now on their way to Edinburgh. A messenger who had ridden hard, brought these news at noon, and Bothwell instantly resolved to remove that night to the strong Castle of Borthwick, twelve miles off. Accordingly, just as the stars began to come out, the Queen of Scots descended the stair of Holyrood, and getting into her litter, while a few ladies took horse by her side, was driven off at a rapid pace, the horsemen closing round her and her husband riding in silence by her side.

The lords entered Edinburgh in a few days, proclaiming that they meant to deliver the queen from the tyranny of Bothwell. They then marched their troops toward Borthwick, and a portion of them, coming up to the castle, summoned him to surrender. But he was not there. He had just escaped from the place, leaving the queen in the fortress. Next day the lords drew off their forces, and at night, the Queen of Scots left Borthwick on horseback, and we are told, alone, for the purpose of joining her husband. He had remained hid, in the neighborhood, and both met toward morning. They then rode rapidly together, with a few attendants, toward

the ill-omened Castle of Dunbar. Here they were joined by a hasty levy, in obedience to the proclamation, and on 14th of June, Mary, at the head of an army of two thousand men, proceeded toward Edinburgh to engage the forces of the lords, three thousand strong, commanded by the chief homicide, Morton.

The armies met at Musselburgh, five miles from the capital, and stood drawn up, face to face, with low ground and a brook between them. Du Croc, the French ambassador, played the part of a mediator on that day. He rode into the camp of the lords, who told him they were ready to obey the queen, but would denounce Bothwell as the murderer of King Henry. He then ambled up to the tent of the queen, who received him courteously, but told him it did not look well, that they who had encouraged her marriage, should now rise to dissolve it. The Duke of Orkney, who had been arranging his lines, now came up and called out cheerfully, to let the troops hear him—

“Well, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, what would these men yonder be at? I suppose they have shown you their mind—that is, if they know it themselves.”

His demeanor was bold enough to challenge Du Croc's admiration, who, refusing his *accolade*, answered him in the same raised tone—

“My lord duke, those lords say they will do their duty by the queen. But let me tell you,” this was in a lower key, “they are your mortal enemies.”

“Oh, no doubt, no doubt! We understand all that. And what of that trial? What of that bond? Does not all the world know of that bond? Now God mend them! I never offended any of them, and the best of them would have been glad to do what I have done. It is all fortune. I have had mine, and will maintain it with *this*. Go, for God's sake, and procure a champion from among those yonder, to meet me by the brook, and maintain their base calumny, with his sword. Do it; a nobleman, mark ye, and my peer!”

The duke spoke in a loud voice, willing that the soldiers should hear him. But the queen interposed, and said she would not permit such *arbitrement* in her presence. In a moment or two the chieftain again spoke—

“Lo, you, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, there is no time to talk. I see them crossing the brook, and we must be at blows immediately. If you wish to make peace, like the man who came between Scipio and Hannibal, do so. Otherwise, if you wish to see a battle, stand aside. I promise you

fine pastime; for there will be shrewd fighting, I judge."

Du Croc here parted from the queen, leaving her with tears in her eyes. He rode down and told the lords that she would pardon them if they returned to their duty.

"If that be all," replied Morton, "there is no more to be said; but we pray ye remove from the field before the fight begin."

While these things were passing, the queen, as she sat on her palfrey, observed a captain at the head of some horsemen approach her position, from the opposite lines. She asked who it was, and hearing it was Kirkaldy of Grange, sent to bid him come to her. With a darkened brow, Orkney saw this soldier ride up and hold conference with Mary. Melville says he ordered a trooper to shoot Kirkaldy. At all events, the duke approached, and addressing himself to the envoy, denounced the charges of the lords as false and base, and offered to engage Morton in single combat, or any one else who should accuse him of slaying the king. Kirkaldy said he would deliver the challenge, and at the same time, tried to persuade the queen to go over to the lords and let Bothwell depart. When he returned and delivered the duke's challenge, Lord Lindsay of the Byres accepted it, and having received the family sword of the Earl Morton, proceeded to the front to meet the challenger. But the queen was weary of the long parley, and offended to think

her fate should be decided by a pair of duellists: and she therefore announced that, on Kirkaldy's fair promises, she would go to the lords. It was in vain that the duke, denouncing them as traitors, and swearing it would be better to fight it out, tried to dissuade her from her purpose. She came to the unhappy resolution to trust the murderers of Darnley, and those who had already helped to cover her with dishonor.

The lords were very anxious to frighten Bothwell away—not wishing to provoke any confession from him. Grange came and advised him to retire to some place of safety for a time—as his enemies were bent on slaying him. The queen also advised him to go back to Dunbar, and told him he should hear from her again. By this time the forces on both sides were approaching and mixing together, and Kirkaldy, holding Mary's bridle rein, led her slowly down the slope. Orkney, seeing all was lost, bent his head to the queen, who returned a mute gesture of farewell; then turning his horse, and ordering his own border horsemen to attend him, he galloped over the brow of the hill, in the direction of Dunbar. Thus, after the union of a month, was broken that fatal marriage. Bothwell and Mary never met again. He fled to the shore,

And, mounting the ocean wave, banished forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn,
was soon lost forever in the darkness and billows
of the northern seas.

THE GRAPE GATHERER.

BY B. H. STODDARD.

I AM a noble lady
As any one may see,
And that, I think's, the reason
You trifle so with me.
You love that grape-girl yonder—
The one against the wall:
She climbs, and climbs, but have a care,
A step, and she may fall!
You walked with her this morning,
Her basket on your head:
" 'Twas better than my coronet,"
Or something so you said;
"And the grapes and yellow tendrils
Tangled in her hair,
Were brighter than my ringlets,
And all the pearls I wear."
You should have seen her lover,
Couched in the vines hard by,
A swarthy, black-browed fellow,
With a devil in his eye.

He clutched his grape hook fiercely,
And, but that I were fear,
He would have slain you, cousin,
And will some day I fear.

You think she loves you only,
And so thought all the rest,
Why, you had hardly left her
Before the Count was blest.
You doubt? pray ask her sister,
Or ask the jilted swains;
Or watch, when she's not watching,
'Twill well be worth your pains.

I should be very angry,
'Tis so unworthy you;
But since you say "'twas jesting,"
I must forgive, and do.
I own I love you somewhat,
But ere you marry me,
You must do one thing, cousin—
Let my grape-gatherers be!

THE EX-COLLEGIAN'S STORY.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

ONE of our party had been speaking of a wedding to which he had been invited the day previous; he had just concluded, when Mr. Cavanagh's "Now wait a minute till I tell you something," at once put a stop to further remarks.

"How would I do for a priest, do you think?"

"Well, barring the fasting, castigation, and self-denial, I think pretty well," said Mr. Cox.

"True for you," said he, with a sigh; "the stations would do well enough; the confessions (especially those of contrite youth and beauty) obtain speedy absolution; but Lent—Lent would be the death of me."

"Had you ever any design on the loaves and fishes?" asked another.

"I was set aside, and destined for the church, sir, six years before I was born—educated for the office for sixteen years after that memorable event took place—studied hard at college till I was two-and-twenty, and yet the fates were unpropitious."

"Not unwise in them either," said the vice-president.

"Then how comes it that you are not in orders?" asked Cox.

"Now wait for a minute till I tell you. Don't be in a hurry, for that may disturb digestion—'fair and aisy goes far in a day'—we'll soon come to it. Now I never was married, although I missed the church."

"More shame for you," chimed in his left-hand supporter.

"Well, it was not my fault, and it was—I'm going to tell you all about it, if you'll only give me time. You don't want me to choke myself with a story in my mouth?"

"There would be little hopes for you if you did," remarked Cox, *sotto voce*. "I only wonder you've escaped with so many."

The quick ears of Mr. Cavanagh overheard what was said.

"Come now, Cox, that aint fair. You know that by 'story' I did not mean a falsehood or fabrication, but merely an anecdote. Never mind what he says, gentlemen; I never do. You must know, then, in the first place, before we go any further, that learning was never my weakness; I had a soul above musty heathenish books. What I became possessed of was regularly

drilled into me by the schoolmaster's cane. If I was as well acquainted with the dead languages as I was with the rattan, Cardinal Wiseman or a dozen of dictionaries wouldn't be fit to hold a candle to me; but I was not. However, as it was the wish of my father and mother, I took to it—as did fair Rosamond to the poison—unkindly, for I had no particle of relish for it.

"When I had arrived, through grammars, lexicons, floggings, algebra, and metaphysics, at the romantic age of one-and-twenty, a tide in my destiny began to ebb. An incident then occurred that ruled my fate, and overthrew my resolutions. But I must not anticipate. I was sauntering one day through some fields, a few miles distant from the college, studying closely for the approaching examinations, when I found myself within a very short distance of a respectable farm-house; a small quickset hedge, about five feet in height, separated me from a closely-clipped lawn, that lay directly in front of the hall door. I had only taken my eyes from my book to note my whereabouts, when the sounds of a lively female voice made me pocket my dull companion, and turn my attention to the place from whence the voice proceeded. A laugh, clear as the euphonious tinkling of silver bells, and sweet as the soul of melody, immediately followed: not the laugh of piping senility, but evidently the merry notes ringing forth from a breast unknown to those relentless and hereditary taskmasters—Care and Sorrow. I stood upon tiptoe, and looked cautiously over the hedge. If that hedge had been a stone wall of double the height, I might now be saying vespers, with a bishop's stole for my reward, and a cardinal's hat in the perspective; but it was only a low hedge, and I could see *over it*. A lovely young creature sat there before me, at that happy stage when the girl and the woman meet for the first time, where the bud opens imperceptibly into the floweret, and teaches the cheek to glow rapturously at the whispered voice of love. I dared not move, lest the attempt might lead to discovery, and dissolve the living picture—the only one of the kind I had every beheld; nor could I return, for my senses were fascinated, the holy calling swiftly evaporating, and the instinctive desire of man not to dwell alone swelling rebelliously within me. I was unperceived, so greedily feasted my eyes

upon the fair Astræa of the lawn, whose every movement cast fresh spells around my heart, and made me look upon ancient mythology as a sacred truth.

"The young lady was sporting with a pet lamb. 'Oh! happy lamb,' sighed I, as I saw her bestowing caresses upon it, as she sat beside it on the smooth green sward, embracing its fleecy neck with arms white as unsullied existence. Her gipsy hat had fallen back, and over her brow and spotless shoulders fell the auburn ringlets,

Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Art was there unknown, whilst nature and beauty coöperating, seemed to have stamped her as their own. How her liquid eyes sparkled! Truth and tenderness were there; and love, untutored, unselfish love, that beamed upon a careless lamb, nor deigned to glance upon the victim, that, ready-trussed for the offering upon the altar of celibacy, stood breathless at the other side of the hedge. Again that laugh—bubbling forth in merry harmony as the lamb broke from her embraces, and skipped nimbly across the green grass. In an instant she was upon her feet, and in pursuit—a divine embodiment of what Euterpe must have been. Swiftly she chased the recreant; it rushed toward the place where I was standing, doubled, and with a plaintive bleat rushed toward the house. She turned as quickly, her garments rustling against the slight branches of the hedge; away again, but like Hebe in presence of the gods, the fair pursuer stumbled, displaying in her fall an ankle which an Angelo might have worshiped, or by which a Raphael might have sworn. In regaining her feet, and stooping for her hat, which had fallen off, her eyes met mine. Oh! Jupiter! Jupiter! had she been your cup-bearer, you never would have been attended by a Ganymede. I never was electrified but once, and that was at the back of that hedge. At the laugh, my attention was aroused; at the countenance, my heart became ensnared; at the ankle, my soul was enchanted; but the look, and blush by which it was accompanied, sealed my fate. In a moment I was by her side; she had not been hurt by the fall, she was only alarmed at my presence. But as, at that time,

Not mine the form, nor mine the eye
That youthful maidens went to fly.

I learned from her eyes that my earnest inquiries as to her accident were by no means disagreeable; she only begged that I would not laugh at

her mishap. I could not do that, but I instantly volunteered my services in recapturing the lamb, inwardly and sinfully wishing at the moment, when it was once more in her embraces, that the several candidates for the butcher's knife and the priest's surplice might immediately change positions. As we approached the house, her father joined us, and my coat of sable hue and general costume at once winning his respect, I was forthwith conducted into the comfortable parlor. There he enjoyed Mary's tale of the accident and chase, and so did the amiable looking mother, whilst Mary (I ever love to repeat her name) related it in the most winsome manner, every smile and gesture planting the seeds of apostacy more firmly within the heart of the college student. In leaving the house, an invitation to visit them as frequently as was convenient was generously given, and as Mary looked, 'Oh! do come!' as plainly as eyes could do it, I promised that I should avail myself of their courtesy, and believe me, I never lost an opportunity.

"When I returned to the college that night I was deeply in love, not with my destined vocation, but with the owner of the enthralling ankle. Sleep was a stranger to my pillow, the sylvan goddess occupied every thought. All study save that of her eyes was voted a bore, and Felix Cavanagh was himself fitter for the chains of Hymen than the sacred hands of ordination. Weeks flew by, we were almost constantly together, and what in such cases is the most natural deduction? the reciprocity of young loves. So it turned out with us; we were doomed to become one, our affections were mutual, our very existence intertwined. About three months subsequent to our first romantic meeting, a sick aunt in Sligo required the services, or companionship, of her favorite. She was to inherit her aunt's wealth at her demise; but casting that out of the question, the hopes of being the minister of comfort to the stricken lady was sufficient in itself to bring her to her side. Amid a shower of tears, a host of protestations, and some scores of honeyed kisses, we parted, she to the sick bed, Felix Cavanagh to the musty books. My outward man remained in the college, but all my thoughts, hopes, and wishes accompanied my Mary on her journey.

"Strange to say, that notwithstanding the many opportunities afforded me, I never took advantage of one; so that those parting kisses were all illegal, inasmuch as the momentous question had never been asked. However, a circumstance that occurred about a week after

she had left me, caused me to take a decided step and come boldly to the point.

"My father had exercised his influence with the bishop, who was an old friend of his, and I received a communication to the effect that my ordination would soon take place. A letter from the bishop was inclosed, asking me sundry questions relative to my fitness for that communion. There was I in a fix: matrimony, Mary, and a father's displeasure on one side; celibacy, a shaven face, and every chance of speedy advancement on the other. What was I to do? I was an only child; yet to fly in the face of paternal authority, unless Mary deigned to share my fortunes, was to lose everything. My position drove me to hypocrisy. I determined to wear a double face until I could receive an answer from her, and to delay the ceremony of the laying on of hands until I learned whether I should not do better by having them joined. I sat down in my dilemma, penned a letter to the bishop, full of thankfulness for the approaching benediction, and concluding with humble rejoicings at my happy lot. My letter to Mary was long, impassioned, and ardent—vowing eternal love and fidelity, disowning any thoughts of the clergy, imploring her to bless me with her hand.

"I posted both letters myself, waited patiently, received answers in due time, and was happy. She had consented! Her whole soul was in every word she penned; and as she told me in a postscript that she had kissed several parts of *my* letter, in the violence of my enthusiasm I nearly swallowed *her* scented epistle. The bishop, in *his* note, appointed the day when he might be expected. Some story had come to his knowledge concerning my infatuation: he mentioned Mary by name, asked me whether marriage and apostacy were in my heart, and ordered me to be explicit in my answers. Hypocrisy was again at work. I sat down forthwith, and returned a letter to each. As nearly as I can recollect, these were the words:

"MY BELOVED AND ADORABLE MARY—My father's wish, as I told you before, is, that I should become a priest—think of that—a priest, a black-coated, closely-shaven, sanctimonious priest. Bah! the very thought of their fusty order almost paralyzes me. I detest the whole sect, and only hope to be brought into collision with them at such times as matrimony, and its consequences, may demand their services. How think you? Is not the order of Hymen, in whose temple you have consented to be my lovely priestess, far more preferable? Enlist with me

at once under his banner; my reasons for asking you to do so are cogent. A letter from the bishop lies before me—a scrawl, phlegmatic as he is himself—crabbed and cramped like the trade he follows; breathing no spirit save that of selfishness, and seeking to make me as despicable an outcast in all social circles, as old bachelors must invariably be who crawl singly to their graves, useless worn-out links in the great chain of nature. Such is not my will. Say that you will marry me upon this day week, and on the wings of love I will fly to you and Sligo, and leave the bishop, ordination and all such stuff, to migrate to a colony with a warmer climate.

"Sweetest idol of my soul, write to me by return—lose not a post. Let your answer be only 'Yes.' That our loves are mutual, your own pure soul has confessed. A week must seal my fate; let your pure lips be the blushing signets. Say 'Yes,' and I shall fly to your side—where before the altar the binding words shall be spoken that will link together for life the affianced of my heart with her own faithful, affectionate and adoring

FELIX CAVANAGH.'

"Before I directed it, I wrote another to the bishop. Thus ran the effusion:

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER.—I pant humbly for the day when your holy hands shall enlist me, by their consecrating influence, amongst the chosen servants of Heaven. The world has no charms for me, save those shadowed forth by my ministry. I have no desire for things of earth—no sympathy with the vanities of the world. Love, as you justly surmise, for carnal works has no delight for me; I look but to the consummation of my hopes when the church shall receive me into its bosom. As to Mary Langton—the girl to whom you have alluded—I only sought her society in hopes that I might induce her to take the veil. I esteem her light of heart—fickle of faith—vain and worthless; she is one of those whom I would recommend to your fatherly protection; much abstinence, castigation, and devout exercises must be severely enforced to fit her for a world where her follies are unknown.

"I have the honor to be, Right Reverend Father, in all faith and humility, your obliged, obedient servant,

FELIX CAVANAGH.'

"But 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' I despatched the letters; awaited the result in silence, inwardly chuckling at my own policy, and looking forward anxiously for a communication from Mary. The week had nearly passed away—yet no answer. Was she faithless? was she ill? I wrote again—a similar result;

the day of ordination arrived and with it the goodly bishop. No hope was left me. I bowed silently to my fate—how could I avert it? 'At my death,' thought I, 'I shall deserve canonization, for surely I am one of the suffering martyrs.' Never arose from a sleepless couch a candidate for the holy orders with a less thankful spirit. I cursed her light-heartedness; dressed myself for the ceremony, determining to commit a suicidal act in eschewing matrimony, to live a woman-hater, and take the yoke.

"I entered the chapel, where about a dozen others were assembled, each with as long a face as I had myself, awaiting the commencement of the ceremony, which was to debar us forever from one of the world's most glorious privileges—the privilege of fulfilling morally one great law of nature, and living, not in self alone, but in the bosoms of our families, and in the memories of our posterity.

"The bishop entered, and said mass; driving the front of every word into the back of the one that preceded it—by that I mean, he had a talent for moulding a dozen words into one, kicking colons, semicolons, and periods out of the way of his tongue altogether, and coming to the 'Amen' without drawing a second breath. I felt my own littleness as I listened to him, and wondered if time, practice, and sundry Demosthenic operations, could ever bring me to so great a state of sublunary perfection. The beauty of doing it off-hand you see, is that it completely bothers old Beelzebub, and he hops over the words in a hurry, like a cat over a crock of butter, for fear that any of it should stick to his hoof—What the devil are ye laughing at? I'm telling you a sentimental story, and looking more for sympathy and industrious pocket handkerchiefs, then such irreverend cachinnatory eruptions and unseemly shaking sides. Well, he turned round at the altar to do the job for us; and, as he turned, his eye fell full upon me. Says I to myself, 'I am the first to get polished off,' and I was right.

"'Do any of you,' he said, 'know a young man named "Felix Cavanagh?"' His eyes were still fixed upon me; I suspected that he knew me, and wondered at his having asked the question.

"'I do, holy father!' I returned.

"'Then cut his acquaintance for the future,' he said, solemnly, 'or you may take a long journey with him to a place where the smell of too much brimstone may be mightily inconvenient.'"

"Did he say that?" shouted Cox, in the midst of a violent roar of laughter.

"As nearly as I can recollect," returned Cavanagh. "Don't interrupt me, for I'm getting excited with my story. If he did not say it, he meant it; and sure, if it comes so close to it, it must be the same thing.

"'Cut his acquaintance,' said he, 'for he is a deserter to his bishop, his religion, and his God.'"

"Did he put the bishop first?" asked another.

"To be sure he did; he knew it was the only chance he had. 'I expel him,' he said, 'from the college; I denounce him as a renegade, a seducer, and a hypocrite, from the altar; and it's only out of the respect I have for his decent father that I spare him the anathema of the church.'

"I was astounded. Still his eyes were fixed like basilisks upon me: cold perspirations flowed from my forehead—my brain reeled—my senses became stupefied. I staggered, and fell to the ground.

"That day, in disgrace, I left the college and returned to my home. Oh, the dread of that return—of meeting with my parents—of confessing the truth! Yet, what could I do? Sooner or later it must be exposed; and who more fit for the office than their conscience-stricken, humiliated son?

"Well, to make a long story short, and pass over unpleasant details, the matter was soldered up in some tinkering style, and Felix Cavanagh was once more a guest beneath the paternal roof. It was a severe blow to my father—not so to my mother; she half rejoiced at the idea of one day becoming a grandmother. Yet was there less chance of that now than ever; for Mary had evidently been as false to me as Delilah was to her Sampson. She had betrayed me, and to the bishops. She had jilted me, and in the face of day I cursed her with my tongue, and loved her in my heart. Exactly a fortnight following my expulsion, a small parcel, directed to me, was delivered at our house. The handwriting, the clear up-strokes, and the angular t's, the 'x' in the 'Felix,' and 'C' in the 'Cavanagh,' were all familiar to my eyes. With a cry of rapture I tore open the packet. Death to my hopes! It contained nothing save a corner of a bride's cake. I flung it from me in disgust. Insult had been heaped upon injury—the false Siren had wooed me to my destruction! I foreswore the sex forever, neglected my budding whiskers, and in the depth of my misery, resigned myself to composing epitaphs and writing poetry. Two days afterward my mother found the piece of cake; she cut it, begged of me to think no more of Mary,

but to eat a part of her present, and be thankful for my riddance from so volatile and unfeeling a woman. The advice was wholesome: I adopted it; so, thrusting a corner of the cake into my mouth, I attempted to masticate that pledge of unfaithfulness. I could not do it; it appeared too tough. Something, evidently not made of wheat and sugar-plums, rested between my teeth. I withdrew it, and, to my utter amazement, rolled together tightly amidst the currants and sweets I found the last letter I had written to the bishop, upon the day when I asked Mary to elope with me."

"How came it there?" demanded one.

"The simplest way in the world. In directing my letters, I sent my love-tale to the bishop, and my opinion of Mary to my sweetheart. She thought me cruel, false, and unprincipled, and in the heat of her resentment, committed a species of moral suicide, by discarding her Felix, and flinging herself away upon an attorney. Such is my melancholy history; and these are the reasons why I am neither a husband nor a priest."

A LOVER'S PASTIME.

BY ALICE CARY.

BEFORE the daybreak I arise,
And search to find if earth or air
Hold anywhere
The likeness of thy sweet, sweet eyes,
My loving love, my excellently fair.

In nature's book
I mark each place
Where semblances of thee I trace,
With flowers that have a bleeding look,
For pity, gentleness and grace,
With lilies white,
And roses that are burning bright,
I take for blushes; then I catch
The sunbeams, making all the air
Jealously cold—they cannot match
The golden crowning of thy hair.
The pink wild brier
Shines through the book in many a place,
Her good attire
Stolen from the smiling of thy face.
The dews that stay in thirsty lands
Or withered wood,

Are like thy hands,
Quietly busy doing good.
The brown-eyed sunflower, all the day
Looking one way,
I take for patience, made divine
By melancholy fears, like thine.
From June till May,
I'm searching, searching earth and air,
To find out where
Nature hath copied, to her praise,
The beauty of thy gracious ways.
I make believe the brooks that run
From sun to shade and shade to sun,
Mimic the murmur of thy joys,
Making their pleasant noise.

So, dearest heart,
I cheat the cruelty
That keeps us all too long apart,
With many a poor conceit of thee.
Before the daybreak I arise,
But never anywhere
Find I, in earth or air,
The likeness of thy sweet, sweet eyes.

SONNET.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Too oft the Poet in elaborate verse,
Flushed with quaint images, and gorgeous tropes,
Casteth a doubtful light, which is not Hope's,
On the dark spot where Death has sealed his curse,
In monumental silence; Nature starts
Indignant from the sacrilege of words
That ring so hollow, and forlornly girds

Her great wo round her; there's no trick of Art's,
But shows most ghastly by a new-made tomb,
I see no balm in Gilcad; he is lost—
The beautiful soul that loved thee—thy life's bloom,
Is withered by the sudden blighting frost;
Oh! Grief, how mighty—Creeds! how vain ye are
Earth presses nearly—Heaven is cold, and far.

JOSEPHA,

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

Come, beautiful betrothed! the bitter sting
Of hope deferred, can reach no bosom here.

CROLY.

On a fine September evening, in the year 1767, the gay city of Vienna exhibited unusual tokens of festivity, the imperial palace was brilliantly illuminated, and from its princely gardens came the sounds of mirth and music, while its lighted halls were thronged with the beautiful and high-born of the land.

These rejoicings were in honor of one of the fairest daughters of the house of Austria; the favorite of Maria Theresa's maternal heart, and the pride of the court—the young and lovely Archduchess Josepha—who on that day had been publicly betrothed to Ferdinand, King of Naples. Already was she hailed as a queen by the courtly circle gathered around her, who yet rendered still deeper homage to her beauty than to her rank.

And never did a fairer object claim the general love and admiration than this youthful princess. She had not yet completed her fifteenth year, yet she was tall and striking in her person, exquisitely formed, and with a face full of expression, which varied with every changing thought and feeling of her innocent heart. Her manner was graceful, and playful almost to childishness, but chastened by a sweet gentleness that lent it an irresistible charm. Her tastes, formed by those of her illustrious mother, were pure and simple, and her affection for her family was so deep and passionate, that the bare idea of separating from them, filled her soul with grief. Her very being seemed entwined with that of her sisters—her brothers were her idols—and her mother, next to her God, the object of her profoundest love and veneration.

So youthful, and so closely knit by nature's tenderest ties to the fond hearts of her kindred, it is no wonder she should shrink from a union with a stranger and a foreigner—one whom she had never seen, and whose very name brought home to her a deep sorrow; for her betrothed husband had already been affianced to her sister Joanna, who, before her vows were ratified, was destined to make her bridal bed in the grave; and a secret superstition that she should share the fate of her whose place she was chosen to fill, possessed the reluctant heart of Josepha.

But the Empress Maria Theresa saw only the timidity and caprice of a petted child, in her daughter's tears and entreaties. She regarded, as she thought, her children's permanent interest and happiness in the alliances she formed for them, no less than her own ambition, which ever sought an extension of power, and in accordance with the impulses of her maternal duty, she constrained the young Josepha to yield an unwilling assent to Ferdinand's overtures.

And it was on the arrival of the princely deputation, who came in the name of their royal master to demand the young Archduchess as their queen, that arrayed in regal robes, she appeared in the midst of her mother's court to receive the greetings of the envoys. But those who watched her through the gorgeous, but to her, sad ceremonial of that day, saw no queenly triumph on her brow, though circled by a diadem; no gladness in her step, no joy in the downcast tearful glances of her eye; and they marveled at such indifference, in one so young, to the brilliant destiny which awaited her.

One only, read the secret anguish of her young and loving heart—one, in that courtly circle, who, though he had not openly aspired to her favor, worshiped her in secret, feeding his cherished love with the sweet looks and words which she dispensed on him with bashful prodigality; ever singling out from among her admiring train, the young Hungarian soldier, who had vowed himself to the service of her imperial mother, and who had already reaped high honors by gallantly maintaining her cause in council and in field. Thus, from many tokens Count Dalmanoff knew he had won a place in the heart of the beautiful princess, and that on this fatal night they were closely united in sorrow at the cruel demolition of their dearest hopes.

Nor could the empress, while she marked the troubled countenance of her daughter, silence the upbraiding voice, which from the depths of her soul, whispered that she was sacrificing her child to the demon of ambition—that ruthless ambition which she had ever permitted to exercise too wide a sway over her wise and beneficent heart. It was, therefore, a relief to her when at last the music ceased, the dance ended, the blaze of light was quenched, and she was left alone to commune with Heaven and herself; though even

then with the casuistry common to those who rule, she sought to justify, by false and specious pretexts, even the sacrifice of her child.

Alone too, and in darkness, struggling with her rebellious heart, remained the unhappy victim of her imperial mother's policy. Her tearful face buried in her hands, and her long, fair hair falling like a rich veil over her neck and shoulders, the young Queen of Naples knelt at the shrine of the Virgin, before whose consecrated image burned the only lamp which faintly illuminated her chamber. The gorgeous robes which had decked her for her bridal, were lying where her attendants had left them, and on her toilette sparkled the diamond tiara which that night had crowned her aching brow with royalty. How worthless to the sorrowing princess, seemed those costly gauds, for which she had been compelled to cast away the richer treasures of the heart! How dark looked to her the future! and with what poignant regret she recalled the happy, irrevocable past!

These bitter thoughts would intrude even upon her devotions, and with them came fresh bursts of tears, and audible, impassioned invocations, broken by her sobs:

"Pitying mother, hear and save me!" she cried, "thou knowest the wretchedness of my heart—its horror at this marriage—its hatred of this idle pomp. Gracious mother, take me to thy arms, safe from the sorrows and snares that beset my youth."

In an agony of grief she sank prostrate at the foot of the altar, when a light step approached—a soft arm raised and sustained her, and a gentle voice joining in her supplications, entreated for her heavenly composure, and that all rich gifts of celestial and earthly joy might unite to crown and bless her life.

Josepha knew the voice of her sister Christina, the beautiful and gifted wife of Prince Albert of Saxony, and casting herself into her arms, she wept without control upon her bosom. Christina clasped her weeping sister in a fond embrace, kissing her lips and cheeks with passionate tenderness, and bathing them with her own fast flowing tears.

"Be comforted, my sister," she said at length, "God smiles on your filial obedience, and he will not suffer it to go unrewarded;" and her low, sweet voice was tremulous with emotion as she spoke.

"Ah, Christina, needed there this dreadful sacrifice to test its strength?" sobbed the young Josepha. "God knows I would have laid down my life for my mother—but this living death—

this endless exile from all I loved, is it not terrible?"

"Do not call it an endless exile, my Josepha," said her sister, "but only a transient sojourn, in a land of beauty—think of the delicious climate in which you are to live—of the fair realm over which you are to reign in all the splendor of royalty—and then tell me, my little one," she added, with a smile, "what there is in all this which so affrights your imagination?"

"Ah, you may smile, Christina," said Josepha, sadly; "you who are wedded to a man you love, and who with him may often return here to enjoy your early home. But the thought of quitting all that is dear to me, brings with it the bitterness of death—sisters and brothers, and my beloved mother, cruel though she is in this act, for one whom I never knew—who woos me without affection, who may never love me, perhaps; but give me hate instead, in that strange land where my heart will never find a home."

"And why, my Josepha, should it not find a home, and a blessed one, in that land of beauty and bloom, and happiness in the ties which must there link it to new and tender objects of affection?" asked the princess.

"My answer lies here," she said, pointing to a miniature which lay upon a table; "cast your eyes, Christina, upon the face of my betrothed husband, and no longer marvel at my despair. Already has that painted semblance inspired me with disgust, which I vainly strive to conquer, and the grief I feel at quitting all I hold dear on earth, is enhanced by the conviction that he with whom I am to unite my fate can never inspire me with affection."

"A portrait is seldom faithful to its original Josepha, and doubtless this is not so. Ferdinand is neither great nor warlike, yet report declares him amiable and beneficent, and these virtues will more surely promote your happiness, than if, by his valor he gained a hundred battles, or by his genius outwitted all the courts of Europe."

"If such had been your reasoning, Christina, in days past," said the young queen, with some bitterness; "the Duke de Chablais might have won his bride, and Prince Albert have become the husband of another."

"I loved Prince Albert," said Christina, earnestly; "and I saw no reason of state policy to forbid the gift of my hand where my affections had long been bestowed, though had our mother disapproved my choice, I should probably have yielded to her wishes and resigned him. As the children of a great sovereign, I think we are

bound to consult the interests of the realm in our matrimonial alliances, rather than our own inclinations, though this is very hard, especially if called upon to renounce the heart's affection for cold and worldly interest. And I feel this so much, that if I thought you loved another, my Josepha, I could not, with all my boasted stoicism, thus calmly urge you to fulfill your duty. But I am spared that fear, since"—

At these words, Josepha started with a sudden bound from her sister's encircling arm. A burning blush crimsoned her face, and burying it in her hands, her whole frame shook with emotion. The princess Christina sprang toward her, doubt and dismay filled her heart, as laying her trembling hand upon her sister's, she softly asked,

"Can this be so, my poor Josepha?"

For an instant the young girl made no reply, then conquering her emotion by a powerful effort, she turned toward Christina a face pale as her robe, and said in a low but calm voice:

"And if it be, my sister, still it must be borne, it is the penalty of our birth, and the daughter of Maria Theresa must fulfill her destiny by wedding a royal wooer—ay, even though in the humbler object of her love were united every virtue and every gift save sovereignty. Yes, this is the cruel doom that appertains to our greatness, and we cannot stir from it. Ah, my Christina, peasants envy us, because, dazzled by the jewels that cover our aching hearts, they see not the blighted hopes and cankering griefs that corrode them."

"And can I give you neither aid nor comfort, my poor sister?" asked Christina, with tears of affectionate earnestness. "Give me your confidence, dearest, it is so hard to suffer alone the pangs of disappointed affection. Ah, could I but help you—I so well remember when my father for a time opposed my union with Prince Albert, what a wretch I was—the world held not another so miserable."

"Ah, for me there can be no relentings," said Josepha, "my fate is sealed—but not long shall I be held in thralldom, for I feel a secret intimation which I cannot resist, nay, I often hear a whisper as if from Joanna's pallid lips, that before long the tomb will hold in its cold bosom the two betrothed brides of Ferdinand of Naples."

"Do not yield to such foolish fancies," said the princess, "you who are flushed with health and strong in youth, to give way to such imaginings is quite absurd. Your nervous system is unstrung, my dear Josepha, by the fatigues of the day, and you are taxing your strength beyond

endurance by this sleepless night. For see! the yellow dawn is actually pushing through the curtains, and you have not slept. I pray you now, my sister, seek some repose, and comfort yourself with the assurance that the Queen of delicious Naples shall not have cause to complain that the princess of cold and rude Saxony is a stranger at her court."

On the following day Josepha was really indisposed, and permitted, in consequence, to remain in the privacy of her apartments—but when several succeeding days passed on and the same plea for her non-appearance was urged, the empress, perceiving that the mind only was untuned, required her presence again in public, as the only means of dispelling the morbid melancholy to which she was perpetually yielding. But it was in vain that by alternate reasoning and persuasion her mother strove to reconcile her to her destiny, or that her sisters sought to cheer and divert her with the pictures of gayety and splendor that were to make her court the most attractive in Europe—nothing had the power to rouse her from her deep depression, and shunning the gayety around her, and even the society of her friends, she would spend hour after hour alone in her oratory, or wandering in listless abstraction through the most sequestered walks of the gardens.

The empress suffered for her child, and the more keenly as her own upbraidings were severe, for though a great and magnificent sovereign, she was also a tender, even if ambitious mother; but regarding the young bride only as a wayward and romantic child, she confidently anticipated the time, when the active duties and pleasures of her brilliant station would so engross and interest her, as to restore the animation she had lost, and reconcile her to her destiny. Such continued the situation of affairs at the Austrian court, till the day was close at hand on which Josepha was to bid it a last farewell, and escorted by a brilliant retinue set out for her new dominions.

On the morning previous to that fixed for her departure, as she sat alone in her closet, she was startled by a low knock at the door, and before she could rise to open it, she heard the voice of the empress requesting admittance. Josepha was surprised, for seldom before had her mother intruded on her hours of religious retirement—she was herself too scrupulous an observer of every external form of the church, unwillingly to interrupt others in their devotions, and as Josepha hastily unclosed the door, she trembled with undefined apprehension.

The fine countenance of the empress wore that look of sad resignation which had become its habitual expression since the death of the emperor. Inferior as he was to her, in every great and noble quality, she yet cherished for him a love as intense as woman ever felt; and his loss, which she unceasingly deplored, had wrought in her person and in her character a marked change, leaving traces of decay on the one, which the finger of grief inscribes more deeply, and more rapidly than that of time, and teaching her ambitious spirit to feel the vanity of earthly joys, and to lay hold on those which are imperishable and eternal.

Maria Theresa embraced her daughter tenderly, and then casting a glance toward the breviary which lay open on a cushion—

“I trust,” she said, speaking in her accustomed sweet and subdued voice; “I trust, my child, I have not disturbed your devotions. I thought the hour was past in which you usually engage in them, and I wish much to speak to you of a duty to be performed, before you quit the soil in which your beloved father sleeps.”

The voice of the empress faltered, she paused, and covered her face with her handkerchief. Josepha, with childlike simplicity and affection, threw herself upon her mother’s bosom, and gently uncovering her face, kissed away the tears that bedewed it.

“Tell me, mamma, what it is that you desire of me,” she said. “I have caused you so much sorrow, that before I leave you,” and her voice trembled, “I would gladly by some act prove to you my grateful love and glad obedience to your wishes.”

“I thank you, my Josepha; the duty I require of you is a sacred one, and your cheerful performance of it involves not only my peace of mind, but your own welfare, both temporal and spiritual.”

“Pray name it, mamma,” said the young queen, a foreboding of evil creeping over her at the unusual solemnity of her mother’s voice and manner.

“Need I remind you, my daughter, that this is the eighteenth of the month, the anniversary of your father’s death,” she said, impressively; “a day which my heart always consecrates to his memory—the best of husbands and of fathers.”

“I remembered it while on my knees before that altar, mamma, and omitted not a fervent petition for the repose of his blessed soul,” said Josepha.

“And I, my child,” said the empress with emo-

tion, “have but now returned from that vault in which his precious ashes rest. I have watered his tomb with my tears; and there, where human pride and greatness may read a lesson of their vanity, I have mingled with my prayers for his soul, the deepest and most humbling confessions of my own weakness, and asked of God wisdom to rule my people with justice and strength, to maintain a virtuous sway over the more difficult and rebellious empire of my heart.”

Josepha shuddered. The superstition which tinged the strong mind of Maria Theresa, was deeply interwoven in the weaker one of her daughter, and the idea of any one’s going alone to that sepulchral vault beneath the gloomy church of the Capuchins, filled her with terror. Could her mother intend to require of her this act of duty? The next words spoken by the empress, verified her fears.

“My daughter,” she said, “you are shortly to leave a mother’s sheltering arms, to enter a new sphere of life, and to assume high and responsible duties, and before your bark is launched upon this untried, and it may be, stormy ocean of existence, I would have you seek the tomb of your father, and there anew dedicate yourself to God; there implore his guidance and protection through the dangers and temptations which may lie before you, and solemnly invoke the beatified spirit of him whose cold remains sleep beneath, to pray for you, and watch over you from his heavenly home, that your feet go not astray from the paths of goodness which he loved.”

The poor young girl stood paralyzed with horror, as she listened to these words—her lips and cheeks were bloodless, and her eyes fixed with a stony stare upon her mother, who, if she noticed her emotion, was not moved by it from her purpose, but continued calmly to say—

“Prince Kaunitz will accompany you to the church, my daughter, where Father Stephen will meet and conduct you to the vault.”

“Oh, my mother, spare me!” exclaimed the shrinking princess, as bursting into a passion of tears, she threw herself at the feet of the astonished empress

“Spare you the performance of an act of filial devotion, Josepha? Can it be this, you mean?” asked her mother, in a tone of reproachful surprise.

Josepha made no reply, but burying her face in the folds of her mother’s robe, continued to sob audibly. The empress looked down upon her weeping daughter for a moment in silence, and then rose with dignity from her seat.

“I cannot understand these tears,” she said;

"this strange reluctance to the performance of an act, which should have been voluntary on your part—yes, Josepha, I would have it a spontaneous desire in the heart of a daughter of the house of Austria, to pay her last act of devotion, before bidding adieu to her country, at the tomb of a father who adored her."

"Oh, forgive me, my mother," exclaimed the unhappy princess, still kneeling in terrified entreaty at the feet of her imperial mother, "call me weak and childish—for so I may be—but, indeed, I cannot, dare not enter that gloomy vault. Assign me any other task, and my obedience shall not fail—but this fearful penance, I have not courage to endure it."

"Arise, Josepha!" said the empress, in a tone of severe displeasure, "I blush that a child of mine can avow herself the victim of such idle fears—but they are too absurd for my regard, and I must treat them as the offspring of a diseased and morbid fancy. I consider this duty, which I require of you, essential to your future peace and happiness, and so viewing it, I should be false to my convictions, if I permitted you to depart from my guardianship without its observance. Go, then, in humble penitence and love to the tomb of your dead father, and there register your vows to live henceforth for Heaven, and for the good of the realm over which you are to reign. Prepare yourself now to accompany the prince."

The young queen felt how fruitless would be all farther resistance to the will of a parent accustomed to implicit obedience from every one, and rising mechanically from her suppliant attitude, she signified her acquiescence by a silent gesture, and the faint utterance of the words, "I obey," which fell scarce audibly from her quivering lips.

The empress withdrew, satisfied with even this hard wrung assent to her wishes, and free from the restraint of her mother's presence, the unhappy princess sunk upon her couch, in a passion of hysterical sobs and tears. The voice of her young sister, Marie Antoinette,* singing a joyous carol, as she bounded through the corridor, aroused her from her grief, and hastily wiping her eyes, she went out to embrace this darling child—the personification of infant grace and beauty.

She had thrown herself upon the floor beside a beautiful greyhound, and while his head rested caressingly upon her small lap, she was twining round his slender neck a carcanet of pearls, which she had roguishly purloined from the toi-

lette of an elder sister. How little dreamed Josepha, as she clasped that bright unconscious child to her bosom, of the woes which were to darken her after years—woes and sufferings compared to which, those that overshadowed her own youthful life, were but as the summer-storm to the desolating tempest of the tropics.

"Ah, dear Josepha!" exclaimed the lovely child, as clinging round the neck of her weeping sister, she showered her fragrant kisses on her cheeks and lips; "why do you cry so, when mamma says you are to be a queen, whom everybody loves? But, perhaps," chattered on the little one, "perhaps you do not want to go away, and had rather stay with us in this pleasant home, or at Sconbrunn or Lachsenberg, where we have such nice fruit, and large gardens to play in."

"Ah yes, I would, indeed, my Marie," said Josepha, straining her young sister to her bosom with an unwonted fervor, that surprised her—"God knows how it breaks my heart to leave you, dear one, and all that I love. Yet I must go—but not to be a queen, my darling, I shall never live to wear an earthly crown! Pray, dearest, that by patient endurance I may win a heavenly one;" and she hid her face among the golden ringlets of the little archduchess, who clung to her weeping sister, weeping also with childish vehemence, though wherefore she scarcely knew.

A step was heard approaching, and Josepha, pushing away the child, started up in terror.

"I must go," she said, wildly, "I must go to the vault of the Capuchins—my mother commands that I visit our father's tomb. Ah, let your innocent prayers arise for me, my Marie, while I descend into that gloomy abode, which my very heart trembles to enter."

The attendants at that moment appeared, and bore the struggling child from her arms—she followed her with a fond gaze, till the door closed upon her; then drawing the mantle which they brought, closely around her, she left the palace by a private staircase, and set forth with Prince Kaunitz, her mother's faithful and able prime-minister, for her dreaded destination. The prince, with the kind tenderness of a father, strove to soothe and encourage her—but always timid and superstitious, the mind of Josepha, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her situation, seemed now wholly to have lost its happy equilibrium, and to have become a prey to nervous terrors, that blinded her to the piety of the act she was about to perform, and arrayed before her diseased imagination, the funereal gloom of

* Afterward Queen of France.

the dismal vault, and all the ghastly insignia of death, displayed within it.

As they drew near the Church of the Capuchins, whose dark towers rose frowningly against the clear sky, her emotion increased, and when they stopped before its lofty portals, the prince was obliged to lift her in his arms, and bear her into the vestibule. There Father Stephen met them, and while they stood waiting for the trembling princess to recover her composure, a tall figure, wrapped in a military cloak, glided past the group, and disappeared in the body of the church. Neither of her companions regarded the stranger as he passed, but the conscious Josepha felt the blood mantle on her pale cheek, as with an involuntary start, she turned her head to follow his receding figure.

It was almost immediately lost in the obscurity of the distant aisles; but as she advanced toward the high altar, she saw him again standing in the shadow of a pillar; as she passed, she met his eye bent earnestly upon her, and through the folds of his open cloak the light of a suspended lamp, revealed to her a youthful and manly form, wearing the uniform of the imperial guard, and decorated with the many brilliant orders, among which blazed conspicuous that of Marie Theresa.

Her step faltered, and her limbs almost refused their office, when stepping from the shade of the pillar, the young noble doffed his plumed hat before her, with lowly reverence. With one furtive glance of mingled sorrow and entreaty, she recognized his presence; then by a painful effort, she quickened her speed, and none save the faithful attendant on whose arm she leaned, knew that the young Count Dalmanoff stood within the sanctuary—no one else had marked the look of intelligence which had been exchanged between the youthful queen and her devoted, but despairing lover.

Josepha paused a moment to offer up a prayer at the altar for guidance and support, and then struggling for calmness, she arose and followed Father Stephen toward the concealed door, leading to the vaults below. She had thought herself calm—but when she heard the key grating in the massy lock, and found herself alone with the priest, actually descending the steps—penetrating the funereal gloom of that subterranean charnel-house—then she seemed to lose the power of volition, the pulses of her heart stood still with dread, and her eyes, fixed and dilated with horror, beheld ghastly shapes beckoning to her from the tomb of her father.

Wrought upon by many causes, her superstitious mind was now wound up to the highest

point of endurance, and so fraught with images of terror, that it needed but the most trifling excitement to unsettle reason, or snap asunder the very chords of life. In this state, the trembling princess reached the foot of the stairs, when the priest led her on through the silent vaults, muttering incoherent prayers, and holding up the silver lamp he carried, to light them on their way.

Its feeble ray struggled with the surrounding gloom, till passing onward, it was lost in the blaze of the wax-tapers, which, on the anniversary of his death, always burned in profusion around the tomb of the emperor. Josepha saw the glare of light fall upon the emblazoned escutcheon of her imperial house, and knew that she stood beside the splendid mausoleum of her family—a mausoleum erected by the piety of her mother, in the early days of her beauty and her glory.

Surrounded by all that earth could give of power and happiness, Marie Theresa forgot not even then to look forward to the period when the joys and pomps of earth must be resigned, and the grave claim the perishing body from whence its immortal inmate had departed. Beside her father's stately monument stood the humbler one of her youthful sister, Joanna—she who, like herself, had been betrothed to Ferdinand of Naples—but who was early doomed to make her bridal-bed in the coldness and silence of the grave.

Josepha started on beholding the garland of white roses which the hand of affection had hung upon her sister's cenotaph, still beautiful and unwithered.

"They have waited to crown me too for my bridal," was the distempered thought which murmured from her lips as she reached out her hand to grasp the snowy wreath, but at her touch it crumbled into fragments, and the unfortunate princess, viewing its destruction as an omen of the fate her diseased mind had predicted for herself, uttered an hysterical cry, and sank fainting on the ground.

Father Stephen hastened to her aid—but to his terrified gaze, her life seemed already extinct—and as quickly as his trepidation would permit, he carried her from the vault and laid her down in the open air of the church. The terror of Prince Kaunitz at her situation exceeded that of the priest, and when neither their efforts nor those of her faithful attendant could revive her, they lost no time in conveying her back to the palace. There the skill of physicians, and the tender cares of affection, at length restored her

to animation, but not to consciousness; and when again those soft eyes opened to the light, wild gleams of insanity shot from them, and its ravings burst from the fevered lips that uttered only wild words of terror and despair.

It was now that the empress bitterly regretted her severe enforcement of a duty, which, in its observance, had wrought an effect so melancholy on the sensitive temperament of her child. Her own superstitious piety had given it paramount importance in her eyes, and rendered her insensible to the danger of exposing a timid and overwrought mind to influences so exciting. The seeds of a fatal disease, which were lurking in the frame of the young Josepha, became in consequence prematurely and most malignantly developed, the medical attendants pronouncing her disease to be small-pox—that terrible malady which science had not then taught mankind how to counteract or ameliorate, and which had already found one victim in the imperial family, in the person of the young Archduchess Joanna.

Bitter indeed were the tears shed by the conscience-stricken empress over that poor disfigured face—that face, lately so full of life and beauty—an object of delight to every eye, of love to every heart! How miserable now seemed all her schemes of ambition for this lamented child, the innocent victim of her worldly policy and superstitious weakness! With the prayers which she offered up for her recovery, she made solemn vows to seek only for her children virtue and happiness in future, instead of that worldly aggrandizement which had heretofore been her chief aim.

How well she kept the vows and promises made beside that bed of death, let history tell—history, dark with the fate of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and polluted with the record of her career, who, in less than a year from this period, her ambitious mother sacrificed at the same shrine whither Josepha, an unwilling victim, had been led before her.

Though the physicians allowed none except the necessary attendants to enter the apartment of their patient, the empress would not be excluded from the presence of her child. With her own hands she administered her medicines, and soothed with fond love the querulous murmurs of pain and insanity that fell from her poor Josepha's lips—and when the brief fierce contest drew to a close, her bosom pillowed the dying head of the sufferer, and closed with gentle hand those tender eyes that were never more to shed their loving light upon her heart.

But when the last breath was hushed in death, the mother sank beneath the terrible bereavement.

Many were the wounds which, in the course of her splendid and triumphant career, had pierced the noble heart of Marie Theresa, but this last blow struck deepest of them all. Nature could sustain herself no longer, and the empress was carried fainting from the chamber of death, to lie down in helplessness, and awake the victim of that dreadful malady which had destroyed the life of her child.

There was mourning and lamentation through the land for the "mother of her people"—but He who spares the bruised reed, interposed His healing hand to save—and in due time, she arose from her bed of suffering instructed by the past, purified by sorrow, and humbly submissive to the hand which in love had chastened her.

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On the eighth day after the death of the young Princess Josepha, the imperial vault of the Capuchins was opened to admit a funeral train, and she who a brief time before had entered it with trembling fear and foreboding, was now borne thither silent and insensible to her last rest, beneath the fretted marble. Long and imposing were the ceremonies performed over that youthful form, but they terminated at length—the last prayer was said—the last chant was sung—the last wreath of incense arose from the swinging censer, and the young bride of Ferdinand slept beside the sister whose fate had been so similar to her own.

The pageant slowly disappeared—but one individual still lingered beside the tomb, and as he stood leaning abstractedly against the costly marble, the light from the burning tapers revealed the noble figure of Count Dalmanoff, the youthful, ill-fated lover of Josepha. As he stood beside the ashes of her he loved and mourned, deep sorrow was written on every lineament of his fine countenance, and spoke in the manly tears that fell fast as a summer-shower upon the cold marble of her tomb.

Long, long he remained there, abandoning himself to grief; then, before departing, he hung upon the same shaft whence her hand had displaced the withered roses, a garland of amaranth and myrtle, symbolic of his enduring love. A gallant steed stood in the court-yard of the Capuchins, and lightly bounding into the saddle, he passed the barrières of the city just as the last requiem of the soul of the youthful queen was dying away in the churches and convents of the city.

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From that melancholy day, the young Count Dalmanoff, the flower of the Hungarian nobility,

the pride and boast of Marie Theresa's chivalry, disappeared from the Austrian court. Whither he went no one knew, nor were any tidings gained of him till years had passed away, when he was recognized among the slain in one of those bloody battles, which to Austria's shame she

waged against dismembered Poland. On his breast was found a small case of gold, inclosing a withered rose and a tress of fair hair, and bearing engraved upon its back the cypher and crest of Josepha of Austria.

VOTIVE TABLETS.

"Our church must accommodate itself to natures and circumstances." "We would not insult the educated Northern intellect with the materialities which we are obliged to allow to the gross sensualism of the Neapolitans." Such was the excuse or explanation with which a Roman Monsignor adroitly met my statement of some *grossièreté* I had noticed in the religious observances of Naples. The compliment to Northern acuteness was ingeniously thrown in; but though the fume of the incense failed to confuse my perception of the incompatibility of the adaptive power thus boasted with any real unalterable standard of the true or the good, yet it fully accorded with an observation made before and afterwards, namely, that as *we* Northerners advanced southwards toward its centre, the observances of the Roman Church showed themselves in more unchecked offence to our own ideas and religious usages—that the food with which the popular mind was fed became more homogeneous, and grossly material in character. Thus, by degrees, the wayside cross became a "*crucifix*;" by-and-by, "*the ladder*," "*the pincers*," "*the nails*," "*the hammer*," and sometimes "*the cock!*" whose crowing recalled Peter to thought and weeping, began to appear in all the effectiveness of caricature and vermilion paint; and it was not until we came *so far south* as Marseilles that we lighted on those "*Votive Tablets*," which Dickens encountered at Avignon, a few stages to the northward. It would appear, to use a geological illustration, that as rocks become changed and modified in structure within a certain distance of their point of contact with other formations, so the Church of Rome owns an indirect influence of the spirit of Protestantism in the gradual decorum with which she represses observances everywhere glaring and protruded within her own realms of unwatched operation. There is an indirect tribute paid to the mental freedom and acuteness of the north in the "*bated*" simplicity of practice and ritual, with which Romanism carries itself under the keen eye and protesting surveillance of the Reformed

Church; to which may be added, as a generally recognized fact, that the Church of Rome would rather bare its breast to a whole platoon of polemic divinity, than to one dart of sarcasm against those usages which, though seemingly of her essence, are so provocative of ridicule.

The "*Votive Tablet*" is clearly of heathen origin and on classic record, and is one among the "*assets*" which the system to which it now belongs has inherited from exploded paganism, in whose seat it sits, and many of whose usages it apes or copies. Charles Dickens, while holding up these "*Votos*" upon the point of his satiric pen, makes this excuse for them: that they result from the "*Christian virtues of gratitude and devotion*." True—gratitude and devotion are essentially Christian virtues—but a further examination of the subject might have led him to a conclusion that as "*the best things perverted become the worst*," so the working of a system which sanctions the diversion of gratitude and devotion from "*Him*" in whose care "*the hairs of his people's heads are numbered*" to imaginary protectors, who come "*sailing into a sick room upon a cloud*," to superintend the amputation of a toe, "*or the curing of a cut finger*," can scarce be as "*harmless*" as, in his charity, he would wish to think it.

I was neither looking for Votive Tablets or points for criticism in the Roman system, when (camera lucida in hand) I began to climb the steep hill, crowned with the "*beacon-like fortress*" which commands the town and harbor of Marseilles, and a fine expanse of the adjacent coast; indeed, the building which towered above me looked more like a military post than a pilgrim's haven; but about half way up the ascent, as it rose steep and difficult, the hill began to be dotted with small shrines or pilgrim stations, and when we arrived at the foot of the tower a picture of a large and costly bell, lately hung inside, invited visitors, at the cost of a franc, to enter and inspect the chapel of "*NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE*," at the top of the building, upon entering which, I, for the first time, saw the

"Votive Tablet" feature of the Roman system in full display—at least as full as the capacity of the little chapel would allow.

"*Nous vous prenons pour notre GARDIENNE,*" was an inscription which left no doubt as to who had the honor of all the cures, miraculous escapes, sudden recoveries, and safe voyages, with representations of which the walls of this chapel were tapestried from top to bottom. The Saviour was acknowledged on a small side or subordinate altar; but the presiding Divinity of the temple was an image of the Virgin, heavily gilt, hideously ugly, carved out of a black material, said to be olive wood, and vouched to have effected by its bodily presence more miracles than our space or credulity can find room for, especially in a paper which must record our visit to more "Votive Museums" than one.

One compartment of the chapel presented a perfect forest of crutches, hung up to commemorate cures of the lame; with these were wax models of arms and legs, sufficient to furnish an anatomical museum. Elsewhere were seen numerous neat models of ships, offered either to obtain or record the happy issue of a sea voyage. Among these were mingled many common donations of the rude sailor, such as "an ostrich egg," a "foreign shell," or some other trifling memento of his having been to some "far country," and returned safely. "They were not worth much," as the Sacristan said, turning from them slightly to point out the treasures of votive art with which his walls were adorned: but leaving out of sight for a moment the "zeal not according to knowledge," and the perversion of gratitude from Him to whom it was due, which the whole spectacle exhibited, I could not but think the rude offering of the poor seaman, who "had done what he could," reckoned for more in the collection than the costlier daubs around us.

But oh those daubs! the pen is powerless to describe the absurdities perpetrated by the pencil, in recording the hair-breadth escapes, the perils by sea and land, by pestilence and by precipice, which the votaries here all ascribed to "Notre Dame de la Garde." In one fine winter piece she was seen seated on an iceberg, keeping watch over a Greenland whaler, snowed up in all the horrors of "thick-ribbed ice;" in another, we see the devotee kneeling to her, apparent in impossible perspective, over the mantelpiece, while the forked lightning flashes by him to burn his bolster! Another picture, combining two acts of the same piece, shows at one side a frantic horse dashing his rider into "immortal

smash;" on the other, the victim lying in *extremis* on his bed, the surgeon with splints and bandages standing helplessly by, when lo! the Virgin descends through the corner of the ceiling, and the "Voto" records a case of "cured in an instant!" There were whole shoals of those "*enfants terribles*," the plagues of nurses, the torments of fond mothers, who are for ever falling headlong down staircases, or out of open windows, but thanks to the Virgin never breaking their necks. Some of those pictures had a legend attached, to explain the date and particulars of the casualty; others, however, were left to tell their own "tale of terror," and it is but justice to say that in the ghastly countenances, hideous gaping wounds, and hopeless despair of the victims, and of the wretched family generally huddled together in a corner, "kneeling, with their legs sticking out behind them on the floor, like boot-trees!"—(that wicked Dickens!)—in fact, in making the accident as desperate, and the case to be cured as bad as possible, the painter generally did full justice to the curative powers of the Virgin, and gave the devotee as many horrors as could well be crowded on canvas for his money.

One picture caught my attention particularly. It was a Voto, representing a section of that awful conflagration and casualty which occurred on the Versailles Railroad some twenty years since, when, in consequence of the carriage doors being locked, so many victims perished. There was a stretch of railroad, blazing carriages, roasting wretches in every variety of agony; and calmly looking down from a cloud, above all, sat "Notre Dame de la Garde," protecting her particular votary, amid all the burning wreck. Could it have been that this fortunate individual owed his deliverance to his guardian Lady rushing to Versailles in mistake for *Marseilles*, upon hearing of a conflagration? It may seem wrong to write in this strain upon such a subject, but I freely own I cannot feel that the error in these offerings should rank among those mistakes in religion, which, while we abjure, we may respect. Every picture added to this, or other collections of the kind, seems a fresh suggestion to others to "go and do likewise;" and when we find every mother, whose child may have a convulsive fit and recover, forthwith proceeding, *not* "to give glory to God," but to pay her vows to this "stock of a tree," it seems as impossible to treat tenderly, as to argue seriously, a case for which the "*ridiculum acri*" of the poet seems exactly calculated.

It is often said, in answer to the charge of

attributing divine powers to wonder-working statues or pictures, that no true believer rests his faith in the image, but carries it up through the image to the being represented, and through him again to the Almighty. We need not analyse this ingenious defence, or subtle distinction, when we find glaring facts to prove it totally irrelevant, and that however the learned may theorize, the multitude stop short at the proximate object of devotion and trust. One or two examples of Votos out of the many in the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde will establish this.

The first represented a street in Marseilles, through which some hideous masques, in white, were carrying the "La Garde" Image in procession. At an open window lay a figure on a couch, and underneath ran the following legend:

Clarisse Chalons, âgée de vingt-un ans,
malade depuis trois ans,
entièrement paralysée du côté droit,
a été guérie subitement
lors du passage de la statue
de Notre Dame de la Garde
dans la rue Jean, 25 Mai, 1845.

Upon which miracle I will only observe, that supposing the ailment of Clarisse Chalons to have been an affection such as highly sensitive temperaments are subject to, if the characters in the actual procession were half as hideous and unearthly as the pictorial representation, a nervous person, mistaking constitutional debility for paralysis, might be roused by mere fright into an exertion to escape from such fiendish-looking neighbors, without needing to be endowed with any miraculous energy.

Another tablet presented a well-appointed diligence at a stand-still on the highway, the passengers dismounted and artistically grouped here and there, while the *conducteur* and another supported at the road-side a woman, painted, with a free brush, as in *blue* cholera, over whose head "Notre Dame de la Garde" (no mistaking the likeness) hovered in the background, and above all was inscribed:

"Ex Voto," pour la guérison miraculeuse
du choléra sur la route de Toulon
En Boussett, 7 Novembre, 1849—ROSE AUMERON.

Surely, there is no want of charity in affirming that, in the numberless cases of which these are exemplars, the confidence of the voto-giver centred in the individualised Lady of the Chapel of La Garde.

In perfect keeping with the business done in this chapel, was a "*comptoir*," or side-desk, from which the "lady in waiting," a brisk and volu-

ble sextoness, glided to explain to us the various *miracolos* of her show-room. Upon a hint that we could read for ourselves, she gladly left us, to carry on a brisk trade in the rosaries, pictures of the wonder-working image, and votive candles with which her stand was well-stocked, and for which, while we were in the chapel, I saw several hard bargains driven "*au prix juste*." It was a baptised repetition of the "Money-changers' table, and the seat of them that sold doves," waiting for the rebuking voice which shall finally say, "Take these things hence!"

I had forgotten the "Votive Tablets" of Marseilles—they had been blotted from memory by more interesting objects for some time afterward—until one day pacing the church of the "Ara Coeli," at Rome, as I passed one of the small side-chapels, my eye was caught by a spick-and-span new "Voto," so specially absurd, that there was no passing it without a pause. The whole field of the picture was occupied by a hand "couped" at the wrist, and severed by a huge gash nearly horizontally across the palm. There was no inscription of any kind; the wounded limb was left to tell its own tale of escaped locked-jaw, and to glorify "*St. Anthony of Padua*." Having come to a stand-still at this picture, I soon perceived the little chapel specially dedicated to this saint to be hung thick with Votos, and while I was examining them, a worshiper came, who knelt at the rail which fenced in the chapel from the nave, and taking hold of a tablet which hung there, repeated something very devoutly, and then went his way. The whole did not occupy two minutes, and on looking over the formula thus quickly despatched, I found the following laudation of the saint, which I venture to render in suitable doggrel:

Si quæris miracula,	If you wonders wish to see,
Mors, error, calamitas,	Error, death, calamity,
Dæmon, lepra, fugiunt,	Demons chased—cured of leprosy,
Ægri surgunt sani,	Sick men rising whole men,
Cedunt mare, vincula,	Seas or chains their thralls releasing,
Membra, resque perditas,	Limbs or money lost replacing,
Petunt et accipiunt	This saint's hands pray put your case in,
Juvenes et cani.	All you young or old men.
Pereunt pericula,	Dangers made to disappear,
Cessit et necessitas,	Want replaced by better cheer,
Narrant hi qui sentiunt,	Those who've proved can make it clear,
Dicant Paduani.	The Paduans have told men.

From this modest yielding of the *pas* to Padua, as the chief scene and witness of St. Anthony's miracles, I was seized with a lively desire to see his church in that city, and to look out for my

self the Voto, noted a hundred and fifty years since by Bishop Burnet, in which St. Anthony was invoked as hearing those "*quos non audit ipse Deus!*" In due course we came to Padua; but in the wilderness of Votos, which garished the saint's chapel from floor to roof, I missed the laudation which attracted Bishop Burnet's notice; whether it was that in its dingy preservation it has been shoved upward to the attic region, or that in mere shame at the blasphemy it had been removed, all that I can say is that I could not see it; but I saw other records of blind devotion, very curious, I would I could say, rare. Not the coarsest daubs ever sold at a country fair, not the rudest wood-cut that ever graced the "*Biblia Pauperum*," could compare with some of the memorials with which St. Anthony was honored by his adoring disciples. Of these take a specimen.

■ Scene, the banks of a river, into which a huge market-cart had been so ingeniously overturned, that it was only by the rules of comparative anatomy, which deduced a drowning horse from a visible hoof above the surface, you could know it had been drawn by a quadruped; at the near side to the beholder emerged three staring heads, with imploring looks and outstretched hands, looking *away* from St. Anthony, who sat serenely on the bank behind, a halo round his head, and his hand lifted, not seemingly to help the struggling men, but to admonish them in the pagan fashion of Æsop's Jupiter, "not to lie there bawling like lazy fellows, but to help themselves and their drowning horse." The wholesome advice, or timely aid, is thus acknowledged:

Per Grazia ricevuta
Rimasti incolumi
Massuè Luigi
Passentin Giovanni
Valentini Gio. Maria.
El iii di Decembre, 1741.

Near to this hung a vivid representation of a tremendous "blow up," in which half a dozen figures were projected into the air, in postures utterly inconsistent with life or safety, and among missiles which must have ground them to powder as they descended to terra firma again. The result, however, thanks to St. Anthony, is given as follows:

Nel giorno xvii di Giugno MDCCCLXXVIII,
Giovanni Zeno e compagni nella terra
di Novol, furono abbruciati della polvere
da Mortariffe, chi accidentalmente prese fuoco,
e per intercessione di San Antonio di Padua,
invocato in quel punto, remanesso in vita,
e requisitarono la Salute.

Time and space would fail to show the variety of these Votos, all virtually investing St. Anthony with the two awful attributes of Omniprésence and Omnipotence; wherever we went through Italy, we saw vestiges of the same votive spirit ever addressing its thanks to some intermediate protector. At Brescia, where a new cathedral is curiously dove-tailed into an old one, in a dark passage connecting the two buildings, hung a "Voto," commemorating some old gentleman's escape from breaking neck or limb by slipping on the damp flags, and ascribing his escape to some illustrious obscure called "*St. Libonius*," whom he invoked in a filial spirit of dependence in the very moment of danger (so saith the legend) in the following couplet:

Salva, O Liboni, in si fatal periglio;
Il consorti a me salve, il padre al' figlio.

Libonius, save, in danger dire;
To save a Son befits a Sire.

The last variety of these Votos which I shall notice, are a series hung in the noble Duomo, at Milan, where the solemn majesty of the interior is, I will not say destroyed, but certainly disfigured, by a line of coarse beams running across the splendid nave arches as supports for rows of daubs equally out of character and place, and recording, with sign-post emphasis, a series of miracles in honor of the Holy Sacrament; the tenor of which may be judged by the following explanatory inscriptions, copied from two of the pictures:

S. Stanislaus Kotska, in un Tempio di Luterani, da lui supposti di Catolici, Si comunicando un Angelo.	St. Stanislaus Kotska, in a Lutheran Church, mistaken by him for a Catholic Church, receives the Communion from an Angel!
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How the saint could have fallen into the error—or why, when he discovered his mistake, he could not have walked out again—this veracious legend does not inform us. Take another—

Si fabbrica della api un globo di cera al Eucharistico Sagramento caduto nel fango.	A swarm of bees make a globe of wax for the use of the Holy Sacrament fallen into the mud.
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The artist has done his best to illustrate this miracle—but the minuteness of the subject, and the distance from which the picture must be looked at, has compelled him to make his bees as big as barn-door fowls, and thus diminishes some of the marvel of this veritable transaction—as it is recorded in the works of "Thomas Cantipratanus," who caps the legend of the picture by telling us (lib. ii. "*De Miraculis sui Temporis*," c. xl. p. 398) how "these bees lodged, the

Holy Sacrament in their hive, in a '*pix of the purest wax*'—how the owner of the hive saw night after night the whole air brightened and luminous over them—and how, when he went to look for honey, he discovered that the bees had become ascetics, forswearing the sweets of life; that they had left off working, and after monastic fashion, taken to '*droning*,' or singing, which they ceased not to do night and day, contrary to bee habits in general."

It is impossible to speak seriously of such puerilities as these, when we find them defacing the finest monuments, and disturbing the most solemn influences of the noble architectural temples into which they are intruded. With some jumbling of styles, and defects in the details, amply, however, mastered in the general effect,

the airy and graceful exterior of the Duomo of Milan sends you into its grand and solemn interior quite unprepared for the contrast; but you are very speedily sobered to a feeling suited to the place and "its dim religious light," when all is again dissolved into impatient ridicule of the "*Tabellæ*," crossing the line of vision as you look up the noble nave, and soliciting your attention to such wonders as I have noticed, of which the crowning one is St. Anthony once more, exposing the Host to a venerating ass! to the conviction and confusion of a heretic.

Such is the step from the sublime to the ridiculous, down which one is forever in danger of slipping in Italy—a danger from which not even St. Libonius can preserve the "Northern intellect."

A LITTLE SCOTCH LASSIE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Just a smile i' the face o' nature!
Just a mirror o' the May!
Is the winsome, comely creature
Wha has stowen my heart away.
Scotland has nae sweeter blossom
Buddin' fain, or flowerin' fair—
Nestlin' to a mither's bosom,
Gin a lover's hand sud dare.
Bonnie Scotland—bonnie Scotland—
When I'm far, far away,
I will think o' bonnie Scotland,
Wi' a prayer for sweet MacLeay.

She is gracefu' as the greenly
Waving boughs in simmer's wind,
And her beauty, calm and queenly,
Wears a royal crown o' mind.
O! gin she were ane-an'-twenty—
O! gin she were my wee wife,

Love wad gi'e the crowin' dainty
To the banquet o' my life.
Bonnie Scotland—bonnie Scotland—
When I'm far, far away,
I will turn to bonnie Scotland,
Wi' a prayer for sweet MacLeay.

Might I bear Love's shield above her—
Might I snood her silken hair,
How my heart wad round her hover
On the tender wings o' care.
O! may Heaven rich blessin's shower
On her dear life's bawmy bud,
Till it ope perfection's flower
In the bloomin' fields o' God.
Bonnie Scotland—bonnie Scotland—
When I'm far, far away,
I will think o' bonnie Scotland,
Wi' a prayer for sweet MacLeay.

ON BEING AWAKENED BY A SERENADE

BY A. FLOYD FRAZER.

WHEN in the shadowy realm of dreams,
Serenely arch'd with cloudless skies,
Where fancy roams 'mid fairy isles,
And myriad forms of beauty rise—
We half forget each coarser tie,
That links us to the world of pain,
And dwell with forms of life more fair
Than those of earth have ever been.

But when upon the midnight air
The pensive notes of Song are heard,
And through the Spirits' echoing halls
The chords of feeling deeply stirr'd—
Each pure emotion swells more free—
We bask upon a happier shore—
Each buried love the charm renews,
And Heav'n seems nearer than before

Editor's Table.

MR. LONGFELLOW is about bringing out a new poem on an Indian theme; and Mr. Tennyson is publishing "Maud," and some other lyrics. In the former, it is stated, the poet goes to the forests and their scenery and the sequestered romance of savage life. In the latter, we perceive, from an extract, the laureate comes out about the great war and the ways of the world, with all its hypocrisies, rogueries, and falsehoods—an earnest and bitter piece of mundane philosophy. This would seem an exemplification of the fact that those transatlantic poets treat of passing questions and historical events with more directness and earnestness than ours do. The reason seems to be that, in spite of our democracy, the former have the more vigorous feeling of the great argument of progress—the movement of the nations. Our bards, in a peaceful and prosperous country, having nothing to provoke the austerer thoughts, turn to the bucolics of a fertile region, and the natural magnificence of the forests, or fall into imitations of other writers. After the terror and general rousing of the French revolutionary war, the poets of England became poets of action, moving over the lands and seas of the world for new and exciting themes—they rose up at once, bold and brilliant, from the stupid slough of the preceding history—the torpor of the regular course of time. True poetry, after all, requires the proper atmosphere to breathe in. That turmoil in England has loosened the flood-gates of poetic thought. Even Tennyson, who always lived so much in a quaint region of his own, between Fairy Land and the Georgian Era, is brought out into the field of reality. He charges, sword in hand, at Balaklava, and hearing some cowardly creatures talk of peace, turns round, and gives Quaker Bright a severe handling, and treats the costermongers to some very unmeasured language—unmeasured, as the reader will be disposed to allow, in more senses than one. He exclaims, in his "Maud"—

"Why do they prate of the blessings of peace? We
have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not
its own;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain—is it better or
worse

Than the heart of the citizen, hissing in war on his
own hearthstone?

"But these are the days of advance, the works of the
men of mind,

When who but a fool would have faith in a trades-
man's ware or his word?

Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that
of a kind,

The viler as underhand, not openly bearing the
sword.

"Peace! sitting under her olive, and slurring the
days gone by,

When the poor are hoveled and hustled together,
each sex like swine;

When only the Ledger lives, and when only not all
men lie;

Peace in her vineyard—yes; but a company forges
the wine.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a
burial fee,

And Timour Mammon grins on a pile of children's
bones—

Is it peace or war? better war by land and sea—

War, with a thousand battles, and shaking a hun-
dred thrones!"

That is a high and an emphatic war-note? The poet will have war on the most deadly scale, rather than the cheateries and rascalities of social life. We are sorry it is not an American poet who sings in that fine frenzy. But it is a fact that almost all our poets are for the blessings of peace, under the vines and fig-trees—a remarkable difference, and a difference which would be truly and undeniably in favor of our singers—if the world were not such a violent, wicked and selfish place, as the Evangelist openly declares. But see how the furious Laureate throws away his pipe, to throttle the jolly friend, Bright—

"Last week, came one to the country town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings—
Tho' the state has done it thrice as well!—
This broad-brimmed hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is stuff with cotton, and rings
Even in dreams, to the chink of pence—
This huxter put down war! Can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth hell;
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down, too, down, at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind!"

The poet then asks for some "strong man in a blatant land"—whether an aristocrat, democrat, or autocrat—to act with a high hand, and do right. Alfred overlooks the monarch. Regina goes for nothing with him, apparently! The independence of her paid Laureate is certainly admirable; and not less striking than his bold advocacy of war in preference to the prevalent morals of the community. He runs down the canons of society; and, in his angry running, the reader perceives how terribly he also runs down all the canons of the muse, jolting her over a road of the roughest syllables—

"Rattling her bones
Over the stones"

of his remorseless Alexandrines. We must change

our Art of Poetry. Musical smoothness is not *de rigueur* any longer; nor do the metaphors much matter. In the above we have a hot, inflamed Briton fighting the Czar, compared to his own beefsteak or kidney, hissing and spluttering at the cook! Good. We hail anything like originality. That red-faced kidney in a fry, bleeding and belligerent, is decidedly good. It is drawn, in fact, from the common idiom—the source of everything poetical and forcible. People say, “he’s frying with anger or impatience.” They also say, “he’s in a devil of a stew.” The stew has not yet come into poetry. But it will. Suppose one of our poets were to give us the *stew*. Perhaps, when we are in the agitated condition of those John Bulls, we shall have that kitchen metaphor. At present, we are too fastidious. It is very probable indeed, that we are not prepared to appreciate even the kidney.

A Paris physician has brought forward an essay to prove that Jenner’s discovery—vaccination—has caused the physical and moral degeneracy of the human race—has originated cholera and a crowd of other diseases. The Imperial Academy of Medicine was about to examine that strange proposition

A lofty, severely threatening article in a Richmond paper, and several snapping, scoffing replies from certain organs of Northern sentiment! Pounding away in the old quarrel—with no Mason and Dixon’s line to keep them asunder, and filling the minds of patriots with fears of disruption and internecine war? To read the newspapers at times, one would suppose the nation was about to fall in two. But the influence of newspapers is overrated. Their effect is like that of books in this country. They come out in such numbers, and with such a rapidity and variety of discussion, that they prevent any tendency of the popular mind in any fixed direction. The necessity of news is such that there is no deepening of ideas or nourishing of projects possible—no dogged following out of any subject. The people want the events of the day and the prices. They don’t want to have their feelings hammered into a white heat, nor to grow monomaniac over anything. When something extraordinary takes place—a needless carnage on a railway, the death of a hundred persons by a ship’s boiler, or the grabbing of a black man on the U. G. R. R., they look for fierce talking and a flare up, and they have them accordingly—the editors sit down and work up the occasion—the outcry is tremendous and general, and the public reads with various emotions of controversy—for three days—oftenest, for one—rarely for nine. The idea that the hurrying, working, multifarious people could afford the sustained and single attention necessary to any fatal collision of North and South is preposterous. The editors may rage furiously over the subject, but the many would be more steadily interested in the price of flour, and another outbreak in Paris would be the death of it. The truth would seem to be that the press is the cause why nothing can touch the mind of the people permanently or

profoundly. This seems a strange conclusion to arrive at—seeing that the press has got credit for great rousing and wielding powers. But we believe it is the truth. The press, as it were, lets the whole world in upon us, every day, and in this way prevents any of that local fixedness or intensity of speculation which produces strong effects, in the community. After all, we believe that our great national movements or changes will be carried on and brought about, independently of any influence of the press. If its trumpets could be blown steadily and in concert, for any length of time, along with the government, for instance, in some foreign policy, then indeed would it be an engine of tremendous impulse. As it is, its natural character and working will give comfort to every one who wishes this noise of the North and South may not break the national bond. There is no fear. Let the newspapers carry on the active hurley-burley, and the principle of counteracting and distracting forces which works in the macrocosm will also keep our microcosm all right. The benefits of the press should be duly acknowledged.

Reading the life of Jackson, we are reminded that the battle of New Orleans was fought near a fortnight after peace articles had been arranged at Ghent; and a remark is made by a friend, that if the Sub-Oceanic Telegraph had been then in operation there would have been no battle. Has this country gained or lost by the want of that telegraph? Would we forfeit the victory of New Orleans to have had the benefits of the lightning wires? If it were possible to put it to the vote, we are sure the bloody battle would be chosen instead of the beneficent cable. This is a curious kind of consideration—showing that the triumphs of science are considered subordinate to another sort of triumph, achieved in a very different way.

“What a mistake,” says Bulwer, “to suppose that the passions are strongest in youth! The passions are not stronger, but the control over them is weaker. They are more easily excited, they are more violent and more apparent; but they have less energy, less durability, less intense and concentrated power than in maturer life. In youth, passion succeeds to passion, and one breaks upon the other as waves upon a rock, till the heart frets itself to repose. In manhood, the great deep flows in more calm, but more profound; its serenity the proof of the might and terror of its course, were the wind to blow and the storm to rise.”

Here we have the very famous Rachel, laying our play-goers under her spell. All very well. Here she is, bringing with her a resurrection of the old periwigged school of French poetry—the old Parnassian style of Louis Quatorze. It is passing strange to see such a thing coming before a people of Americans, in the middle of the nineteenth century. But what of that? We have felt a strong interest in Pompeii, and whenever Mr. Gliddon brings a mummy, there we all go to see old Noph or Sut or Foh, or whatever the creature may be called

Not that Mlle. Rachel will confine herself to these classics of the stage. Victor Hugo, Scribe, Le Brun, and others, are on her list of parts, in some of which she has been the rival of Ristori.

Elizabeth Rachel Felix—such is her name—was born in Switzerland in 1820, as her biographers tell us, and, for the first ten years of her life, lived as a Gipsy with her Jewish parents and sisters, traveling through the Cantons, Germany and France, selling trinkets, the eldest sister, Sara, singing, and Elizabeth Rachel by her side making the collections. In this way they were known at all the *cafés* of Paris. In 1830, Choron, founder of the Royal Institute of Sacred Music, heard the future actress, a poor little child of ten years old, and was arrested by her pure, sweet voice. He took her from the street, put her into one of his classes, and soon transferred her to M. St. Aulaire, then training pupils for the drama. In 1836, she was received as pupil into the *Conservatoire*. Her black eyes and Jewish features gave her an impressive look, and her organ of declamation was magnificent—loud as a trumpet with a silver sound. She now received the tuition of M. Sampson, the writer and actor. He taught her all the high tragic roles; and, Vedel having engaged her at the *Theatre Français*, she made her *debut* there, June 1838, as Camille, in the *Horaces* of Corneille. The genius of Talma seemed to have transmigrated to the youthful Jewess, and a furious enthusiasm, beginning with the journalists, soon wrapt the whole city of Paris, and thence went all about the world a wandering whirlwind of the press. She was all the rage, and every one stood astonished to see how completely the poor little street girl transformed herself into a grand lady and a queen in society. In 1841, she went to London, all the trumpets of journalism sounding before her. The city of London sang her praises, and her majesty sent her a bracelet, with "Queen Victoria to Rachel!" She then went to St. Petersburg, and came back in triumph through Germany.

People say she loves money. That is only natural. She has a large family dependent on her, in a great measure. She was resolved not to allow Barnum or any such undertaker, to manage for her in America and make money by her. Her own brother is her agent and *factotum*, and her three sisters assist her. All the money made will remain in the family. People dislike the coldness and reserve of her character. And she certainly distrusts the eulogies and acclamations that attend her. She has seen most of the French critics fall away from her and cry up Ristori. But she will rely on the money and the main chance, and having that, she will feel very careless of the opinions of the Nazarenes. She is nearly as rich as a Rothschild. She could purchase Palestine from the Sultan and rebuild the Temple of her forefathers. But neither she nor the Rothschilds would spend their money in any such undertaking.

How to find out whether a woman is vain. Don't look at her.

Guadagni, some fifty years ago, enjoyed the magnificent distinction of being primo tenore. Even then, though tenors were not paid so liberally as now, it appears they had just as many caprices, and gave themselves as many airs as they sang.

Now Guadagni was an Italian, *corps et âme*, as the French say; though we ought not to have said it in French, for the tenor had a mortal hatred to everything belonging to that nation.

To such a point did he carry his aversion, that being engaged at the court of the Duke of Parma, he one night resolutely refused to sing in the presence of two French noblemen, then visiting at the court.

"He was taken with a sudden hoarseness, and couldn't." The second time, he had an attack of fever; and the third, when the fiddles were ready, the tenor was nowhere to be found—he had gone out hunting! So, when he came back, he found his room filled with the Duke's guard, who in a very few minutes conveyed him to the state prison.

Here for a fortnight he was left to meditate, with full liberty to cultivate both his voice and his aversion for the French—his brain and his digestion being both left perfectly clear, by a wholesome diet of dry bread and "water from the spring."

At length, one day, a most copious and savory dinner was brought into his cell, and a most polite and agreeable gentleman, of whose Italian origin there could be no doubt, came in with it.

Guadagni watched with undisguised pleasure each smoking dish take its place on the table; and motioning his visitor to a seat opposite him, he prepared to sit down.

"Stop," said the jailor, "you shall eat your dinner, but only after singing your best cavatina to this gentleman."

Guadagni, his eyes fixed upon the tempting feast, instantly began one of his most passionate and entrancing airs. Then again bowing to his visitor, he sat down to table. But the visitor rose.

"Buon appetito," said he, "enjoy your dinner, my good sir, and I thank you for your song. As for me I am going."

"Going?"

"Yes," replied the visitor, "and I am rather late, I believe, for I've got two men to hang."

"Two men to hang! what do you mean?"

"Simply that the Grand Duke, irritated at your refusing to sing for the two French noblemen, his guests, has made you sing to the executioner—that's all. Good day, buon appetito!"

But Guadagni's appetite was gone; he knew the laugh would be against him, and so, when some days later, he was let out of prison, he sought and obtained an engagement in Paris, and was never more heard of in Italy.

"Gratitude" was defined by a French wit, as "the expectation of future benefit." How different from that of the deaf-and-dumb person, who defined it "the memory of the heart." The one how bright and striking—the other, how beautiful.

We have just been smiling—don't mistake us, cheerful reader!—just smiling at a little wood-cut in the *Paris Charivari*. It represents two dreadful men with clenched fists, one keeping the other down on the floor, among a heap of table furniture, and the lady of the house, her hands flung up in exasperation, crying out that never again would she permit, in her house, any more critical discussions on the merits of those two women—Rachel and Ristori! She has got enough of them apparently—seeing the dramatic *furor* of the day has reached her plates and supper equipage.

We see from the public papers that people are greatly wondering at the oddity of James G. Percival, of New Haven, the poet and geologist; the man has such a queer, out-of-the-way kind of house, and lives in such a strange solitary manner. He has built him a dwelling of only one story, with three large windows facing the thoroughfare, and no door at all visible, the entrance being somewhere in the rear. A wall, in fact, and three windows; whereas, it is the general opinion that he should have got into a neat, white box of a house, with a nicely-painted door and trellis, all in apple-pie order, and the step spotless with white paint or free-stone, and everything respectable about it. Then as to the man's character, he does not go about, and join a society and go to meetings and parties—he is as shy and reserved as a young lady—no—that comparison won't do; certainly not; as shy as a school-boy—that won't do either; as shy as—the man that owes you “that little bill;” that may do—for want of anything better that we can hit upon. But Percival is excessively shy and peculiar in his manner; and he himself and his house, and his geological specimens and books hoarded in the same, have come to be paragraphed as things to be wondered at. He is so very unlike the other poets who go about reciting and lecturing, and living in gay quarters, and rattling along with the rattling stream of men and manners. But from these things and from other *traits* mentioned by his friends, it would seem that he is one of a class very rare in this country—an original, self-sustained man of independence—a simple, genuine nature, worthy of all respect and good feeling. It is a pity we have not a great crowd of such men—despising the flash and hollow noises and conventions of society, and daring to be odd and poor, and shy and angular, and occasionally laughed at by the smart little fellows of the herd. As to that choice of a dwelling, we believe that to some men, the houses they are obliged to go live in do not disgust them less than the kind of trowsers, coats, vests, hats, they are under the necessity of wearing. We have often heard men—generally poor devils—imagine the sort of homestead they would have, if they could afford it, and grow into poetry and pathos over the details thereof—its surrounding bit of greenery, its few indispensable trees, the low, large solid structure, with its gables and many roofs—some of them tiled—and the elaborately old-fashioned and somewhat irregular clustering of the whole concern—nothing for mere ornament—

everything for comfort; and a fence or wall to shut in the cosy idea from the flash and scurry outside. Percival would rather dance a polka at a Saratoga ball, than build a smug dwelling, like any other person. The man's original genius appears in these things. There is a man of genius in one of our great cities, who will not wear the horrid funnel-hat, till he has kicked it several times round his room, to make it soft and comfortable for the head. The world laughs, of course.

A respectful salutation in Thibet, consists in uncovering the head, lolling out the tongue and scratching the right ear at the same time.

“Those who have the largest horizon of thought,” says Mrs. Jameson, “the most extended vision, in regard to the relation of things, are not remarkable for self-reliance and steady judgment. A man who sees limitedly and clearly, is more sure of himself, and more direct in his dealings with circumstances and with others, than a man whose many-sided capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and *objections*—just as, they say, a horse with blinkers more surely chooses his path, and is less likely to shy.”

“Speaking one day of the Papal army, in which his uncle held a high command, Monsignor — told me,” says a late English writer, “that it was a force composed of all nations—‘as became a Catholic force’—he said, smiling; that Switzerland contributed largely from its Catholic cantons, but that they had also many Poles. And then he told me the following story, but with an Italian vivacity and force of diction which, while it impressed the narrative upon my memory, I cannot pretend to impart to my repetition of it.

“‘Two years since,’ he said, ‘the Russian Emperor was here. Although a “*scismatico*,” he is a great man—“*veramente un' uomo di grandezza*”—and was received accordingly by “*la sua Santità*,” in all courtesy; and when he departed, it was with a guard of honor to Civita Vecchia.’

“‘What?’ said I, ‘the Guardi Nobile?’

“The Roman drew himself up.

“‘Oh, no; the Roman nobles never put themselves on duty but for the Sovereign Pontiff in person; but the Russian had a picked guard of our best cavalry; and a bad ride they had of it. A curious thing happened, which I will relate, if you will permit me.’

“I bowed my head in attention, and he proceeded:

“‘You know that I live in the palazzo of my uncle, the general. It happened that I was at home, and my uncle absent, when the commandant of the escort came to make his report to the military governor of Rome; booted, splashed, and weary, he was impatient to deliver in his returns and be gone. But while he waited, I conversed with him as an old acquaintance, a brave man, a good soldier, and a refugee Pole, who, as a devout son of the church, had fled before the persecution of our faith in “White Russia,” of which you have doubtless heard—who has not? After a little conversation, in which he

seemed disturbed and absent, he said to me abruptly, "Father, I wish to tell you something, but it is not a confession—no—for it was no sin, but a great victory which I gained yesterday. *How that Calmuck travels!*—he travels like the devil—half my troop are in hospital, and their horses lame for a month to come. Well, it is strange how the holy saints and the good God allow us to be tried, but yesterday I had a great temptation, as you shall hear. We had got out quite on the Campagna, and came to the *malaria* ground—that Nicholas went over at the same pace—the troop scattered, and fell back one by one, and at last, in a wild, gloomy spot, I found myself galloping singly by the side of the open carriage, in which the emperor traveled all alone. I turned my head, and before, behind, there was no one—no one; and there he lay alone and asleep in the hot sun, with his great breast inviting the stab I had often wished an opportunity to give him—for am I not a Pole, father, an outcast from the hearth of my fathers?—and there lay the oppressor of my race and my religion under my hand. Yes, father, it was a wild plan, and my heart was full of dark thoughts, and my brain grew on fire, and I know not what I could have done, if it had lasted longer; but the carriage gave a great jolt, and the giant started up from his sleep, and the impulse passed away. But—and his breast heaved like the sea, as he repeated—'*it was a great temptation*, and praise be to God and all saints, that I did not dishonor his holiness' safeguard!'"

"It was, indeed, a strange chance and strange temptation," I said. "Had the Pole yielded to it, what consequences might have followed!"

"Northern blood runs cool," rejoined my companion, with a strange smile. "I fear an Italian in the Pole's place, would have buried his stiletto in his enemy's heart first, and have speculated on consequences afterward."

We know of few attempts in prose or verse to describe the undescribable, the awful majesty, and the profound, mysterious attraction of the ocean, equal to the following, by Professor Steffens, one of the most elegant scientific writers of the day. Our author was good-naturedly invited by a party of six fishermen to accompany them on an expedition to a sand-bank, at a distance of six or seven Norwegian miles from shore, where they were to pass the night. They sailed in a serene and beautiful morning; the wind afterward rose, and the sea was agitated.

"The night I passed there (says Steffens) I shall never forget. As twilight closed around us on the tossing waves, we became more and more silent; the masts were lowered; the fishermen were contented with their day's work, and I now threw out my net once more; the kind-hearted fellows pressed round me with friendly curiosity as I emptied my rich booty into the tub, and began to examine it. I had to give a popular lecture on the new and rare productions I had caught. Meanwhile, though the sun had sunk below the horizon, the bright evening red remained visible the whole night in the far west, and

played on the waves around us—now gleaming, and then vanishing like a soft lightning. The oars lay still; the boat, left to itself, rocked on the waves; the conversation fell into monosyllables; my companions sung a hymn; I heard the murmur of their prayers, and then each, folding himself in his cloak, lay down to sleep; they slept the deep sleep of tired men. The billows dashed against the boat, and the night-air closed over our heads; the consciousness that a fathomless abyss might at any moment swallow up our small bark kept me awake, and the power of the wondrous ocean—Solitude—took possession of me. It was as if I belonged to the deep, whose inhabitants I had disturbed with my daring curiosity. The dim horizon of my precarious future—a thousand pictures of the past, appeared and vanished again. Neither sorrow nor joy could assume a distinct form; all feelings blunted each other—all images rocked like the boat, and melted into each other like the waves; it was a feeling such as I never experienced before or since. In the twilight, I could not discern the distant shore; and here I learned the deep, unfathomable might with which Nature rules the soul—here, as in no other situation. By degrees all images became dimmer and more shadowy—the rocking motion of my thoughts more tranquil, gentle, and calm; the splashing of the waves sounded like a lullaby, and I sank like my comrades into a deep sleep."

A characteristic anecdote is told of Braham, the singer. It will be remembered by those familiar with his early career, that for a time he was under the care of Leoni, who had been struck with his wonderful voice, while traveling London streets, singing penny ballads, and resolved to give him the benefit of his teachings. On one occasion, the careful master had given the boy permission to go to a shop and have his hair cut in the most fashionable style, and had also supplied him with "a little sixpence" for the payment thereof. Braham accordingly proceeded to the *boutique* of a dashing London west end clipper. While under the operation of the scissors, he began to hum a tune; the sweet notes struck upon the musical barber's ears, and captivated him. The scissors became mute and motionless—equally mute became the vocalist—the *friseur* begged him to sing on, but the smart little Israelite eyed the enchanted *barbatique*, and said—

"You don't cut hair for nothing, do you? Then why should I sing for nothing?"

"Only sing, my good boy, cried the scissors-flourishing *amateur de musique*, "I'll take your notes for cash."

"Agreed," said Braham, as he buttoned up the pocket of a nether garment that contained Leoni's little sixpence, intended to reward the ingenious and useful *artiste* who was to clip his superabundant locks; this was the largest sum that he had ever, till then, at one time, "pursed" for the exertion of his vocal abilities, but "this song of sixpence" was the augury of "pocket full of gold" hereafter.

During the height of the excitement, a few years ago, attendant on the failure of the United States Bank, a promising son of the Emerald Isle was observed in Chestnut street, standing opposite that noble specimen of architecture, gesticulating violently and wringing his hands, in a word, indulging in the very "luxury of woe." The passers by were touched and their feelings excited, as each one exclaimed to himself, "Alas! another victim of the monster." A rough spoken but kind hearted individual approaching the poor fellow, inquired the cause of his grief, and what he meant by kicking up such a bloody row in the public streets.

"Ohone! ohone! dear," groaned our Grecian friend, "I must, I must, I can't help it. I never pass by this house, but it puts me in mind of my father's barn at home!"

Need we say that sympathy for the sufferer was at once dissolved, as a simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the arches of the "ghastly" cause of all this grief and desolation.

The following exquisite story is by Lamartine: In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near; and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire.

He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this point to seek for food. I am dying—help, and Heaven will reward you!"

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise: I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar upon his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so:

"It is I, Daher: I have got the horse, and am off with it!"

Naber called out to him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said Naber. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy with it; but I do conjure you never to tell how you obtained it.

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was

silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, he returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became friends for life.

There are only nine words in the English language in which, the initial *h* is not sounded, to wit: heir, honest, honor, herb, hospital, hostler, hour, humble, humor.

"Freedom's ghost" is thus honored by a versifier, whose name has not been announced to us. We are glad that the shadow of liberty is now immortalized in numbers. By the way, is there not everywhere, so far as freedom is concerned, quite as much shadow as substance? That answer, reader, at your leisure, and listen to the "pome:"

"Freedom's Ghost was mourning
O'er a nation's fall,
She cried among the ruins,
None answered her call.

She stood among the tombs,
Where mighty heroes slept,
Again she cried aloud,
Then she sat down and wept.

It was a mournful sight,
And when the moonlight gleamed,
Upon each broken shrine,
All desolation seemed.

She wept in tears of blood
Upon the herbless turf,
And the briny drops were cold,
As the salt sea's silver surf.

She seized her fiery harp,
And ran its wild strings o'er,
While echo woke to hear
Such happy strains once more.

She sang of by-gone days,
Of deeds of glory done,
Of many a foe destroyed,
And many a battle won.

Each hero's name she called,
Whose ashes slumbered there,
She bade each nerve his arm,
And for the field prepare.

Then—came the awful pause,
And silence held the throne,
Echo had died away,
The spirit was alone.

Again amongst the tombs
She stood—where heroes slept,
She cried to those in vain,
Then sat her down and wept.

There; we don't think even Alexander Smith could beat that! It abounds in exuberant fancy and overwhelmingly brilliant thought. It is poetry

in the ore, dug from the brain of unbounded genius, just as gold is hoed out of the bowels of the earth, among the placers of California.

Our esteemed friend and townsman, W. A. D., sends us the following translation of a recent poem by Victor Hugo, which we commend as much for its closeness and fidelity to the original, as for its exceeding beauty and sentiment. We give both the original and the translation :

Oh n'insultez jamais une femme qui tombe !
Qui sait sous quel fardeau la pauvre ame succombe !
Qui sait combien de jours sa faim a combattu
Quand le vent du malheur ebranlait sa vertu !
Qui de nous n'a pas vu ces femmes brisées
S'y cramponner long tems de leur mains épuisées ?

Comme au bout d'une branche on voit étinceler
Une goutte de pluie ou le ciel vient de briller
Qu' on secoue avec l'arbre et qui tremble et qui lutte
Perle avant de tomber, fange après sa chute.

La Faute en est a toi riche, a ton or,
Cette fange d'ailleurs contient l'eau pure encore,
Pour que la goutte d'eau sorte de la poussière
Et redeviennne perle en sa splendeur première
Il suffit (c'est ainsi que tout remonte au jour)
D'un rayon du Soleil ou d'un rayon d'amour.

Oh spare thy sneer, nor taunt the fall'n maid,
By weight of woo her careworn soul betray'd,
When famine's pang her falt'ring virtue shakes,
Have we not seen her, ere she wholly breaks,
Cling to her fame, delaying still her fate,
And vainly strain her arms emaciate ?

So from a branch the glitt'ring drop displays
The various colors of prismatic rays
Shake but the tree the pearl we so desire,
Falls on the plain, and mingles with the mire.

Shame on thee, man, thy Gold the cause has been,
This mire contains pure water tho' unseen,
But how eject the dust ? resume its form
Once more a pearl to glisten on the thorn ?
Thy rays, oh Sun, for all's derived from them,
Can cleanse from mire and reproduce the Gem :
What then is needed from the Power above ?
A ray of sunshine or a ray of Love.

Many of our fair readers will feel gratified by the following instructions for preserving natural flowers for winter, provided it works well. Some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve, such as are latest in blooming, and ready to open, must be chosen. Cut them off, says a lady acquaintance, with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long ; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. When it is desired to have the flowers to blow, take the buds over night, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt, and the next day you will

have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odors around.

Chateaubriand says that Milton rose at four in the morning during summer, and at five in the winter. He wore almost invariably a dress of coarse gray cloth : studied till noon, dined frugally, walked, with a guide, and in the evening, sung, accompanying himself on some instrument. He for a long time addicted himself to the practice of fencing. To judge by *Paradise Lost*, he must have been passionately fond of music and the perfume of flowers. He supped off five or six olives and a little water, retired to rest at nine, and composed at night in bed. When he had made some verses, he sung, and dictated to his wife or daughters. On sunny days he sat on a bench at his door ; he lived in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.

Three foreign travelers in England, says Dr. Doron, in his "Habits and Men," have pleasantly remarked upon an old custom which would now be considered more honored in the breach than the observance. The custom alluded to is that of kissing. Chalcondyles, the Greek, who visited our respected ancestors between four and five centuries ago, was highly surprised, delighted, and edified with this novel mode. He says of it : "As for English females and children, their customs are liberal in the extreme. For instance, when a visitor calls at a friend's house, his first act is to kiss his friend's wife ; he is then a duly installed guest. Persons meeting in the street follow the same custom, and no one sees anything improper in the action." Nicander Nucius, another Greek traveler, of a century later, also adverts to this osculatory fashion. "The English," he says "manifest much simplicity and lack of jealousy in their habits and customs as regards females ; for not only do members of the same family and household kiss them on the lips with complimentary salutations and enfolding of the arms round the waist, but even strangers when introduced follow the same mode ; and it is one which does not appear to them in any degree unbecoming."

The third commentator is Erasmus, and it is astonishing how lively the Dutchman becomes when expatiating on this ticklish subject. Writing from England to Andrelinus, in 1499, he says unctiously : "They have a custom, too, which can never be sufficiently commended. On your arrival you are welcomed with kisses. On your departure you are sent off with kisses. If you return, the embraces are repeated. Do you receive a visit, your first entertainment is of kisses. Do your guests depart, you distribute kisses amongst them. Wherever you meet them they greet you with a kiss. In short, whichever way you turn, there is nothing but kissing. Ah ! Faustus, if you had once tasted the tenderness, the fragrance of these kisses, you would wish to stay in England, not for a ten years' voyage, like Solon's, but as long as you lived."

Chantrey, Wilkie and Collins, were dining together one day, when the former in his great kindness for Wilkie, ventured, as he said, to take him to task for his constant use of the word "*relly*" (really), when listening to any conversation in which he was much interested

"Now, for instance," said Chantrey, "suppose I was giving you an account of any interesting matter, you would constantly say '*relly*!'"

"*Relly*!" exclaimed Wilkie, immediately, with a look of the most perfect astonishment.

Lager beer is now the prevailing beverage in the way of malt liquors. Our German brethern throughout the country almost make it their meat and their drink. In New York city it is consumed in immense quantities. We saw, ourselves, forty casks of it standing in front of a cellar in Chatham street, and though a small place, we understood these were only *a day's supply*! By the way, a song in glorification of lager was lately sung at a barbacue in Kentucky—a specimen of which may be found in the following:

"Fill 'em up, fill 'em up, fill 'em up here,
Swi glass lager unt tri glass bier.
Der Ducher gumpany is a good gumpany
Ash ever eum'd from Yarmany.

"Up mit der wine unt down mit der bier,
Don't care nix for dembrance here.
Der Ducher drinks schnapps, unt der Yankees drink
rum,
Unt der Kentucky boys are punkins some."

From the recent volume of poems, by Alfred Tennyson, we extract the following, entitled "The Love Letters:"

Still on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air,
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane,
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow."

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song,
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong—
We met, but only met to part.
Full cold my greeting was, and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw, with half unconscious eye,
She wore the colors I approved.

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turned the key,
Then raised her head with lips comprest,
And gave my letters back to me;
And gave the trinkets and the rings—
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please;
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I looked on these.

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
"No more of love; your sex is known
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell,
(And woman's slander is the worst,)
And you, whom once I loved so well,
Thro' you my life will be accurst."
I spoke with heart, and heat, and force,
I shook her breast with vague alarms;
Like torrents from a mountain source,
We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells;
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent aisle,
There comes a sound of marriage bells.

Of all terms of comparison, the most endearing is the word "little." Strange enough, when all the world is striving to be great. Nice *little* woman, we say, sweet *little* lover—dear *little* thing: nobody ever says nice large woman—or sweet big lover—or dear great thing. No; decidedly everything lovable is little. But we dare not dwell longer on the subject, for we have just remembered some fine large specimens of creation that might resent it—and then—

That quaint old writer, Pegge, in his *Anonymiana*, published about the middle of the last century, thus expresses himself on "Hot Summers"—

"We are apt to think summers not to be so hot as formerly; but I apprehend there is little difference, in general; and that the reason of the surmise is, that when grown up, we do not run and hurry about so as to heat ourselves, as oftentimes we did when boys."

Rev. Sydney Smith was the incarnation of common sense and shrewdness—a cheerful, humorous nature, without any feeling of the poetic—a mass of English clay, from which the devotions and enthusiasms were left clean out in the making up. He was of a marked order of men, and the best of that class, as his late Memoir, by his daughter, Lady Holland, shows. It surely was a kind of instinct, instead of "stress of politics," that drove him into Edinburgh; for he had all the characteristics of the dry, canny Scottish nature. Between him and Jeffreys, Brougham, Horner, and the rest, founders of the Edinburgh Review, there was not a pulse of poetical or any other sort of enthusiasm. They were drilled and disciplined minds, with vigor enough to perceive they could not get along forever on the old roads of criticism and philosophy. They were all prudent men;

not geniuses, by any means. Your geniuses get drunk and walk waywardly, and have headaches and megrims, and are rather meteoric and miry, so to speak. Calm be the repose of them in the end, and grateful forever be the world for the gifts they leave behind them! But Jeffrey and the rest drank little, and wrote a great deal, and kept their review right on. Their brains were always in working order. Smith had more humor and more of the science of controversy than any of the others—perhaps than all put together; and he often used to amuse his hearers by imitating and laughing at their peculiarities—but still, in an open, jocular way, perfectly free from the paltry littleness of sneering—he was too wholesome a nature for that. The large and prosy style of Sir James Mackintosh offered fair occasion for his merriment. In the following, he gives what Sir James would say, if he were to describe pepper—"Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly pulverised seed of an oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which dispersed lightly over the surface of food with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition; and, by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man." Sydney used also to laugh at Macaulay's talkativeness, and called him "a book in breccoes"—as he called Webster a steam-engine in the same. Of Macaulay, he said he was improved, after his return from India—had "occasional flashes of silence," which produced the best effect! That way of travestying a fixed form of speech, is surprisingly funny, and was what the jocular canon greatly delighted in. Just now he and his talents are held in high estimation. But perhaps they are held too high. His qualities were those which most easily win the common judgment. He said very funny things; was a plain practical man, with no nonsense about him; loved society, and was a kind-hearted family man. These are things which take the sympathies of men, and on account of them, it is possible that Smith occupies a higher place just now than he can keep. After all, his was not the character which can long preserve its interest, in a world full of movement and trial, ever questioning the future and occupied with the problems of human destiny and incessant change.

When a housekeeper is lost so deep in thought, that she sprinkles the boiling clothes with salt, and puts the flat-iron into the soup, it is time that she paid more attention to domestic cookery, and less to the last novel.

When Dickens gave his late serial the title of "Bleak House," people in general supposed he did so, on his steady principle of taking the commonest or the oddest names for persons and things—a fashion haughtily adopted to offend the romantic snobberies which attach such importance to elegant and euphonious appellations. "Bleak House" seemed a dreary

title; but the novel is certainly the dreariest Dickens has written, and the name may be right enough. But the style is not a fanciful one. There was lately an inn named Bleak Hall, near London, on the road between "Edmonton so gay" and Chingford—as every reader of Izaak Walton will remember. It was a great haunt of anglers and other cheerful idlers, and Dickens, no doubt, was often at that hostelry. The best writers of fiction always choose a real name, if possible, for a person or a place; it gives the subject a greater air of *vraisemblance*. Weller, Cuttle, and a crowd of others, are real names; Swift's Bickerstaff was one, and Scott found his Ivanhoe, Du Bois Guilbert, Waverly, Deloraine, Mannering, and other appellations, in the roll of reality.

A Frenchman named Delpierre, member of a learned Society of Philobiblians, has just published an essay, proving that the story of Joan of Orleans is unfounded—that she was not burned by the English, but lived and had children. If this is true, it is no more than has been attempted for the apple-story of William Tell, which seems to have been the popular adaptation to his case, of a tradition belonging to several other individuals—that is, the shooting of an apple from the head of his son, an incident which is to be found in the old English ballad—Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudealee. These critical investigators are doing for the romance of the middle ages what Niebuhr did for that of early Rome. As regards Joan, it is hard to disbelieve what has been so generally recorded and believed—her execution at the stake by the Duke of Bedford.

Though it may sound extraordinary to talk of a soldier with a fan, yet the use of that article is so general in Japan, that no respectable man is to be seen without one. The fans are a foot long, and sometimes serve for parasols; at others, instead of memorandum books. They are adorned with paintings of landscapes, birds, flowers, or ingenious sentences. Upon their journeys they make use of a fan, which has the roads printed upon it, and tells them how many miles they have to travel, what inns they are to go to, and what price victuals are at. The etiquette to be observed in regard to the fan, requires profound study and close attention. At feasts and ceremonies, the fan is always stuck in the girdle, behind the sabre, with the handle downward.

Papa, (addressing the music-teacher, who is teaching his son.) May-I ask what your are playing there?

Teacher. Duets, by Maidser. I play the first, and your son the second violin.

Papa. Permit me, my dear sir; when I engaged you at such a high figure, to give instructions to my son, I always meant that he should play first fiddle.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

THE home history of the past month has not been of any very striking character; but the multitudinous machinery of the body politic has been working as vigorously as usual—conventions everywhere gathering and buzzing, building platforms, and using these as batteries against one another—like the belligerents in the Taurian Chersonese. In the middle of August, a party of *savans*, merchants, and others, proceeded from this seaboard to Halifax and the Northern waters, to inaugurate, with the Provincials, the laying down of the great Submarine Telegraph, destined to connect the two continents. But the commencement was rather unlucky, for, toward the end of the month, the cable between Newfoundland and Cape Breton slipped from the operating vessel, and was lost, about forty miles from the Newfoundland coast. On 18th of August, Abbot Lawrence, late Minister of the United States to England, died in Boston. The fatal prevalence of yellow fever at Norfolk, Va., at New Orleans, and other places, has cast a gloom over the south. The state of New York gave the Commissioners of Emigration the right to receive at their own wharf in the city—Castle Garden—all the emigrants coming from Europe; an arrangement which tends to the comfort and well-being of those who land on these shores, at that port. On 29th August, the catastrophe on the Camden and Amboy railway took place, causing the loss of twenty-five lives, and mangling many others. Business in California was improving, and the Immigrant Association of San Francisco had taken measures for the encouragement of immigration to that state. They also proposed a newspaper as part of their plan. The English and French squadron from Petropaulousky had put in at San Francisco, and landed about fifty of their sailors, sick of the scurvy. The condition of Kansas shows the contest of the two parties there, resulting in favor of the Missourians. The legislature continued to make war on the President, denying his right to appoint judges for the territory or dismiss them. Mr. Stringfellow's proposal for a convention to form a constitution for Kansas, was rejected, lest any pro-slavery clause may make admittance into the Union a matter of difficulty in congress. This parturition of states is always an outrying, rather uncleanly and disagreeable kind of business. The legislature of Kansas has located its capital at a site called Lecompton, on the Kansas river, eleven miles above Lawrence. It is considered a favorable spot. Mr. Shannon was on his way to supersede Governor Reeder in the territory. The news from Utah chiefly speaks of a visitation of Providence which has fallen on the saints. The grasshopper is a burden to them. Armies of that voracious tribe, with "Scourge of God" upon their wings as plainly as on those of the Ukraine locusts, have been destroying the vegetation of the territory—leav-

ing the year without any autumn. Brigham Young is again governor of the state, Col. Steptoe having resigned.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

Cuba having, in spite of all the efforts of the press, fallen away and sunk into silence, as a matter of revolutionary speculation, *Mexico* comes out to keep alive our interest in those Spanish-American people of the new hemisphere. The ten thousand muttering, undecided reports, statements and prophecies respecting the dictatorship of Santa Anna, have at last resulted in something distinctly comprehensible—and there is a fixed belief that having left Mexico in an English ship, he is now in Havana. The normal condition of Mexico is a condition of hurley-burley and of change, and in the beginning of August, the time for one more revolution was fully come. On the 9th, Santa Anna left the city of Mexico with 2,500 men, and marched in the direction of Vera Cruz. Two days subsequently, about 800 of his troops mutinied on the way and left him. This must have accelerated any resolution he may have formed to put a round sum of the purchase-money he lately received from the States, into his pocket, and leave the Mexicans to their own devices; for, on the 17th, he embarked at Vera Cruz for Havana. A few days after his departure from the capital, the citizens of Mexico met rather tumultuously, and adopted the Plan of Ayutla, the people in the streets, in the meanwhile, carrying out the principle of change in their own way. They liberated a great many prisoners, and attacked and wrecked several houses belonging to the friends and adherents of Santa Anna. They also stormed the offices of the *Universal* and other journals favorable to the abolished *regime*, and broke and trampled on the statue of the fugitive dictator. While these things were taking place, Alvarez, who had kept his head-quarters of rebellion so long at Acapulco, began to move toward the capital, whither also the other leaders of the revolution were bending their steps. The people of Mexico were about to inaugurate another of their wretched, blundering revolutions, and afford one more proof of their utter incapacity for self-government. Meanwhile, a prophetic indication of the future, awaiting that republic, had appeared on the Rio Grande; the people of Texas were agitating the establishment along that frontier of a more settled and desirable government than Santa Anna's. A military force was being organized in Texas for the purpose of coöperating with the Northern States of Mexico, in their attempts to rid themselves of Santa Anna, whose tariffs on the borders have greatly checked the trading intercourse by which the people of the frontiers are in the way of benefiting. This force was under the command of Captain Henry, late of the Texan Volunteers, who has issued proclamations

to the people of Texas, and also to the Mexicans. The departure of Santa Anna will alter the programme of invasion and interference; the Mexicans can probably dispense with Capt. Henry. Along with these facts comes a report that the people of the Northern States of Mexico are desirous of making themselves independent of the rest, and so severing into two parts the existing republic. This secession could only be brought about by those anxious to benefit by trade and intercourse with our people; and it is not difficult to perceive that such a change would be only another step toward a result, which, after all, is only a question of time—the recognition of the Federal Government of our Union. It would be a blessing for those distracted Mexican frontiers; and as they seem disposed to encourage immigration from these states, would seem likely to take place very soon. The calm interest with which we regard those movements in the sister republic, contrasted with our feverish eagerness about Cuba, is significant. The truth is, we are tacitly convinced Mexico must come in, and therefore do not feel in any violent hurry; while Cuba seems removed from our grasp by a coalition of European monarchies.

Nicaragua is in an interesting condition just now—armed or colonizing citizens of this Union being occupied at both ends of it, and a Spanish-American confusion of things working feebly in the central parts. Col. Walker was said to be at St. Leon, in the interest of Castillon and his party, against the legitimists; and Col. Kinney, with his colonizers, was at San Juan, or Greytown, behaving with exemplary meekness, but looking after territory. Along with all this, it is confidently stated that Marcoletta, Nicaraguan Minister at Washington, and Mr. White, agent of the Transit Company, doing business across the isthmus at Nicaragua, sent lately down from New York an officered force of fifty or sixty men with some cannons, who landed at San Juan and marched up the river of that name to Castillo, where they do military duty for the government. So that everywhere in that part of Central America, our citizens seem to have something to do. It is stated that Col. Kinney has concluded his negotiations for the purchase of the Mosquito grant of Messrs Shephard and Haly—a tract of thirty million acres, they say, with three hundred miles of sea-board—the price, half a million of dollars. About two years ago it is stated that Shephard and Haly made a cession of half their right to an American company who failed to complete the bargain, and now the grant is transferred to Col. Kinney (back). The latter had an interview with Carlos, a candidate for the presidency of Nicaragua, the condition of which at this moment is highly interesting to the statesmanship of both the new world and the old.

Costa Rica.—This liberal little state seems about to go to war with the distracted Nicaragua, some troops from the latter having followed a fugitive from justice over the frontier and taken him on Costa Rica ground. It is said Col. Kinney offers his help to the Nicaraguans, in the event of hostilities. Costa Rica is inviting foreign immigration. The constitu-

tion of the state is based on that of this country, guaranteeing complete liberty to every stranger—no taxes or contributions being levied on him, while he may acquire and dispose of real estate without forfeiting his former nationality. Liberty of conscience is allowed in religious matters—the majority of the people being Catholic. Under such circumstances, the citizens and principles of the United States will, at no distant day, possess some social influence in Costa Rica.

The *New Granadans*, not satisfied with a railway across their ground, have been turning their attention to a canal to connect the two oceans; the speculation being due to the enterprising suggestion of some of our citizens. The plan is to go up the Atrato river, fifty miles from its mouth, and thence for sixty miles more, to the Pacific without any necessity for a single lock. The Granadan government has made a liberal grant to those undertaking this water-way, and the whole route from one sea to the other has been surveyed. The maps and estimates are said to be very encouraging, and North American speculators are preparing to carry out so grand an idea. This canal would be one of the greatest achievements of the age.

We have had some difficulties with the *Peruvians* and the Dutch. Capt. Adams, of the Americanship *John Cummings*, killed a mutinous sailor at the Chincha Islands in February last, and on his arrival at Lima, was there arrested by the authorities. Mr. Clay, our Consul, interfered and took Adams into his own house for protection, at the same time sending for the U. S. Frigate Independence, Commodore Mervin. The latter arriving from Callao, had the American ship brought out from the spot where she had been laid by the Peruvians. Meantime a court was held in the city, and Adams put on his trial, he himself being absent. He was found guilty. But Commodore Mervin, insisting on the liberation of Adams, the authorities were intimidated, and the prisoner departed in command of his vessel.

Another difficulty occurred at *Curaçoa*, belonging to the Dutch. Mr. Young, the American Consul at Curaçoa, interfered for some American sailors abused by a Dutch skipper, and the result was a dispute with the magistrates, who threatened to put the consul into prison. Curaçoa is an island lying off the coast of Venezuela, about 40 miles long and about 8 or 10 broad.

THE OLD WORLD.

The progress of the struggle in the Crimea, accompanied as it always is by an incessant cannonading and frequent assaults and skirmishes, has been latterly marked by a conflict which must be regarded as a pitched battle. It has been called the battle of the Tchernaya. Liprandi, on the 16th of August, directed a powerful force of over 40,000 men on the French and Sardinian position, above the Tchernaya. The result, after a struggle of three hours, was the retreat of the Russians, who it is said left about 4,000 prisoners to the French. The loss of the latter has not been clearly stated. The allies were still

lending their efforts in the direction of the Malakoff Tower which commands Sebastopol and the shipping. Meantime, General Canrobert went back to France. The English forces remained under the orders of General Simpson. The Allies are fearful of the part Austria may play, and have prepared an agreement that neither of them shall make any separate peace with the Czar. The allied fleet in the Baltic bombarded Sweaborg on the 9th and 10th of August, burned the arsenals and stores, and damaged the fortifications. But they did not attempt to land any troops. It does not seem that the strength of the fortress was impaired; while the show of success implied in burning the houses and stores would appear to have been effected as some means of meeting the expectations of the people of England and France. Sweaborg is a cluster of fortified island rocks guarding the entrance to the harbor of Helsingfors, and is considered to have a garrison of 10,000 men. It is called the Gibraltar of the North. The rocks and the country all round the harbor are planted with cannon. The English emphatically term it "a nasty place to get into," which is very true, even after the bombardment.

The English Parliament was prorogued on 14th August to 23d October, and on 17th, Queen Victoria and her consort steamed over to France by way of Boulogne, to pay their promised visit to the emperor of the French. The latter having seen that the *fête* Napoleon, of the 15th of August, was celebrated in Paris with illuminations, free theatres, charities distributed, and 2,000 prison sentences commuted, proceeded to Boulogne, where he met his visitors on 18th with a splendid show of hospitality—exhibiting one more astonishing evidence of the mutability of

human fortune. In that town of Boulogne, a few short years ago, that very emperor was seen scampering pell-mell through the streets, shouting for his uncle, with his hat on the point of a sword, and the rabble and the officers of the town tearing, hot-foot, after him to make him a prisoner! In that little town they thrust him into a guard-house, laughing all the time! Queen Victoria remained his guest for a week and then went back. The Archbishop of Canterbury could not preach to her a more emphatic sermon on the uncertainties of life, than that festive reception may have done on the banks of the Seine.

Denmark, in view of the American threats to pass the Sound and pay no more dues, has been applying to the Emperor of France for advice and assistance.

The *Pope of Rome* had set his face against the English project of recruiting a legion in his dominions, and the King of *Naples* leans so much to Russia that England and France have been warning him.

With regard to the resolution of Russia, a Russian newspaper seems to express it in the words, "We may now look for great events and horrifying recitals."

About 150 bales of American cotton, going from Antwerp toward Russia, were opened at Aix and found to hold a quantity of concealed revolvers—intended by some of our people for the Czar. As the thing was made public, the King of Prussia was obliged to confiscate them.

When the allied fleet went to Petropaulousky, last July, they found the place deserted. Having demolished the forts and public buildings, they came away in the direction of San Francisco.

Review of New Books.

Maud, and other Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Post Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

The principal poem in this volume will disappoint those lovers of Tennyson who are accustomed to prize his works for their daintiness and melody of expression. It is at times harsh and hard in style, morbid in sentiment, and discontented in tone. It lacks the sensuousness, the harmony, the satisfying completeness and rounded grace, so characteristic of Tennyson in his ordinary poetic moods. In writing it he seems to have been in what our Yankees call a "cantankerous" state, compounded of self-disgust and disgust with society. But it is still a poem of genius and power, and is, perhaps, all the more striking from its eccentric deviations from the Tennysonian ideal of poetry. The story is nothing, or next to nothing, considered as a plot, being formed of the commonest materials. The value of the few incidents comes from their being the occasion for the expression of thoughts, sentiments, passions, charac-

ter. The verse varies with the changing moods of the hero. He is introduced as a young misanthrope, disappointed and indignant, railing against the world in lines as rugged as those of Chapman's Homer. The stages of his passion for Maud are indicated by a series of poems, which grow more harmonious as his nature becomes harmonized by love. The pieces, commencing "I have led her home, my love, my only friend," and "Come into the garden, Maud," have the exquisite melody of ecstatic feeling and imagination. Then succeeds disappointment, remorse and madness, all of which are painted with a fine adaptation of the rhythm to the mood. The concluding piece returns to the fierce, defiant spirit, and rugged verse of the commencement. The hero, recovering from madness, launches out into savage denunciations of the vices of peace, glorifies war, and expresses his determination to join the crusade against the lying Russians. We hardly know whether the author intends some of the sentiments of the poem as expressions of his own bitter feelings,

or simply as utterances of an imagined character, whose misery and misanthropy make them artistically appropriate, however morally false.

Of the other poems in the volume, "The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," are already well known. "The Brook" is a beautiful, tender and simple idyl. "The Daisy," and the verses "To the Rev. F. D. Maurice," are excellent. "The Letters" flash with electric passion. A few lines on "Will" complete the volume. As a whole, the book will not probably satisfy the admirers of Tennyson; but though it may not add to his fame, it will by no means detract from it. If not equal to "In Memoriam," or even "The Princess," the principal poem still exhibits an intensity of passion and rugged manliness of tone, the possession of which is not implied in the author's previous poems.

Japan as it Was and Is. By Richard Hildreth, Author of "History of the United States," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Hildreth, with his accustomed laboriousness of research, has given in this volume the result of much reading, study and thought, and has produced the most complete work on Japan yet published. Adopting the historic method, he presents the country and inhabitants as seen by successive travelers and voyagers, from Pinto to Commodore Perry. In this way he contrives that his readers shall see Japan from every point of view, and a raciness is given to much of the information by conveying it in the expressive language of the early voyagers themselves. A good map of Japan is contained in the volume.

Bits of Blarney. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. New York: Redfield 1 vol. 12mo.

The title of this volume is a key to its contents. It is a series of Irish stories, legends and sketches, written by an Irishman, and full of Irish raciness and fun. Dr. Mackenzie is well known as the editor of the "O'Doherty Papers," "Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar," and other works which Redfield has published. Among the articles in this volume, are two on Irish statesmen, Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell. These are as full of interesting information, as the other articles are of humor.

The British Poets. Shelley and George Herbert. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 4 vols. 16mo.

The last issues of Little & Brown's elegant edition of the British Poets, are devoted to Shelley and Herbert; the former in three volumes, the latter in one. Mrs. Shelley's carefully edited edition of her husband's works, containing all his poems chronologically arranged, with admirable notes and introductions, forms the basis of the American edition. The life of Shelley is by James Russell Lowell. This is the only good edition of the poet which has been issued in the United States. The type is large, the paper white, and the general mechanical execution equal to the English edition, while the price is only

one third. Compared with Byron, Moore, Scott, Campbell, it cannot be said that Shelley is a popular poet, but his warmest and most earnest admirers are on this side of the Atlantic, and he is fast growing into popularity. The moral intensity of his spirit, the delicacy and depth of his sentiment, the quickness, force, refinement, fertility and dazzling glow of his imagination, and the wide reaching yet subtle sympathies of his philanthropy, have made him, in spite of the crystal clearness and purity of his style, a poet for poets rather than for ordinary readers. People, at first, find it difficult to follow the windings of his thinking, and become perplexed amid the flash and throng of his splendid imaginations; but as the eye becomes accustomed to his dazzling manner, the difficulty and perplexity vanish, and high enjoyment begins.

Herbert, "holy George Herbert," one of the most poetic of divines and most divine of poets, is a favorite with all thoughtful and devotional spirits. The singular depth, refinement and quaint beauty of his religious meditations, make his poems worthy of continual study, and his readers always love and revere as well as admire him. His works stimulate spiritual curiosity, evoke religious sentiment, awaken religious reflection, and enrich the heart and imagination with new life as well as novel thoughts.

Oakfield; or Fellowship in the East. By W. D. Arnold, Lieut. Fifty-eighth Regiment. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

We should know by the courage, earnestness, and reforming spirit, impressed on every page of this novel, that the name on the title page referred to a son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. There is a relationship both of blood and mind between the two, which is apparent to the least critical reader of "Oakfield." In the form of a story, which is not without exciting scenes and attractive characters, the author pictures the English in India, from a new point of view. Though in discussing and portraying practical affairs he evinces some of the rawness and virtuous intolerance of youth, his representation is in the main accurate, and cannot fail to produce good effects. Many persons will be surprised at the statements in the book regarding the morals and manners of the officers of many regiments in the Indian army; and as English officers are wont to pride themselves especially on being gentlemen, it is not surprising that Lieut. Arnold's exhibition of so many of them in the character of bullies, blackguards, and drunkards, should have roused their ire, and sent the book through two editions. The special value of the work, apart from its picture of British society in India, consists in the fact that its hero attempts to carry out in practical life the principles and sentiments of religion; and the obstacles to such an undertaking, presented by the conventionally good as well as the conventionally bad, are described with uncommon force and acuteness. The scenes of the duel and the court-martial, are grand examples of the hero's true heroism. We think the volume must delight all thoughtful readers.

A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith. By his daughter, Lady Holland. With a selection from his Letters. Edited by Mrs. Austin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Few biographies, which have been issued during the last half century, are more stimulating and delightful than this of Sydney Smith. The excellence of the book comes rather from the character of the man than the merit of its execution. Lady Holland, by merely gossiping about the life of her father, without any attempt at a formal narrative, has produced a work which can be read and re-read with continual pleasure. It is as full of characteristic anecdotes and brilliant sayings as might have been expected from the subject, and it is full also of incidents which declare the genial and noble disposition of the man. Those who have considered Sydney Smith simply as a wit and humorist, will rise from this Memoir with the impression that his vast powers of ridicule were wielded always in the service of social and political reform, and that it was as a thoroughly honest man that he is most to be esteemed. The letters, which Mrs. Austin has carefully edited, are full of pith, nerve, sense, observation, and humor, and are in every respect worthy expressions of his beautiful and brilliant mind.

Land, Labor, and Gold: or Two Years in Victoria. With Visits to Sydney and Van Dieman's Land. By William Howitt. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols. 16mo.

William Howitt went to Australia for the purpose of making money; but, as might have been expected from an author, he made a book instead. The gold would not come to him, but thoughts did; and, accordingly, we have here the most vivid, the most accurate, the most valuable, and the most entertaining work on the subject, that has yet been written. It describes life, scenery, manners, customs, character, modes of conveyance, "diggings," so perfectly, that one need not go to Australia if he merely desires to know about it. He can have a realizing sense and experience of all its advantages and discomforts by simply following the steps and looking through the eyes of Mr. Howitt. Those who have read the author's previous works, need not be told of his crabbed independence of character; and this quality is exhibited in his present volumes more than ever. The British system of colonial government, and many of the officials of Australia, are criticised with equal sagacity and courage; and some persons, from whom in his plain clothes he received insults, will find themselves unpleasingly prominent in the book. So clearly is everything represented, that, in reading the work, we are made as familiar with a country thousands of miles off, as we are with New York or Boston. We do not wonder at its popularity, both in England and the United States.

Speeches and Addresses. By Henry W. Hilliard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This handsome octavo, which, in form and general mechanical execution, resembles a volume of Bancroft or Prescott, and excels in elegance the volumes in which the speeches of Webster and Calhoun are collected, contains the Congressional Speeches of Mr. Hilliard, from 1846 to 1851, and some additional addresses on miscellaneous topics. Without any decided vigor, originality or grasp of thought, they are far above the average political speeches of the time, in the spirit by which they are animated, and the feelings they address. They have none of the ferocity of sectional and partisan warfare, and in style and temper are worthy of respect. To Mr. Hilliard's personal friends and constituents the volume must be very acceptable, but they present no striking peculiarities to enforce attention from the public. The great speeches of Webster and Calhoun are *events* as well as orations; they are read because they are portions of history, as well as master-pieces of statement and reasoning; and they are collected in a permanent form because they obtained, as separately published, a wide and splendid fame.

Habits and Men. With Remnants of Record, touching the Makers of Both. By Dr. Doran, Author of "Table Traits," &c. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a volume of entertaining literary and antiquarian gossip on topics connected with character, disposition, and dress—full of shrewd, bright sayings and pleasant anecdotes, and written in a style of much careless felicity. The chapters on the Stage, "Wigs and their Wearers," "Hats," "Beards," "Swords," "Stockings," "The Tiring Bowers of Queens," "Beaux," and "Touching Tailors," are replete with information and with humor. The biographical notices of the tailors—heroic, martial, naval, antiquarian, official, poetical, and theatrical—are especially delightful.

Letters to the Right Rev. John Hughes, Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. Revised and Enlarged. By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of these letters belongs to the Protestant Church Militant, or rather Church Pugilistic. The spirit of controversy is in his blood and bones, no less than his tongue. He is bold, vigorous, uncompromising; he is master of a style so simple, direct and strong, that everybody can comprehend it; and he goes into a theological shindy with such evident heartiness and delight, that he drags his readers in by the inspiration of his example. The book will of course be especially interesting to those who agree with the author's opinions and share his prejudices.

Fashion.

Nor quite winter yet, but very, very near. Our autumn leaves have changed from their summer hue, but they have not fallen yet nor will they, but getting day by day more brilliant as they feel the approach of the frosts of gaunt winter, which will destroy them, they will have reached the very climax of gorgeous magnificence when at last they fall. Fashion, at least this year, has followed nature, and for its fair disciples, has produced unusually rich and magnificent hues and tissues.

In the summer fashions taste appeared to take its inspirations from the reign of Louis XV., with its Pompadour tints of delicate azure and blue, and its sentimental ashes of roses; but the autumn fashions have gone back to the deep shades and heavy textures of the sombre reign of Louis XIII., when Anne of Austria's magnificent tastes could never find silks rich enough, guipures heavy enough, or cambrics fine enough, to satisfy them. The wide-spreading skirt, the trimmings en quille, all come from the costume of that court (the courts then alone set and followed the fashions); even the head-dresses, with double puffs and ringlets, are taken from pictures of that day.

So that, in fact, with a little modernizing, fashion goes back century by century, up the stream of time, turning over the leaves of history, Arab fashion, as it searches for hints to guide its decrees. But to our task.

DRESSES, AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Dresses are made with innumerable flounces, or with one very deep one, or with none at all—so that really fashion suits every taste.

Chiné silks, dark glacé silks, moire antiques, are the principal material. We have from Lyons silks made of such a width that it takes but two breadths to each skirt—these silks are the greatest novelties of the season, for interwoven in them are wreaths in velvet of a different color from the silk, and forming very broad stripes all round. For these dresses no basques have been prepared, but high, plain waists are worn, the wreath on the skirt being woven in a smaller pattern so as to meet fan-like on the bosom. The sleeves are made open from the shoulder to the wrist (the small wreath of velvet forming a border on each side), and they are then closed at equal distances by bows of velvet ribbon to match the color of the wreath.

With flounced dresses, basques are not so much worn as they have been; dresses with tight waists high to the throat, have supplied their places. Some of these are made with points behind and in front; others are made to be worn with long, broad sashes. A green glacé silk dress from Camille's (dressmaker to Victoria) had five flounces, on each flounce was a black moire antique ribbon, No. 12; this ribbon was edged on each side by a quilling of narrow black blonde, put on very full. The waist was made high

to the throat and quite plain; but bretelles of black moire antique ribbon, edged with deep black blonde, formed the trimming of this dress. The sleeves over which the epaulette of the bretelle fell, were tight to below the elbow, when they widened into a deep frill trimmed to match the flounces. A black lace scarf, and a dark straw bonnet ornamented with purple grapes and black velvet, were destined to complete this toilette, in simple and perfect taste.

Another novelty, is a dress of dark blue silk with two skirts. The upper skirt is trimmed all round with two rows of lace. The lace goes up each side en quille, forming four rows of lace, which are divided by bows of dark blue satin ribbon from the hip to the edge of the upper skirt. A high waist with bretelles of black lace lined with green, and sleeves open, like those described above, are closed with black lace and bows.

We have heavy silks sent to us from France with the deep fringe intended to trim the flounces woven in the stuff. These dresses are made with basques, and the silk trimming is so disposed as to fall round the waist and from the elbow to the wrist.

Moire antique dresses, which in plain colors as well as in very broad stripes are to be the dresses in best taste of the season, are all made without flounces. With these, basquine waists will be universally worn, but there is a change in them. They are made much longer, some of them are trimmed with black lace of about half a yard deep reaching to the knees. A narrower lace heads this one, and then many a rich embroidery in jet on the silk, terminates the whole.

We have seen some mousseline de laines imported for the fall from France. We do not doubt their French origin, but unless Parisian taste has imbibed some of the taste from its Eastern allies, we doubt much whether any of these fabrics will be worn by any one in Paris. Such wonderful combination of color, such marvelous designs, such grotesque flowers and figures, we have never yet seen. We cannot advise how to choose or how to apply such fabrics; to us they only appear fit for dressing-gowns or table-covers.

Moire antiques have come over to us in stripes of three quarters width each, the dark shade being in the centre of the stripe and diverging off into the very palest tint till it fades into white. These dresses are, of course, only intended for evening wear, and, therefore, are out of place as yet with us, for our evening parties have not as yet commenced.

Plain colors, says our Paris reporter, are much worn—green, dark blue and mode colors; chestnut brown, with scarlet and crimson. The empress, who is considered the best dressed woman in her empire, is especially fond of lilac. Her dress, at one of her visits to the Exhibition, is thus described:

She wore a lilac glacé silk dress, chiné, with white

at the edge of the three flounces, forming the trimming of this dress, was a broad white moire antique ribbon. A mantilla of white silk had a heavy white and lilac fringe of three-quarters deep. Her Leghorn bonnet was trimmed with a light plume of peacock's feathers, fastened with a moire antique bow. These feathers, of which the ends only are taken, produce a most magical effect, and are one of the novelties of the season, as yet only worn by the empress.

SHAWLS, LACES, AND MANTILLAS.

China crape shawls, beautiful as they are, appear to have wearied the fashionable world. But the texture has been converted into mantillas, perfectly appropriate to the season. We have mantillas made of puffings of China crape, between two wide bands of velvet, headed by small gimps in jet, finished with heavy fringes, in which silk and jet are intermingled. We have moire antique mantillas, of much larger form, somewhat in the shape of a shawl, though fitting tightly at the shoulders, made of moire antique, on which rows of lace are placed as trimming, and over each lace flounce there falls a light jet fringe. Black is the universal color for mantillas. There is a beautiful trimming called moet trimming, made in silk, which is also an autumn novelty. In this moet fringe, made in all colors, a small jet bead is placed, imitating drops of dew. White barège shawls, lined with thin marceline silk, and trimmed with white guipure lace, are much worn for Fall dress. Opera and theatre cloaks will take the form of shawls, rather than of talmas, as formerly.

It is important to all who frequent theatres or concerts, that they should provide themselves with an especial *wrap* for these occasions. First, it generally forms the whole of the toilet in this country, whence evening dress is abolished from public places, and then it saves the street mantilla of silk or velvet from the dust and the stains it would risk contracting, and also from all discoloration. White is the best color of such garments, as it allows of the bonnet being changed to any shade. White merinos, with an embroidery in silk braid, or in floss silk, with a lining of white silk, or white silk mantillas, with roses of swansdown, are pretty and appropriate. We have seen one prepared for Rachel's representations, of white moire antique, lined with white plush, and trimmed with a heavy fringe of white jet, which was

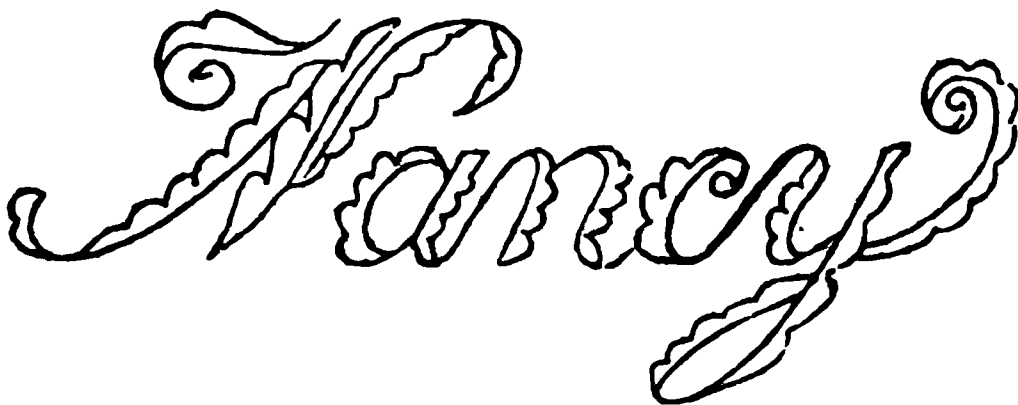
of magical effect, though, of course, of extraordinary richness.

Black lace has also undergone a new invention, so as to fit it for autumn and winter. Round all the flowers of the pattern, in the guipure designs of lace, a narrow velvet is sown, marking out the pattern, and giving a heavy appearance to the lace. Such is the mania for the mixture of black velvet with everything, that even white lace is marked out in this way. The looms of Lyons can scarce suffice for the immense demand—and small velvets (Tom Thumb velvets, as they are called) are, in proportion, dearer than the wider ones.

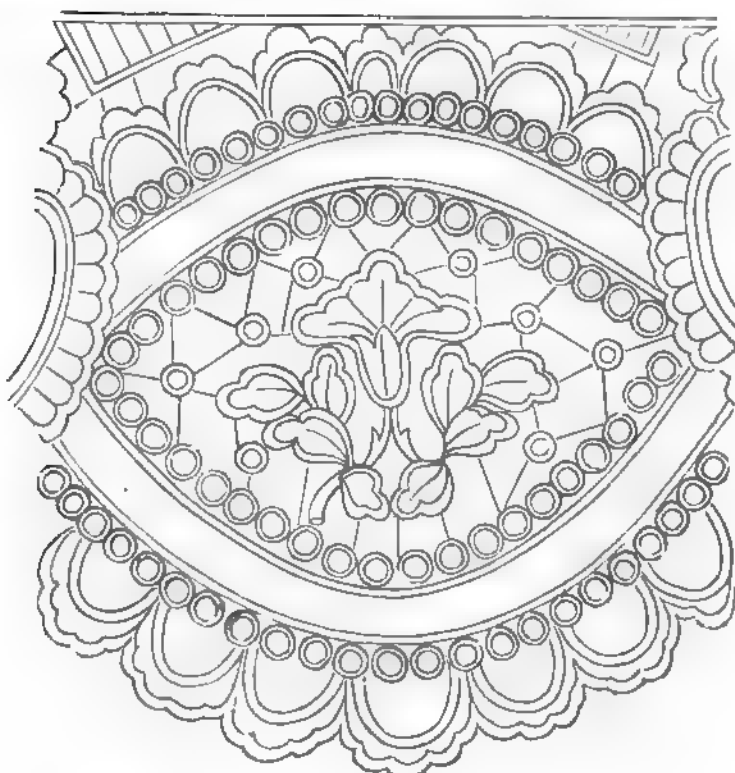
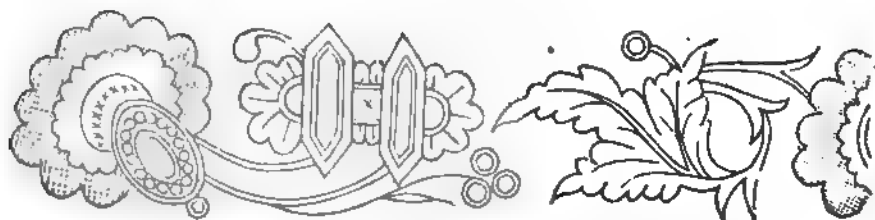
GLOVES AND BONNETS.

A novelty in gloves has made its appearance, and yet not altogether a novelty, but an improvement. The mousquetaire gloves are now universally worn; or riding gloves, as we universally call them here, are made with velvet gauntlets—plain or richly embroidered, as in the magnificent days of three centuries ago. The hard thick patent-leather, of which these gauntlets used to be made, is no longer used. These gloves are buttoned with three buttons, held together by a little chain. There is great luxury displayed in these buttons, which are beautifully enameled and set in gold, or in marchaline; oxidized silver, twined into forms worthy of Cellini, are also now the last fashion, both for sleeve, as well as for polka buttons.

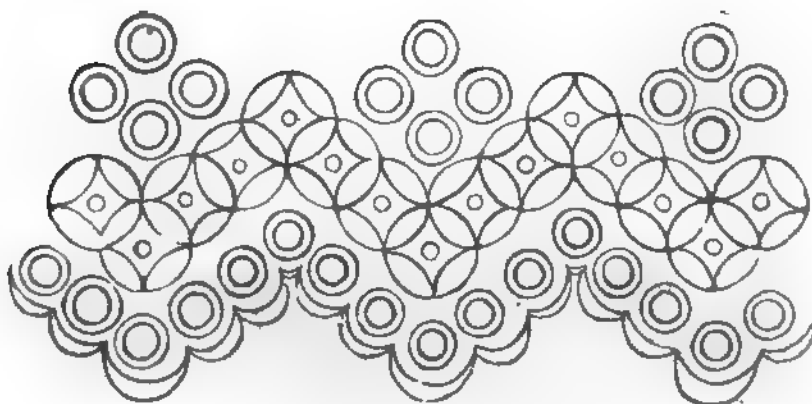
Bonnets are all now made in dark crape, mixed with velvet. Brown is a favorite color, mixed with bright flowers and the never-changing black velvet. Almost all bonnets are worn with light voilettes of the color of the bonnet, attached to the edge. These voilettes or veils are composed of tulle, some embroidered in straw, some in jet, but the newest style consists in plain tulle, with several quillings of very narrow gauze ribbon of the same color. When thrown over the bonnet, this combination of ruches produces a charming effect. The most opposite combinations are to be found in the autumn bonnets; straw and velvet are to be worn all winter, and crape and velvet will even be tolerated side by side. Short bunches of ostrich feathers are to be worn on each side of the bonnet, and one or two are often used as inside trimmings, and when very short, mingling with the blonde facings, they are very becoming.



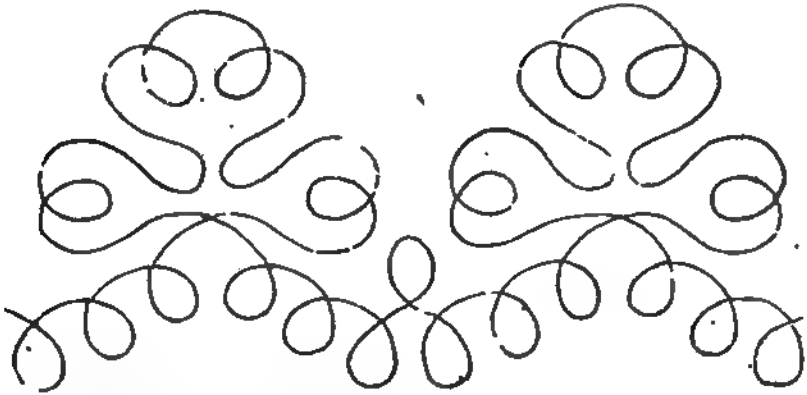
This name can be done in chain-stitch, and will then be very quickly worked.



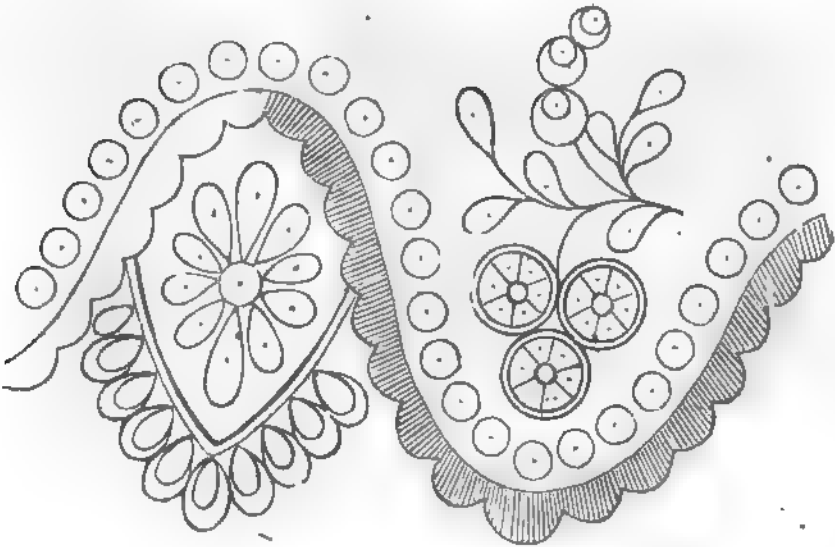
An elaborate and beautiful design for an undersleeve, and the insertion band to match.



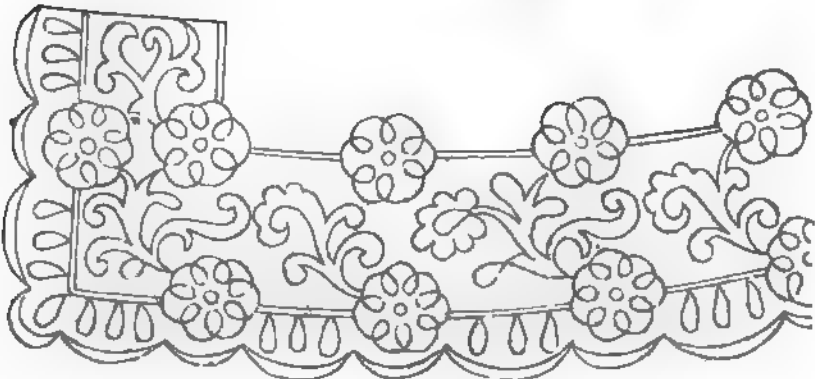
For children's drawers or undershirt.



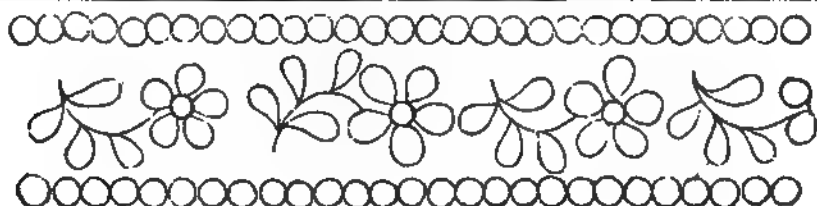
Design for braiding. This forms a very pretty design for the frilling and the bottom of the sleeves of a white muslin polka, for evening wear, being then braided in narrow Jenny Lind braid. This design is also applicable to cloth or merino.



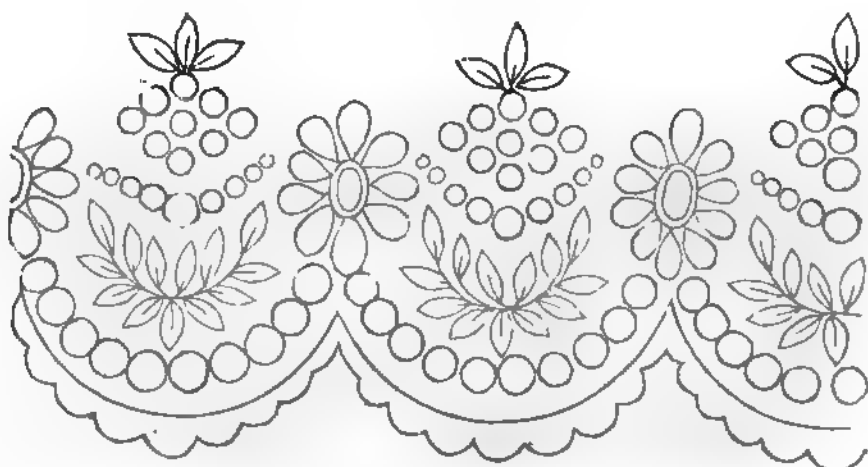
Design for frilling or underskirt.



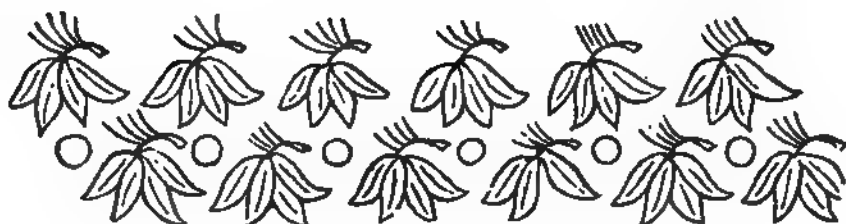
Collar intended to be trimmed with a broad Maltese lace under the scallops



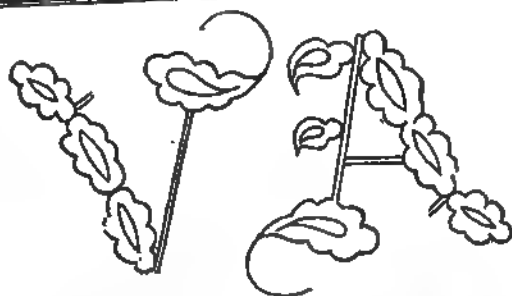
Insertion for undersleeves—worked on nainsook. A very effective and quickly worked design.



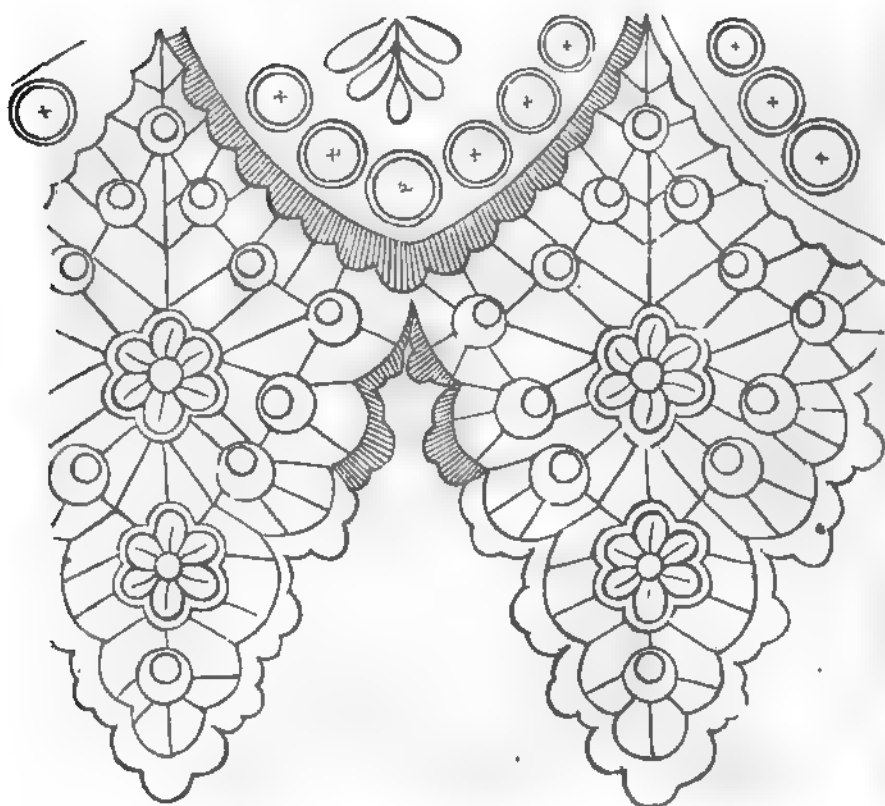
The trimming to match



Design for the bottom of a child's robe.



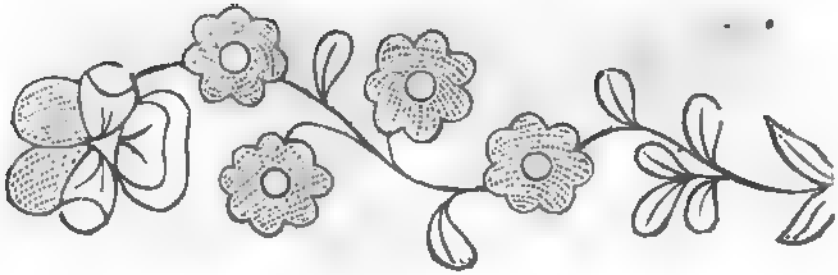
Initial—satin stitch, and open work.



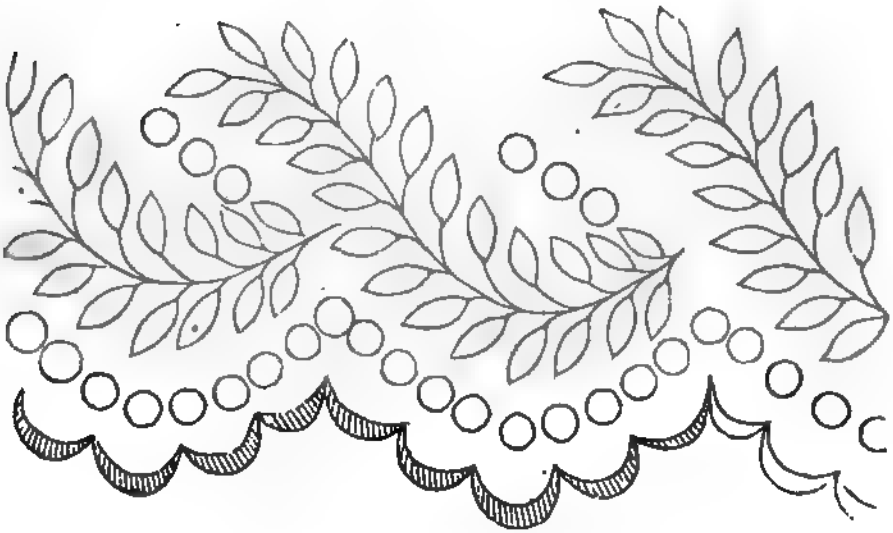
Undersleeve on Swiss muslin.



Embossion between two tucks for child's robe.



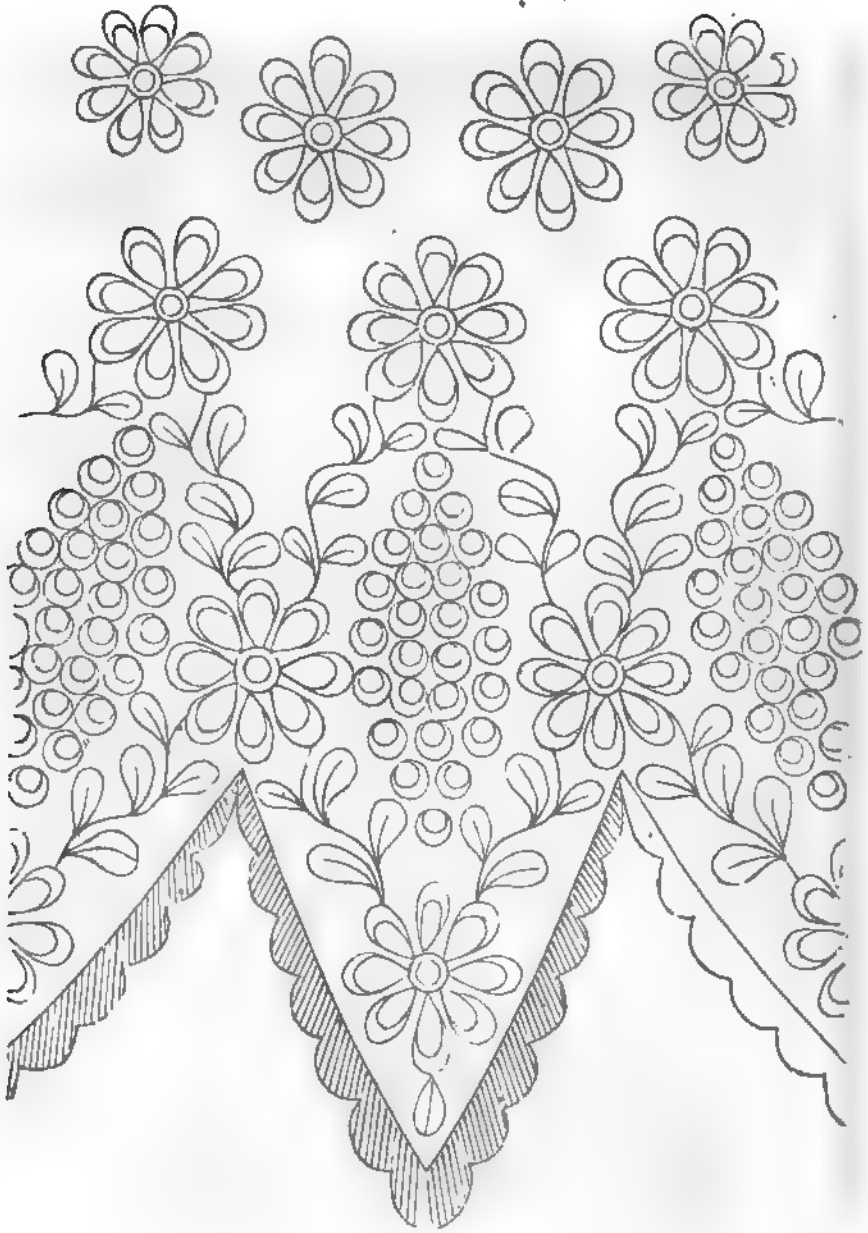
Design to be worked in silk on a mantilla.



Rich design for an undershirt—to be worked in coarse cotton, No. 8 or 6, according to the texture of the shirt.



Corner of handkerchief—the initials to be inserted



Design for another underskirt.

OUR FASHION PLATE.

Blue glacé silk dress, with the moss fringe terminating the flounces and heading the top. Black moiré antique polka, made en bretelle—the skirt of the basquine trimmed with a black lace, three quarters in depth.

White bonnet, trimmed with short white ostrich feathers.

2d. figure. Dress of gray silk, trimmed with three flounces, ornamented with violet velvet; bretelles of the same, on the waist—which is made high, and has a deep frill round it. Undersleeves and collar of Honiton; cap composed of several rows of narrow Maltese lace, with rosettes of narrow inch wide scarlet velvet.

A LITTLE ABOUT DOLLS AND PLAYTHINGS.

There is one fashion which has never changed; one amusement which has never varied—that is, the fashion of having dolls. We see them in old pictures of solemn young Spanish princesses of the twelfth century; great painters have not disdained in leaving us the portraits of the heiress of the Valois, Stuarts, and Bourbons, to give us the semblance of what was but a semblance, at best, and have drawn the favorite doll, as well as the little heroine of future story herself. Our grandmothers had dolls—we ourselves can recall the very expression of defunct dolls of our own, whose blue and black eyes have long since been knocked out—and our children stand by our side, fashioning for their own dolls the very latest decrees of "Graham." But dolls are no longer what they used to be—the race has improved—has been civilized—has been educated.

The Universal Exhibition in Paris has revealed a race of dolls, for which we confess we were scarcely prepared, and to whom, while acknowledging its superiority, we, the mother, extend but a very reserved welcome—but to whom our daughters will open wide their nursery doors.

Fancy, oh, ye mothers, and especially ye fathers, deafened by the din of your—children, (number ad libitum)—fancy what modern science has invented—walking, talking, sitting down and rising up dolls. Dolls which hold conversations—not your wretched crying babies with their unearthly squeak, but actual dialogue, replying like the Irishman's echo, "Very well, I thank you," to "How do you do?" Of course, they are privately wound up, but the mechanism is not apparent. These young ladies cost one hundred dollars, including a most splendid toilette, in the very latest mode. *Moire antique* is not spared, nor guipure, nor jewelry, nor even embroidered pocket handkerchiefs, artificial flowers and marabout plumes.

Now we would like to venture a few observations upon dolls, or rather upon the dresses in which they usually appear.

Gaudily dressed in gay colors, in dresses such as form the envy of grown up ladies, the girls to whom they are given, have ever before them this model of tawdry finery—their tastes are formed from these models. When they set about constructing new dresses for their magnificent children, dressed even finer than themselves, they choose the gaudiest colors and make toilettes like the one which, in their ideas, is the *no plus ultra* of elegance and perfection. And so their taste for dress is formed—from very infancy, finery and flummery are inculcated—whereas, the innate taste for dolls inherent to incipient mothers might be put to great use.*

We would present with a doll a dress such as the child itself ought to wear, and in it should be every kind of fine sewing and embroidery, such as, desiring to imitate, the child would thus learn. Or we would make the doll passion a practical illustration of a geographical lesson; dressing the dolls in the costumes of various countries. We have seen a whole

set in the costumes of the various Swiss cantons, and very beautiful they were; and the child for whom they were intended, upon seeing the Swiss costumes, immediately inquired about the costumes of other countries, and in succession, dressed with its own little fingers the whole European costumes.

There is no necessity, however, to buy the hundred dollar young ladies which, as mechanical productions, are very wonderful, and attract crowds of children of all nations at the Paris Exhibition.

A HEROINE.

In former times, when however there were no woman's rights, women had a soul above muslin, though they did not distinguish themselves by intellectual superiority, they invaded the attributes of the male sex by heroic deeds of actual valor and glory. Many of these deeds are almost unknown, and the military fame of the sex has rested on a very few heroines, such as the Maid of Orleans, Jeanne Hachette, and two or three others. In the chronicles of other days, there are, however, records of a most romantic nature; amongst others, is the history of a young girl of sixteen, who lived in the year 1692, in the province of Dauphiné, in France. Her name was Phillis, she was the daughter of the Marquis de la Charre.

The Duke of Savoy, having attacked the province in which she lived, the inhabitants became panic-struck, and allowed the enemy to take their towns and villages without resistance. Phillis, exasperated at this, rushed to her palfrey, and followed by two or three faithful squires, she rallied the people, placed herself at their head, and taking the command, cut down the bridges and surrounded the passes, so that the enemy was effectually repulsed.

Louis XIV., effeminate and absorbed in luxury as he was, knew how to appreciate heroic actions, he gave Mlle. de la Charre the pension of a general officer, and caused her sword and her coat-of-arms to be suspended in the Cathedral of St. Denis, amongst the heroes of France.

Phillis de la Charre died at Nyons, in 1703, and a simple stone marks the spot where she lies buried in the cemetery of that city. The inscription on the stone does not record the heroic deeds of her youth, but states that she was a dutiful and faithful wife; and that her sorrowing children erected this stone to her memory. So that after all, she was a true woman, and found that the true happiness of woman was not in being brilliant or conspicuous, but in home and in the affections of the heart.

The law of dress is, that where you want the eye of the spectator to rest, (for we all dress for show,) you should concentrate your decoration, leaving the parts of the apparel to which you do not want attention called, as plain and negative as possible—not ugly, as some people, in an affection of plainness do, (for you have no right to offend the eye of your fellow-man with anything which is ugly,) but simply negative.

"I'LL WEEP WITH THEE."

WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE.—MUSIC BY AUGUSTE MIGNON.

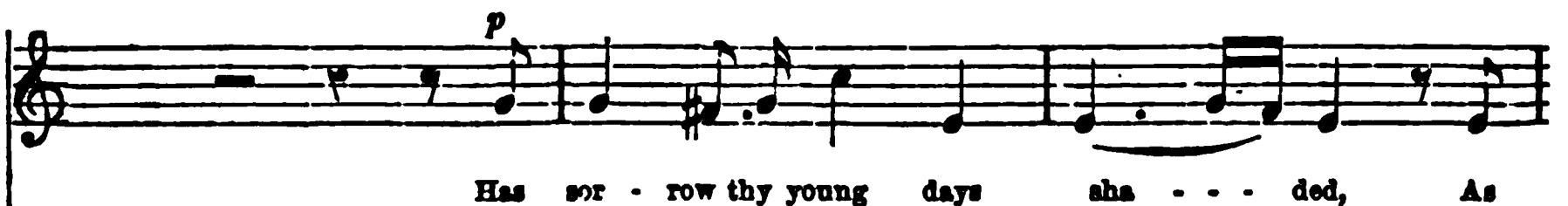
Published by permission of LEE and WALKER, MUSIC DEALERS, PHILADELPHIA.

Con espressione.

PIANO.



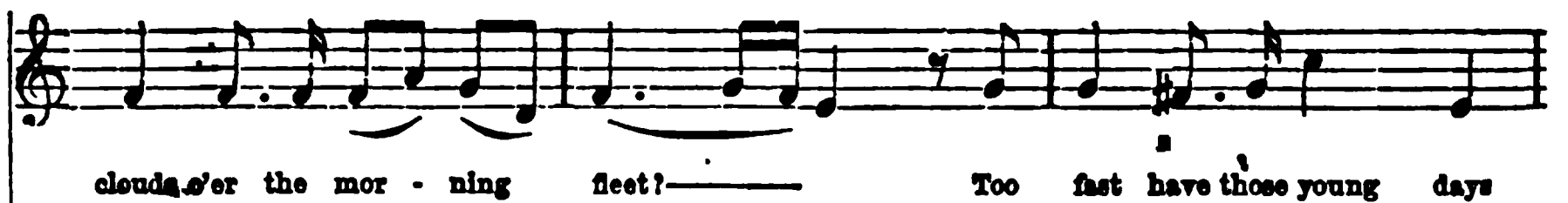
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a more active melody. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*.



Has sor - row thy young days sha - - - ded, As



The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a more active melody in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp*.



clouds o'er the mor - ning fleet? — Too fast have those young days



The piano accompaniment continues with a series of chords in the right hand and a more active melody in the left hand.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

fa - - - - ded, That, e - - ven in sor - row, were sweet? Does

ritard: Tempo.

Time with her cold wing with - - - er Each feel - ing that once was

ritard:

ten dear Then child of mis - for - tune, come hith - er, I'll

Tempo.

weep with thee, tear for tear.

ritard: pp

If thus the young hours have fled,
When Sorrow herself looks bright,
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light,

If thus too the cold world wither
Each feeling that once was dear,—
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear

Extra Leaves.

We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. B. Franklin Palmer, which appears on our cover. He is the manufacturer of one of the best Artificial Legs in use; one, too, which has obtained favor not only in America, but in Europe. At the great World's Exhibition of 1851, a medal was bestowed upon Mr. Palmer, and he was personally complimented by the Marquis of Anglesea, and other eminent noblemen. These fearful times of war and railroad mishaps, bring with them a large call upon Mr. P.'s peculiar art.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Madame Parodi, assisted by Maurice Strakosch, and Madame Patti Strakosch, his wife, has lately given concerts in our city, with good success. She is a superb looking woman, and a fine actress, but as a concertist, we think she is not so successful as many others we could name. Mr. Strakosch performs on the piano with taste and skill, but he is surpassed by Gotschalk and Meyer, as well as by many others who have visited us. Comparisons are "odorous," and we dismiss Madame Parodi's company with the single expression of a wish that they may soon visit us again.

We call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Lee & Walker, who are successors of the old house of Willig.

Mr. Walker is himself both a performer on the piano and a composer. He played us not long since, most exquisitely, a famous Nocturne of Leopold de Meyer's, as well as a composition of his own, called "Musings by the Sea Shore," which, in poetical conception and artistic arrangement, equals the best things of the kind we have ever heard. Mr. Walker will publish this work shortly, and it will be issued with a very handsome engraved title-page.

The new Academy of Music is progressing finely. Another instalment was called in during the first of last month, which we hear was promptly paid. The building will be one of the most splendid in the country. When completed, the lyric drama will be deemed as established in Philadelphia, at least during a portion of the year. It is expected that a school for instruction in vocal music will be attached to the enterprise, after the fashion of the Conservatoire of Paris.

LITERARY NOTES.—Among the new publications announced as forthcoming in our city, are the following:—

From Parry & McMillan—The Christmas Wreath. By Ella Rodman. Containing Choice Stories for Youth. Beautifully Illustrated. 1 vol. 16mo.—The Poor Vicar, and other Tales. From the German. By Rev. W. H. Furness. 1 vol. 12mo.—The Poets and Poetry of America. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. A new edition, brought down to the present time, with very many additions and improvements. Illustrated by ten portraits on steel.

From H. Hooker—A Plain Commentary on the Four Holy Gospels. St. Matthew and St. Mark comprising the first volume. 8vo.—The Episcopate: Its History, Duties, etc. 1 vol. 12mo. By Hugh Davey Evans, LL. D.—Questions on the Gospels, Epistles, Collects of the Church's Year, with their Connections. By the Rev. Wm. Croswell Dane, A. M.

FRY'S STORE.—We have frequently been inclined to say something of the very neat and elegant store of Mr. Wm. T. Fry, No. 128 Arch street, because we have thought it a subject in which our lady readers especially were interested. They are the patrons, or largely the patrons of such an establishment, and we suspect they are always waited on in such a manner by the proprietor and his good lady, as to insure them unqualified favor. Mr. Fry came to our city from London some five or six years ago, and brought with him the highest reputation as a manufacturer of fancy and toilet goods: such as Dressing-Cases, Writing-Desks, Jewel-Boxes, Porte-Monnaies, Pocket-Books, and kindred articles. He had won this reputation by years of successful labor in England, and he has well sustained it since he established himself in Philadelphia. His displays at the various Fairs of the country have been honored with medals and diplomas, and he has now a perfect cabinet of them to exhibit. We noticed at his beautiful store, not long since, some exquisite fancy fans for ladies; there were also exhibited to us hundreds of other delicate conceits, midst which, fair woman is eminently at home. Ladies should visit Fry, both strangers and citizens. He sells, we may add, both at wholesale and retail. When we last called on him he was expecting an entirely new stock of beautiful articles from London, Paris and Vienna, a son having visited England and the continent for the purpose of selecting them. By the time these pages reach our readers, these beautiful goods will have arrived.

O. W. HENDERSON,
W. C. COMFORT,

F. E. BALDWIN,
H. B. BROWN.

We have remittances from each of the above named parties, but cannot find their addresses upon our books. They will, therefore, confer a favor by informing us to what post office their magazines are now sent, that we may be enabled to credit their accounts.

We have received from L. N. Rosenthal, an elegant lithograph, measuring 21½ by 27½ inches, representing the Grand Lodge Room in the new Masonic Hall of this city. As a work of art it is highly creditable to designer and publisher; and to the Masonic Society of the state of Pennsylvania, through whose munificence the finest Masonic Temple in the world has been erected, it is particularly valuable.

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The following choice pieces just published.

PIANO SONGS:

"Trees of the Forest," companion to the celebrated song of the "Shells of the Ocean,"	- 25	Maiden of the Sunny Clime. Beautifully Illustrated,	- - - - - 35
What will you do, Love? By S. Lover,	- 25	Pop Goes the Question. Comic,	- - - 25
Lilly May. Song and Chorus. By Frey,	- 25	My Annie, Dear. Wormaloff,	- - - 25
Over the Summer Sea. By Verdi,	- - 25		

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Partant Pour la Syrie." French Patriotic Song. Arranged as a Fantasia. Vogler,	- 50	Maiden's Dream. Waltz. L. Wallis,	- - 25
Florentine Waltzes. By F. Bargmüller,	- 35	De Soto Schottisch,	- - - 25

Particular attention is directed to the following collection: BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, Sacred Melodies, arranged for the Piano, in the best style of art, by the celebrated composer, C. Grobe. These pieces are having an immense sale, owing to their great popularity. They should be on the Piano of every lady in the country.

No. 1. Charity.	No. 28. Triumphant Zion.
2. Evening Song to the Virgin.	29. Hark, Ten Thousand voices Cry.
3. Wings of a Dove.	30. Sound the Loud Timbrel.
4. Come, ye Disconsolate.	31. The Heavens are Telling.
5. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.	32. Antioch.
6. Jerusalem, my Happy Home.	33. Changes of the Bell.
7. Vesper Hymn.	34. With Verdure Clad.
8. I would not Live Alway.	35. Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame.
9. Strike the Cymbal.	36. Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre.
10. Peace, troubled soul!	37. Prayer from the Freischutz.
11. Far, far o'er Hill and Dell.	38. Air from Joseph and his Brethren.
12. Fading, still Fading.	39. Airs from Mozart's 12th Mass.
13. Messenger Bird.	40. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.
14. Widow of Nain.	41. Eve's Lamentation.
15. Adeste Fideles.	42. Wareham.
16. There's nothing True but Heaven.	43. Whitsunday.
17. Sicilian Hymn.	44. The Marvelous Work.
18. Pleyel's German Hymn.	45. Ruth and Naomi.
19. Pilgrim Fathers.	46. Indiana.
20. Prayer from Zampa.	47. Grateful Notes.
21. Prayer from Moses.	48. Saxony. †
22. Prayer from Tancred.	49. Angel Ever Bright and Fair.
23. Faith.	50. Hinton.
24. Hope.	51. I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.
25. Watchman, Tell us of the Night.	52. The Family Bible—by Wilson.
26. List to the Convent Bells.	53. Consider the Lilies.
27. Our Lord is Risen from the Dead.	

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THE TRINITY, 1911.





GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 5.



THE BLOCKADE OF THE PALM TREE.

THE city of Belfast, in Ireland, is peopled with wit at Paris. On arriving at Belfast, I was learned men—science walks the streets there, as struck with the general physiognomy of the

passers-by; every countenance resembled a geometrical figure, as at Paris, the whole walking-world resembles a vaudeville at the Gymnase, Varietes, or the Palais Royal.

M. Adamson, one of those innumerable savants, who keep to the right on the sidewalks of Belfast, was very rich, though learned; and yet he was not happy. Every morning when he arose, he addressed to himself this question, "Why did not the traveler Bruce discover the peninsula of Meroe?" M. Adamson studied the map of Bruce, from the Mountains of the Moon to Hermopyolis, without finding there that peninsula, which the voracious Herodotus saw with his own eyes, as plainly as I see you.

This anxiety preyed deeply on the grave Irishman.

One day he provided himself with a pair of Dublin hose, and embarked for Egypt, crossing St. George's and the British Channel, France and the Mediterranean. He did not condescend to observe anything on his way, being absorbed by the peninsula of Bruce.

He reached the Nile, passed the Pyramids without a salutation, which however produced no sensation on those stoical monuments; and, after a sojourn of a few hours at Cairo, pursued his journey to the ruins of Karnac.

He glanced, with negligent eye, over the august Colossus of Memnon, the Crypts of Osimandias, the Obelisks of Luxor, and all the marvels of the Thebaide. Still ascending the Nile, he saw Latopolis, Elethya, Apollinopolis, Ombos, and Syene, now disfigured by the barbarous name of Assouan. The ruins of these ancient cities were not honored by a single pause of admiration; this was humiliating for the Egypt of Sesostris!

One day, the heat was so intense at noon, a thing very natural under the tropics, that the learned Adamson suffered himself to be enticed by the coolness of the Nile, and resolved, for the first time in his scientific life, to take a bath in the sacred river.

He looked around him with minute attention, and discovered no living being. The desert deserved its name. There was not in sight even a statue of Isis, Ibis, Anubis, or Serapis. The Nile was flowing on in religious silence, and bathing on its left bank superb and nameless ruins which ascend, by chains of rocks, to the ancient Elephantine. Adamson, reassured by the solitude and the absence of policemen, plunged into the living waters of the Nile, after having carefully arranged his garments and boots on the barren shore.

The savant thanked Nature, the kind mother,

who had thus placed so cool a river amid sands so burning; he enjoyed this luxury of bathing, unknown to science, and suddenly remembering his first exercises as a swimmer on the beach of Kingstown, left the shore and swam into deep water.

As he was playing among the waves like a fresh-water Triton, he heard a menacing breath, and saw at a little distance, and on the surface of the water, a green mouth, adorned with leonine teeth, and two flaming eyes.

The savant immediately recollected, but too late, a fable, which commences thus—"The dogs of Egypt always drink as they run beside the Nile, for fear of the crocodiles."

"Oh, wisdom of the dogs!" exclaimed he, as he made, with his hands and feet, the greatest efforts to attain a little sandy island, the terror of boats, the salvation of swimmers.

This was, in fact, a crocodile of the largest species; a colossal and amphibious lizard, more ferocious than the tiger of Bengal, or the lion of Mount Atlas. It swam after the savant, who, though meagre because of study, yet presented an inviting morsel to the appetite of a fasting crocodile.

Adamson fortunately reached the little island, with the crocodile at his heels; he even thought he felt a warm breath on his feet, a temperature frightful amid a cold bath. This breath quickened his speed. He touched the land; but, at the moment he was about to give himself up to his joy, he remembered that the crocodile is amphibious; and perceiving a fragile palm tree isolated on a rock, he clasped the stem and climbed to the summit, with the agility of a squirrel.

He stationed himself as securely as possible on the part of the tree where the branches and leaves spread out, ascending, descending, crossing each other, according to the caprices of their independent vegetation, and having assured a solid basis for his feet, looked at the Nile.

His eyes closed with terror for a moment—the crocodile emerged from the water, shaking his shell of shining scales, and marched, like a fish transformed into a quadruped, toward the root of the palm tree.

The savant immediately sought in his memory all that had been written of crocodiles, by Pliny and Saavers, and thought it had been mentioned by these naturalists that these animals climb palm trees.

Suddenly he experienced a new shudder of terror, as he remembered an article which he had inserted in the Belfast Review, and in which

he had himself declared that crocodiles climb trees like cats. He would gladly have thrown this article into the fire, but it was too late, all Belfast had read it, it had been translated into Arabic, and no Oriental author had yet refuted it, not even at Crocodilopolis. The ferocious amphibian reached the foot of the tree, and manifested a lively joy on discovering the swimmer through the openings among the leaves; he made a few tours and detours, looked again, then stopped, as if to convert the siege into a blockade, in the absolute impossibility of taking the place by assault.

Here let us render homage to true science. Adamson, notwithstanding the preoccupation of the moment, experienced a lively fit of just sorrow; he recognized that his article had contained an error in Natural History, but he resolved not to correct it, even should he escape by a miracle this peril. The article had been written with conviction; it demonstrated that crocodiles climb palm trees; a fact adopted by science. It was impossible to retract this, even in escaping from a crocodile, which had been unable to scale a palm tree of the Nile. A savant must be immovable in his convictions.

The position of the crocodile assumed an alarming character. The blockade existed in all its strategical evidence. Science thus acquired

a new fact—crocodiles do not climb, they blockade. A subject for a new article, which, without contradicting the former, would give a new stratagem in proof of the intelligence of these animals.

Extended at his immeasurable length, the crocodile braved the sun like a lizard, and manifested no impatience; he awaited the descent of the savant, and the wriggling of his tail announced his joy at the thought of this inevitable feast.

On his side, the savant studied the habits of the monster, and began to tremble like a victim suspended to the lips of a lion.

The hours of blockades are two hundred and forty minutes long, but they pass away as well as other hours; swift time often walks with crutches, but it always walks and never stops. The sun set as it did the evening before; night fell, after a very brief twilight, and its last ray showed to the last glance of the blockaded savant, the crocodile, in its horizontal and hopeless immobility.

As he sought among his reminiscences to find a similitude, a consolation, or a hope, Adamson remembered his countryman, Robinson Crusoe, a native of York, who passed a night on a tree, after his shipwreck, as a precautionary measure. The tree of this illustrious solitary was probably a palm tree; the domicile was therefore possible,

though hard. Robinson himself acknowledges that he slept. Besides, we often find, in English inns, beds as hard as the summit of a palm tree; salutary reflections which softened the pains of the unfortunate savant of Belfast.

Adamson slept little during this long night; he had several short but moving dreams; he dreamed that he was seated before the academicians of Belfast, reading to them an article to demonstrate that the crocodile is like the sphynx, a fabulous animal. At the end of this dream, he thought he felt on his face a shower of crocodile tears; he suddenly awoke, and had nearly fallen from the top of the palm tree upon the tail of his sleeping guardian.

This rendered him more circumspect; he did violence to slumber, and held his eyelids open with his fingers to prevent them from closing. What will not one do to preserve life?

At sunrise, Adamson saw with despair that nothing was changed in the state of the blockade. Only the crocodile no longer occupied the same ground as the



ADAMSON'S DREAM.

evening before; during the night the hungry monster had spread successful snares for the innocent fishes descending from the white Nile, and had refreshed himself with a midnight meal. The shore of the little island was covered with bones, and this was a very sad spectacle for the savant, "for," said he, "if this monster thus finds means to satiate himself every night, the blockade will never end, and I shall fall, from inanition, into the mouth of this voracious enemy."

This reasoning was not wanting in correctness, and provoked an insurrection of the hairs on the head of the savant.

The stomach, a machine independent of the mind, and which has inexorable exigencies, demanded two repasts for the poor Adamson, the morning and evening one. The murmurs of hunger reached the ears of Adamson, and it seemed difficult to appease it.

Two savants, at finding themselves in such circumstances, would have had various reminiscences of the histories of sieges or famines; the strongest might have devoured the weakest, to preserve a brother to science. But Adamson was alone, and saw with just terror, famine combining with the blockade, like that at Genoa, under Massena.

Among other things of which he was ignorant, this savant did not know that palm trees produce fruit, called dates, delicious, exquisite fruit, on which the Arabs have lived very well since the days of Adam, the first colonist of Arabia. Now a ray of the rising sun, gliding among the massive leaves, revealed to the hungry glance of the savant large clusters of dates.

At Belfast, Adamson breakfasted on a slice of beef and two slices of York ham, seasoned with porter; it was now necessary to lay aside these pleasant gastronomic habits and content himself with providential vegetables, the manna of the desert.

A strange thought assailed him after breakfast; he recalled a commentary on the Egyptian book of *Sethos*, in which another savant has proved that crocodiles are the natural avengers of all the outrages committed in Egypt by the barbarians. That appears reasonable, thought he; for, if the crocodiles do not serve to avenge outrages, of what use are these horrible animals? His conscience reproached him for all the irreverences of which he had been guilty in crossing Egypt without saluting the pyramidal shades of the Pharaohs and the colosses of the divine Osimandias. There remained to him the resource of great criminals at the point of death; he re-

pented and made a vow, if he escaped the avenging crocodile, to kiss the toe-nails of the Statue of Memnon, which sings a cavatina at sunrise.

A vow made gives some tranquillity to the mind. He looked at the monster as if to ascertain whether the vow had produced any effect upon his scales. The monster was still on the watch, and seemed not to have heard it.

A burning thirst devoured the breast of the savant, another misfortune of the blockade. Dates make one thirsty. How should he drink? The unfortunate Tantalus saw beneath his feet a large river, and was dying of thirst. The Nile murmured ironically; it contented itself with refreshing the air, and did not give a drop of water to the parched lip of the unfortunate blockaded. On comparing himself with his countryman, Robinson Crusoe, he concluded that all the advantage of position was in favor of the latter. In fact, Robinson passed a night on a tree, but he descended the next day; he killed parrots, and made of them fricassees; he drank fresh water and rum; he walked under an umbrella; he built a shelter; he encountered no crocodile, and discovered a Friday. "Happy Robinson!" said the savant, in a low voice; "happy islander! at once king and subject; and this ingrate dared to complain! I should like to see him in my place on this palm tree!"

One is forced to acknowledge that the complaints of Robinson are insults to Providence. But is Adamson more reasonable when he accuses his countryman? Alas! no. This man, perched on a palm tree, did not know that on this very day, at this very hour, the unfortunate French savant, Adolphe Petit, was devoured by a crocodile, before the ruins of Ombos! Men should indeed cease to complain of their fate.

At this moment light vapors covered the sun, and Adamson experienced an emotion of joy; he relied upon a good rain, and had already prepared the hollows of his hands to have an hydraulic orgie with the dew of heaven. His joy was brief. He remembered this disheartening inscription: *Limite delle piogge—limits of rains*—which the courageous Italian traveler, Rossignol, the friend of Belzoni, has engraven on his map of the Nile. The palm tree of Adamson was fatally placed in the latitude which leadens the sky and never moistens it.

To quench his thirst in imagination, he recited a passage from the Jerusalem, where Tasso describes the crusaders drinking by casquesfull a miraculous rain, after the long rigors of a sky of brass. These verses made his mouth water, though pronounced in English-Italian.

The crocodile seemed to divine the sufferings of the Tantalus of Belfast; he swallowed deep draughts of the Nile, casting oblique and sly looks at the palm tree. The jests of monsters are intolerable. Adamson was revolted by them, which imparted new irritation to his thirst.

He cast his eyes over the Nile, with the hope of discovering a *djerme*, and of uttering a cry of distress to the navigators; but this hope is illusory in these dangerous parts, situated, as Bruce says, *above the rapids*. Solitude preserved its death-like silence; only blackish ruins could be perceived, on which were perching some ibises, immovable as admiration points.

The thoughts of the savant involuntarily returned to Robinson Crusoe. "This islander," said he, "was very wrong to murmur at a misfortune which appears to me so fortunate; but my countryman had the best of it. He was born an inventor. He made for himself bread, an umbrella, a costume, and even a pipe. Privation rendered him ingenious. Upon this palm tree, Robinson would have found water. Let us see, how would he have obtained it?"

He reflected a long time to invent something after the fashion of Robinson, and the interior fire of thought parched his tongue still more; while the Nile flowed on before him with its sweet and majestic wave.

Oh, necessity, mother of invention! thou wilt never abandon the disciples of Robinson!

The savant clapped his hands, as if applauding himself; he had discovered a hydraulic process. What a trifle may give joy to poor humanity! Here is a man perched on a palm tree, devoted to the mouth of a crocodile, and who finds the secret of rejoicing, because he has invented an equivocal method of giving to his lips a few drops of the brackish waters of the Nile!

Adamson, proud to rival his countryman, immediately set himself about the work; he tore off several very long branches, and tied them together by means of filaments detached from the stem, and rolled between his teeth and lips. This done, he awaited the moment when the crocodile was taking a little walk, and gently dropped his suction pump on the banks of the river, where it drank much water with its spongy leaves, floating at the extremity. This vegetable rope was afterward withdrawn with much caution, and two calcined lips, precipitating themselves on the last leaves, imbibed fresh water. Never did gourmand at Parisian feast taste more voluptuously a cup filled by the scarlet Nalad which flows before Bordeaux. Our savant laughed with happiness like a school-boy; and, having

nothing better to do, renewed the experiment and gave himself up without measure to all the excesses of intemperance, to pay his lungs for long arrears of thirst. Tantalus had not invented this.

Adamson laughed especially at the idea of mystifying his crocodile, who richly deserved such a trick.

Reassured on the two principal wants of life, Adamson remembered that he had been chilly during the damp hours of the last night; the entire absence of costume, however favorable during the tropical heats of the day, was not so at midnight. This said or thought, Adamson gathered in his aerial alcove a quantity of enormous leaves, and seating himself cross-legged, like a tailor, fashioned a vegetable coat, which, without being of the latest fashion, had a primitive character picturesque enough. Two leaves sufficed for a night-cap, which was not wanting in a certain elegance, and was far preferable to our hats.

The author of all these ingenious inventions manifested his satisfaction by clasping himself in his arms; he was lodged, clothed, fed, and his thirst quenched at the expense of nature. All happiness is relative. Adamson esteemed himself very happy, and, as regards expedients, looked at Robinson Crusoe disdainfully from the top of his palm tree.

As he was indolently reflecting on his good fortune, he perceived the crocodile at the foot of the tree, and the monster appeared to be agitated by an evil thought. The savant was not mistaken.

The crocodile had reflected on his side. Unable to take the palm tree either by assault or by blockade, he had recourse to sapping and mining. The enormous teeth of the monster set themselves to the work, and gnawed at the root of the tree with ferocious eagerness. The crocodile seemed to be thinking thus: "It is time to put an end to this!" and Adamson heard, shuddering, the cracking of a monstrous jaw upon the base of his dwelling.

The disposition of the molar and incisor teeth is such, with crocodiles, that they cannot injure the trunk of a palm tree; these monsters gnaw only at the side; they graze the surface, but cannot dig. Wise nature has thus made palm trees a shelter for unfortunates pursued by crocodiles. The savant was also ignorant of this organic peculiarity, and the maxillary powerlessness of the scaly sapper. Pliny and Saavers mention this reassuring fact; but these two naturalists could not at this moment be consulted on the chapter of crocodiles. Adamson cast his eye

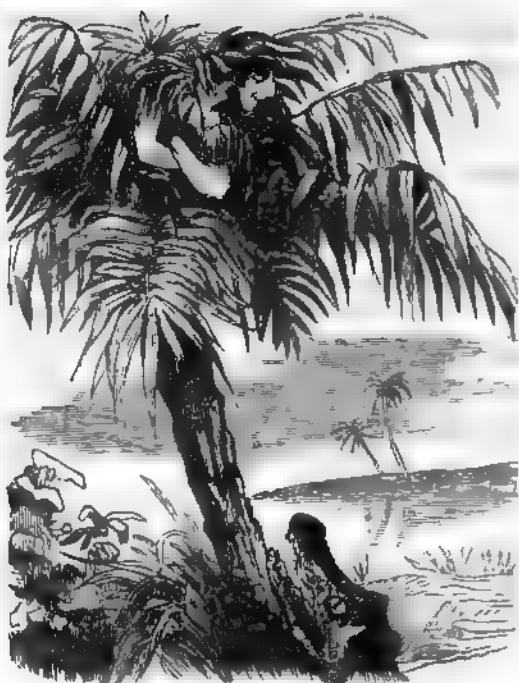
upon the operations beneath; but placed too high to appreciate the danger, he expected to see the tree fall at every moment, and his hair stood up under his turban of leaves, at the idea of being launched into the mouth of the monster, and buried without an epitaph.

The crocodile labored thus several hours at the sapping, and a certain discouragement was manifested in his jaw; he then had recourse to another expedient, that of beating down the palm tree with his tail of bronze. The tree stood firm, but its motions were not very consoling to the savant; it quivered as from an earthquake, and its leafy roof was agitated with convulsive tremors. At intervals, a bunch of dates detached itself from a branch and fell upon the scales of the crocodile, and the monster redoubled his fury, like a besieger who receives a projectile launched from the ramparts. This fall of dates also afforded Adamson another subject of terror: what would become of him if all his store of edibles should thus diminish by degrees.

No man ever experienced such anguish as our savant, after having convinced himself that life was not worth defending at such a price, resolved to precipitate himself from the top of his roof, to find repose in death. Full of this desperate idea, he stood upon the summit of the trunk, put aside the branches which might have impeded his fall, and advancing one foot—did not jump. An honorable thought restrained him; Adamson had no family, no wife, children or nephews; he ought, therefore, carefully to preserve himself on the earth, as the sole representative of the Adamsons. Man is always ingenious when driving a bargain with despair. If he has a family, he wishes to live for them; if he is isolated on the earth, he wishes to live to be of service to himself, and not to die entirely. *Non omnis moriar*, says the Latin poet.

Adamson was very grateful, after having taken this heroic resolution; he even thought himself cowardly for having for an instant entertained the thought of serving as food for the voracious appetite of an amphibious animal; this duty fulfilled, he sat down again on his vegetable arm-chair, and took the most minute precautions to save himself from falling.

Ah! who shall ever fathom the human heart, and especially the heart of savants? Can it be believed? our solitary of the palm tree recovered from his first terror, found a singular amusement



PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

in the spectacle of this crocodile attacking the trunk of a tree, strongly rooted to the rock of a reef. The undulations, so alarming at first, gave him the pleasure of a swing; he smiled with a paternal air at the unavailing efforts of the monster, and addressed to him epithets of contempt.

The strong accent which accompanied these insults irritated the monster, who replied by a clashing of scales, harmonious enough to the ear of the Belfast savant.

Decidedly the palm tree was immovable, Adamson triumphed. He recalled the chapter of Seneca on the manner of building the edifice of one's happiness in every situation of life, and resolved to build his own.

He anticipated a happy future. What would be wanting? he would have a fine climate, a frugal but healthy nourishment, a charming solitude, water in profusion; he even hoped some day to arrest some pigeons from Ethiopia on their passage, and roast them in the sun. As for his pleasures, he would have at his feet a marvelous river, mysterious ruins, an amusing crocodile, everything necessary to pass away the hours agreeably. Besides, he might, at his leisure, prepare some manuscripts on the ancient geography of the countries which unrolled before him to the Emerald mountains and the mountains

of Ajas, immense solitudes where stand the ruins of the temples of Jupiter and of Apollo, between Berenice and Nechesia.

Refreshed by these novel ideas, he thought seriously of arranging his dwelling in a more comfortable manner. He divided it into three distinct rooms, separated by partitions of leaves; he passed thus from one room to another, to take a healthful exercise and taste the pleasures of proprietorship. His study contained several reams of palm leaves on which he might write, as on vellum, with the aid of a stylet of bark. His dining-room abounded in fresh or dried dates, which rained into his mouth. The suction pump, brought to perfection, had also its special corner. He regretted but one thing; a pair of gloves. Happiness is never complete.

Day succeeded day, pure and serene; at each dawn, Adamson listened and heard the cavatina of the Colossus of Memnon: he had, therefore, every morning an opera. Afterwards, he amused himself in looking at the crocodile, and, when he was pleased with it, threw it some decayed dates, which the monster swallowed voraciously, making the grave Adamson laugh. Between his two repasts, he gave himself up to study and meditation; he opened the library of his memory, and reading Herodotus, visited with him the labyrinth or the shores of Lake Moeris, or Arsinoe, the province of roses. Another time, he accompanied the Emperor Adrian on the banks of the Nile, to his villa of Antinous. When a profound thought illumined his brain, he engraved it on papyrus, and took an extreme pleasure in reading it twenty times. In his little walks, on a horizontal branch, he loved to contemplate the distant valley of Cambyzes, and give a tear to those wise and unfortunate Egyptians, so cruelly ravaged by the imbecile and cruel Persians. Before sleeping, he studied astronomy beneath those splendid constellations, so dear to the Chaldeans and the sculptors of the Zodiac of Tentyris. No envious neighbor watched his conduct or defamed his acts; no newspaper occupied itself with him: no policeman stopped him with his wand; he was free as the air of his room, and laughed bitterly at all the sarcasms which the misanthrope Alceste utters against mankind.

"Why did not Alceste," said he, "take refuge on a pillar or a palm tree, like Simeon or like myself? he would have been spared many anxieties and cares."

Let us leave, for an instant, our happy anchorite on his palm tree, and descend on the left bank of the Nile, where a new incident in this

history is about to be revealed by the misfortune of Adamson.

M. Darlingle, a learned English botanist, was seeking yellow lotuses on the desert shores of the Nile. Herodotus saw yellow lotuses, but Herodotus had the privilege of seeing things absent; and, among others, two pyramids, six hundred feet in height, in the middle of Lake Moeris. He might then indeed have seen yellow lotuses. It is true that, since his epoch, they have disappeared; which compels conscientious botanists to look for them.

M. Darlingle was, therefore, traversing the Lybian chain, searching in all the crevices suspected to conceal a lotus.

Two Arabs, armed with carbines, accompanied the savant.

There are things which startle the imagination when one encounters them in the desert. The traveler Cailland relates that he was seized with terror, on discovering the forty pyramids of the Peninsula of Meroe. Cailland was in the wrong to be astonished on this occasion. One might justly be seized with terror, if, in the middle of the desert of Sahara, he should suddenly find a pretty isolated shop with this sign: "Reading Room." Now, Darlingle was in the right when he uttered a cry of terror on the left bank of the Nile.

He had just seen two boots, the one proudly standing, the other gently reclining, as if fatigued by a long repose.

Nothing is so stupid as a pair of boots, awaiting the wearer in the passage of a hotel; but the sentiment they may inspire, on the desert shore of the Nile, is inexpressible. We utter a cry and recoil with horror. The two serpents of Mercury would awaken less terror.

We must also say that the garments, left by Adamson on the bank of the Nile had disappeared, either carried away by the current of the river, or swallowed, *en passant*, by some omnivorous crocodile. The boots alone remained standing, and a little apart, on a pedestal of rocks.

You will comprehend now, the legitimate terror of the English botanist.

He thought, at first, that these two forms were a freak of nature, and a double asperity of the Libyan rock; but, on approaching, he recognized the authenticity of the leather, and recoiled with fear, as if in the presence of a spectre who had left nothing to be seen but his boots.

The two faithful Arabs, natives of Ombos, had never seen boots in their lives; they were frightened at the terror of the botanist, and bravely

fired on the two leather trunks, which fell pierced with four balls. This execution could not reassure the mind of Darlingle; nevertheless he appreciated the good will of the Arabs, and thanked them by an expressive gesture.

The botanist returned to the contemplation of the two boots, and, in their new position, they appeared still more strange, in the midst of a desert.

On the summit of his palm tree, Adamson heard the firing of the Arabs, and started; the sound of fire-arms always announces, among savages, the presence of a civilized man.

He left his sleeping-room, entered the vestibule, put aside some leaves which veiled the direction of the east, and saw three men standing on the bank of the Nile.

His first thought was a short malediction, uttered against the importunate persons who came to disturb him in his solitude and his meditation; but afterwards human weakness prevailed, he resolved to make signals of distress to these three human beings.

He cut off a long branch of the palm tree, stripped it of its leaves to the extremity, exclusively, and waved it beneath the tree, like a Chinese instrument, while with the other hand he threw into the Nile bunches of dates, the only projectiles he had at his disposal.

The botanist, environed by that silence known to aeronauts only, turned at the light noise of the stream, rippled by a shower of dates, and, this time, experienced a surprise greater than the first. The apparition of the boots was forgotten: he saw a palm tree waving an enormous feather, in the absence of any breeze, and this discovery, after the first moment of surprise, caused him infinite joy. He would have given all the yellow lotuses for this phenomenal palm tree.

Opening his note-book, Darlingle hastened to register this discovery and wrote thus:

We find in Upper Egypt a species of palm tree which has the properties of the aloes, with this difference, that the aloes, after having launched its stem to a distance of twenty feet above the ground, remains immovable, while the palm-tree of Upper Egypt agitates vertically its upper stem, with sur-



THE APPARITION OF THE BOOTS.

prising regularity of motion. We have given to this tree the name of the Darlingle palm.

This written, the botanist drew the palm-tree and showed it to the Arabs, having, for the moment, no other public. These children of the desert, with their lynx eyes, had just discovered a human form among the dense foliage of the island palm, and their gestures pointed it out to the botanist, who, absorbed by the good fortune of his discovery, and the beauty of his design, did not comprehend the signs of the Arabs, and thought only of the sensation which would be produced in the learned world by the Darlingle palm.

The two Arabs still persisted; so Darlingle, notwithstanding his desire to be occupied only with himself, was at last forced to look in the direction of their indicating fingers. The pantomime of the Arabs was as intelligible as speech. "Look," said they, "look at that little island; you will see a human creature on the palm tree, he is in peril, he makes signals, and we must succor him immediately."

Darlingle took his little spy-glass, shrugging his shoulders with the air of a man who makes a polite concession, and looked carefully at the

palm tree. A third surprise in the same hour, the last absorbing all the others. He had distinctly seen a face, and even an English face, appear between two leaves, and a hand which shook a branch stripped and surmounted by a tuft. He laid aside his glass with sadness, read his article again, looked at his design, and after having reflected, like Brutus, to know whether he should destroy his two children or suffer them to live—decided upon the latter. “No matter,” said he, “what is written is written; I will not retract a word of it. Besides, since the alocs exist, the Daringle palm might have existed, if Nature had recognized its utility; I recognize its utility and will maintain it.”

This resolution taken, the three men held a council; the matter in question was to find a barque and succor this traveler in distress; one of the Arabs offered a suggestion, which was adopted. They started for Assouan, distant several miles in the desert; and, after two burning hours and a rapid race through the sand-heaps, they reached this village, which was a city in the times of Herodotus. M. Daringle showed the first fisherman a piece of gold and a barque—a pantomime always comprehended. They launched the barque; and the botanist, pointing out the direction to the mariner, said proudly as if he could have comprehended him:

“The island of the Daringle palm!”

The indicating finger would have sufficed. They descended the Nile.

The island of the Daringle palm was soon signalled on the horizon, and in proportion as they approached, the lynx-eyed Arabs manifested some uneasiness, and exchanged signs of intelligence. After a quarter of an hour, doubt was no longer permitted; they had really seen an enormous crocodile, moving around the palm tree.

They imparted their discovery to the botanist, to whom this was the fourth surprise, but who, unwilling to compromise the dignity of England in the eyes of Arabia Deserta, dissimulated his fear, which was very natural to a botanist, accustomed to hunt for flowers, and not to meddle with the amphibious monsters of the Nile.

The Arabs conversed tranquilly, like people accustomed to crocodile-hunting; they renewed their percussion caps, sought solid support for their feet, and recommended to the oarsman the greatest caution in his movements.

The crocodile saw the little barque arrive as a prey or as a peril; he prepared for defence or flight, according to the importance and the number of his aggressors. Couched on the edge of the river, immovable as a stuffed crocodile, he

kept his mouth open; to swallow, on his descent, his first enemy.

The two Arabs, great connoisseurs of the habits of this monster, stood on the prow of the barque, they made ready, uttered a simultaneous cry and fired. The balls entered the only vulnerable spot, the open mouth, and traversed the whole interior length of the animal.

The monster shook his head with comic contortions, which provoked a mad gayety in the lower rooms of the palm tree; and, vomiting waves of black blood on the sand, closed his eyes, bathed in tears, and moved no more.

Adamson readjusted his disordered vegetable toilette, looked for his gloves through habit, and finding none, descended cautiously in order not to tear his coat. The Arabs are grave, but their seriousness disappeared in a wild laugh, when they perceived the costume of Adamson. The botanist himself, reassured by the death of the crocodile, bit his lips, to spare his countryman the spectacle of English hilarity misplaced on such an occasion. The botanist and the savant shook hands, after the fashion of their country, and related their histories. Adamson requested Daringle to restrain the immoderate laughter of the three Arabs, or he would carry a complaint to the consul.

Then Daringle took off his own coat, and generously gave it to his companion. Adamson withdrew apart, made his little toilette, and buttoned it up closely. The crocodile was placed in the barque as an evidence, and Adamson put on his boots. The moment of departure was a solemn one. Since Lord Byron, the English have adopted the habit of saluting the islands or continents which they are leaving without hope of return. Adamson saluted his palm tree, and embracing it, deposited a few tears on its bark; he afterwards made a collection of all the leaves which had served him for furniture and other domestic uses. These precious relics were destined for the National Gallery at Charing Cross. In the name of the city of London, M. Daringle thanked the savant, and improved the opportunity to make a speech an hour long, on the very spot where this donation had been so generously made.

On his part, Adamson showed himself generous toward the botanist; he thanked him in the name of science, for this valuable discovery of the Daringle palm, which added one individual more to the great family of palm trees; he even promised to write, in the Belfast Review, an article which should prove that this palm tree, newly discovered by the indefatigable zeal of

Darlingie, belonged to the species of the aloes of Ceylon.

The Arabs listened and looked, with stupid astonishment, at these two Englishmen, who spoke so long, in the midst of the desert, under a sun which roasted their foreheads, and made them smoke like meat upon a griddle.

They afterwards took the land route to the village of Assouan, where Adamson found a complete Arab costume, and a hospitality worthy of the days of Abraham and of Jacob. A man who should enter a European city in the costume which Adamson wore, would be imprisoned as a vagabond, and sentenced three months afterwards.

From this moment, the savant and the botanist were united in the closest friendship. The one renounced the Peninsula of Meroe, and the other the yellow lotuses, and both resolved to seek the office of consul in some East Indian residence. They, therefore, profited by the departure of the first caravan to cross the desert and reach Cairo. Adamson remembered his vow after the danger was past, a rare thing! He kissed the sacred toe-nails of the Colossus of Osimandias, and, on perceiving the Pyramids, deigned to make them a very graceful bow. The two friends found, at the port of Alexandria, a packet-boat for Malta, and soon landed on this English island, the flower of the world, *fior del mondo*, as the Maltese say. There Darlingie and Adamson divided the labor; Adamson wrote, in the *Malta Times*, an admirable article on the intrepid traveling botanist, Darlingie, who had discovered the Darlingie palm, at the peril of his life, by killing two black reptiles of the species of the *cobra capello*. The article was illustrated with a wood-cut representing the new tree, waving its plume in the air. Darlingie, in his turn, announced to the world the adventurous expedition of M. Adamson, who had ventured above the third cataract, had corrected the errors in the map of Bruce, and killed two crocodiles, by means of electricity. These two narratives preceded the travelers to London. They were immediately summoned to Whitehall and congratulated on their discoveries. The matter did not end here. They received an annuity of five hundred pounds and a consul's commission, in two of the best residences of India. The Darlingie



ADAMSON AND DARLINGIE.

palm was added, in effigy, to the collection in the Zoological Garden, and the corpse of the crocodile, killed by electricity, suspended to the ceiling of a hall in the gallery at Charing Cross. This is the way of the world. Those who have meditated on mankind will not be surprised at the sequel of this true history. Adamson at present represents England at Chandernagor; he possesses a superb habitation on the Ganges; he numbers six elephants in his stables; he commands ten servants, has espoused a charming creole, lives in the luxury of a nabob. Well! very often, in his days of consular idleness, he regrets the pleasant life he led in his aerial apartment of the island palm tree; more still! he regrets the moving spectacle of the amphibious monster; he regrets his burning thirst, so deliciously quenched with drops of water! Ennui, that thirst of the soul, sometimes seizes him so violently that he is ready to quit his elephants, his dwelling, his wife, to revisit his palm tree and pass there a fortnight.

Such is happiness!

ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.



HIRAM POWERS.

SCULPTURE is a branch of high art. It seems to us the highest. It is ancillary to neither of the other departments of art, nor seeks evolution by aid of their expression. It is neither slave nor vassal, but holds, in fee simple, its own soul and body. It found embodiment in various crude shapes; from Eden to Hellas, and culminated in the Athenian Phidias and the Attic School, over which he presided in the golden age of Pericles, about the 80th Olympiad (B. C. 460.) In the 85th Olympiad appeared the great Corinthian Column, and from this period to the taking of Corinth by the Romans, in the third year of the 168th Olympiad, art, of which sculpture was the most considerable branch, kept her high, unclouded reign in Greece.

In the age of Nero, to which belongs the Apollo Belvidere, (discovered in the fifteenth

century, amid the ruins of his favorite villa, at Aostium,) sculpture found a few worthy votaries, but lost much of the high, broad classicism of the attic school.

Raphael and Michael Angelo are its great exponents in the sixteenth century. Canova, Thorvaldsen, Powers, and Brown in the Nineteenth. Hiram Powers and H. Kirke Brown are the two prominent American sculptors. The genius and great artistic merits of both are undisputed. The difference between such minds seems to us like that existing between two heavenly bodies of the same size, the same laws, but having entirely different attributes. For instance—Sirius and Aldebaran are stars of the first magnitude in the same hemisphere—both coming to the meridian nearly at the same time. Both great—both beautiful in their attri-

butes—both attracting the admiration of all beholders, yet totally unlike in hue, and the intensity of the light they give forth.

Powers has the advantage of priority, and of more protracted foreign studies, and is therefore nearer the meridian of his fame.

There is no artist of the age who has so wide a reputation as Powers. His name and his fame have reached the extremes of civilization. This argues conclusively to our mind the great power of sculpture as a medium of thought and feeling. What heroes and heroines of history and poetry have made themselves more distinctly heard across the dark chasms of ages, than the Olympic Jupiter; the Minerva Parthenos; the Laocoon; the Apollo Belvidere; the Venus de Medici; and the Greek Slave?

Hiram Powers was born in Woodstock, Vermont, 29th July, 1805. His parents were respectable farmers, with a family of nine children, of which Hiram was the eighth. His studies at this period were the branches taught at the district school, and drawing, for which he had a natural taste. While he was still a boy, his father, with the hope of increasing his fortune, removed to Ohio, where he died soon after his arrival.

Hiram was now thrown upon his own resources. He went to Cincinnati, where he found employment in a reading-room connected with some of the principal hotels of the city. Subsequently he found a situation with a clock maker, and took charge of the mechanical department of the business. He soon exhausted this branch of the arts, and aspired to something higher. About this time he made the acquaintance of a Prussian who was engaged upon a bust of General Jackson.

From him our artist obtained some knowledge in the art of modeling, and was soon able to produce busts in plaster of considerable merit. One of his busts made at this period, he declares his best work in that department.

Powers now felt that art was his proper vocation, and staked his all on this one cast. How fortunate was this throw of the dice, the world already knows.

For the next seven years he superintended the artistic department of the Western Museum, at Cincinnati. In 1835, he gave up this situation, and went to Washington. Here he made the busts of the most eminent men of the time, and by the aid of Mr. N. Longworth, soon embarked for Italy, for the purpose of studying the antiques, and of living in the atmosphere of art.

He arrived and settled in Florence in 1837.

For a while he devoted himself entirely to the making of busts. In due time, encouraged by the success of his heads, he undertook something more elaborate in the ideal. The subject was Eve. When the model of this statue was near its completion, Powers received a visit from the celebrated Thorwaldsen. This great sculptor expressed himself in strong terms of admiration of the busts—and the Eve.

Powers apologetically remarked that Eve was his first statue; to which Thorwaldsen replied—*"Any man might be proud of it as his last!"* On leaving the studio, he declared that he could not make such busts, and that Powers was the greatest sculptor since Michael Angelo.

Our artist's next ideal work was the Greek Slave, the most celebrated of his statues. It was modeled in 1842, and was completed in about eight months from its commencement. With the most perfect living models before him, the sculptor toiled with his chisel until *breathing*, this matchless creation stepped out from the marble block, an immortal embodiment of purity, beauty, and grace.

The Greek Slave is a nude statue, representing a female slave exposed for sale in the Turkish Bazaar.

The figure is upright, and rests the right hand upon a support, over which is thrown a modern Greek drapery. The hands are bound in chains; the head well poised, with an averted look, on the neck and chest.

The expression of the countenance is that of retiring modesty. The bosom is youthful, yet full. The modeling of every part of the body most accurate as to form, and inimitable as to texture.

Language is inadequate to express the perfect execution of this statue. The best works of the antiques in this attribute are inferior to it. The Venus de Medici sinks into insignificance before it. In the proportions of the person, the outline of the limbs, the delicate convolutions of the muscles, the absolute truth of every detail in all the complex human organism, Nature is reproduced in her most ideal beauties.

The Greek Slave was placed on exhibition at Messrs. Graves, publishers, Pall-Mall, London, in 1845, where daily the nobility and the best artists in England congregated, and stood rapt in the spell of its beauty. The London press conceded to the American sculptor the credit of having executed one of the greatest works of modern times.

In 1847, this statue was brought to America and placed on exhibition in the National Acad-

emy, Broadway, New York. Shrieks of admiration began to ring through the papers, and we repaired to the spot to see what these sudden outcries meant.

As we entered, we found ourselves in a new world, and a new atmosphere such as we had never breathed before. The Slave stood on a revolving pedestal, about four feet high. The light fell on it from the sky window. Seats were placed in front of it, into one of which we sank in a sort of trance, repeating audibly to the ear of our soul—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

A halo of beauty encircled not only the brow, but the entire figure. The breast heaved, the lips moved, the muscles breathed, and gently as the mists disappear before the sun, the cold marble mortality vanished, and it stood before us a living, thinking, speaking soul.

The history of her fallen country, her Greek home, her Greek lover, her Greek friends, her capture, her exposure in the public market place; the freezing of every drop of her young blood beneath the libidinous gaze of shameless traffickers in beauty; the breaking up of the deep waters of her heart; then, their calm settling down over its hopeless ruins, flowed noiseless into the rapt ear of our mind. Voices from a group near aroused us from our stupor, when we found we had been in this spell five hours.

Some squeamish critics objected to the nudity of the figure. There is one great truth in art that sets all criticism aside. 'Tis this:

The human form is in its nature the most perfect of all forms, and is the only one in which the passions (that are the soul of art) can be embodied. The nude human figure, therefore, is the only subject which can call forth the best faculties of the sculptor; and the only one on which he can build an immortal work.

The artist has but two sources for his themes; humanity and Pagan mythology. The strict disciples of the antique adhere to mythical subjects; but Powers boldly and nobly seeks to found in sculpture the school of humanity. He takes his subjects from the great sea of passion, which have in themselves a universal interest, and aims at embodying in them the divine spirit which has moved among men since the advent of Christ.

The supreme element in the Greek Slave, and in all Powers' works, is the human, brought into the world of art by aid of Christianity.

In the Greek Slave he has, from our point of view, fully evolved his idea, and produced con-

summated harmony between the title and his theme.

From the intensely concentrated brows; the resolved lips; the abstracted features, grief speaks in most subdued tones. Her slave-doom—her exposure in the market—no one woe predominates. She is looking into the deep, dark waters, collected into the sea of sorrow, calmly, serenely, resignedly, as only a strong and great soul can look, when beneath that frightful abyss, lies freedom, and hope, and love, and happiness.

TO THE GREEK SLAVE

We do forget thy beauty—all the grace
Of thy most perfect shape arrests us not,
Save to enhance most melancholy thought—
Thou saddest relic of thy god-like race.
Fit emblem of thy country—gyves in place
Of garlands, a mournful tenderness is wrought
Athrough thy frame, that whatsoe'er thy lot,
Shall keep thy spirit holy as thy face.
I had not looked upon thee had a line
Breathed of the myrtle goddess of thy clime;
But such a sinless, meek rebuke is thine
That thy mute purity abashes crime.
Thou art become a soul, sweet marble life,
A pleader for the good, not knowing evil strife.

There are two copies, and the original of the Greek Slave extant. One of the copies was recently distributed by the Western Art Union as one of its prizes.

The Fisher Boy is our artist's next great work. It is well known in America, and deservedly celebrated.

The statue entitled "AMERICA," is a draped female figure of semi-colossal size. It represents a woman of noble mien, crowned with a diadem of stars; one hand lifted and pointing upward, while the other rests on a bundle of rods. A sceptre lies beneath her feet, and her face is radiant with hope and trust in the future. The three ideas which the artist has attempted to evolve, are God, Union and Liberty. This statue was executed in the hope of securing for it an order from the United States Congress, but as that body saw fit to bestow its patronage on another person, Mr. Powers intends keeping it in his family, and declines all offers for its purchase.

The statue of California is an ideal figure about the size of life, representing the Genius of Gold, holding a divining rod in her left hand, and pointing with it to the earth; while in her right, behind her back, she conceals the thorns attendant upon the path of lucre. This statue is one of the most original Powers has yet produced. It embodies a universal idea. The attitude and poise of the body give it an air of lightness and

arrested motion. The face has one intent expression, a wild beauty of its own; while the long braided hair floats loosely over the shoulders.

The statue of Calhoun is among Powers' latest productions. It was shipwrecked off Fire Island in 1850, but was afterwards recovered, and sent to the city of Charleston, S. C.

Our artist is now engaged on a statue of Washington, for the state of Louisiana.

We shall now speak of his busts, ideal and real. It was in these that he laid the foundation of his reputation.

The Proserpine is the head and bust of a beautiful woman, and is one of the finest things of the kind in existence. It has been repeated about fifty times. The price per copy, \$400. Diana and Psyche are among his later ideal busts.

Diana is a cold, stately head, finished with the perfection which characterizes every thing from the artist's chisel.

The Psyche is a most exquisite embodiment of youth, beauty, and virgin purity, with a face divine. Besides these, he has made busts of Jackson, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Chief-Justice Marshall, and many others of less note.

The superiority of Powers as a skillful maker of busts, is universally acknowledged. The portraits of Apelles, a painter in the time of Alexander the Great, were said to be so near to the originals, that physiognomists of that day were able to form their prognostics upon them as accurately as on the examination of the living individuals. (The busts of Powers challenge a similar scrutiny; and may be studied like the heads of Apelles, though destitute of those indications of character which depend on changes of color. He preserves the whole individuality of his subjects, while he even imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in the smallest part, that harmonious type, composed of unity and variety, which belongs to itself.

The annexed opinion of Powers' statues, is from the pen of a distinguished Divine.

We give it to corroborate our own verdict in favor of the artist's great ability:—

"I cannot easily express the pleasure I have had in looking at these statues. I should be almost afraid to say how they impress me in comparison with other works of art. The most powerful, certainly, of all the statues in the world, is the Apollo di Belvidere. That is grandeur. If we descend a step lower, and seek for

beauty, I confess that I have nowhere felt it, as in these works of Powers: in his Eve, that is to say, and in the "Greek Slave." I do not mean the beauty of mere form, of the moulding of limbs and muscles. In this respect it is very likely that the Venus de Medici is superior to the Eve and the Greek Girl. (But I mean that complex character of beauty which embraces, with muscular form, the moral sentiment of a work.) And looking at this last trait, I fearlessly ask any one to look at the Venus and at the Greek Girl, and then to tell me where the highest intellectual and moral beauty is found. There cannot be a moment's doubt. There is no sentiment in Venus—but modesty. She is not in a situation to express any sentiment—or any other sentiment. She has neither done any thing, nor is going to do any thing, nor is she in a situation to awaken in herself, or in others, any moral emotion. There she stands, and says, if she says any thing: "I am all beautiful, and I shrink a little from the exposure of my charms." Well she may. There ought to be some reason for exposure besides beauty; like fidelity to history, as in the Eve, or helpless constraint, as in the Greek Girl. Nay, according to the true laws of art, can that be right in a statue which would be wrong, improper, disgusting, in real life? I am so bold as to doubt it. Art proposes the representation of something that exists or may properly and beautifully exist in life. And I doubt whether statuary or painting have any more business to depart from that rule than poetry. And suppose that an epic poem, for the sake of heightening the charms and attractions of its heroine, should describe her as walking about naked. Could it be endured? Nor any more do I believe that sculpture, without some urgent cause, should take a similar liberty. A draped statue can be beautiful, and can answer all the ordinary purposes of a work of art: witness Canova's Hebe, and the Polyhymnia in the Louvre—an ancient work. And I doubt not that ancient art would have given us more examples of this kind, if the moral delicacy had been equal to the genius that inspired it. I trust that Christian refinement, breaking away from the trammels of blind subjection to the antique, will supply the deficiency. But at any rate, the statues of Mr. Powers are entirely free from this objection: She who walked in the bowers of primeval innocence had never thought of apparel—had not yet been ashamed to find herself devoid of it: and she is clothed with associations which scarcely permit others to think of the possession or want of it. She is represented in

this work-as standing, and her left hand hangs negligently by her side; her right holds the apple, and upon this, with the head a little inclined, her countenance is fixed—and in this countenance there are beautifully blended a meditation, a sadness, and an eagerness. When I first saw this statue, or model rather, the last of these expressions was not given. I said to the artist: ‘I see here two things; she meditates upon the point before her, and she is sad at the thought of erring.’ He said: ‘Yes, that is what I would express, but I must add another trait.’ I feared to have him touch it; but when I next saw the work, that expression of eager desire was added, which doubtless fills up the true ideal of the character. I do not wish to speak of this work in any general terms of commonplace praise. The world will see it, the skillful will judge of it, and I have no doubt about their verdict.

“Much as I admire this statue, I confess that the Greek Slave interests me more deeply. I have spoken of the want of sentiment in the Venus. The form is beautiful, but the face is confessedly insipid. The Greek Slave is clothed all over with sentiment, sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. Brocade, cloth of gold, could not be a more complete protection than the vesture of holiness in which she stands. For what does she stand there? To be sold—to be sold to a Turkish harem. A perilous position to be chosen by an artist of high and virtuous intent. A perilous point for the artist, being a good man, to compass. What is it? The highest point in all art. (To make the spiritual reign over the corporeal;) to sink form in ideality.

In this particular case, to make the appeal to the soul entirely control the appeal to sense; to make the exposure of this beautiful creature foil the base intent for which it is made; to create a loveliness such that it charms every eye, and yet that has no value for the slave-market, that has no more place there than if it were the loveliness of infancy; nay, that repels, chills, disarms the taste that would buy. And how complete is the success! I would fain assemble all the licentiousness in the world around this statue, to be instructed, rebuked, disarmed.”

Powers is what the schoolmen call a self-made artist; that is, he was born with the divine afflatus which comes ready made from the hand of the Creator. Lysippus was a self-made artist; or what is called self-taught. Yet Alexander said: “No one shall paint me but Apelles, and no one shall represent me in bronze but Lysippus.” All the cities of Greece sought his works, and held them so sacred, they would not allow them to be moved from their original niches without insurrection. He executed 610 statues of great merit.

Powers has lived in Florence seventeen years, where he enjoys the highest social position. He has a family of eight children, whose busts are among his most pleasing works. He is a Swedenborgian, and a fine conversationist, as we have been told by those who have heard him. He is a true American, and looks longingly to the day when he may turn his face homeward. Will not his country show her gratitude by inviting him home, and furnishing him the means of spending the rest of his life in his native land?

THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

You were very charming, Madam,
In your silks and satins fine,
And you made your lovers drunken,
But it was not with your wine!
There were court gallants in dozens,
There were princes of the land,
And they would have died to save you,
As they knelt and kissed your hand—
*For they saw no stain upon it,
It was such a snowy hand!*

II.

But for me, I knew you better,
And while you were flaunting there,
I remembered some one lying,
With the blood on his white hair
He was pleading for you, Madam,
Where the shrunken spirits stand,
But the Book of Life was darkened
By the Shadow of the Hand—
*It was tracing your perdition,
For the blood upon your hand!*

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

A STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Oh, mother, mother! father has sold old Brindle and her calf, don't you think—sold her for twenty-five dollars—a good deal of money, aint it? There she goes, now; just look up the lane and see her—how she shakes her head and bawls. She don't want to go, but her calf runs like everything—it don't care—look quick, Hannah; look Nancy, or you wont see her, she is just going out of sight, now;" and little Willie Davidson ran out of the house as he finished telling the news, and climbed to the top of the gate-post for a last glimpse of old Brindle. Nancy ran to the gate too, asking Willie if he was quite sure of what he said, and straining her eyes to catch one more look of the cow she had milked so often, and that seemed to her almost like a friend. She did not return to the house at once, but fell to digging about some pink roots—perhaps to divert her thoughts.

Mrs. Davidson stitched faster on the work she was sewing, and the moisture gathered in her soft blue eyes as she did so, for she was a kind-hearted woman, and could not have even a dumb creature about her that she did not love.

"Oh, mother!" shouted Willie, "all the cows have seen that Brindle is going, and they are scampering across the field toward her, as fast as they can—Spot is tearing up the ground with all her might. Do you suppose cows can feel bad, mother? If they cant, what makes them act so?"

"Oh, I don't know, my child, never mind;" replied the mother, her voice choked and her eyes running over by this time. Hannah called Willie in presently, and asked him if he was sure Brindle was sold, and really knew what money she had brought; and when he said that he saw the man count twenty-five dollars into father's hand she smiled and burst into a merry song, as she skipt about the work, for the sun was going down, and it was time for the evening chores.

Nancy remained digging about the pink roots, and thinking of Brindle a long time, and of the pretty little calf, whose silken ears she had held so softly in her hands, only that morning. The last sunshine faded from the brown gable of the old homestead—the chickens began to gather in quiet groups, and talk soberly of bedtime; the turkeys to gobble their last news; and the

geese to waddle slowly homeward, when she looked down the lane the way Brindle was gone—knowing she would not see her, but feeling impelled to look, she knew not why. The dust was all settled on the path she had gone, and quiet stretched the long road as far as she could see—quiet, but not all deserted—slowly and wearily as it seemed, she saw coming in the distance a foot traveler—his coat swung over one arm, and a bundle on his shoulder. How often we look at our future fate, and suspect it not. Certainly Nancy dreamed not that poor traveler was anything to her.

Tired, very tired, from his work in the field, and slow, behind the plow which he held sideways, for he did not care to turn a furrow now, came Mr. Davidson—the chains of the harness dragged heavily and rattled noisily as he came; and the old work-horses walked soberly enough, for they were tired too. Perhaps the smoke going up from the homestead chimney looked pleasant to the young man, and doubtless the smile and salutation of the farmer were kindly as he overtook him and slackened his pace, to make some inquiry about the nearest inn, and the prospects of obtaining employment thereabouts.

"What work can you do?" asked Mr. Davidson, letting the plow fall to the ground as he spoke.

The young man raised it up, and held it steadily aslant as he replied that he had been used to farm-work, and could do anything a farmer would be likely to require.

"Come in," said Mr. Davidson, "and we will talk further about the matter."

Nancy had seen him holding the plow for her father as they came along, and she waited and gave him a sweet smile as he entered the gate—a smile that brought a deeper color to his cheek than had ever been there before, for the youth was a poor hard-working youth, and not much used to woman's smiles. Hannah gave him a careless nod, but did not break off her song for his coming. She did not see the heightened color of his cheek, nor the tenderness in his blue eyes—she did not look at either. When it was milking time, Timothy Linley, for that was the young man's name, offered to do the milking.

"I will assist him," said Nancy, for she and

Hannah were used to doing all; but Hannah made no such offer, on the contrary, she remained in the house teasing her mother for a new gown and bonnet.

When Mr. and Mrs. Davidson sat on the cool stones at the door, in the deep shadow of the twilight, she told him how good the girls had been—how they had staid at home all summer, and spun and milked and churned, and now it was coming fall, and they deserved a little leisure and reward—in short, she wanted them to have some money, what he could spare, and spend a week in town with their aunt Martha. Just as a good husband and father would have done, Mr. Davidson counted into his wife's hand half the price of the cow, saying—

“Will that do?”

“We must not both leave mother for a week,” said Nancy; “you may go, Hannah, in my place, I shall be quite well satisfied with what you buy for me; and as for visiting Aunt Martha, I will do that some other time.”

Never once said Hannah, “we will both go and stay three days—that will make a nice little visit, and you must choose your new dress yourself.”

Timothy said Nancy must go—he would help her mother all he could—he would churn and draw all the water, and make the fires, and do many other chores, but Nancy made excuses, for she felt how illy she could be spared, and Hannah went alone.

When the market-day came round, and Mr. Davidson went to town with the expectation of bringing home Hannah, with all the new things, mother and daughter were very busy—baking in the big brick oven was done, and the house all set in order as for a stranger guest; it was quite an event for Hannah to come from town with so much to tell and so many new things. Toward nightfall, when all eyes were straining down the road to catch the first glimpse, the white faces of the horses were seen.

“There they come!” shouted Willie, from the gate-post. Nancy raised herself on tiptoe, while the good mother hastened to lay the cloth—but no, only the father was there. Great anxiety prevailed, and the wagon seemed to be an hour coming through the hollow and over the hill. Nancy ran to the gate to learn what was the matter.

“Nothing, Nancy, nothing,” said the old man, smiling; but it was a very sad smile, and he added, “Hannah has found better friends than any of us, that is all.”

Seeing how sad Nancy looked, Timothy managed to milk all the cows except one—it was

not hard work at all, he said, he always liked to milk; and when the last chores were done, it was not yet dark, and one of the mildest and sweetest of the October days—so mild and so sweet, that Timothy ventured to say, blushing bashfully, and looking down, that a walk in the orchard would be pleasant. So, taking a basket as an excuse, likely, Timothy and Nancy went to the orchard together. The knolls, cushioned softly with grass, beneath the trees, invited to repose, and the heavy and curtaining silence to confidence. Every heart knows its own sorrows, and every heart desires that some other heart shall know them, and as naturally as the leaves fell in their lap, fell their words of gentle complaint and appeal for sympathy—not in vain.

A few days after this, Hannah came home, riding in a fine carriage, and with a fine gentleman beside her. She was a girl of fresh impulsive feelings, of a showy style, and easily charmed by flattery. And she had given and received admiration, if not affection.

In her new bonnet with its gay ribbons, and new dress, ruffled and flounced, the plainer mother and sister hardly knew Hannah.

I am sorry to say, that the disposition she had made of the money was not a little selfish—Nancy's dress and bonnet were not only less gay, but evidently a good deal less expensive than her own.

When the apples hung their red cheeks down another year, and the mists were like dim shadows along the yellow leaves of the woods, the old homestead had a quieter and soberer look—Nancy and Hannah were married. Timothy, a slender and delicate youth, was the husband of one, and a healthy, hale man, who counted his money by thousands—the same who brought Hannah home in the fine carriage—was her husband now. She was gone to live in a great city, to be surrounded by fashion and friends, and wear fine morning dresses and evening dresses, and forget her playmate and workmate, poor Nancy.

November midnight lay black over the town, and black over the country; spires gleamed faintly through the rain; roofs stretched wide and wet over the sleeping and waking multitude, and the street lamps, burning dimly, lighted only now and then some home-going coach or solitary wanderer. The lamps in the halls and at the doors of the great houses had been put out, and only here and there, through windows closed against the rain, shone a little light. Some exceptions there were, it is true; mirth will not always let the November rain put out its fires,

and melancholy will have its lights and watchers, too—life will come to life in its time, and death will claim his own at midnight, as well as at noon. So, here and there, in the rainy darkness, stood a house lighted from basement to chamber, but only with one of them have we to do. The lamps at the door blaze over the broad steps, and the glittering chandelier in the hall shines up the broad and elegantly-furnished staircase. Coaches wait at the door, and the silver mounting of the harness is gemmed with rain—there is no noise of music or of dancing within; and yet, from the quick-moving steps and variously flashing lights, the occasion seems to be mirthful. Let us go in and see. In the drawing-room the lights are not brilliant, but the table in the refectory is spread as for a holyday, and we hear voices, suppressed, but joyful. Ah, here in the softened light of these rich and carefully drawn curtains, we learn the secret—a child is born to wealth and honor to-night, and friends are come through the November rain to rejoice with the mother, and to kiss the bright-eyed little one, who as yet knows nothing of the quality of the new world into which it has come.

We will leave them now, for their lives have been “a cake untouched,” and have hardened in the perpetual sunshine of prosperity.

The rainy clouds of that midnight stretched far beyond the roofs of the city, over cultivated fields and dreary reaches of woods; over warm sheltered homesteads; great farms, where the housed cattle listened to the rain on the roof; along the grass-grown and obscure road, where the mower had drawn up his wagon beneath the sheltering beech tree, and wakeful, watched his log fire struggling with the storm, and over the settler's cabin and clearing—and this last chiefly interests us now. Scarcely at all shines the light from the small window against the great background of wet black woods; and the rain scaks noiselessly in the mellow ground of the small patch of clearing where the house stands—if house, so small and rude a habitation may be called. But its heavy beating is heard distinctly by the anxious watchers by the bedside—for between them and the clap-boards of the roof, there is no floor nor ceiling. In the rough stone fireplace some oak wood is burning, and two tallow candles on the mantle-shelf make the light, which is shaded from the bed by a temporary screen. No splendid draperies soften the light to the eyes, that for the first time have opened upon the pain and sorrow of the world. The country doctor sits dreamily by the fire, hearing imperfectly the neighing of his rain-beaten horse, at the door;

the murmured voices of the women, and the moans of the mother, who has come to a deeper than midnight darkness, and must enter it alone.

The crying of the little daughter beside her makes to her understanding no woful seeming of orphan struggles and sorrows—she hears it not—let us hope she hears the welcoming songs of the angels.

Gloomily and wet came the day, and the stranger but kind-hearted women trod softly about the bed—not that there was any fear of waking the sleeper—if the crying of her baby disturbed her not, how should the treading of their footsteps? Yet her smile was so like life, they could not but tread softly as they came near her—the hair was so bright and sunny, you could not believe the cheek beneath it was so hard and cold—the feet had been so quick to do good, it was hard to believe they were straightened for the last time; the eyes had but yesterday shone with such tenderness and love for every living thing—how, oh, how could they be darkened forever? So the women trod softly, and folded the sheet softly down about the bosom that, beyond all other chilling, Death had chilled.

The brightest of the sun's light strayed behind the clouds, and the rain fell and fell—most dimly over the two men who had left all more cheerful work for the digging of a grave—the red brier-leaves shifted with the rain, and clung about the mound, by the side of which they were digging—it had not been there long, for no grass was grown on it as yet, and not a bit of moss dims the lettering of the head-stone—“Timothy Lindley, aged twenty-five years,” is all that is graven there—what need of more—all his goodness was known to the soul that has gone to meet him; for it is the grave of poor Nancy the two men are making. No spot could be more gloomy than that where she was laid, a new and seldom-traveled road on the one side, and a thick wood standing in everlasting shadow on the other.

When the baby was a week old, a man and woman, a plain-looking and tearful pair, journeyed that way, and took her with them. Many times they kissed her, naming her Orpha, and in the old house where her mother had lived she grew to womanhood, a great comfort to them—her grand-parents—almost all the comfort they had, in fact, for Willie had gone out into the world, and quite—no, not quite—but nearly forgotten he was ever a boy, and sat on the gatepost, and with tears in his eyes, looking after old Brindle. He was a man, with all a man's aims and ambitions, and though he still loved and revered his parents—the love was no longer

primary, and sometimes for months and months no letter came to inquire of their welfare, or say what were his own hopes and fears. And Hannah was living, and prosperous and happy, and yet so different was her life from theirs, and so far had she grown away from them, that they thought almost as sadly of her as of Nancy.

Her fine house was only a day's journey from the old homestead, and yet for seven years she had not made it a visit, so absorbed with travels elsewhere, and with the thick-crowding gayeties of her life, had she been. A sense, if not the feeling of filial affection, was not quite lost to her, however, and prompted, mostly by duty, she one day wrote a letter to the old folks, and with a tact which, in their simplicity, they interpreted as the spontaneous opening of her heart, spoke of the old life at the homestead, in terms of tender endearment, almost of regret—she began with “my much loved parents,” and closed with “your ever dutiful and affectionate child.” She was careful to make no account of her present mode of living, further than to say they had been blessed and prospered abundantly, and lived very comfortably, thank Providence. She did not say so in so many words, but the general tone of her letter implied that we were all poor suffering sinners together, traveling to the same goal, but not by precisely the same road. Her oldest daughter, Anna, who it was pretended was named for herself, was shortly to be married, she intimated, very advantageously, into one of the oldest and most respectable families in the country. She really wished she could see the dear faces of her good old father and mother again, but really her motherly duties were so stringent that she found herself still obliged to hold the pleasure in reserve. Upon what little chances fate seems to turn—when that letter was sealed and superscribed, Hannah threw it down with a yawn, mingled with a sigh of satisfaction, saying to herself, “Thank my stars, the dreaded task is done for another year!”

Could that good old father and mother have heard that exclamation, their cheeks would not have flushed with the happy glow of much younger men and women, as they did when sweet-voiced Orpha stood up before the candle, between the blessing and the meat of the supper-table, and read that letter aloud. Orpha had been to school a good deal more than they, and could read writing as well as print.

“Oh, isn't it strange,” she exclaimed, when she had finished the reading, “that cousin Anna is to be married? Why, she is only just as old as I am;” and like the child she was, she won-

dered whether Anna could make bread and pies, and was thoroughly accomplished in the beautiful art of housekeeping. Aunt Hannah did not say, but she supposed that was to be taken for granted, for Anna was an accomplished singer, embroidered well, and could ride on horseback, and play chess admirably—all this Orpha knew, and of course the more necessary instruction of sewing and cooking had been given first. Her little head was quite turned with wonder as to what Anna would wear when she was married, and in what sort of fashion the dress would be made. She supposed her uncle could afford to give her a hundred dollars, if she wanted it, to buy wedding clothes with; but for her part, she could not well see how so much could be spent. Once, when her grandfather had given her twenty-five dollars, she went to the near village and bought everything she needed, and carried fifteen dollars home with her.

For a few moments she sat quietly, seeing the serious happiness in the faces of her grandparents, and then bursting into a merry laugh at the idea, she said—

“Wouldn't it be a pleasant surprise to Aunt Hannah, and all of them, to see me coming into their house some night, when they had not been told anything about it, and you, grandfather, and you too, grandmother. Oh, wouldn't it be delightful?”

And as she clapped her little brown hands in glee, her grandparents could not tell whether it were she or the candle that made the room so light.

“I suppose likely Anna will go away off somewhere,” said Mrs. Davidson, “and we shall never have another chance of seeing them all together.”

She said no more—there was no need that she should say more; and after a thoughtful silence, the good-hearted husband and grandfather said—

“If there should come a good snow, now—seems to me the air feels like it.”

“Well, grandfather, suppose there should, what of it, say, grandfather?”

“Oh, nothing, pet,” replied the old man, trying to look serious—“it would be nice sleigh-riding, that's all.”

Orpha pouted a very little, and broke the piece of bread she held in her hand into small crumbs on her plate, till catching the reassuring glance of her grandmother, her pretty cheeks dimpled and blushed for shame—for well enough she knew what her grandfather was thinking about. A good girl was Orpha, petted a great deal, and spoiled a little, of course, but with a heart of unsuspecting innocence, and soft and warm as the

sunshine. As she lay in bed two hours later, in her chamber, next the roof, she held her eyes fast shut with her fingers, but in vain—they would not be sleepy. She kept saying to herself she did not see what was the reason, for, useless as the effort is, we are always trying, all of us, to deceive ourselves; and though Orpha held her eyes so close, her ears were sensitive to every sound. She heard her grandparents talking by the fire below stairs, and thought it not improbable they were planning a visit to Aunt Hannah's. How she wanted to know what they said; to be sure, grandmother would tell her in the morning—but what of that, it was twenty years till morning. Presently, she became almost sure she heard the snow sifting against the windows in the wind. She raised her head on her hand, and looked out, and though she was almost sure it was snowing fast, she could not rest, and in another moment was pattering across the floor in her bare feet—never had snow heartier greeting, than when its white flakes fell in her hand. No little bird under its mother's wing ever felt more comfortable and happy than she that night in her own warm bed. Not selfishly happy—but how could she help being glad, when her grandparents and she were going to give Aunt Hannah and the young ladies such a surprise of pleasure. To be sure, she wanted to see Anna's wedding dresses and all her fine things, and felt a little curiosity to know what manner of husband she had chosen—whether his eyes were blue or black; if he wore his beard, and if he were worthy; but surely he was, for her Cousin Anna would never marry a man who was not both very wise and very good.

The voices of the old folks by the fire had been still a good while, and in the distance she heard the roosters crow for midnight, as she glided from dreams to dreams, the sleeping less delusive than the waking ones.

It was well for Orpha that she did not hear what the old folks said, as, laying the embers together, they trimmed the candle, and spelled through Hannah's carelessly written letter—it was well she did not see the tears that wet it as they reproached themselves for their long neglect of their darling child—they had sent her presents of apples and potatoes and flour every year, but they had never once gone to her house; fifty miles seemed a great journey, and so the faces of their grandchildren were strange to them. They had thought (they were sorry for it now) that Hannah would not care about seeing her old-fashioned father and mother in her stylish house in town. They never once saw, as they

spelled through the letter, that she did not say, "come to me," after the "I cannot go to you;" nor did they notice that Orpha's name was not once in the letter. Hannah could not help wishing to see Orpha, and loving her when she knew how pretty and how good she was; they knew that; and to the dear child it would be like a journey to paradise—that they might well be assured of—so they said, as they folded the letter carefully and laid it next the picture of little Samuel, between the leaves of the big Bible.

"We are growing old now, and if we ever go to see Hannah, there will not come a better time—it will be a tiresome day's ride; but for Orpha's sake, we must make ourselves strong enough to endure the fatigue."

It was well Orpha did not see their tears, and learn that it was more for her sake than theirs the visit was planned.

How sleepy she was in the morning, when her grandmother said, "Come, Orpha!" It seemed as if she had but just come to bed; she could hardly open her eyes, and the "Yes, grandmother," was a good deal fainter than common; but when "Come, Orpha," was repeated, with the added words, "it's time to get up, pet, if you want to go to Aunt Hannah's with your grandfather and me," she was wide awake, and sitting straight up in bed in a moment. She saw the snow piled against the window, white and high—the candle in her grandmother's hand, for it was not daylight yet, and her own fresh and smoothly-ironed clothes over her arm. "Oh, grandmother!" that was all she could say for the happy, happy tears.

Redder than a clover-field in June was all the east, when having carefully secured the doors, and sprinkled the hickory sticks in the fireplace with water, they set out, breaking and plowing their way through the deep snow, in the old woodsled. Nobody would notice that it was not the best sleigh in the world, Orpha thought, for grandfather had tied the newly painted wagon body on the sled, and that was filled with straw, and overspread with the nicest coverlid of all the house.

What a pretty pink the clouds made on the snow—she was never weary of looking at it, and how strangely the cattle looked in pastures of snow, and the haystacks, crusted like pound-cakes. Grandfather's horses would be the admiration of all the city, she was sure, so gay and fine they looked, their manes loose in the wind, and their ears trembling with the exhilaration of the snow-drive.

For the seven first miles the scene was quite

familiar—she had twice been that distance on the road—once with her grandfather to mill, and once to a funeral, but the strange country into which they went, after crossing the creek where the mill was, afforded new and surprising interest. The sleigh ride, in itself, was a perfect delight; to watch the snow dropping from the bent boughs, the birds dipping into it with such merry twitters, and to lean down over the sled-side and plow a tiny furrough with her hand, were a great joy, without the crowning fact that it was to end in the evening by arrival at Aunt Hannah's.

Now she came forward to the front of the sled and held grandmother's hands in hers, wondering why they were so cold; now she turned up the collar of grandfather's overcoat, brushing back the gray hair that the wind blew about his eyes; and now, wrapping his hands in her woolen shawl, and taking the reins for a little while, she could drive as well as he, she said; upon which he smiled, patting her cheek, but not telling her that the horses were so well trained, and so sobered now with the distance already traveled, that they would go straight along without any quieting at all. Now they went through a wide brawling creek where the water ran fast through brown sandstones and cakes of broken ice, and Orpha trembled a little as grandfather walked out on the tongue of the sled and loosened the bridle reins so that the horses could drink. Cold as it was, their sides were all wet, and they breathed very hard and fast between the drinking. At length, grandfather pulled off his blue mitten, and pulled out his big silver watch and said it was two o'clock, and a little while after that, where a painted sign erected at the forks of the road, and a curious old house, having no fence in front of it, stood, they stopped to procure an hour's rest, and some refreshment for themselves and their beasts. There was a great fire blowing in the big room into which they were shown, before which sat half a dozen travelers, eating apples and cakes, and drinking cider and whisky; across the middle of the floor a long table was spread, and, at one end of it, there sat a young man, sipping tea and writing alternately. He looked up from the sheet before him, on the entrance of our party, and having made a friendly salutation, such as country folks though strangers are in the habit of giving one another, resumed his pen and was presently quite absorbed; his heavy black hair fell over and partly concealed a smooth fair forehead, as he wrote, and a smile of extreme sweetness played round the mouth, betraying no irresolu-

tion, but seeming rather the outward shining of firm and good principles. The healthful glow of his cheek was in fine contrast with the blackness of his full curling beard, and the pearly teeth, sound and even, with the ripe redness of the lips.

Orpha thought she had never seen so handsome a man in her life, and in verity, she never had seen beauty cultivated and matured under the refining influences of intellect and art. She could not tell why, but there was an indefinable air of superiority about him, that made even the schoolmaster and the village clergyman seem commonplace in comparison with him. When her thoughts reverted to her cousin Anne, she could not imagine how she could have fallen in love with any one, not having seen the young traveler. But how much did his beauty increase in her eyes, when, looking up as he folded his letter, he made haste to offer her grandfather (who was sitting on a hard bench) the leather cushioned chair in which himself had been sitting, and with a gesture and a word, not rude, but authoritative, caused the men at the fire to dispose themselves in half the room they had previously occupied, so giving her grandmother and herself a nearer and warmer feeling of the fire from which, till then, they had almost been shut out.

"How far is it to the town of —," said the old man to the landlord, as he entered with hot doughnuts and a fresh pot of cider; but the question was too modestly low for that blustering personage to hear.

"It is twenty-two miles, sir," replied the young man, who had heard the question.

"Are you much acquainted there?" Mr. Davidson ventured timidly to inquire.

The young man answered that he knew the city pretty thoroughly, and had indeed a large personal acquaintance with the inhabitants.

"Then, perhaps, you know or have heard of my son, Joseph C. Pettibone," suggested the old man, his face aglow with animation.

"Oh yes, sir—no one in the whole city better, an admirable family."

"Why, isn't it strange," exclaimed the father, turning to his wife. "This young man here knows Mr. Pettibone. I am glad I have met you," he continued, offering his hand to the stranger, and he went on ingenuously—"we are on our way to Mr. Pettibone's house, my wife here, and this little girl—we haven't seen any of them these twenty years, nor they us. Indeed, Orpha, our little granddaughter, has never seen her aunt Hannah Pettibone at all, and you may be sure she

is happy enough, having a sleigh ride and a chance to see the town and her aunt and cousins;" and tenderly he patted the cheek of Orpha, already blushing painfully with the attention called to her. "And so you know Mr. Pettibone, and Hannah and all of them"—a new thought seemed to strike the old gentleman—and he continued, "may be you know a young man of the name of Hammond, who is shortly, Hannah writes me, to be married to her daughter Anna."

There was a confused heightening of color in the cheek of the handsome stranger, and he bit his lip, to which, however, the accustomed smile came back with unwonted brightness as he replied, that he had some acquaintance with the young man and was just returning from a visit to his father's family, but that he was quite ignorant of the proposed marriage.

"A family of position and influence, I suppose, from what Hannah says," mused the grandfather aloud; "she seemed to think it would be a fine match for her girl—what do you think? Was the young man at home when you were at his father's?"

"Why, yes," replied the stranger, "he was there, but in fact I did not converse with him much."

"Well, do you think Anna is going to do pretty well?" continued the grandfather, perseveringly; "great fathers don't always have great sons, nor even good ones."

The young man replied that he hardly knew what to think, and hastened to interrupt the conversation by inquiring of the landlord what time the coach would arrive.

That personage raised himself on tip-toe, and looking from the window, said the coach was just coming in sight, and taking out his watch, he continued in a tone that indicated especial felicity—

"She is making good time to-day—that coach is—but, young man, your chance of getting aboard is slim, mighty slim, sir—black as she can be with passengers on the outside," and this additional fact evidently gave him increased happiness.

"I have provided against that," said the young man, (a shadow crossing his face as he spoke,) "in part, at least," and giving a letter into the landlord's hand, he begged that he would see it forwarded.

"You were designing to reach the city to-night?" said Mr. Davidson, again addressing the young traveler.

"Yes," he replied, "Mrs. Pettibone has a kind of birthnight merry-making at her house

to-night, and I had promised myself the pleasure of being with them;" and he went on to say his horse had fallen lame that day, and he had proposed leaving him in the landlord's care, and going forward in the coach.

"You are very welcome, sir, to a seat with us," said the grandfather, cordially, and surveying the fashionable exterior of the young man, he added: "we have only a sled, but our horses are in good order, and we move pretty fast and very comfortably."

Half an hour after this, the horses having been regaled with oats and an hour's rest, our party, with the accession of the young man, were gliding briskly through the snow.

The variedly amusing talk of the young man kept the old people from feeling the cold as they had done in the morning; and then he was so kind, taking his fine comforter from his neck and wrapping it about that of the old farmer, and quite forcing Mrs. Davidson to wear his plaided shawl, and taking the reins for an hour when the hands of the old man became numb.

Not one word spoke Orpha, but such smiles dimpled the cheeks that were nestled among brown curls and almost hid in her deep hood, with every attention bestowed on her grandparents, that no words were needed to assure the young man of her goodness of heart. The old folks grew tired after awhile, and sat silent, wishing the journey at an end, and the stranger, singing—it may have been to himself, it may have been to Orpha—

"It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, thou bride of my heart."

They moved on and on, and at last to its lullaby sound, Orpha nestled down in the coverlid and fell asleep.

When she awoke, it was night, and the sled standing still before the finest house she had ever seen—all brilliant with lights and musical with voices. Lamps were shining thick, down the street, carriages and beautiful sleighs moving to and fro, and houses and people as far as she could see.

"Well, petty, we have got there," said the grandfather, and taking the handkerchief from her face, she sat up; and, in her bewilderment, said almost sadly,

"I am sorry, I wish it was further."

"So do I," said the young stranger, "from my heart;" and he almost lifted Orpha out of the sled.

"I wonder whether Mr. Pettibone has any stable?" asked Mr. Davidson of the young man; adding, as he patted the necks of his horses

caressingly—"poor fellows, you are tired, aint you?"

"I know where he keeps his horses," replied the young man, "go right in, and I will attend to them, if you will trust me," and he ran up the steps and gave the bell a vigorous pull.

"See they don't drink while they are so warm, if you please," said the careful farmer, availing himself of the young man's kindness; "and that they have plenty of meal and oats, and I will see you by-and-by here, at my son's house, and thank you."

"I guess we have got to the wrong place, like enough," he said, looking inquiringly at his wife as he saw the grin in the face of the negro who opened the door, and the number of black men and women moving through the great hall.

"Does Mr. Pettibone live here?" he inquired of the usher.

"Yes, sah," replied that functionary, drawing himself up.

"Joseph C. Pettibone?" repeated the old man, still in doubt.

"Yes, sah," who shall I announce?"

"Why I will announce myself," said Mr. Davidson, indignantly; "Mrs. Pettibone is my daughter, will we find her in here where the frolic seems to be?" and with his good wife beside him, he made his way to the open door of the brilliant drawing-room. Poor Orpha trembling like a frightened bird, and nestling close to her grandmother's skirts.

A stylish and richly dressed woman advanced as their shadows crossed the threshold, and started, retreating slightly, and a kind of blank surprise taking the place of the welcoming smile she had assumed, when she saw the persons who came behind the shadows.

The mother's heart, rather than her eyes, told her that was Hannah, and with the sobbing cry of "my daughter!" she would have taken her in her arms, but the white-gloved hand of the lady motioned her back—the lights dazzled, and the wonderstruck faces repelled her; staggering, rather than walking, she retreated.

"Hannah, Hannah," said the old man, giving one reproachful look, and with his head dropping on his bosom, and the tears making everything dim in spite of the much light, he retraced solemnly and slowly the way he had come.

At the door they were overtaken by Mr. Pettibone, whose strong common sense had been outraged by his wife's reception of her parents, though, perhaps, his feelings had little to do with his manner, which was cordial enough.

He reminded them how long it was since they

had met, adding that a child might be forgiven for forgetting even her mother, in the course of twenty years. Hannah would be as rejoiced as himself when she knew it was her own father and mother were come. All they could do, however, the old folks could not feel what the man's words implied. "And this little body," he said, shaking the trembling hand of Orpha, "who is she?"

"Nancy's child, to be sure," answered the old man.

"Nancy, Nancy; who is she? Oh, I remember now, the one who went to the new country," for Mr. Pettibone felt it incumbent on him to remember something, and believing he had struck the right vein, continued: "I was under the impression that Nancy's children were all boys. Well, how does she like the new country?"

"We don't know," the father said, wiping his eyes; "poor Nancy has gone to the country from whence no traveler returns."

Half believing and half disbelieving that Hannah had in truth failed to recognize them, the old folks suffered themselves to be conducted to one of the chambers, furnished so luxuriously and warmed and lighted so comfortably, that if anything could have made them forget the chilly air which rustled out of Hannah's brocade, they would have forgotten it.

In the second meeting with her parents, she hid her eyes for a moment in her lace handkerchief, but the tears, if she shed them, left her eyes dry; and though she said she was never so happy, she looked distressed and mortified, and seemed not to know what to do or say.

Her children were brought and introduced to dear grandpapa and grandmamma, and to pretty cousin Orpha, and having kissed the cheeks of the old folks, retired very properly—gay butterflies that they were. Orpha, in her close fitting woolen frock, feared they would catch cold with bare neck and arms, but she dare not say so; as with admiring eyes (for they looked very pretty) she watched them leaving the room.

Anna, a tall, slender girl, with a colorless and expressionless face, and thin, flaxen hair, insisted that Orpha should wear one of her dresses and accept the services of her maid—she could easily be dressed before midnight, and that was quite early enough.

Mrs. Pettibone could not leave her guests—Mr. Hammond—Anna's intended, would of course be greatly annoyed by *her* absence, her dear parents must excuse them—they would hasten to join them the earliest moment at which they were at liberty. Some wine, sweetmeats and

cake were sent up, very unlike the substantial supper they had hoped to take with their dear children and children's children.

Orpha was not hungry, she said, but climbing to her grandfather's knee, smoothed his long, silver hair, and nestling her cheek against his home-made coat, than which she had thought, till that night, nothing could be finer, she fell asleep, thinking in her heart she did not care what anybody said, her grandfather was just as good as any one. And she was right—good little Orpha.

Having seen the sled and horses of his new friend properly cared for, our young traveler made haste to present himself at Mr. Pettibone's, wondering how those dimpled cheeks would look outside the muffling hood.

To his surprise, he neither saw nor heard anything of the country people—he feared it was all a dream, and seating himself apart in the shadow of a curtain, recalled minutely all the circumstances of the afternoon. Surely he was not mistaken; we come so much nearer guileless natures the impression they leave upon us is deeper than all the artificial devices in the world are able to leave. He could almost hear the voice of the grandfather and see his benignant smile, and no matter at what beauty he looked, his eyes could not see it for the dimples of Orpha. He was not long left to his quiet meditations—Mrs. Pettibone soon joined, and having rallied him on the sentimental seriousness of his mood, protested that it quite baffled her powers to dissipate; and, having deputed her daughter, Anna, whose skill she hoped would be more effective, she playfully, let us hope not designedly, retired.

To any one except the young lady addressed, Mr. Hammond would have been delightfully entertaining, but to her he was particularly unsatisfactory—he said not, in short, what she had expected him to say.

When Orpha awoke in the morning and looked about the fine chamber, she could not at first tell where she was, and with memory came a strange, sad, home-sick feeling that she had never in her life known till then. When she was dressed in her brown flannel frock, she looked at herself in the great looking-glass, before her, with painful dissatisfaction. Afterward she seated herself at the window and looked into the cold dreary street. Few persons were stirring yet, for it was early; the snow was driving before the wind in dismal gusts—all looked strange and dreary, dreary; despite all she could do, the tears kept dropping and dropping on her little brown hands,

folded together in her lap. When the first sunshine touched the window, she held up her handkerchief to dry the tears in its light. Why did she blush and smile and tremble all at once? it is not her own name wrought with black silk thread that she sees—Richard Hammond is written there in clear black characters. How came she by it? Ah, she remembers now that when she awoke from sleep in the sled last night she found her face covered with a handkerchief—could this have been the one?

Richard Hammond rose early too—it was not his habit, but that morning he could not sleep—of course he could not imagine why, and the thought came to him that a little exercise before breakfast might be beneficial, and with no defined plan or motive, he bent his steps in the direction of Mr. Pettibone's house; he saw those tearful eyes at the window, and intuition told him why they had grown so dim since yesterday, and his heart knocked tumultuously to get out of his bosom and go up to that window and comfort her.

Two hours later he was ringing the bell, and inquiring for Mr. Davidson. It was his duty to tell the old gentleman how well his horses were doing and where they were.

"I am glad you have come," said the old man, "our folks think they have been in town long enough;" but the light which beamed in his face said very plainly how pleased he, too, was with the prospect of going home.

"Not to-day, surely," said the young man, but the farmer thought he would get up the horses, drive about a little and show his folks the town, and then start home—they would have a full moon to light them, he said, and if they were a little late in getting there, why no matter.

Mr. Hammond knew the town well, everything that was worth seeing he would be happy to show his new friends, if they would accept his guidance.

They could not think of making him such trouble, the old man said, but it was evidently not a trouble; and when, some minutes later, the horses came prancing up to the door, it was Richard Hammond who was driving them.

Neither Mrs. Pettibone nor Anna came near the front door to see their guests go away—they were afraid of the chilly air of morning; but what was their astonishment and confusion when on looking from the window, they saw Richard Hammond almost lifting Orpha into the sled, and with a tenderness of manner which they had never seen in him till then.

He saw them—smiled and kissed his hand gayly as they drove off, and the last their wonder-struck vision saw of him he was carefully wrapping the coverlid about the young girl's feet. No, not the last they saw of him—the following winter, looking handsomer and happier than ever, they chanced to see him sitting, only a few boxes from them, at the opera, and beside him, the sunny lengths of her hair rippling over her dimples and half down her snowy cloak, a young woman whose beauty was evidently the admiration of the house.

"I wonder what Hannah and her proud daughters think of their country cousin now!"

said grandfather Davidson, as he snuffed the candles and heaped high the fire, the while his wife polished the silver tea-pot, and adjusted the pound-cake and custard-cups, on the evening "the children" were expected home from their bridal visit in town.

The two pins in the sleeve of the grandmother's black silk dress, were not straighter and brighter than everything else about the house; and the hearts of the old folks were not happier their own marriage day than when the joyous barking of the watch dog at the door told them "the children" were come.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY W. H. FURNESS, D. D.

Once in olden times was standing
A castle, high and grand,
Broad glancing in the sunlight,
Far over sea and land.
And round were fragrant gardens,
A rich and blooming crown;
And fountains flowing in them,
In rainbow brilliance shone.

There a haughty king was seated,
In lands and conquests great;
Pale and awful was his countenance,
As on his throne he sate;
For what he thinks, is terror,
And what he looks, is wrath,
And what he speaks, is torture,
And what he writes, is death.

There came into this castle
A gentle minstrel pair,
The one with locks bright, golden,
The other gray of hair;
With harp in hand, the elder
A noble courser rode,
While beautiful, beside him,
His young companion strode.

Said the elder to the younger,
"Now be prepared, my son!
Oh, let the song be lofty,
And stirring be the tone;
Put forth thy grandest power,
Of joy and sorrow sing,
To touch the stony bosom
Of this remorseless king!"

And now within the castle
These gentle minstrels stand,
On his throne the king is seated,
With the queen at his right hand;
The king in fearful splendor,
Like the Northern Lights' red glare;
The queen, so sweet and gentle,
Like a moonbeam resting there.

The old man struck the harp strings,
Most wonderful to hear,
As richer, ever richer,
Swelled the music on the ear.
Then rose with heavenly clearness
The stripling's voice of fire;
And then they sang together,
Like a distant angel choir.

They sing of love and spring time,
Of happy, golden days;
Of manly mirth and freedom,
They sing the glorious praise;
They sing of all the beauty
The heart of man that thrills;
They sing of all the greatness
The soul of man that fills.

The courtly circle round them
Forget for once to sneer;
And bow those iron warriors,
As though a god were near.
The queen, in softness melting,
Forgets her sparkling crown,
And the rose from out her bosom
To the minstrels she throws down.

"Ye have seduced my people;
What, traitors, do you mean?"
The king, he shrieked in frenzy,
"Seduce ye now my queen?"
His sword, that gleamed like lightning,
At the stripling's heart he flings;
And thence, instead of golden songs,
The gushing life-blood springs.

The rapture of the listeners
Dies away as at a flash;
Upon his master's bosom
The youth has breathed his last
The old man wraps his mantle
Around the bloody corse,
And then he firmly binds it
Erect upon his horse.

Yet when he reached the gateway,
Then paused the minstrel old,
And took his harp so wondrous,
And broke its strings of gold;
And against a marble pillar,
He shiver'd it in twain;
And thus his curse he shouted,
Till the castle rang again:

"Woe, woe, thou haughty castle,
With all thy gorgeous halls!
Sweet string or song be sounded
No more within thy walls.
No! sighs alone, and wailing,
And coward steps of slaves!
Already round thy towers
The avenging spirit raves!

"Woe, woe, ye fragrant gardens,
With all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly countenance,
And wither at the sight!
Let all your flowers perish!
Be all your fountains dry!
Henceforth a horrid wilderness,
Deserted, wasted lie!

"Woe, woe, thou wretched murderer,
Thou curse of minstrelsy!
Thy struggles for a bloody fame,
All fruitless shall they be.
Thy name shall be forgotten,
Lost in eternal death,
Dissolving into empty air,
Like a dying man's last breath."

The old man's curse is uttered,
And Heaven above hath heard,
Those walls have fallen prostrate
At the minstrel's mighty word.
Of all that vanish'd splendor
Stands but one column tall;
And that, already shattered,
Ere another night may fall.

Around, instead of gardens,
Is a desert heathen land;
No tree its shade dispenses,
No fountains cool the sand;
The king's name, it has vanished,
His deeds no songs rehearse;
Departed and forgotten,—
This is the Minstrel's Curse!

THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

When fruits and corn are gathered in,
When forest trees are bare,
When wintry winds their storms begin,
And roar and rend and tear—
At evening's close when men from labor cease,
And all is still, in silence and in peace,
Then let me die.

And bury me in "The Old Church-Yard,"
In a lonely quiet nook,
Where the old Yew tree seems keeping guard,
And listening to the brook.

Aye, bury me in "The Old Church-Yard,"
Where many a friend doth lie,
And the old Yew tree seems keeping guard
And saying "all must die!"

And bury me in "The Old Church-Yard,"
Close by the old Yew tree,
Where the Elm and Pine keep watch and ward
O'er poor mortality.

And when you take me to the grave,
Let no vain pomp be shown,
No grand array with staff and stave,
No heartless tears nor moan.

But let my next of kin, and those
Who loved me as a friend,
Follow me to my long repose,
And there their sorrows blend.

Thus would I rest in "The Old Church-Yard,"
In a lonely, quiet spot,
Where fragrant flowers and soft green sward
Whisper, "forget me not."

MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Continued from page 342.

CHAPTER XV.

The lords seize Queen Mary, insult her, and shut her up in Lochleven Castle—She is forced to sign an Abdication—Her escape—Defeat of her forces at Langside—Her flight into England—Elizabeth refuses to see her—Orders a Mock Trial, which comes to nothing—Norfolk's rebellion in behalf of Mary—He is beheaded.

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove those scenes amang;
But I, the Queen of all Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.—BURNS.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels!

RICHARD III.

QUEEN MARY'S surrender to the Protestant lords was a fatal proceeding. Wearing a short, mean, and threadbare tunic, reaching a little below her knees, her sleeves tied with points, having on a red and yellow skirt, and on her head a black velvet hat and muffler, she rode, accompanied by Mary Seton, toward their camp, Kirkaldy of Grange leading her horse by the bridle, and waving his hat in triumph.

"My lords," said she, addressing Morton and his friends in front of the chief tent, "I come to you, not fearing a battle, but to save blood, and hoping for the respect and obedience you have promised."

"Here is where you should be, madam," answered Morton, with a show of courtesy; and those about him manifested a like degree of deference. But several persons in the rear began to exclaim and yell against her, and call her a murderess and other vile names. The blood rushed in Mary's face, and turning to Morton, she asked him the meaning of such insolence in his camp, adding, that if he wanted her blood, she was in his power and helpless. From this moment the treatment she received was like that suffered by the Queen of France, in later times; and she exhibited the same feelings of anger and impatience which marked the demeanor of Marie Antoinette in similar circumstances.

Perceiving she was no longer treated as a sovereign, the Queen of Scots, whose spirit was never of the tame order, passionately arraigned and

rebuked those around her, regretting she had trusted their false promises, and declaring aloud she would appeal from them to her loyal Hamiltons and the rest of her nobles. As she rode along with the lord's army to Edinburgh, she was horrified by the sight of a white banner borne before her, showing Darnley lying dead under a tree, and the little prince kneeling, and seeming to say, "Judge and avenge our cause, oh Lord!"—the strong, savage device of the late king's murderers. Mary turned pale, cast up her eyes, and growing faint in her distress, could hardly be kept from falling off her horse. When her spirits came back to her, she wept, protested and threatened by turns, and those about her retorted her words with sneers and insults. She reproached the Earl of Athol for his complicity in the outrage, and asking the brutal Lord Lindsay for his hand, swore to him, by her own, with all the haughty courage of her race, that she would have his head for that day's work! She lost the self-possession of her character, and addressed some of the murderers personally, or alluded to them in a manner that put all hope of a future reconciliation out of the question. In the accounts given of these things, by Du Croc and others, Mary has been made to suffer from the advantage which calm villainy will obtain, sometimes, over those it provokes to anger—the very greatness of the outrage tending, in such a case, to disparage the plea of those who have suffered it. But the queen's vehemence was truly justifiable. She knew that the murderers of her husband were those who now villified and trampled on her, and her fierce outspoken passion must receive all the admiration and respect we never think of refusing to the angry heart of Constance, on the stage.

At nine o'clock on the evening of 15th June, 1567, Mary entered Edinburgh in a woe-begone condition. Her clothes were covered with dust, and her face so stained and altered with weeping, that the people hardly knew her. The murderer Morton rode on her right, and Athol on her left,

and several in the crowd insulted her as she went along. She was not allowed to go to the palace, but lodged in the town-house of the provost, used as a temporary prison. Her women were kept at a distance, and she was put into a room where she could neither wash herself nor change her dress. They brought her some supper, but she could not eat it, and she passed the night in a state of sleepless agony. In the morning the people in the street were surprised to hear a woman calling and screaming to them from a window of the Provost's house. Word ran that it was the queen herself, and as she asked pitiably to be rescued from her cruel traitors, her distress made an impression on the crowd. Morton and the rest, fearing a public investigation, immediately gave out that the queen's grief was on account of her separation from Bothwell, and that they had intercepted a letter of desperate affection she had sent to him on her arrival in Edinburgh. The letter was not exhibited; but the report produced a certain effect to her prejudice. Mary went repeatedly to the window. On one occasion, she saw Lethington below, and calling him up, she demanded why she was so brutally treated. He said she had spoken so violently, the lords were afraid of her resentment. He persuaded her that she had been too dreadful, and she consented to hear the excuses of Morton and his friends, who declared they would be as obedient as ever, if she would only go to the window and dismiss the multitude. They greatly feared the people—an ancient apprehension, as we all know, on the part of men conducting themselves in pretty much the same manner—a fine recognition, too, of that divinity which at all times belongs to that same people, or populace, everywhere. The queen was induced to go to the window and send her guardians home. On this, her women were permitted to come to her, and she refreshed herself, though still unable to eat—which caused a report that she would eat no flesh meat till she saw Bothwell again.

That evening, Mary, accompanied by Madame Courcelles, Jane Kennedy, Mary Seton, Sempil, and other attendants, was led by Morton toward Holyrood. As she rode along, some women among the crowd offended her with opprobrious words. Instead of taking them calmly, her blood once more boiled up, and as Drury, the Englishman, says, "she bore herself undauntedly."

"I am innocent, good people," she exclaimed, speaking to those in the streets, and in the high windows that overlooked her progress, on both sides, "I have done nothing worthy of blame! Can ye tell me why I am handled thus—I, a true

princess and your own native sovereign? You are deceived by false traitors. Good people—good Christian people," she cried several times, "take my life—and free me from this cruel condition!"

She said all this "with tears in her eyes, and passionate words, addressing herself to the people who were thronging round her." While outraged in this manner for the murder of Darnley, she felt bitterly that the slayer of both her husband and Rizzio was there by her side, and looking on his fellow-homicides and the zealots and termagants about him, with a grand expression of moral approbation. It was certainly a ferocious procession—the basest thing of the kind in all history.

In spite of that forged letter and the lying reports, the lords knew that the common people "pitied," as Spottiswood says, "and bemoaned the young queen," and they resolved to put her beyond the reach of active popular sympathy. They sat in council and passed a hasty decree, stating they imprisoned the queen for her untowardness and refusal to punish Bothwell for the murder, and then proceeded at once to act on the document. Mary had scarcely rested three hours at Holyrood, when she was aroused from sleep, and told she must proceed at once to another palace. Lindsay and Ruthven, with their retainers, offered themselves as her escort; and being enveloped in a coarse riding-cloak and hood, she suffered herself to be led out of Holyrood and carried across the Frith. A rapid night-journey followed, and when day dawned, she found herself on the shore of Lochleven. When they invited her to go to the water's edge and pass over, she refused with another outburst of feeling; but was at last obliged to submit. She was lifted into the boat and rowed to the fortalice which her imprisonment has made historical. It was situated on an island of five miles in circumference, in a sheet of water thirteen miles about, and was held by Lady Douglas, mother of the Earl of Murray.

She was no sooner in Lochleven, than the palace of Holyrood was invaded and plundered. Her plate, jewels, dresses and furniture were seized by the lords, who melted down the christening font—Elizabeth's gift—and turned it into money. Lord Glencairn went into her chapel and demolished its pictures, crosses, architectural ornaments, and everything else that looked like popery; and her French servants would have starved, but for the charity of Du Croc.

Meantime, the lords were so little anxious to take Bothwell, that it was not till 26th of June,

they offered a reward for his apprehension, in a document declaring that he had forcibly carried off the queen; which is remarkable enough, seeing that since 20th, they had (as they subsequently gave out) the "Casket," which went to show that she had urged him to the seizure, and gone off willingly! Dates are awkward things. Those lords gave the Duke of Orkney ten days to escape; and he accordingly left Scotland on 27th, taking with him three vessels, and steering for the Orkney Isles. Kirkaldy of Grange followed him, in other ships, and contrived to seize those which carried the Earl's servants, and miss that which carried himself. In a little time it was reported that Bothwell had made some attempts to plunder the ships of the King of Denmark, for which the latter had captured him and put him into the castle of Malmoe. His resolute imprisonment of the Scottish Duke seems extraordinary; and it is not difficult to suppose that both the Scottish Regent and the Queen of England would give the Dane good and sufficient reasons why the captive should never again be permitted to leave his dungeon. A mere charge of piracy would not keep a nobleman of such high rank shut up for nine years.

On 18th of July, the lords applied to the queen desiring she would consent to disavow her marriage with Bothwell. She refused to listen to this insolent request—seeing she was truly and lawfully wedded to him. Just now John Knox, who had fled the kingdom at the time of Rizzio's murder, which he had fiercely justified, came back and began to preach so vehemently against Mary, that Throckmorton was scandalized and advised the lords to stop his virulence. But he was only acting by their desire, and they allowed him to go on denouncing her as an idolatress, a murderess, and the curse of the realm. And yet the stormy divine knew the bloody secret of Murray, Morton and Lethington. On 24th of July the lords sent Lords Ruthven and Lindsay to Lochleven with abdication papers, to which they were to procure the signature of the queen—at the same time giving her to know they had charges to urge against her—of tyranny, incontinency with Earl Bothwell, and the murder of the late king—proofs of which they would afford in her own handwriting. And these are the charges which must blacken Mary's fame for centuries. They shall not become history, if she will but affix her signature and retire serenely into private life or a cloister. But she is resolved to live and die Queen of Scots; and the Casket is to be brought to light.

On the above mentioned day, Lord Lindsay

and Sir Robert Melville came to demand Mary's consent to abdicate. The latter was first admitted to her, and argued that her life was in danger if she refused. He presented her with rings and tokens from Huntley and others; who, he said, advised her to yield to circumstances. But the queen showed herself incredulous, and he then produced from the scabbard of his sword a paper, in which Throckmorton counselled her to avert danger by signing, seeing that the act, performed under coercion, would have no force. Still Queen Mary refused and spoke bitterly against those who would deprive her of her just rights; whereupon Lindsay was admitted into the apartment to play his part; and this he did savagely enough. To her spirited expostulations he replied by scowling at her, and bidding her sign as she valued the safety and comfort of her future life. He plainly hinted at assassination. Mary, looking on his face, trembled and wept, and passionately pleaded that she was not yet twenty-five years old. But all in vain. They say Lindsay grasped her arm with his mailed hand, and thus forced her to write. But she gave them, in a scarcely legible manner, the signature they demanded, and waived the ill-omened envoys from her presence. A chapter in Scott's "Abbot" gives an excellent idea of this painful scene. When Lindsay reached Edinburgh, he went to Sinclair, the Queen's Privy Seal, and, getting forcible possession of it, affixed it, as that officer refused to do so, to the nefarious documents.

The Council of Regency then crowned the infant James at Stirling, Lord Lindsay swearing that the act of abdication was voluntary. On 11th of August, Murray, who had been in France and England defaming his sister and dissuading the court of France from any project of interference, returned to Scotland, having got money from Secretary Cecil to pay his charges home, and proceeded with Morton and Lindsay to Lochleven. When Mary saw him she burst into tears, and was for a long time without speaking. She sent the others out of the room, and then tried to win his pity and his help to restore her. But he was not the man to turn back from his matured purpose. He explained to her the odium with which she was just then regarded, and said that a regency would be the best means of getting over all difficulties. He led her to suppose it may be a temporary arrangement, and to approve of himself as regent. She found him resolved, and had the prudence to temporize. On 22d of August, therefore, the Earl of Murray became Regent, and the ambition of his life was crowned. He was in reality King of Scotland;

and such he continued for two years and five months, till the bullet of Bothwell-hough brought him the reward of his unscrupulous life.

On 4th December, 1567, the first mention was made of the Letter Casket, by which the Scottish nobles and the English ministers tried to justify the dethronement of Mary. On 16th of June, a letter was spoken of as an excuse for carrying her off to Lochleven. Nothing more was heard of it. But the idea was too good to be lost. Morton now came forward with his casket. He stated that it was taken on 20th of June from Bothwell's servant, Dalgleish, who was bearing it from Edinburgh Castle to Dunbar. It purported to contain seven letters and some poetry. Dalgleish was never examined about this important casket. Morton had him hanged a few days after the announcement. But the parliament, aided by the report of these letters, passed an act justifying the dethronement; and, for nearly a year, we are to hear no more about them.

Meantime, Mary endured her imprisonment with impatience. George Douglas, youngest son of the Lady of Lochleven, was smitten by the beauty and grief of his sovereign, and devoted himself to the task of rescuing her, in which he was assisted by a lad of seventeen, William Douglas, a dependent of the family. On 25th March, 1568, the washerwoman of the castle, from the mainland, came into Mary's bed-chamber, the latter being in bed; and, everything having been arranged, a change of dress was instantly made; the woman lay in the queen's bed, and the queen, dressed as a washerwoman, walked down stairs with a throbbing heart and with a muffler over her face. She got safely into the ferry boat, when one of the boatmen, seeing how carefully the laundress hid her face, wished in jest to look at her, and offered to raise the muffler. Mary put up her white hand, the adoration of Ronsard, and an instant discovery followed. It was in vain that the poor queen, assuming an air of command, ordered them to row her across; the men refused, and she was carried back weeping. The consequence of this was, that George Douglas, Beton and Semphill, were turned out of the castle.

After this disappointment, Mary was greatly cast down. But she was soon made aware that all her friends had not left the fortalice. One day she found on her table a note, and in it a representation of the lion liberated by the mouse. The mouse in this case was "Volly Douglas," as Mary used to write his name—who, something in the manner described in the "Abbot," managed to seize the keys, open the doors, lock Lady

Douglas and her son, Sir William, up in the castle, and row the queen across the lake. Mary, springing from the boat to the shore, found herself once more a queen, surrounded by the Hamiltons, Setons, George Douglas and the rest of her friends. She immediately got on horseback and galloped to the house of Lord Seton at Niddry. Thence, in the morning, she went on to Hamilton, and was soon supported by nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords and many barons and gentlemen, with an army of 6,000 men.

But the 13th of May was the last day of her queenly authority. On that morning she passed on toward Dunbarton, meaning to take up her quarters in that strong fortress. Murray hastily collected an army of 4,000 men at Glasgow, and moving out, with Morton and Kirkaldy of Grange, met the royal forces at Langside. Both armies joined battle, the queen occupying a height whence she could see the struggle. But the day went against her. Her men were broken and routed, and quitting the field, she galloped away with a few attendants toward Galloway, and thence to the Abbey of Dundrennan. From that place she wrote a letter to Elizabeth, and on 16th crossed the Firth of Solway. When she arrived at Workington, on the coast of Cumberland, she wrote another letter to the Queen of England, explaining her situation and her hopes of assistance. But her correspondence with Elizabeth was destined to be as ineffectual as the celebrated letter written in a later age by the fallen French emperor, in the day of his distress, to the British Prince Regent.

On 19th of May the Queen of Scots was waited on by Lowther, Lieut. Governor of Carlisle, and escorted to the latter fortress. Here she received the visits of Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys. On these men she made a very favorable impression; and they admired her in spite of the mean unqueenly garments she wore. Knollys says, "Surely she is a rare woman; for as no flattery can abuse her, so no plain speech seems to offend her if she thinks the speaker an honest man." Again, "This lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honor beside the acknowledging of her royal estate. She showed a disposition to speak much, to be bold, to be pleasant and to be very familiar. She showeth a great desire to be avenged of her enemies. She showeth a readiness to all perils, in the hope of victory; she delighteth much to hear of hardiness and valiancy. . . . Now what is to be done with such a lady princess?" In another letter Knollys says she has six waiting women, and he makes particular mention of

Mary Seton as a woman of amazing talent for dressing the queen's hair. "Among other pretty devices yesterday and this day, she set such a curled hair upon the queen that it was said to be a perewyke that showed very delicately; and every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing without any cost, and yet setteth forth a woman gayly well." All this is very curious, and shows that Mary, whose mind was equal to the highest arguments of state craft, was also, like Napoleon and all other sensible great people, very attentive to the amenities and proprieties of dress. With the bold ideas of a queen she had the elegant tastes of a woman.

About this time, to gratify Queen Elizabeth, Lord and Lady Lennox, Darnley's parents, made a scene at one of her levees, by kneeling down and asking for vengeance against Mary for her husband's death. The Queen of Scots having asked for an interview with Elizabeth, the latter wrote to say it could not take place, till Mary had cleared herself of the accusation against her—Elizabeth all the time well knowing who the murderers were. The Queen of Scots, in an admirable letter of reply, says, "Alas, madam, whenever have you heard a prince blamed for having listened to the complaints of those who lament a false accusation. Remove from your mind that I am come for the saving of my life, (the world nor all Scotland has not yet failed me,) but to recover my honor and have help to punish my false accusers, not to reply to them as an equal." She begs that Elizabeth will not be for or against her; but let her quit the kingdom. Mary was now closely watched in Carlisle and wrote to all her relations in France and Spain accounts of Elizabeth's harshness. While at Carlisle she was accustomed to go out on the green to see foot-ball played by about twenty of her retinue. She also rode to hunt the hare, and always galloped with such rapidity that her keepers began to fear she may ride away from them altogether some time or other. Mary's letters to Elizabeth are full of spirit and feeling. In another letter she writes in a style of sarcastic expostulation: "My good sister, disabuse yourself, take heart and nothing will happen but for you and at your command. Alas, be not like the deaf adder; for I am not an enchantress, but your natural sister and cousin. If Cæsar had not disdained to hear or read the warning of an adviser he had not fallen. . . . I am not of the nature of the basilisk or the chameleon, to convert you to my likeness, even though I were as dangerous and bad as they say; and you are enough armed with constancy and justice which

I require of God and that he will give you grace to use it long and happily." In another epistle she writes with a scarcely suppressed ridicule: "But I see 'tis true, you will be a lioness, ordering others as you please, and having the honor and good-will, and doing things of yourself—otherwise you get angry. Well, I agree—I accept you as a grand lioness—recognize me as the second of the same race." Playful and pungent enough; and yet perilous to sport in this way with the lioness.

On 16th July, Mary was removed from Carlisle to Bolton Castle belonging to Lord Scrope. And now Elizabeth, professing strong friendship for the Scottish queen and a desire to restore her, persuaded the latter to recognize the English Commission of Inquiry, sitting at York, by sending her own delegates to it. These were Lesley, Bishop of Ross, Lords Herries, Livingston and Boyd, with two or three others, and for these she drew up a letter of instructions, clear and forcible, like everything else from her head and pen. The English Commissioners were the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, and the Scottish rebels were represented by Murray, Morton, Lethington, Buchanan and others. On 4th October, 1568, the conference opened. Robertson is in great admiration of it, for the attitude of Elizabeth, which he calls magnificent. But the reader of history will agree with Mr. Bell, and call it stage-trickery. It is to be observed that the Queen of Scots was plaintiff or appellant. She would not appear in any other way than as appealing to a sister and a friend against murderers and traitors—premising always her independent dignity as Queen of Scotland. Mary's statements were clear, strong and undeniable, showing the working of the conspiracies against her, and refuting the counter-statements of the conspirators. At the end of four days, Murray, in order to procrastinate and baffle judgment, ordered his tool, Buchanan, to produce the Casket; but not openly. That would not be wise.

It was laid, in a hugger-mugger manner, before the Englishmen alone. Then there was a sort of pause; and Elizabeth ordered the whole commission to pack up and come to Westminster. Mary finding that Elizabeth was only procrastinating and deceiving her, bid her friends leave the conference—which they did. Whereupon Murray put in an *eik* (eke, or addition,) to his former answer against Mary; and this *eik* was the Casket and an accusation of murder. When Mary heard this, she wrote ordering her commissioners to join conference again, and denounce the wickedness of the subterfuge. Lesley, there-

fore, demanded copies of the letters. These were refused. They were never produced. Lesley and Herries vehemently denounced the trick as false and infamous; and 6th December, protested, on Mary's part, against the farce of the inquest. The Scots withdrew, and, two days afterward, Murray again laid the letters before the English commissioners. They were in the French language, and—this should be remembered—had neither dates, places, subscriptions, seals or addresses—a wild, ragged and amazing piece of testimony! Along with these epistles, Buchanan presented translations and copies, which last were gravely and carefully collated with the former; and, after this, Murray took the originals and put them in his pocket. They then and there disappeared forever from the eyes of men—those terrible epistles which could justify the robbery of Mary's crown and character, and which some persons believe in at this day—especially MM. Mignet and Dargaud and their countrymen! Murray kept them till his death, when they came into the hands of Morton. After the execution of the latter, tradition seems to trace them into the hands of the Earl of Gowrie, and then, in 1584, into those of James VI. himself—who is supposed to have destroyed them.

In one of the letters of instruction, while exposing the baseness of the charges against her, Mary says: "And as to that where they allege that we should have been the occasion to make our son follow his father hostile, they cover themselves thereanent with a wet sack, and that calumny should suffice for proof of all the rest; for the natural love of a mother toward her bairn confounds them." This, it will be observed, was the argument of Marie Antoinette, charged in some vile way respecting her little son. She appealed with a flushed face and shrill voice to all the mothers in France—as her sole reply.

On 24th of December, the Bishop of Ross and Herries appeared before Elizabeth's Council and accused Murray and Morton of Darnley's murder. This was a telling and perilous charge. But though it was repeated, the council did not act upon it. Then Elizabeth proposed an accommodation, by which Mary should abide by the abdication signature. But the latter protested. Whereupon the Queen of England announced that nothing at all was proved on either side, and so put an end to the conferences, which were like the Vienna negotiations of our own time—carried on for a long time and ending in nothing. In January, 1569, Elizabeth lent

Murray £5,000 sterling, and sent him and his friends safely back to Scotland, bidding Lord Scrope, at the same time, look carefully to the custody of his prisoner. There had been some secret talk of a marriage between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, who utterly disbelieved the charges against her, and Elizabeth was very uneasy in consequence. By her orders, on 26th of January, the Queen of Scots was removed from the keeping of Lord Scrope and sent to Tutbury, where she was held by Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

Knowing the duplicity of Elizabeth, Mary plotted with the Duke of Norfolk for her escape from prison and their marriage—after a divorce from the Duke of Orkney. She also wrote repeatedly to Elizabeth, demanding to be restored according to promise, and arguing on Scottish matters, as a queen. The English sovereign was irritated, and being made restless herself, swore the head of her rival should never be at rest. In April, she ordered the prisoner to be taken from Tutbury to Wingfield Castle in Derbyshire. Still the marriage-plot was closely carried on. In June, Mary received a communication from Norfolk, Sussex, Pembroke and other nobles, and in reply, consented to wed the former. The Duke set on foot a scheme for the dethronement of Elizabeth, the release and crowning of Mary, and the restoration of Catholicity. The Earl of Leicester and others of Elizabeth's friends wormed themselves into his confidence and betrayed him. In October, he was arrested and thrown into the Tower. The insurrection of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland was at the same time crushed in the north of England, and Mary saw her hopes baffled.

Elizabeth now refused to receive any letters from her, and ordered her to be sent to Coventry and deprived of a portion of her household. At the same time a warrant, under the Great Seal, was drawn up for the execution of the Queen of Scots. This Elizabeth kept locked up in her desk, waiting for the course of events. At this time Mary wrote several secret, affectionate letters to the Duke of Norfolk, encouraging him in his imprisonment, pledging herself to his designs, and telling him she would always wear round her neck a diamond he had sent her, till she could restore it to the owner of it and her. On 2d of January, 1570, she was carried back again to Tutbury, where toward the close of the month she felt a thrill of joy to hear the Regent Murray had been shot dead in Linlithgow by Hamilton of Bothwell-hough. On 25th of February, Pope Pius V. signed a bull—a copy of which was

found nailed to the gate of the Bishop of London—excommunicating Elizabeth, declaring her a heretic, shorn of her right to the crown, and absolving her subjects from their allegiance. Elizabeth now arrested and imprisoned Lesley, Bishop of Ross, Mary's envoy in London, and ordered that she should be kept under the strictest restraint. The latter repeatedly complains of this, writes to tell Norfolk she will live and die with him, and implores Charles IX. of France and Catherine de Medecis to join her cause, and prevent the seizure of young James by Elizabeth. The latter felt that a very dangerous conspiracy was fermenting against her. In May she had Mary removed from Tutbury to Chatsworth, and, willing to conciliate the latter, set at liberty the Bishop of Ross, and otherwise gave the prisoner to understand that her intentions were favorable toward her. Whenever Elizabeth was particularly afraid of any foreign interference, or felt any other stress of circumstances, she invariably used a kind, cajoling tone toward the Queen of Scots and led her to hope once more for her sisterly friendship and aid. She now carried the farce so far as to send Cecil, Mildmay and the Bishop of Ross to Chatsworth, to treat of the conditions of reconciliation. The conferences continued for three weeks and came to nothing.

On 28th November, Mary was transferred to Lord Shrewsbury's Castle of Sheffield, where she was destined to remain for the next fourteen years. Norfolk had been liberated from the Tower in August, and continued those schemes of conspiracy for which he had been arrested. Elizabeth was aware of this. She had emissaries in all his plots, and encouraged them for the purpose of irritating the Protestant spirit of the people and justifying the detention of the Queen of Scots. The state-craft of that Tudor princess was an organized hypocrisy of the most cunning and complicated character, and is as yet scarcely understood. Just now, she let Norfolk walk out of prison into the midst of the Catholic plottings, and saw his renewed machinations with an eye sternly prophetic of the result. A great scheme was now arranged, the object of which were, an invasion of England on the side of Spain, and a rescue of Mary by a domestic rising, guided by the Duke of Norfolk.

In March, 1571, Mary sent secretly to Ridolphi, the Pope's emissary, a remarkable paper of instructions for the Pope, the King of Spain and the Duke of Alva, in which they were informed of the cruelty of Elizabeth, and told that Norfolk was chief of the conspiracy, in which she herself was involved heart and soul. She offered to put

her son in the hands of the King of Spain and marry him to a Spanish princess; and she desired the Pope would dissolve her marriage with Bothwell. Along with this, Ridolphi took, from the Duke of Norfolk, the whole programme of the rebellion and the change of succession—both papers fully proving the importance of the enterprise. Meantime Scotland was agitated by civil war—the Hamiltons and Mary's other partisans fighting against the Regent Lennox, whom Elizabeth had sent to take the place of Murray, and, in the curious changes of the times, Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange finding themselves on the side of the exiled queen. The Regent Lennox took the Castle of Dunbarton, and capturing Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, hanged him, for having plotted the murder of Darnley. But in a few months he met his own fate. On 8d September, 1571, the queen's men, Huntley, Hamilton and Buccleuch, surprised the town of Stirling and killed the Regent in the street, leaving his place to be filled by the Earl of Mar.

Some papers had been found with the Hamiltons at Dunbarton, relative to the conspiracy then in agitation, and were sent to Cecil. But he had his intelligence nearer home. When everything was ready, he ordered the arrest of one Bailey, Secretary of the Bishop of Ross. This man had been in France, to superintend the printing of the bishop's Defence of Mary—a book which Elizabeth would not permit in England, though she had encouraged the circulation of Buchanan's base "Detection." Bailey was seized on his return from France, and being tortured with the "question," admitted enough for the purposes of Cecil. Norfolk was again sent to the Tower, and the Bishop of Ross, being also imprisoned and threatened with the rack, confessed the whole scheme—fully involving the Duke of Norfolk as the chief conspirator, and showing the assent of the Queen of Scots.

The plot discovered was now blazoned all over England, and the indignation of the Protestants was in proportion to their late fears. Queen Elizabeth's Council formally declared that she could not live a quiet hour if Mary were restored to her old authority as Queen of Scots. The latter was treated with great severity; she was closely confined and watched, and her correspondence intercepted. On 16th January, 1572, Norfolk was found guilty of high treason and condemned to death. The dutiful English Parliament at the same time called for the death of the Queen of Scots, or at least the annulling of all her right to the succession. Elizabeth affected, and perhaps felt, a reluctance to take the

life of the captive; but she assented to the execution of Norfolk; and on the 2d of June, he was led out of his dungeon to die on Tower Hill. When they wanted to bandage his eyes, he would not allow it, saying he was not afraid to look on death, and received the fatal stroke with great courage. Mary wept bitterly for the fate of this nobleman. He was the head of the Howard family, the noblest and highest in the British peerage, and with him perished those bright sustaining hopes of rescue and royal restoration which had buoyed up her heart from the first days of her English imprisonment. She wept bitterly, but not long, for one whom she had never beheld. Her tears were rather those of baffled ambition than forlorn love, and her impatient mind was soon again employed in those secret intrigues and plans of liberation which agitated the governments of Western Europe to the last moment of her life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elizabeth proposes to send Mary to Scotland to be dealt with by the Protestant Lords—Civil War in Scotland—Mary fears Assassination—Death of Bothwell—Morton put to death by young James, for the murder of his father—Mary's plottings for her release—Her angry quarrel with the Countess of Shrewsbury—Great scandal against Queen Elizabeth—Curious Letter.

King Philip.—O, fair Affliction, peace!

Constance.—No, no, I will not, having breath to cry. O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth, Then with a passion would I shake the world!

KING JOHN.

THE Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place in August, 1572, excited in England a strong feeling against the imprisoned queen, which was improved to the utmost by Elizabeth's ministers. Killigrew went to Scotland to treat about sending Mary back for the purpose of being tried by the Earl of Morton and her Protestant rebels and executed. The death of the Earl of Mar seems to have put an end to this negotiation; and the fury of the civil war did not leave Morton (the new Regent) at leisure to attend to the project. Killigrew also desired that young James should be sent to England and placed in Elizabeth's custody. But the Scottish nobility would not consent to this. Meantime the partisans of Mary were active in all parts of Scotland, and Kirkaldy of Grange, Lord Home and Maitland of Lethington, kept her standard flying on the Castle of Edinburgh. The Protestant Lords demanded the aid of Elizabeth, and accordingly, in April 1573, Sir William Drury, marching with 3,000 men from Berwick, against the law of nations, laid siege to the Castle. It was surren-

dered on 29th. of May, and all the prisoners delivered up to Morton. Lethington, knowing what he had to expect from his old fellow-homicide, took poison and died in his bed. Kirkaldy was hanged by the savage Douglas.

With the fall of this castle sunk the cause of Mary in Scotland, and her renewed expectations of release from prison. But her mind was still active, and her letters, as they appear in the Labanoff Collection, prove how anxiously she tried to get news of the world without, and urge her friends on the continent of Europe and in Britain to be instant in their efforts on her behalf. She casts her eyes over all the fields of politics and statesmanship, and is incessantly looking for a rescue. Meantime, in order to alleviate her prison life, and diversify her needle work and her tasks of writing and dictating to her secretary and amanuensis—persons who always formed part of her household—she was fond of having rare birds, fowls and animals. In one of her letters of 1574 to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at the French court, she says, "I beg you will procure me some turtle doves and Barbary pullets. I wish to try if I can rear them in this country, as your brother told me that you have reared some of them; and also red partridges, in a cage; and send some persons to bring them to London who will tell me how to treat them. I would take pleasure in nourishing, in a cage, as I do, all the little birds I can come by. These are pastimes of a prisoner, and besides, there are none to be found in this country." Again, "If M., the Cardinal of Guise, my uncle, is gone to Lyons, I am sure he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs, and you must buy me two more; for, besides reading and work, I take pleasure only in all the little beasts I can have. You must send them in baskets, comfortably." In another letter to same, in July of the same year, (1574) she says, "Let Jean de Campaigne bring me patterns of dress, of cloth, of gold and silver, and of silks, the handsomest and rarest worn at court, in order to learn my pleasure about them. Order Poissy to make me a couple of head-dresses, with a crown of gold and silver, such as was formerly made for me, and Breton to remember his promise and procure me from Italy some new fashions of head-dresses." Mary was always tenacious of the outward and visible signs of her personal dignity as a queen.

In October, 1575, the Queen of Scots wrote to the Pope, requesting for her chaplain permission to absolve those who listen to heretical services; also, to absolve herself, by Plenary Indul-

gence, at whatever times she shall confess before the Eucharist, or shall patiently bear the insult of a heretic, or when, in any dying moment, she may say *Jesu Maria!* or think the words! This last plainly indicates her ever-present thought of assassination. In April, 1576, she heard of the death of the Duke of Orkney, her husband, at the Castle of Malmoe. In one of her letters to the Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary speaks of the testament he was said to have left, exonerating her from any participation in the killing of Darnley, and says, that if any one will go make inquiry about it in Denmark, she will pay the expenses of the voyage. Bothwell, at his death, admitted the part he took in the assassination.

In February, 1577, Mary, finding her health giving way, made her will, in which she desired to be buried with her late husband, the King of France. She wished to have the four Mendicant Orders of Paris at her funeral, and gave one thousand livres Tournois to the poor. Her son was to be her successor, if he rejected the heresy of Calvin; otherwise, his throne was to go to the King of Spain. James was placed under the protection of the Catholic princes; and legacies were left to all her servants. Some weeks spent at the baths of Buxton had a favorable effect on the queen's health. She was now extremely anxious that her son should not fall under the influence of Elizabeth, and wished he could be taken to France. In her letters to the Archbishop of Glasgow, she desires that some plan be adopted for that purpose. Alluding to the necessity of secret correspondence, she suggests that printed books may be written on, with ink made with alum. In the year 1578, she succeeded in fomenting a conspiracy in Scotland against the Earl of Morton. On this occasion she was very anxious for some means of having her son delivered from the regency, and carried off to France. In a letter of 15th September, she complains of the apathy of the Christian princess. Her only hope is in the Guises, and she declares herself ready to renounce the world in a convent, if James is not to be brought up to do his duty to God and her. She communicates with Argyll, Athol, and the other Scottish lords, commanding them to aid any attempt to liberate her son, and also wishes that Morton and that party should be treated with and bribed. She expresses her strong fears that Elizabeth will seize and carry off the prince, and "marry him to one of her bastards!" All her hopes now centre in this child, who is almost eleven years old, and will soon have a will of his own.

In April, 1579, the Hamiltons and others took

arms in her behalf, and Scotland was in commotion. But Morton succeeded in defeating his enemies, and driving the Hamiltons out of the kingdom. In June, Mary sent her Secretary Nau, to visit James and take him some presents. But as she did not address the child as *king*, her messenger was sent back without seeing him. Mary wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, demanding that the King of France should send three thousand *hagbutts* into Scotland to protect her son in the confusion, or help her to carry him away; otherwise, she said she would renounce the Catholic princes, and completely identify herself with Elizabeth! This last proves the vehemence of Mary's importunity; and, in fact, her correspondence at this time shows that her imprisonment was as agitated and full of energy as her period of liberty. Nay, it was only after her removal out of sight that she seemed to become prominent in the politics of Western Europe; and if there is anything to be found in her life which may justify her detention or any of the hard opinions of posterity in her regard, it is less discoverable in her actual reign, than in her prison-chamber, where she hatched or mingled in the great plots which kept Great Britain and the neighboring states in agitation for near twenty years. She was, indeed, a powerful spirit; and in spite of all the Scottish nobles could do or say, Europe could assert that while she lived, Mary Stuart never ceased to reign.

In the beginning of 1580, she speculates, in a letter to the archbishop, on the reported marriage proposals of the Duke of Anjou to Elizabeth, and thinks the present is the proper time for some great enterprise. Her solicitations of her kindred are unceasing, and hearing that the Guises had at last persuaded Henry III. to assist her, she immediately draws up a scheme of instructions, on which the king is to form the demands to be addressed to Elizabeth. She herself is to be set at liberty, her right to the throne is to be recognized; and then—why did Elizabeth send that army into Scotland? But alas! these hopes, too, died away; nothing was done. It was not for nothing the Duke of Anjou had paid Elizabeth a secret visit at Greenwich, a few months previously, and received encouragement in the business of the marriage. Elizabeth's mode of making her courtships subservient to her state-interests, is remarkable. This was the second Duke of Anjou she had *managed* in this way; and thus succeeded in defeating the hopes of aid from France which Mary had entertained on several occasions. Bayle and others have given scandalous reasons why Elizabeth would

not marry; but they are all false. She did not wish to have a king matrimonial to worry her, or try, like Darnley, to unqueen his wife. In a royal sense, she chose the better part.

Mary Stuart, whose energies on her own behalf had been so often baffled, now felt herself bound to agitate anew on behalf of her son. She has lines of communication on all sides—and all Catholic malcontents know her mind. She desires that the Guises shall plead with Elizabeth for her liberty, and in a letter to the latter, she tries to show she is not furnishing money to the Catholics exiled from England. And yet she was doing something very like it, a few months after, when in a letter to the archbishop, by the bearer Singleton, she orders that the latter shall have five hundred crowns and twelve hundred francs a year. Elizabeth was aware of the machinations of the Catholics, and offered rewards for the arrest of the Jesuits, Parsons and Campion.

At the close of 1580, Mary is rejoiced to hear that the friends of young James have arrested the Earl of Morton, and accused him of the murder of Darnley. She is now all activity. She tells the archbishop that Elizabeth is trying to rescue Morton; and at the same time she writes to the English queen one more vigorous letter, demanding a declaration of her right of succession—that old, irrepressible, undiscouraged plea of her life! She also tells the archbishop the King of France should aid in rescuing her son and taking him to France; and again, writing to Elizabeth, demands that her deputy shall be allowed to go before the British parliament, and plead the hereditary right of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth was terribly tried in spirit. Her influence was sinking in Scotland, and at the same time, she heard that the Earl of Shrewsbury was showing a certain leaning to the prisoner in his charge.

In January, 1581, young James wrote a kind letter to his mother, in which he says he had got a ring from her, and could very well see she was a good mother. In conclusion, he commends to her the fidelity of his little "ape," who never stirs from his side, and says he will often send her news of both. Some time subsequently, he wrote to her, wondering he had never heard from her. But she never got his letters; if she had, we should not have seen them. They were intercepted, and kept among Secretary Burleigh's papers, in the archive office. In the month of March, she warns the archbishop that Elizabeth is sending an army into Scotland to support Morton's party, and again demands the interference of France. If a treaty be made with Elizabeth, she and her son must be included in it—other-

wise, she will break forever with France. She bids her ambassador apply to the minister of Spain, and labor to have a Spanish army sent to make a diversion in Ireland. She greatly relies on Spain, she says, more than on France. She bids him press the Pope for money, and says Lord Ogilvie should be sent to Scotland to try and keep young James and his party steady to his mother's views. Her body is in a cell; but her spirit is in arms, and ranges all the confines of Europe, by sea and land.

She hears that the second Duke of Anjou has sent a grand embassy to London to treat of a marriage with Elizabeth, and is highly excited by the hope that the recognition which would right her, will now be brought about. In a letter to Elizabeth, she prays for an alliance of amity in her own name and James'. She carries on negotiations in France and England for the purpose of being made joint sovereign of Scotland with her son. She consents to this joint arrangement, fearing the court of France will at last recognize her son as king, and leave her helpless. Her emissaries are working everywhere to bring about her object. In June, 1581, she is greatly encouraged to hear that the Earl of Morton has suffered death as one of the murderers of her second husband, confessing his complicity with Bothwell, Lethington, and the others. The Catholic Duke of Lennox, the minister and favorite of James, was now in the ascendant, and the envoy of Mary was well received at the Scottish court. The young king pledged himself to assist his mother, promising the aid of the sovereigns of France and Spain; and matters wore a bright aspect for the anxious eye of the captive.

These things greatly agitated Queen Elizabeth, and she and her council had several discussions on the policy of bringing the Queen of Scots to trial, for her machinations. They succeeded in exciting one more Protestant ferment; but the plan of the trial was set aside for the present. Mary still writes to the archbishop, demanding that France shall refuse to recognize James as king, and praying that her liberator, George Douglas, and others, be sent over to Scotland to support the resolution of her son. Writing to Elizabeth, she prays her to agree to the joint sovereignty of Scotland; she implores justice; otherwise, she will be constrained to renew, by every means, the resistance made the year before for her deliverance. She says her rights cannot be ignored. She will transfer them to her son, and then her enemies may wreak their vengeance on her miserable body.

Elizabeth, meantime, was carrying on her perturbed political flirtation with the Duke of Anjou, and thus preventing France from siding with Mary. She was well aware of the passing of the Catholic emissaries to the court of Scotland, and the intrigues of the Guises for the support of Mary's cause, and gave orders that the Jesuits, Campion, Bryant, and Sherwin, should be executed for their Popish plottings. She also worked by her agents in Scotland, and fostered a conspiracy which was to restore Protestant ascendancy in that country. The King of Spain, the Pope, and the House of Guise, were united on the scheme of associating Mary with her son; the latter had been brought to agree to it, and the world looked to see the Queen of Scots holding her sceptre once more in freedom, when Elizabeth's blow fell. On 22d of August, 1582, the Gowrie conspiracy exploded. The earls of Gowrie, Mar, Lindsay, and the Protestant party, seized James in the Castle of Ruthven. The Duke of Lennox escaped to the Castle of Dumbarton, and the young prince was once more in the power of the English faction.

This was terrible news for Mary Stuart. She wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, demanding once more the assistance of France in aid of the Duke of Lennox and in rescue of her son, and then addressed a letter to Elizabeth, whom she recognized as the cause of this and all the other great misfortunes of her life. This epistle, dated 8th November, 1582, is full of lofty passion, impatience and sorrow, and must be considered one of the most remarkable state-papers in existence. Inclosing it to the French ambassador at London, Castlenau de Mauvissiere, she requests him to read it through for the Queen of England, should she think it too long to peruse it herself. It is a document of some length, and would, of course, be out of place in a rapid compilation like the present. In this eloquent appeal, written at a time when she saw her son, as well as herself, in the power of her stern rival, she sets forth the acts and history of her Scottish reign, dwells on the treason of her nobles, reproaches the cruel interferences of Elizabeth, at all times, and with a lament over the unhappy condition of her son, appeals to Heaven and to future ages against her oppressors. This splendid letter is a holograph, that is, in her own handwriting, and ends with, "your very desolate and nearest cousin and affectionate sister, MARIE R."

On 20th of January, 1583, the King of France, Henry III., (the first Duke of Anjou,) either won by Mary, or wishing for some advantage against his own Huguenots, sent his ambassador into

Scotland for the purpose of bringing about the joint sovereignty. The result was one of those *tours de force* by which the changes of government were usually effected in that country. James convoked an assembly of nobles at St. Andrew's, where, being joined by Huntley, Crawford, and his other friends, who came first, he shut the gates against Gowrie and his Protestants, and so restored matters to their old footing—leaving the others to hope for their own better luck, next time.

Mary is once more full of hope. She corresponds with the priests, Morgan and Paget, and the Guises, discuss a plan of landing in England with an army—the queen to make her escape and put herself at the head of it. The contention between her and her rival is now assuming a deadly and decided character. James is growing into manhood, and must naturally be expected to take his mother's part. This gives Mary renewed courage, and at the same time sharpens the determination of Elizabeth, whose shrewd secretary, Walsingham, puts all his state machinery in motion to circumvent the prisoner. He surrounds her with spies, and actually wins over Cherelles, (the secretary of Castlenau,) a man who has the cipher used by Mary in her correspondence. In this way almost every letter sent by the captive through the office of the French ambassador, is placed under the eyes of Burleigh and Walsingham!

All Britain was undermined with plots and conspiracies. Burleigh encouraged in Scotland a scheme to carry James once more into the Protestant camp; but it was defeated. In England, Arden, Somerville, and others, were seized and executed for a Catholic conspiracy, and the earls of Northumberland and Arundel were interrogated before the council. Commotions and rumors were everywhere, and the blood of the nation became fiercely heated. The character of Mary began to be assailed anew; and she was accused of improper conduct with her keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury. It was the countess and her children, by a former marriage, who circulated this report. Against it, Mary protests vehemently and repeatedly, in her letters to Castelnau, and bids him contradict it, everywhere. She bids her enemies beware; for if they charge her falsely, she can make revelations enough to overwhelm them all.

In one of her letters, written in January, 1584, Mary gives Castelnau directions how to write secretly. She says the best way is to write with alum steeped for twenty-four hours in fair water, and the writing may be read by wetting the pa-

per. In this way taffeta or lawn may also be used, a corner of which may be cut off to point attention to it. When the writing is on ordinary memoir paper, an M. turned up side down is the signal. And Cherelles sent this, as well as the rest, to his employers; Burleigh shook his head over it, and Elizabeth smiled grimly. In February, Mary again complains to Castelnau of the calumnies of the Countess of Shrewsbury and her sons, Charles and William Cavendish; and in the same letter she says she is afraid some one near him is betraying her secrets. At the end of the paper are a few words from the treacherous Courcelles, imploring the one for whom he decyphered the letter not to betray him, as he would be covered with shame—perhaps killed—if found out. Most of these documents have been discovered in the English archives, in which they were laid by Burleigh and Walsingham. Of this Cherelles it may be remarked in passing, that he afterward went home to France, where he lived much respected and esteemed, to the age of eighty-four. In the month of April, the Earl of Gowrie and his friends, tried to seize James again; but they were defeated. Angus and Mar fled to England, and Gowrie was taken and executed, and his blood attainted. Thus did James destroy the family of Ruthven, according to the angry prophecy of Mary on the night of David's murder.

On 3d September, 1584, Mary was carried from Sheffield, which had been her almost constant residence for fourteen years, and placed at Wingfield, in custody of Sir Ralph Sadler, he who, forty years before, had admired her infant symmetry in the cradle. Elizabeth, seeing that James was now free, and that the Protestant lords were exiled and outlawed, resolved to work with a wily show of friendship. Lord Hundson went to Scotland and conciliated the Earl of Arran; and when, on Arran's recommendation, the young Master of Gray was sent as Scottish Envoy to London, Elizabeth won him to her interest, and while pretending the strongest devotion to Mary's cause, this man became the base betrayer of her correspondence with him. The Queen of Scots was now inclosed in a net-work of spies and false friends, something like that which once surrounded her in Scotland. For the last three years of her life, almost all her letters were intercepted, decyphered and read by Elizabeth and her ministers. Her ink was scarcely dry when all her devices and plans were known to her implacable enemies. This is clearly shown in the work lately published by Prince Labanoff.

The old system of calumny was at work too, to

complete the parallel with her former life in Scotland. In consequence of the impudent stories of the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary was induced to sit down, in the November of this year, and write to Queen Elizabeth a letter which is one of the curiosities of epistolary literature—fully as extraordinary in its own way as that written, in a different style, when young James had fallen captive into the hands of Earl Gowrie. In the present letter Mary sets down all the Countess of Shrewsbury ever told her about the love-passages and ways of that Tudor lioness; how Elizabeth conducted herself with Leicester, with Simier, and the Duke of Anjou; how she admired and ran after the handsome Hatton, and refused to let him marry; how the countess once advised Mary to have her son address Elizabeth as a lover, and how, when Mary objected that it would seem a mockery, the answer was—no, that Elizabeth had such an opinion of her beauty as if she was a goddess from Heaven, and that she, the countess, would lay her head her majesty would believe it all, and so treat young James; how Elizabeth liked flattery, and how people did not look full at her, as if her face was the sun; how she, the countess, and the late Countess of Lennox, did not dare to look at one another, fearing to burst out laughing at the shams and flams they played off on her, when in attendance; how the countess prayed Mary to rebuke her daughter, Talbot, because that young lady could not be persuaded to behave properly in the presence, but would certainly laugh out, some day; how this daughter, coming from London, imitated in mockery the way she made a reverence at court, and prayed Mary to receive the same homage, saying she would not, for all the world, be in Elizabeth's service, fearing the queen would break her finger as she broke her cousin Skidmore's; how Elizabeth cut another lady's hand with a knife; how she sent one Rolson to outrage the Queen of Scots, and Ruxby to poison her; how Elizabeth's illnesses had proceeded from a closed fistula in the leg, and how she was otherwise affected; how the countess said Elizabeth would soon die, and how her successor would die in three years after. All this is certainly a very curious and terrible specimen of feminine literature; true to nature, however, and no disparagement to the loftiest nature, which, from its very genuineness, is more prone to such things than the more prudent order of minds.

Mary protests she states the truth; and there need be no doubt of it. It does not appear that the letter—the original of which belongs to the

Marquis of Salisbury—was ever seen by Elizabeth. It was probably found by Burleigh among the papers seized at Chartley. It is also probable that the report of such a thing was useful in terrifying the calumniators of Mary; for, the countess and her sons came forward before the council, and disavowed all their reports to her prejudice.

In the beginning of 1584, Parry, a Jesuit, one of Walsingham's secret agents, who had been going about a good deal among the English and Scottish refugees, declared, on his examination, that the Pope and some of his cardinals had proposed the assassination of Elizabeth. The result of this was a ferment in the kingdom and parliament, and the passing of an act contrived for Mary's destruction. The meaning of the act was, that if any plot by, or *for*, any one having a title to the crown should again occur, judgment should be pronounced against the offender and the pretension be forever excluded. An association of the aristocracy was, at this time, formed for the defence of the queen's life. Mary, to lessen its dangerous pointedness, wished to join it; but they would not permit her. Elizabeth now sent her from Wingfield back again to her old sojourn of Tutbury, with a diminished attendance, and gave her to understand the joint sovereignty, so much desired by Mary, should not be accomplished. Another woman would have despaired, but the captive bore up against discouragement, and, as Elizabeth would not receive her letters, wrote repeatedly to Burleigh, requesting to have back again the horses she has been deprived of, and a proper attendance, such as she had been accustomed to. She was apprehensive of being abandoned to solitude and silence, and secretly dispatched.

On 25th of February, Parry, the Jesuit, accused by one Neville of a design to assassinate Elizabeth, was executed, declaring with his latest breath, that it was by Walsingham's orders, and to try Neville and others, he had spoken of the attempt—and this was true. He wrote a letter to Elizabeth, in which he said—"remember your unfortunate Parry, chiefly overthrown by your hand!" But it was necessary to excite popular feeling for a great state purpose. The people of England were to be persuaded that Mary Stuart was the chief mover in all these violent projects, and the lives of a few Jesuits were neither here nor there. The spirit of that grand Elizabethan age of reformation was a very savage one, no doubt.

The Queen of Scots was now to receive another heavy blow and great discouragement. Eliza-

beth out-plotted her in Scotland; for, having corrupted Arran and Gray, she brought her influence to bear so irresistibly on poor James, that he was led to sanction a public declaration, denying any intention of sharing his sovereignty with his mother. This produced a violent revulsion in the mind of the captive. It almost turned her blood to gall, for a time; and, not remembering that he was as helpless as herself, she declared she would deprive him of the rights he held of her. In an angry letter to Castelnau, written in the spirit of Lear, she says she will strike her son with the malediction of God, and disinherit him in face of the world. In some of her letters to Elizabeth, she speaks of the fierce hostility of the Puritans, and their strong desire to finish the captive by assassination. She felt that some grave evil was impending over her—partly in the consciousness that her connection with the plotting English refugees and others may have been discovered. She was earnestly involved in these secret intrigues, looking to the restoration of her liberty; and if this should imply the dethronement of Elizabeth, it is not to be supposed Mary would have too deeply lamented it, though no proof has ever been found that she desired the assassination of her rival, as her enemies asserted.

On 8th April, 1585, she wrote to the Queen of England, complaining that at Tutbury House, almost opposite her window, a poor Catholic priest had been hanged or strangled—and expressing her fears there were those who thought such a fate fittest for Mary herself. She bids Elizabeth beware of the Puritans, natural enemies of monarchy, and the Association of Defence, which she terms "an oligarchical conspiracy." About this time a report ran that Mary had escaped from her keepers. But one of them, Sir Anyas Paulet, declared if he should be attacked for the rescue of Mary, he would be so assured, by the Grace of God, that she should die before him—that is, she should be instantly murdered.

Mary's place of confinement was a miserable abode, and she has left a lively description of it, which she sent to the French ambassador. The apartment consisted of two rooms, and a couple of little holes, which, she says, are only fit to hold a *chaise-percee*. "I find myself," she goes on, "in a walled inclosure, on a hill exposed to all the winds of Heaven, and within this inclosure, like that of the wood of Vincennes, there is an old hunting-lodge, built of carpentry and plaster, and the plaster broken away in several places. The said lodge, distant about three toises from the walls, is so low that the rampart of earth be-

hind the wall is as high as the top of it, so that the sun cannot strike that part, nor any wholesome air come, but such a moisture that you cannot have any furniture in it four days, without being covered by a green mouldiness." She says the two rooms are only fit for criminals, and no lord or gentleman would endure to live in them. They are so cold at night, she is obliged to protect herself with curtains and tapestries, and she and her ladies are all suffering from catarrh; she has no gallery or cabinet; no garden, but a quarter of an acre of inclosed ground, only fit to keep pigs in—a poor shepherd would have a better. She has only about a mile of rugged ground to take horse or litter exercise on; and once a week, they open their frightful cess-pools under her window, which is not, she adds, a very pleasant-kind of perfuming-pan! Her complaint is a long and a terrible one, and she means that Castelnau, who is about to return to France,

shall take it with him, and publish it to all the world. Elizabeth, who had a decyphered copy of it as soon as the ambassador himself, was stung with resentment, and refused to amend Mary's condition in any way, letting her know, at the same time, that she should have no further free communication with the ambassador of France.

The treatment to which she was now subject, led Mary to apprehend the worst. She knew her enemies, the Puritans, were desirous of her death, either by show of judgment or secret stroke. But she was also aware that an extensive scheme of conspiracy and foreign invasion was on foot for her liberation, and still kept up her heart in the midst of the most trying anxieties. She was about to play her last game for liberty and royal right, which were more to her than life, and was fully resolved to "stand the hazard of the die!"

THE RESTAURANTS OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Who does not know, at least by reputation, the restaurants of the Latin quarter? Artists, magistrates, generals, ambassadors, members of the institute, senators and ministers, almost all have passed through these frugal oases, of which they retain the most touching reminiscences. Grave personages readily smile at these memories of youth, and recall with emotion and tenderness, over the dessert, when an easy digestion disposes them to sensibility, the happy days of their orgies at twenty-five sous per head. The subject is, therefore, more serious than one would suppose, and is worth the trouble of contemplation.

Passing by the more sumptuous, we will speak of the petty restaurants, a subject more fertile and more interesting, with which I am thoroughly acquainted. Those only who have lived the Bohemian life, led by most of the students of Paris, know what impossible viands this race is made to digest, a race wrongfully accused of skepticism. I assure you they devour with surprising good faith that lean roast beef, those imaginary ducks where turnips predominate; that beef *à la mode* redolent of carrots; those fantastic chickens, where nothing but bones and the thinnest possible skin are visible; those equivocal cutlets, dressed with a provocative

sauce, where pickles, artfully introduced, mask the insufficiency of the main body. You should see the sincerity, the grave conviction with which knives and forks are wielded; the energy with which all these jaws, animated by hunger and the ardor natural to youth, apply themselves to conquer the passive but obstinate resistance of every dish; the dignity which presides at the feast, considered as one of the most important acts of life. All these guests might sing with the young captive of André Chenier,

"L'illusion féconde habite mon sein."

Very profound pages might also be written on the prodigies of industry performed by the cooks, and on the ingenious disguises to which the original materials are subjected, in order to introduce variety in unity, that supreme object of art, according to æsthetic professors.

It has been asserted that all sorts of domestic animals are eaten at these tables, served up in the form of rabbit-stews, ragouts, beefsteaks, mutton chops, or fresh pork. Pamphleters, people who respect nothing, who would sacrifice the entire world to a *bon mot*, have related strange stories of bands organized in squadrons to chase, on the gutters, vagabond cats, and massacre, after having allured them by the deceptive bait

of *boulettes*; poor dogs, who little suspect the crimes to which they are about to become accomplices. I spare you the rest of these recitals, at which nature shudders. All that I can say is, that since I have frequented these economical kitchens, I have perceived nothing of the kind; it is true that I have not sought to do so.

In general, each house has its distinguishing peculiarity; some are renowned for their *filets aux champignons*; others for their *soles au gratin*; these for the purity of their wine, a thing rare in the quarter! those for the excellent quality of their Brie and their Roquefort; others still, and the most numerous, for the execrable nature of everything eaten and drank in them. Nevertheless these are not the least frequented. The student, though for very different reasons, is of the opinion of Harpagon, that we must not live to eat, but eat to live. He consults cheapness, therefore, above everything else, and is consoled if he has remaining the wherewithal to pay for a cup of coffee at the Café Voltaire.

Many of these restaurants are known by characteristic and ineffaceable names, which they would give half their custom to see forgotten by the present generation. The dynasty of the N.'s, especially, is rich in sobriquets of this kind, which are anything but flattering. Every one has heard of N., *the poisoner*, and N. *the aquatic*; the poisoner, I do not believe in, since I am still alive; the aquatic, I should like to know who in this quarter is not so, and who would dare cast the first stone. Except the principle ones, who have the reputation of their cellars to sustain, the restaurateurs dilute their wines with remarkable philosophy; the only difference which there usually is between wine and water is, that one is almost red, and the other almost white.

While I am on this head, I will relate the punishment to which an audacious student subjected the director of one of these meagre culinary establishments, where you dine at a fixed price, from eighty centimes to one franc ten. The *habitués* had for some time perceived that the dilution of their wine passed all bounds. It was in vain that they complained to the waiter and the master of the place, both protested that it was as pure as the depths of their hearts. One day, therefore, they plotted among themselves, for they were almost all acquainted, by having frequently met at the same table, an atrocious revenge, which was at the same time to compel their aquatic *traiteur* to make a full avowal. One of them, a young chemist of the longest beard and the greatest promise, provided himself the next day with some pretended chemical in-

strument, destined he said to effect, by analysis, the separation of the two liquids. Hardly had the soup been brought in, when the astonished waiter was ordered to bring a large bowl. Immediately, at a sign of the head, all of the decanters passed from hand to hand till they reached the chemist. The waiter looked on, with open mouth; the *dame de comptoir* did the same. Without moving the young chemist turned up his cuffs neatly, like a surgeon preparing for an anatomical dissection, seized the first decanter by the middle and hastily emptied it into the bowl. The waiter uttered a cry of affright, the *dame de comptoir* moved on her seat; she sought to divine his purpose, and could not.

The guests remained impassible

At the third decanter the *dame de comptoir* exclaimed:

"What are you doing there, Monsieur Prosper?"

"Making some wine punch," replied the chemist, inflexibly.

And he continued the operation.

A secret smile hovered on every lip, but not a head stirred. The *dame de comptoir* was afraid; she felt her head swim, and rose, tempted to go and inform the master of the events transpiring. The guest nearest the counter profited by her absence to seize dexterously a biscuit, which he ate instead of bread with his *fricandeau*; the waiter, astounded, bewildered by the spectacle before his eyes, did not perceive it. Encouraged by this first success, the other was about to repeat it, when the door of the kitchen opened to admit the affrighted head of the restaurateur. The last decanter had just been engulfed within the bowl; there were eighteen of them.

"Well! but—well! but—what is all this?" articulated the poor man, "what are you going to do?"

"To ascertain for myself, Monsieur Phlipot, whether your wine is as pure as you pretend," replied the operator, brandishing his chemical instrument.

"Ah ça! Monsieur Prosper, this is doubtless a jest," stammered the restaurateur, seizing his arm.

"No, indeed, Monsieur Phlipot; only as these gentlemen entertain some doubts as to the purity of your wine, I, who am your partisan, am determined to convince them myself that they are mistaken, that they suspect you without reason, Monsieur Phlipot. So, I am acting for your interest; you will come out from my operation white as snow; they can no longer accuse you, without being guilty of an evident calumny."

"It is a conjuration, a snare!" vociferated the unfortunate man, staggering and wiping his forehead, which was streaming with perspiration. "You have made an instrument expressly to assassinate me. You will ruin my establishment."

"Oh! Monsieur Phlipot, to treat thus a friend, a customer, at the moment he is devoting himself for you! If I did not know you, you would make me believe you to be guilty."

And he disposed his instrument in a menacing manner.

M. Phlipot was in despair. He placed his hand on the elbow of the young chemist and attempted to smile, stammering some words. It was plain that a terrible conflict was taking place within him.

"Child!" muttered he, "let that alone, I will tell you all."

"Tell us all, Père Phlipot," exclaimed his customers in chorus.

"Well," resumed he, essaying to assume a familiar air, "yes, I confess it, there is water in it; but so little, so little."

"They will think there is much if you do not allow me to finish the operation."

"These wine merchants are so deceptive," continued the poor man, leaning with all his strength on the elbow of M. Prosper; "there is no way of making them serve you conscientiously."

A noisy burst of laughter received this naïve declaration; the chemist shook his sides, which M. Phlipot seeing, he felt himself saved; and, joining in the general hilarity said:

"Do you think that, besides giving you for twenty-four centimes two dishes, soup, a dessert and bread *à discretion*, one can serve up to you a decanter of Johannisberg? Besides, pure wine is unhealthy for young people."

The laugh attained Homeric proportions. A thunder of acclamations arose.

"Vive Monsieur Phlipot!" exclaimed these volatile youths.

The restaurateur modestly withdrew from the ovation they were preparing for him.

"Gentlemen, the accused has confessed *habe-mus confitentem reum*," exclaimed the chemist, who was not sorry to show his familiarity with the classics: "there is no need to pursue the interrogation—bring glasses."

The waiter hastened to collect all around him. Seizing then a large spoon, which he previously wiped with his napkin, the young and intelligent chemist dipped it into the bowl, and filled each glass.

"Here is your share," said he; "now be prudent, and let us have no excess."

The dinner was finished, amid a universal jubilee. At the dessert, M. Phlipot mysteriously re-appeared; the guests were about to exclaim, when they perceived that he carried a bottle under his left arm, and they were silent.

"It is cassis," murmured he in a seducing voice, "and famous too. I will give a glass to each of you."

This proposition was received with shouts of enthusiasm and tenderness. Instead of one glass, he gave them three: the decanter was emptied to the dregs. Phlipot opened his heart to his guests, and assured them that he would quit his wine-merchant the next day, after giving him a lecture.

When the decanter had been emptied, the chemist assumed a grave and penetrating air:

"Monsieur Phlipot," said he, "your cassis was so good, your conduct has been so frank and loyal, that I cannot longer deceive you."

Phlipot started.

"What are you doing here," exclaimed he to the waiter, who was listening with both his ears; "go and see to the kitchen."

"Monsieur Phlipot," resumed the chemist with a delicacy of intonation of which one would not have believed him capable, "I have but jested with you. All this was a comedy; pardon me."

And he sought to take him by the hand. The other at first drew back instinctively: he seemed to hesitate for a moment between anger and good humor. But he thought of his customers, and good humor prevailed.

"You are a queer fellow!" exclaimed he, vigorously shaking his hand.

"He is always so," graciously added the *dame de comptoir*.

Upon this, the guests bowed and retired in good order, without even taking the trouble to bite their lips to prevent laughter.

In the evening, as may readily be imagined, the adventure was talked of in all the cafés frequented by these gentlemen. But that did not deprive Phlipot's restaurant of a single guest. It had even more transient company for several days, who came to contemplate more closely the theatre of these events; and those who had performed a part in them, explained the various circumstances on the spot.

Dating from this day the wine of Père Phlipot submitted to a perceptible amelioration, though still very insufficient. But at present it has returned, by degrees, almost to the same point as before, and the chemist, in despair, is meditating another stratagem.

This story, extraordinary as it may seem, will not appear improbable to those who know the customs of the Latin Quarter. It is not the only one of the kind that I could relate. Students are ingenious and pitiless; nothing equals their joy, when they can find an opportunity to torment any tradesman, and make him restore with usury the money he has received from them.

One of them wished to revenge himself on a restaurateur who would no longer give him credit. In vain did he rack his brains for some trick of sufficient magnitude. At last, one day he discovered a cricket in some dish, or on the bread of his restaurateur, (unless, indeed, he put it there himself, for I believe him capable of it.) Immediately a luminous idea crossed his mind: with his penknife and some bits of wood surmounted by a bent pin, he hastily constructed a little gibbet, to which he suspended the body of the criminal, and attached to it a strip of paper on which he had inscribed with a pencil:

"Corpse found in the macaroni of Père Morin. Pass it round, if you please." The gibbet made the tour of the saloon, and reached the hands of the *dame de comptoir*. The proprietor, informed of it, came to make his excuses to the judge—which were received with suitable dignity. He doubtless comprehended the warning, for, on the day following, I saw the young man depart without paying. He had credit.

The petty restaurants of the Latin Quarter present a curious spectacle between five and six o'clock, the dinner hour; for, many students breakfast at home on the score of economy, eating in their rooms a roll and a sausage, washed down with a glass of *eau sucrée*. But, at a few minutes before five, all the eating houses begin to fill with a joyous and varied crowd, clad in surtouts, talmas, paletots of every fashion; *coiffed* with hats of every form, every color. These are the students, coming to take possession of their dining-room.

From this moment, until they think proper to leave, the restaurant is their property; the tables, chairs, dishes, waiters, all belong to them, and they reserve over those around them a right of

absolute dominion, which no one dreams of contesting. Many bring with them their dogs, and their friends: they feed the former with the fragments of every dish, and throw to them incessantly bits of bread, which they have *à discrétion*: the second, who have dined elsewhere, come to read the papers, and to discuss the Oriental question.

Students do not love ceremony. They shake hands with the waiters, and tap the cooks on the shoulder; they superintend the preparation of their dishes, teasing the scullions. After the repast, they sit half an hour at the counter, beside the mistress of the place, to converse with her; but the greater number cluster around the stove in winter, and chat noisily. These gentlemen remain here until digestion is completed; I have seen those who, when conversation languished, found means to take a siesta. Sometimes they quietly smoke a cigar, while their neighbors are dining.

One of the most valuable resources of the restaurants of the Latin Quarter, is the music which is heard there every evening. Ambulatory artists, who carry their orchestra wherever they hope to gain a few sous, come to cradle the guests in waves of harmony. These establishments are the daily rendezvous of players on the harp, guitar, violin, flageolet and clarionet. Old men and little children come hither, whose eyes sparkle at sight of the viands; they are hungry also, and sing that they may dine. Often, also, Jews come to offer their merchandise mysteriously to each guest—matches, ribbons, cigarettes, cigars.

You see then that nothing is wanting to the beatitude of the fortunate mortals who dine in the restaurants of the Latin Quarter. Cheapness, society, harmony, all are found here. But the students do not sufficiently appreciate their good fortune; it is only at a later period, when they have become advocates, notaries, physicians, and when they have been initiated into the most intimate enjoyments of good living, that they think with melancholy of those obscure restaurants of the Rue St. Jacques, where they joyously ate such poor dinners.

A F R A G M E N T.

BY H. HEINE.

As within thine eyes I look,
All my pain the heart forsook;
When my lips with thine are sealed,
All the wounds of life are healed.

On thy heart when I recline,
Heaven's happiness is mine:
When thou say'st I love but thee—
Bitter tears fall fast and free.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S CRIB.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

IN a small hostelry, within the city of Rome, a beautiful young mother nursed her babe. Her golden curls fell sometimes over the little round, rosy cheeks, as she gazed on his quiet pleasure, and then wandered without, where, from the narrow casement, she could see the gay throngs that on that festal morning filled the streets.

"Where shall I lay him when he sleeps, Lizetto?" she asked, looking up with sparkling glances, as a sturdy man at that moment entered the room.

"I will find a place retired from the noise," replied the father, his smiling face lighted with paternal pleasure, as he surveyed the beautiful picture of the mother and her child; and so saying, he wandered up stairs through the chambers.

At last in a room, well furnished with a curtained couch and silver candlesticks, he saw a little crib, and gaining permission to put the child there, he moved it near the couch, and lightly threw the gauzy curtains that hung from the latter over its snowy covering.

No sooner had he gone down stairs to say that all was ready, than the couch, lifting her light drapery and rustling it with a sneer, tried to draw back from its lovely companion, saying as she glanced contemptuously down—

"I wonder they should presume to put you in such company!"

The crib looked at her humble counterpane, which had been knit by a little Roman peasant, and felt very uncomfortable.

"I know I am poor," she said, shrinking from the soft muslin that the couch was trying with all her might, aided by the wind from an open door, to pull away, "and I am very sorry to offend you; but I didn't come of my own accord."

Instead of accepting this pretty and simple apology, the couch grew very insolent.

"What plain wood!" she cried, pointing the corner of her pillow-case at the sides of the poor little crib, which were unvarnished; "what a homely, rickety shape! what coarse clothes! shame on you!"

"I didn't make myself!" said the little crib, beginning to be very unhappy, and she looked so grieved, that I know not but she would have cried, had not the handsome father entered at that moment with the babe in his arms, followed

by the beautiful mother, both smiling and joyful.

"Oh! what a nice little bed for my darling!" said the young mother, lifting the muslin and patting the coarse but soft pillow with her white fingers. At this the crib dried up her tears and smiled, notwithstanding she saw the couch sneer and toss her curtains in disdain.

"There, my darling, sleep sweetly!" murmured the mother, as she carefully disposed her infant, and the crib, almost beside herself with pleasure, rounded to the shape of the dimpled limbs, and watched her treasure carefully.

"Humph!" said the couch, when they were left alone together, "a mighty honor, *that* is, to hold a poor brat, who probably was never out of the house where he was born, before."

But the crib heard not a word—for she saw a great and shining figure bending over her—a shape so luminous, that her eyes were almost blinded with its glory. The couch did not behold this radiant thing, for she was not sufficiently pure minded to see beyond her own curtains, but the crib marked it as it came lower and lower, and stooping, held a dazzling mirror before the face of the sleeping child. And in that mirror, oh! wonder of wonders! what splendors! what tints of every magic hue! what fine rays of more than earthly light! what holy faces and rapturous groups! Surely, the crib thought she was in some wondrous dream, and the babe too; for his little face began beaming with angelic beauty—his rosy lips smiled, and his cheeks dimpled.

Presently there was a great clatter and noise, at the sound of which the lovely vision fled, and in came a gayly dressed noble, with flushed face, and threw himself, boots and all, upon the handsome couch.

"Ah, ha!" whispered the latter, "see how I am honored; for you must know," she added, in a whisper—drawing nearer, "this personage is a great lord!" and after making this confidential announcement, she fluttered her laces, and quivered from head to foot with pride.

"Oh! dear me, how can you call him great?" sighed the crib, "don't you see he's drunk, and he snores so loud, he makes you tremble."

"So much the better," whispered the couch; "don't lords always get tipsy? they can afford it."

Look at his rich clothes. See the gold upon his bosom. Yet you poor, ignorant, low-lived thing, what should you know of lords?"

At that moment the crib would have screamed but for the sudden fear of waking the babe, for she saw above the drunken lord a great black creature, with a pitchfork, making fearful grimaces, and pretending to be turning him over and over with those horrible prongs, that were all tipped with fire. This sight frightened her so that she never opened her mouth till the parents of her dear little charge came in to take him away.

It so happened, that next day the keeper of the little inn moved into a much larger house, for he had grown rich selling wines, and could afford to live in style. Then the couch and the crib were taken, and together put in an old garret in the dark, where they were very lonesome. And now the couch condescended to talk with the crib, always keeping her pride and her distance, however, and forever telling tales of her youth, the famous people she had seen, and the rich draperies she had been decked with; but the poor little crib never presumed—she still kept humble and pure-minded, and though the cobwebs gathered about her, and the dust sometimes nearly choked her, she never complained, but bore her lot patiently. The couch, on the contrary, scolded, and fretted, and fumed from morning till night.

At last, one day there was to be a great auction in the city of the Cæsars, for the rich host had died of drinking his own wines, and it was found that he had spent a fortune. It seemed so refreshing to the crib to be taken once more into the light, that she murmured thanks—but the couch muttered, peevishly, "to think folks will see me in this plight!" But both were nicely cleaned and put up side by side, before the gathered crowds. The couch did really look quite fine again; for the grapes and the roses carved on her sides, shone beautifully in the light. So she grew insolent to the little crib, that still looked plain, and begged the rest of the furniture not to think she was in the *least* acquainted with that vulgar thing—that she had never seen her before—and a number of equally genteel fibs. By and by, the auctioneer came toward them, with a strange light in his face, and stooping, pinned a little paper on the crown of the crib. Presently, crowds came flocking up, read the paper, and then touched the crib, as if it was either very holy or very contemptible. The couch noticed all this with her habitual sneer, but chose to interpret it as a slur. She lifted

herself proudly, when a rich man coming forward, paid down a handsome price for her, remarking that she looked very nearly as good as new; "as for you," she said to the shrinking, sensitive little crib, "nobody'll give a crown for you; you will be cut up for firewood."

Scarcely had the words been spoken, before the auctioneer, with a very loud voice, announced that amongst his collection was one rarity, far exceeding in value all the fine things that had been sold, adding that a gentleman had said already that he must buy it at any price.

"What can it be, I wonder?" said the couch to herself, gazing about her at the costly mirrors and richly covered lounges, and the brilliant carpets—but the mirrors had gone into brown paper, and the lounges into brown linen; and the carpets had rolled themselves up for a nap, after the fatigues of the day. What was the astonishment of the haughty couch, when the auctioneer laid his hand upon the poor, timid little crib, saying—

"Ladies and gentlemen, *this* is the treasure above price—for here, as you see on this paper, the head of the great Michael Angelo once rested; yes, the man whose wonderful genius is the theme of every tongue and the admiration of the world, slept within this very crib—slept the sweet sleep of infancy. And no doubt in his dreams," continued the enthusiastic auctioneer, waxing poetical, "he saw visions of his future excellence"—(the little crib, trembling with rapture, remembered dimly the vision *she* had seen)—"saw the genius of inspiration and painting, hovering over this very bed."

Oh! how mortified was the couch when she saw the very gentleman by whom she had been purchased, come forward and offer pound after pound, till they amounted to fifties and to hundreds! Oh! how she wished she had been only *civil* to her suddenly exalted companion, blushing mahogany, as she thought how many taunting things she had said. But it was too late—the past is inexorable—it never deigns to return—two hundred pounds were paid down for her poor, plain little friend, and from that day she had the pleasure of beholding the once despised crib, covered with clothes of silver and gold, spoken of with pride and handled with reverence by noblemen and fair ladies, while they only deigned, when sharing her owner's hospitality, to crush her smooth pillows, and rumple up her fine hangings. Indeed, she perceived for the first time in her life, so thoroughly mortified she was, that they not only treated her with this indignity, but seemed actually to take a pleasure in it.

THE MOUNTAIN STORM.

BY ROSA.

The wind swept by
With his battle-cry
And I watched the mountain storm,
When the lightning came,
With its spears of flame,
And cleft the tall tree's form
I heard him come,
With his thunder drum,
That wind of the mountain height;
And my pulse stood still,
And my heart grew chill,
For I knew His wondrous might.
The sky grew black
In the tempest's track,
When there, like a vampire, came
The thunder cloud,
With its inky shroud,
And wings of the lightning flame.
Down, down it flew,
And a monster grew,
As it lit on the mountain's crest,
Whose heart of stone
Seemed with fear to groan
'Neath the storm-bird's murky breast
I bow'd my head,
As the leaves were shed
On the wing of the rushing shower—
And my soul was awed,
For I thought of God,
And quailed 'neath Jehovah's power
The strong pines snapped,
As their trunks were wrapped
In the grasp of the ruthless wind—
And the Storm-king's brow
Was with many a bough
Of the broken laurel twined.
Those stalwart trees,
In the summer breeze—
They wave like the mountain flower;
But its tender bell
Can brave as well
That wind in its conquering hour.
The turbid stream,
With a hissing scream,
Leaped down from its rocky home—

As if possessed
With the wild unrest
Of some angry mountain gnome.
A fairy tide—
I had seen it glide
Oft so gently on its way—
That the slender grass,
Where its ripples pass,
Scarce bent beneath their spray.
But a torrent now,
From the mountain's brow,
Did its maddened waters leap—
And huge rocks crashed,
Where its dark wave dashed
In their path, down the headlong steep.
But the winds expire,
While the lightning fire
Burns dim—and the thunder's tone
Then seemed to grow,
Deep, deep, and low,
Like a Titan's dying groan.
The day went down,
With his golden crown,
Half beclouded in the west—
And then right soon
Was the virgin moon
Crowned—queen of the silver crest.
All pure and fair,
Through the moistened air,
In a throne of light she hung—
While a dewy veil,
O'er her forehead pale,
Of the mountain-mist was flung.
Then my soul was awed,
As I worshiped God;
And *Him*, who upon the deep,
When the tempest blew
Round his frightened crew,
Was found, in their midst—asleep!
For I knew his will,
Who with, "peace, be still,"
Could the raging ocean bind—
Was with me there,
In the moonlit air—
And had chained the mountain wind.

THOUGHT AND ENERGY.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

Like two vast rivers of unfailing flow,
Are Thought and Energy. Solemn, still and deep—
Taking its mighty way, with silent sweep
To Fate's unbounded ocean, Thought doth throw,
Each mirrored object with perfect truth,
And, with unfretted waters, moving by,
Bearing its burdens with a quiet ruth,
Flows glad and clear; its face reflects the sky.

And how comes Energy? On, with hurried bound;
On, on, until the sea of fate be found.
No peace—no pause; upon its waters ride
The soul's unrest, for distant realms untried—
Yet peaceful Thought, in trustful Hope, moves on—
When Energy's dark waves have madly passed and
gone.

THE WIGWAM IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, 'KY SLY AND HIS COMPANYE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

Concluded from page 325.

CHAPTER V.

Howe they honted ye big Cariboo, and who didde well, and who fared badly, and howe they finished their honting and betook them homeward to Slyville—and howe they gat there, and again departed thence, cache one on his respective calling to his own place.

For three long and weary hours of that dismal, dripping morning, did Frank Forester paddle on, alone, through the thick darkness down that gloomy woodland river, his eyes greeted by no sights, except the mist-garlanded woods along the bank, in the close vicinity of which he held his course, and his ears entertained by no sounds except the plashing of the rain and the roaring of the water, where he shot the long, dangerous chute at the turn, below the neck of the great pool. It was not, it is true, the total darkness of a moonless night, otherwise no one but an Indian could have traced the windings of that devious stream; but it was the murky and glimmering gloom of a dull, over-clouded morning. Had it been clear, it would have scarcely been less bright than day, for the moon was within a few days of the full; but now, an uncertain and feeble lustre only at intervals, faintly struggling out of the driving clouds, through which she was slowly and languidly wading, betrayed her whereabouts, rather than her presence.

It was not long before the rain, streaming down over his waterproof cape and coat, dripped on his lower garments and filled his leggins, so that he had little on which to congratulate himself over his less fortunate companions; still he continued to keep his pipe alight, his rifle and his powder dry, and his spirits up, until the increasing light began to indicate the approach of dawn.

By this time he had entered the lake, something above half an hour, and was working steadily, though slowly, along shore in the direction in which he knew the marsh to lie for which he was directed to steer; and this was a work of much delicacy, and one requiring not a little judgment and discrimination, the rather that he was but generally informed of the localities, and had to find out for himself the lay of the land,

and even to judge, or rather conjecture, the distance from the rate at which he was propelling his canoe, and the length of time consumed in the process.

The wind, it must be observed, had been blowing from the north of the west, and indeed almost due north, during all the night and the preceding day, though there was very little of it, and that little had been constantly dying away, since the rain had begun falling.

Now, according to his instructions, the mouth of the rattling brook and the grassy lily-grown morass, which surrounded its embouchure into the lake with a species of delta, lay at some three or four miles' distance, almost due south of their camping place, at the falls of the White-water. The pool below the falls and the river itself ran, for some mile and a half or two miles, trending westerly with some southing, then turned due south, and entered the lake in the bight of a deep bay, between which and the morass in question there ran out a long marshy point into the open water, above two miles in length, but of comparatively little breadth. Beyond this point, the general conformation of the lake shore was a deep, irregular, semicircular recess, bending in a great concave to the north, but broken into three several bays, the deepest of which was the second, divided by a long, rocky nose, bare and treeless, from the third, in the hollow of which lay the morass of which he was in pursuit. Over against this, at a mile and a half's distance, lay the Big Maple Island, whither 'Ky Sly and Tom Draw were making the best of their way through the gloom.

Now, Frank well knew two things: first, that the success of their plan consisted in the completely circumventing the great deer, before he should get the smallest wind of any one of the hunters. Secondly, that, as it was their object to force him into the lake, at all hazards, if the wind should hold as it was, Jack Hardyman and Alf Armiger would advance directly down wind on him to the southward; so that by letting him scent them they might send him directly over to the island. If, on the contrary, it should come

out from the south of the west, they would work well up to the eastward of him, since if he took their wind from the southward, he would at once strike back into the north-western wilderness, whence he had been driven down on the preceding day by the cougars, and would so be lost to them forever.

Now, it was evident to Frank, both from his own prognostications of the weather, on which he kept a close watch, and from Jack's opinion that the wind *would* come out from the southward; and should it do so, *before* he had rounded the long point and got well down into the bight of the bay, to the westward of the green morass, and abreast of the presumed lair of the cariboo, their whole plan of operations would be rendered fruitless; and, as it would be his own wind which would disturb the quarry, on him would rest all the blame of the failure, and what that blame would be with men wearied and disgusted by the toil and actual suffering of such a night of exposure, it was not difficult to anticipate. With him, therefore, the matter reduced itself almost simply to a question of time. He was bound, if human sinews and human skill could accomplish it, to double that cape, and ensconce himself well under land in the lee of the next point, before the shift of the wind should make itself perceptible.

That he felt certain it would do soon after, if not *at* sunrise, and by many tokens, though the sky cleared but little, he knew that sunrise was approaching.

With steady energy, then, and a long, composed sweep of his paddle, he forced the light vessel onward, looking now and then to his pocket compass and to the drifting clouds, and rejoicing as minute after minute slipped away and the dreaded change came not yet.

He rounded the point, and as he did so, he perceived, by a brightening of the mist overhead and a partial breaking of the clouds, which were ~~tinged~~ *tinged* aloft with a faint rosy glow, that the sun had risen above the horizon. Still the wind had not shifted. Now, with increased vigor, and with longer and swifter strokes he swept onward, for the light wind headed him; but fortunately it was but light, and even what there was of it was broken and diminished by the lie of the land. At the expiration of an hour he had doubled the second point and opened the deep gulf under the long rocky nose, which shut out the morass from his view.

Almost at the same instant, the clouds ceased to sail southward; for a few minutes they hung almost motionless. Then the air lightened more

and more, and the fog lifted from the waters. The clouds overhead shifted their shapes rapidly and constantly, became convolved and contorted, and finally streamed out in long, crimson and golden streaks, almost due west and eastward, with but very little southing in their trend.

Simultaneously, the rain, which had been gradually diminishing, and which for the last hour had scarcely exceeded what is known as a Scotch mist, ceased altogether. The fog drew up, like the drop scene of a theatre, the great sun came out in all his glory, and the broad lake with all its rocky bluffs and evergreen piny capes, and the broad wooded masses of Big Maple Island lying fair in its centre, one clump of golden and blood-red foliage shone out in its calm magnificence, before the eyes of the enchanted hunter, as if it had been the work of magic; mountains, and capes, and floating isles, reduplicated in every shape and shade and hue, from azure and cerulean blue and greens, so heavy as to be almost black, to the brightest chrome yellow, and crimson, and vermilion. Of a truth, earth, air and water, the world over, have nothing to compare with the glories of the American woodland wilderness, where mountain scenery is blended with the rare charm of water, in the gorgeous autumnal season.

Frank was now in the deepest bight of the deep gulf, and he well knew both, that he lay to the northward and westward of the great stag's hiding place, while the wind was blowing somewhat from the south of the same point, and that, moreover, even if he were dead to windward of him, the steep walls of the rocky point, which here rose at least thirty feet from the water's edge, would effectually prevent his gaining any note of him, by means of the scented air.

He applied himself, therefore, at once to sweeping the lake with his telescope, in order to see whether his comrades had been as fortunate as himself in effecting their purpose; and, as he speedily ascertained that no boat was in sight on the glassy surface, it was no difficult matter to decide that Tom was already safe in his ambush, and that 'Ky was wending his way along the back of Big Maple Island, toward its eastern extremity.

It was exactly the time, when Jack Hardyman and Alf had been ordered to get under way, and as, owing to the direction of the wind, it could not be doubted that they would work well up to the eastward, before letting loose the dogs, or coming down to the lake shore, Frank felt that he had at least two hours of leisure before he should hear the bay of the deer hounds, or see

the dark antlers of the mighty monarch of the wilderness gliding over the glassy surface of the waters, even if all things went well.

Congratulating himself, therefore, that he had had the foresight to bring with him a change of clothes, he paddled in to a rocky point, made his canoe fast to the shore, bailed her out, and landed his effects. Then disencumbering himself of his wet garb, which he spread out on the rocks to dry, he treated himself to a delicious bath in the clear but almost ice-cold waters, which made him blow like a porpoise, as he emerged from his first plunge, but braced his nerves better than the bravest tonic ever compounded by the art of the best mediciner, and then relanding instantly, reclad himself in dry and warm apparel, and felt himself a new man, a giant, as it were, refreshed though not with slumber, and ready to resume his course.

Then, as a good woodsman ever should, he looked to his trusty rifle, wiped it over outside with an oiled rag, passed a dry swab through it, to make sure that all was dry and clean, and then loaded it carefully and capped it with one of Starkey's central fire waterproof caps, but not until he had seen that the powder was well up in the nipple. This duty accurately performed, seeing that there was still an hour clear before him, and that the beautiful brook trout were rising rapidly at the natural flies in the mouth of a little spring brook, which came trickling over the rocks at the head of the bay, he collected some dry drift wood, which lay on the rocks, built a small fire, kindled it by aid of a lucifer match, and then putting together his fly rod, without which his canoe never stirred a rod from its mooring, appended to his line a red and a black hackle, with a snipe's wing and mouse body for his dropper, and proceeded to catch his breakfast, which was done in less time than it has taken to describe it. Those half a dozen nice fish being taken in less than twice as many minutes, by aid of a biscuit from his haversack and a tincup full of the limpid spring water, he broke his fast, after his hard night's pull, with as good an appetite, and a better, though simpler fare, than a New York alderman.

By this time, the sun was beginning to get high, and as he might soon expect to hear something of his comrades, he bethought himself that it might not be amiss to scale the rocks carefully, and take a survey of the morass, if perchance he might descry anything, before their coming, of the great *cervus canadensis*, which might conduce to his capture.

No sooner thought of, than done. The channel

of a trickling streamlet gave him a broken but not difficult footpath, and making hand, foot and eye keep time, he soon scaled its ledgy steps, so as to bring his eye above the level of its verge, without presenting any object to attract the observation of the quarry. For some time, his eye and glass swept the green and tufted surface of the morass, which was much broken and diversified with dense patches of lily pads, tall tufts of wild rice and other aquatic plants, and not a few gray trunks and stag-horned branches of fallen trees, which, at first sight, made his heart beat quick, as he thought he had found the long desired antlers, but swept it in vain; and he was about abandoning his search as fruitless, when in a great brownish gray mass, over which his glance had passed several times unobservant, he thought he detected a motion. His straining eye was fixed; his heart stood still. It is!—it is! that is the flap of a broad, fan-like-ear; that the twinkle of a liquid, hazel eye, bright and soft as the glance of woman. Now, the long flexible upper lip is protruded to grasp a floating bud of the water lilies, among which he stands so far submerged that his head only and the long ridge of his back are visible above the green leaves of the aquatic plants, and the intervals of the bright blue waters.

Now, there comes a top of the formidable antlers; and he lifts his nose, turning it slowly shoreward, as if he dreaded danger. Has he already taken the alarm? No! no! it is nothing, he resumes his feeding, he wades about confidently, moving a little in shore, and to the westward.

But Frank required no more. In one half the time it took him to ascend that rocky plateau, he bounded down from it, loosened his bark canoe from its moorings, leaving all his traps on the flat rock, whereon he had breakfasted, with the exception of his trusty rifle, a thin bladed broad French cook-knife, fitted with a brass scabbard, and a Mexican lasso of sun-dried hide, as tough as iron, admirable, whether used as a mooring rope, a tow line, or in its legitimate object, as an implement of the chase. For, although Frank could boast but small acquaintance with its use, it was strong enough to hold a wild bull, if once cast over its horns, and it requires but little skill to cast its noose over the antlers of a swimming deer, when once the hunter's bark has overtaken it.

Within ten minutes, he had arrived at the extreme point of the rocky promontory, just protected by the last bold rock which covered him both from the quick eye and quicker nostril of

the great *cervine*, with rifle and paddle, both, lying ready to his hand, and his heart knocking furiously against his ribs, in anticipation of the coming triumph.

Still he had long to wait, before he heard anything that betokened the approach of the stirring moment; half hour, after hour, lagged over his head, yet no sound came from behind the craggy point, or from the landward side of the green morass, and he dared not, in the meantime, repeat his attempt at reconnoitering the whereabouts or proceedings of the cariboo, for two equally sufficient reasons; first, the ticklish position which he himself now occupied to that wary, keen sighted and quick scented animal, lying as he did in fact directly up wind of him, although the abrupt and scaly promontory, which had no gorges or ravines whereby the tainted gale might be wafted to his nostrils, ominous of hidden danger, protected him, for the time, from instant detection; second, that the hunters, who were, he well knew, stealing up wind, full upon the spot where he had ascertained that the game actually lay, might make their appearance at any given moment, when his absence from his post, or inattention on it, would be alike fatal.

The only thing that he had to occupy his mind, was to watch the constant changes of the beautiful scenery before him and around him, the wild animals, which he saw from time to time, and the information he derived from their movements, connected with the intense anxiety and expectation which occupied his mind, without agitating him or shaking a nerve of his body.

First, before he had occupied his post during one single half hour, he could observe a number of crows flitting from tree to tree, hastily, and as if in alarm on Big Maple Island, making their way, in a continuous and almost uninterrupted flock, from the farther or southern side toward the eastern end, as if some object of their apprehension were moving gradually in the same direction, abreast of them or behind them. For a considerable time, they appeared restless and uneasy among the tree-tops, then suddenly, as if their last asylum had been threatened by an enemy, rounding the eastern headland, they all rose into the air at once, in one great black cloud, darkening the sky with their innumerable wings and making it resound with their hoarse clangor, and flew against the wind to the mainland.

A few minutes after this emigration had taken place, a huge white-headed eagle, whom Frank had observed perched on the topmost branch of a towering white-oak tree, not far distant from a

clump of timber, where a great mass of sticks resembling a brobdignagian faggot, in another tree-top, betokened that he possessed as well as these, whom 'Ky Sly would have designated the *humans*, his own peculiar "*domus et placens uxor*," rose heavily on his sail-broad vans and oared himself out through the intrenchant air, over the limpid bosom of the waters.

"Aha!" thought Frank, "sure enough, 'Ky is coming along the back of the island now, and is near his station, too, or these fellows would not shift their quarters so unceremoniously;" and scarcely had the thoughts passed through his mind, not syllabled into articulate words, before from the fringe of bushes, reeds and swamp grass that covered the extreme north-eastern headland of the isle, a dozen or two of the migratory thrushes, better known in the country as *robins*, took wing in a hurry; and, though he was too far off to hear them, he was well assured that it was not without their usual clucking note of alarm, caused by the approach of an intruder. While the robins were yet in disturbance among the crimson-topped maples, a mother summer duck, followed by her whole three-parts-grown brood, broke from the same covert, and skimmed along the surface of the clear lake, with their legs hanging down, and making long wakes of silvery light on the blue profound, until having obtained a secure offing, the old bird dropped quietly and lay, with bright open water all around her, with her little ones squattering about within a safe distance, like a frigate riding at her anchor, with a whole fleet of pinnaces playing about her moorings.

Frank laughed a silent laugh, partly of satisfaction, at thinking how easily he now read signs which but a little while before would have been wholly unintelligible to him, partly of pleasure at knowing that 'Ky was on his station; nor was he left long without surer information to the same effect, for on betaking himself to his telescope, in search of farther intelligence, he soon discovered a dark form shinning it up the trunk of a tall slender maple, which stood somewhat apart from the rest on the very verge of the shore, its roots surrounded by a dense thicket of red willows and water alders. As this form mounted higher and emerged into the thin open-work of the leafless branches—for this tree had shed untimely all its many-colored honors—Frank easily made out a human figure, which from the length and sparceness of the limbs, he had little doubt in setting down as the mighty 'Ky. Whether he could make out the cariboo or not, Frank had no mode of judging, though he could see

that the figure was using a glass to sweep the bay, wherein he had himself discerned the branched antlers, and half submerged form of the object of their pursuit; but that his own canoe had not escaped the eye of the outlooker he was speedily assured by the wafture of a white handkerchief at the end of a long stick in sign of salutation, at least, if it were not intended as indication to himself to lie low and keep a bright look out. This last interpretation he was, the next moment, induced to put upon it on observing the almost break-neck speed with which the climber commenced his descent, scrambling from limb to limb, and gliding down the stem, with not a little of the grotesque agility of a black bear.

If the meaning, however, which he was thus led to attach to that signal, were correct, the signal itself was premature, for yet another half hour elapsed, during which Forester had no other occupation than to observe and admire the motions of the white-headed eagle, which had not thought it advisable to return to the neighborhood of his eyrie, since his ejection from it by 'Ky's advent, but was swinging round and round at an immeasurable height in the now cloudless air, eagerly watching the manœuvres of an unconscious fish hawk, which, in the industrious prosecution of his legal calling, was circling at a far lower elevation within a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet of the water. Suddenly, the hawk closed his wings, dropped, as if he had been suddenly changed into a ball of solid lead—which peculiarity has gained him his Italian name of *Aquila Piombina*—clef the flashing water, which he drove upward in a mimic fountain of spray, and the next instant reappeared, bearing in his clenched talons a noble black bass of three or four pounds weight, judging by the eye at that distance. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the great bald-headed bird came swooping down, with a terrific rush of his vast pinions, upon the honest hawk, who, with a loud scream, flew toward the island for safety. But like a grayhound coursing a hare, the eagle pursued, out-speeded, coted, turned him. With a shriek of rage and despair, the fish hawk dropped his prey, and the coward, gluttonly bird—most unmeet emblem of America—darting down, caught it, with the speed of an arrow, in its iron clutches, just before it again reached its native element, and was bearing it away toward the nest, seemingly forgetful of the alarm, which had not long since banished it thence, when it passed unconsciously in a direct line over Tom Draw's ambush, not at the most, forty feet above his head.

"Now then," exclaimed Frank aloud, though there was no one near from whom he could expect a reply, "fifty to one, the fat man never thinks a word more about the cariboo and lets drive at the eagle."

No sooner said than done! While the word was yet on his lips, a puff of white smoke shot perpendicularly up into the air, from the brake in which Tom, with his negroes, was understood to be lying *perdu*; and, before the report could be heard, at that distance and across the wind, the fish was seen to fall plumb down into the lake, and the eagle to tower up aimlessly into the air, as if it had received a death wound.

"Confound his old picture!" said Frank, bitterly; "just like him, with his cursed stubborn impetuosity. He's lost us the cariboo, it's ten thousand to sixpence, and he would have lost us an elephant or a cameleopard, if there had been any such to the fore, all for the sake of that worthless carrion fowl—and his answer will be, when he's blown up for it, I'll warrant him, that 'gittin' the cariboo was a mighty onsartainty, but killin' the eagle sartain.'"

Forester's reasoning was correct enough, and his expectations would have been justified by the fact, doubtless—for though deadened by the distance, and, in some degree, drifted away down wind, the roar of Tom's heavy gun came up with so round and startling a boom, as would surely have startled a less shy and wary animal than the great reindeer—but that, unluckily for the cariboo, and happily for his pursuers, events had taken a turn on shore, at that very moment, which altered all the circumstances of the case, and gave rise to an exciting scene which soon followed.

Almost in the same point of time, which brought the roar of Tom's duck-gun to Frank's disgusted ears, a shrill yell, modulated something like an Indian war-cry, came swelling up wind from the north-east and the landward. It was answered, without a second's pause, by a full-mouthed English hunting whoop, nearly due north of Frank, appearing to come from some one standing, from half to a quarter of a mile westward of him who uttered the first yell on the lake shore. A quick long burst of the deer-hounds followed; and Forester knew, at once, that the deer was afoot, but whether he was making landward or lake-ward, there was nothing to indicate.

There was but one course for him to pursue, to lie close, and wait the progress of events. If the cariboo were making for the island, he must soon show himself in the open lake; if he had headed back upon the pursuers, there was no use in

moving. Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of Forester, rapid as the electric flash; and, though it was a sore trial of patience and temper, to one of Frank's quick temperament, to lie there idle, while such a game was playing, he felt that it was his duty to his partners to persevere, and persevere he did, with a steadiness that sadly put to shame Tom's rash and selfish absurdity in firing at the eagle. That great bird of prey, by the bye, for it was utterly forgotten by all parties, as it was like to be, so soon as the cry of the men and the baying of the hounds announced the real hunt's up, after towering laboriously up to a height of two or three hundred feet, was unable to scale the air any higher, with his fast-failing powers. Then followed a fierce and furious struggle; he beat the air violently and rapidly with his broad oary wings, though without moving a yard upward or onward; clawed savagely with his cruel, yellow talons at vacancy; erected his serpentine neck and ruffled crest, with his fiery golden eyes wildly glaring; uttered, for the last time, his clanging trumpet-tone, and then, life literally leaving him in mid-air, his whole frame collapsed; his staring feathers, a moment previously agitated, as if each individual quill was instinct with a separate life, subsided; the flapping wings drooped like a conquered banner; he drifted down, like a rag, through the passive air, and falling on the calm ripples, which his descent hardly ruffled, floated there worthless, wantonly slaughtered, until he became the food for fishes, on the kindred of which he had himself so often feasted. Such a bad deed is it to deface and destroy a living thing of strength and beauty; such, uselessly and wantonly, to take a life of the Creator's giving!

But to make matters more intelligible, we will return, for awhile, to the camp, whence we have seen the main portion of 'Ky's company depart, before the stars had set, thorough fog thorough rain, if not thorough mud or mire, in so uncomfortable and unsatisfactory a manner. Those who remained behind, Jack Hardyman and Alf Armiger—confess it, I must—took matters much more easily. For, no sooner had Frank gone off in his canoe, as has been related, on learning that there remained for them nothing to be done before seven o'clock in the morning, at the earliest, or eight, if the rain should continue, Alf voted it, incontinently, the height of madness to sit up any longer in the rain, when there was a dry camp and a good warm bed awaiting them; and Jack, assenting, it was carried *nem con*. For Jothe was not allowed a voice,

but being informed by Jack, merely this, "that he was a lucky nigger not to have got his de-sarts last time, and that he'd get them sartain, this, ef he was caught napping again," was admitted only to the privilege of seeing that the rain should not put the fire out, "unless he meant to ketch it;" while the two friends turned in again, and snoozed, as quietly as possible, till it was daylight.

At six o'clock, just about the time when Frank was entering the lake, they aroused themselves, looked out at the weather, and after deciding that it would not clear off until the sun should be fairly up, turned in, once more, for the third and last nap. At seven, the rain had ceased, the mist was lifting, the wind gave indications of being about to draw round to the southward; moreover, Jothe announced that breakfast was ready. So now, they in reality got up and made ready; fed fully and satisfactorily, on roasted Black Basse, venison steaks, hot corn cakes, and strong coffee, while poor Tom and 'Ky Sly were shivering, cold and wet and hungry, in their boats under the swampy shores of Big Maple Island, and while Frank was catching, cooking and devouring his primitive, trout-biscuit-and-cold-water meal, upon the sunny ledges of craggy point.

In half an hour afterward, fresh as larks, renewed by their comfortable night's rest, jolly and gay, with dry clothes, clean arms and merry hearts, they set off, with their staunch hounds at their heels, through the pleasant forest paths, the glorious sun streaming in lines of gorgeous light under the leafy wood aisles, and the drops of the last night's rain glittering, like diamonds of the mine, on every twig and flow'et.

Jack, naturally, took the lead, as accustomed to the wilderness; and, after a rapid and pleasant tramp of three quarters of an hour, calculated at the most only to warm the chilled blood and stretch the cramped sinews, announced to Armiger, that they had gained sufficient easting to render it perfectly safe to proceed in a direct line to the morass, to the south-westward.

In a few moments more, they reached the half-dry channel of the rattling brook, which, at this time, certainly, did not merit its name; and, down this, Jack made a rapid stalk, leaving Alfred upon a mossy bank reclining, in charge of the deer-hounds, down to its mouth, which issued into its green marsh from a rocky gorge, in order, if possible, to discover whether the cariboo had taken the alarm, or was still within their reach. To the great delight of both, he returned within fifteen minutes, with the news that the great stag

had never moved from his lair, and was wading about, perfectly at his ease, within three hundred yards of the shore, but in a place where the morass was, at once so void of covert, and so deep and miry, as to render it impossible even to attempt approaching him.

"But 'Ky's in the right spot a'ready, for he's hung out a kinder signal of a white handkercher, on the bushes, on the pint, and ef *he's* thar, it stands, *the rest is*; seein' 'Ky'd eenamost as far agen to go as either o' the others. You go down right ahead, neow, to the lake shore, but don't step out beyont the cover, 'till ye've heerd me yell. Then show out, like a man, yourself on the shore, and yell your darndest; you'll see him soon enough, I'll warrant; and when yew dew see him, yew'll know what's best to dew, all's one's well as I kin tell ye. Don't disremember, only, the best thing is to kill him, right away, off hand like. The next's to drive him over to the island, whar they'll give a'keount on him, sartain. And the wust of all is to let him head back, atween us, into the woods; and that we musn't let him dew, no heow. But he wont try it on, I allow. More specially ef you bend a leettle that a-ways," and he pointed to the weather, as he spoke, "so as to let him have just a sniff of your wind, afore he sees you. He lies right *thar*, nearly full east of whar we be neow. Only dew what I tell, and we're sure on him."

And so they parted; Alf inclining his steps slowly and cautiously to the south-westward, with his heart beating, it must be admitted, at a most perilous speed, between the double excitements of hope, and fear of being found wanting in the scale, at the time of trial; and Jack setting off, at a long hard lope, to the eastward, full of a sturdy, but vain-glorious confidence, which never under any circumstances failed him; but which, it is but fair to his semi-Yankee character to say, would have been quite as unlikely to do so, when he had no earthly excuse for feeling any confidence in him whatever, as when his self-reliance was the most surely and reasonably grounded.

In the present instance, however, he was, as he would have said, all right. He *was* a good woodsman; knew that he was so, and was proud to be so thought; but he was, by no means, the man to run a risk or throw away a chance, for the sake of making a show. Slow and sure, was his favorite motto, and it is just to add, that there was far more of the latter than of the former quality in his proceedings.

When Armiger reached the edge of the tall forest, which, as is often the case on lake mar-

gins, or by the borders of swampy streams and rivers, had a wide belt of alder underwood on its outer verge, he crept forward very cautiously through the dense brush, which for the most part still preserved its thick and dark green foliage, having especial caution against agitating the tops, or cracking the dry branches, which lay thickly strewn on the ground, until he could gain a view of the bay and the marsh-land which bordered it.

This he soon succeeded in accomplishing, and that without seriously alarming the cariboo, which he now discovered feeding just on the verge of the morass, where the water was not deep enough to compel him to swim, yet so deep that little of his great bulk was visible above the weeds and grass, which, rooted in the loose mire, far below, floated upward to the surface. Still, it was evident that the suspicions of the animal were excited, for, though he had not entirely ceased from grazing, but snatched a bud or tender leaf of the pond-lilies as he splashed along, he turned his head from time to time toward the airt, whence Armiger was creeping on him, and snuffed the tainted gale, as if he knew that a lurking enemy was nigh. At the same time, he had begun to quicken his pace, and was making his way, as fast as he could, toward the eastern edge of the sheltered light, which had so long afforded him an asylum, where the land sloped upward in a long succession of pine-clad ridges toward the distant mountains, whence he had descended, and whither it was not difficult to see, he intended to return.

But this by no means comported with the views of Mr. Hardyman, who, expecting this move on the part of the beast, had run along inside of the verge of coppice to the leeward of him, keeping the hounds, which as yet had no idea of the proximity of their game, his scent having either grown too stale to be tracked, or been obliterated by the rain since he left the upland, close to his heel, until he had attained a point on shore, for which the animal seemed to be making.

At this very time it was that old Tom judged it advisable to let off his *petararo* at the eagle, extorting the bitter ejaculation from Frank, which has been recorded above, and from Sly and his brother-in-law a volley of oaths, so comprehensively vehement and damnatory that it is not the purpose of this veracious chronicler to record them. Jack Hardyman, however, who would otherwise, probably, have lain low where he was, and suffered the reindeer to feed up toward him, as he worked away from Armiger's wind, which he had evidently taken, until he

should be within easy rifle shot, so that a single ball might make clean work of him, was compelled to precipitate matters. He showed himself, therefore, openly on the bare beach, full ahead of the stag, uttering the half Indian yell, which had reached the ears of Forester.

It was a glorious sight to see the vast bound which the powerful and agile deer made at that unexpected apparition and appalling yell, rearing almost erect, and throwing himself above two-thirds of his length clear out of the water and mud, although it was so deep, that he could barely touch the bottom.

He made a complete demivolt, as he did so, turning his head, now, directly across the bay toward the rocky promontory, which crossed it perpendicularly, and behind which Frank's canoe was ensconced, as if he would have crossed Armiger's face, exposing his broadside within two hundred yards. Whatever reasons had actuated him to seek that bay on the previous morning, when the cougars were hot on his traces, and whatever intent he might then have had of visiting Big Maple Island, he had now no such idea, it was plain enough; whether that he had heard and understood the report of Tom's gun, or for other reasons purely his own, and beyond reach of our conjecture. Alf was mindful, however, of instructions; and, following Hardyman's practice no less than his precepts, he bounded out of the belt of coppice to the brink of the morass, tossing his arms aloft, like the goblin page in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and uttering, unquestionably, the first English view-halloo that ever had reverberated through those vast solitudes, how accustomed they might have been soever, in the days of old—though most assuredly not the days of *gold*—to the keener and fiercer echoes of the scalp-whoop, and the death halloo. Encouraged by the double clamor, the tall stag-hounds, which had as yet seen nothing of the game, dashed forward open-mouthed; and, catching view of the huge stag, as he plunged through the tenacious morass, in a succession of stupendous bounds, perfectly sublime to behold, sinking nearly to his withers and again emerging half his height, at every effort, dashing the mingled mud and water six feet into the air, burst into full cry on the instant; and, for a moment, made the hollow woods and distant mountain-tops rebel to the music; until they too dashed into the quagmire, in pursuit, half galloping and half swimming, when their deep-toned, sonorous baying, sank, perforce, into tremulous and eager whimpers, their exertions rendering it impossible for them to give tongue aloud.

In despite of Armiger's appearance, the sharp pursuit of the hounds seemed to determine the cariboo, why, no one can say, to make for the ridges rather than for the lake; and he showed himself bent, at all risks, to hold to his point with a tenacity, sometimes, though rarely, witnessed in hunted animals. This, had he been permitted to do it, would have brought him to *terra firma* exactly at the isthmus of the rocky point, so often mentioned, where it shot out from the northern mainland, and would have enabled him, frustrating all the efforts which we had made to circumvent him, to take his own back-track to his beloved wilderness. Had he accomplished this, all, probably, that ever would have been heard again of that cariboo, would have been some wild myth of uncle Jothe's, who was at that very time keeping camp alone, at the Falls of the White-water, with his head full of all sorts of marvelous legends of spooks, dead Injuns walking the woods as if in life, and whose great eyes dilated and grew whiter and rounder at every freshening of the breeze in the tree-tops, concerning "de great, ole, horned, hairy debil, as come into de camp, to skeer ole Uncle Jothe," and finally disappeared, clearing the river at one strong leap. That was the point, at least, for which he was manifestly making; and the horror of the old negro, had he succeeded in making it good and returning as he came, while he was alone by the camp-fires, could have been equaled only by the legendary myths he would surely invent, to justify or conceal that horror.

Good men and true were on his track, however; and, if *he* were bent to return over his own ground, *they* had sworn that he should return to that camp, if at all, as a carcass only.

Alf Armiger astonished himself, on that day; but, what was more, he astonished Jack Hardyman, who was little given to astonishment at any man's performances, save his own; and they were constantly astonishing himself and everyone else, who heard of them far oftener than he witnessed them.

But this day he was honestly astonished, and—which was rarer yet—he honestly confessed his astonishment; for Alf, whom he looked on, in the first place, as an Englisher, a thing for which he had no great liking; and secondly, as a Yorker, in our sense of *cit* or *cockney*, a thing for which he entertained the most sovereign and sublime contempt, seeing intuitively, what must be done, in order to succeed, dashed forth at such a killing pace along the gravelly shore, between the coppice and the edge of the marsh, whooping all the time at the top of his lungs, that he ac-

tually kept ahead of the cariboo for above two hundred yards, and had got so near the ridge of rocks, that, had it persisted in crossing them, he would have had an easy point-blank shot at sixty or eighty yards.

It is true, that he had some start of the animal, in the onset, and that the ground over, or rather through which the deer was battling its way, was fatally in his favor. Still this may not be held to detract from the feat; for, had it not been so, the fleetest man, nay! but the fleetest horse, would have failed to keep not abreast, but in sight of a cariboo, for many minutes even in the open.

Jack also ran his best, shouting also, to prevent him from crossing in Alfred's rear, as he showed some indication of attempting to do; but it was not until the latter, halting suddenly, drew up his large-bored double gun, and let him have both barrels straight across his nose, that he succeeded in turning him. The first ounce bullet sped from the heavily-loaded piece, knocked up the dirt and water about a foot before his chest, and ricocheting struck the water again, in a line parallel with the projection of the craggy cape, and thence went skipping away, with a sharp whistle, three-fourths of the distance to the island, before it subsided into its watery grave.

Frank, who, half maddened by the excitement, which fired his blood at the hearing of those pealing whoops of the fierce burst of the deer-hounds, followed by their, to him, inexplicable silence, was watching for the smallest sign, which should tell him whitherward the chase was tending, observed the ball, as it struck the water at the second ricochet, even before he heard the report. But its direction alone told him nothing, except what he knew before, that the deer was on foot, and near him, and behind him. In what direction he was moving, it gave him not, however, even to conjecture; since it might either be a cross shot, as it indeed was, which had missed him, or a stern shot, fired in his wake, which had 'gone wide of him, in a parallel line. He would have given all that he was worth to have but one good sweep to his paddle, and sent the birch barque, in which he sat, and which literally trembled under him with a motion derived from the agitation of his own frame, flying round the cape, which intercepted his view.

The second barrel of Alf's gun flashed and roared, but the bullet did not again touch the water. It did better, it turned the great stag, which had persisted still, in spite of the first shot—it had well nigh stopped all his turns forever. It was impossible to distinguish exactly

what had happened; but both Hardyman and Alf himself, thought the ball had taken effect; for, almost simultaneously with the flash, the cariboo made the greatest bound he had yet executed, and heading directly away from the land, was soon out of his depth, swimming lustily out for the island, but on a line which would carry him within a few yards only, of Frank's ambush. As he settled down from his plunge, however, which Hardyman had supposed to be his death-leap, he shook his head violently, and continued to shake it, as he swam, until he had other work to attend to, which made him forget the injury he had received. It appeared, afterward, that the bullet had broken off one of the formidable brow antlers close above his eye. Had it struck one inch farther back, it would have pierced his brain, and finished his career, then and there, but he was destined to live yet a little longer, to make another good fight for his life, and to do some modicum of just execution on one who, as he afterward unwillingly confessed, most righteously deserved it.

The time, however, had now come round, when Frank was to have some intimation how things were going on. For Jack, after a stentorian roar—

"Well run! well run!—well shot!—by thunder!" bethought him, if possible, to put Frank on his guard. Putting up both his hands to his mouth, therefore, as a sort of extemporaneous speaking trumpet, he bellowed out in tones not much inferior to those of that instrument—

"Ahoy—ahoy! Frank! Frank! Ahoy-oy-oy! Frank Forester, ahoy!"

The distance could not have been much less than three quarters of a mile; and any ordinary words would have been indistinguishable, the rather as the shout was sent across, and rather up than down wind. Still the "ahoy! ahoy!" came audibly to his ear, and the quick monosyllables "Frank! Frank!" struck so sharply against the craggy mountain faces, that a dozen echoes took them up, and the sportsman's name went ringing round and round the lake, among the vocal hills, as if a hundred wood nymphs were inviting him to their sylvan temples.

He heard and understood instantly, as well as if the whole story had been explained to him in direct words. He gathered up his paddle and grasped it firmly in his left hand, after he had cocked his rifle and laid it within easy reach of his right, unsheathed his knife and placed it ready in the bottom of the canoe. One end of his lasso was made fast to his bows, the rest lay in a large easy coil, in readiness for instant use

Thus prepared, he took up a little water in the hollow of his right hand and swallowed it, drew a long breath, and then, grasping his paddle, flourished it aloft at Hardyman and Alf, who now came running out upon the head of the reef, eager to see the termination of the fray, and waving their hands and pointing forward to his left; indicating where he might look for the cariboo.

It may be well here to observe, that Big Maple Island, for which the reindeer was now making, is about two miles in length, exactly barring the mouths of the two bays which are divided by the reef, under the right edge of which Frank was ambushed, at about one mile's distance from its extremity; so that all the three boats, no one of which was visible to another, though all the oarsmen well knew their relative positions, were about equidistant from a central point, on the north shore of the island, which was also about the nearest place at which the cariboo could leave the water.

At this moment Frank felt as if he were fairly suspended on the edge of a razor. He expected nothing less, than to see the bows of Tom's big canoe and the black faces of his sable charons, come sweeping round his point of the island, full in the teeth of the game, which in the present condition of affairs would have been absolute ruin. And indeed, it is not to be doubted that he would have seen that very thing—so jealous of another's drawing blood or killing game before him, was the old trump, although so good a sportsman, that he perfectly well knew how ill he was behaving—if old Draw had entertained a suspicion of the real state of the case, at that instant.

While he was yet pondering on this, and almost praying that Tom might have fallen asleep, or gone off on some wild-goose chase or other, along the other shore of the island, Forester discovered the sharp prow of 'Ky Sly's skiff sneakingly prying out round the extreme eastern point, and knowing the imperturbable coolness of that hardy woodman, he understood that the cariboo must be already nearing himself and quartering in his direction, and that 'Ky was stealing out on his flank to the rearward, in order to get between him and the shore, in case of his attempting to return.

Another moment, and his guess was corroborated. A faint splash struck his ear, and then the deep breathing of a large animal. His heart beat quick, his hand trembled, and he reached out hurriedly for his rifle; but, before his fingers touched it, he remembered that the animal would

surely sink, beyond recovery, if shot dead in that deep water, and withdrew his hand without touching the weapon. He set his teeth hard, drew a deep breath, and by a resolute exertion of his will, became as cool and as firm as iron.

The dark head of the cariboo now came fully into view, with the vast wide-spreading antlers laid back nearly upon its shoulders, which were entirely submerged, little more than two inches in depth of the upper part of the head, with the eyes, and the nostrils yet more conspicuously, being raised above the surface, so low does this species of deer sink, in swimming.

There was none of that bounding in the motion of the cariboo, which is often displayed by the horse, in crossing water out of his depth; that animal constantly exposing fully one half his neck, and sometimes over the withers and upper part of the shoulders, clear above the water-line, and casting itself forward, as if it swam nearly erect, or in the position of a heraldic lion rampant. On the contrary, the cariboo glided swiftly and evenly through the permeable medium, with its neck outstretched in a right line to the body, making little commotion in the water, and preserving a position so perfectly horizontal, that the dark line of its back could be easily distinguished through the transparency of the lake-water, the highest point of the croupe, but nothing more, occasionally breaking the surface, for a moment or two.

At first, Frank crouched so low in his canoe, which itself lay motionless close alongside of the rocks, which it greatly resembled in color, that he was not perceived; nor did the reindeer notice him, until, when it had crossed his bows, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance, aiming for a point on the island, at about midway between the centre of it and Tom Draw's station, he put his vessel in motion, rising up to a kneeling posture, as he did so, and plying his paddle with long, vigorous sweeps, with equal skill and power.

Meantime, 'Ky Sly's boat, now that the animal's course was so far decided that it was impossible for him to return to the main, was coming vigorously up from the eastward as hard as its two pair of sculls, beautifully pulled by 'Ky himself and by Fred Somerton, who, as an old Etonian, might be said to be almost on his native element, and was laid for the island, a rod or two from the left of the deer's course.

The sound of the sculls, which played with a good loud man-of-war-like roll in the rowlocks, had, it would seem, already alarmed the animal, and caused him to strike out so diagonally across

Frank's bows, instead of drawing a true line for the island, at its nearest point. For now, when he saw this new foe in the field, or on the flood, to speak more carefully, he, for the first time, threw his head and neck high in the air, with a loud whistling snort, wrung from him by excess of terror, and, turning straight for the shore, brought Frank directly into his wake, and 'Ky nearly upon his left broadside, though much farther off from him than Forester.

A stern chase is proverbially a long chase; but it was not so in this instance; for, although all the varieties of the deer tribe swim powerfully, easily, and are capable of supporting themselves in the water for a longer time than most quadrupeds not actually amphibious, none of them are very speedy swimmers. When the race began, the deer was, perhaps, three quarters of a mile from land, and Frank, when he first started in pursuit, was about two hundred yards exactly in his wake.

Before half the distance had been passed, the latter had reduced the space between them to less than seventy yards; and he could easily have, either, shot him in the base of the brain, between the roots of his antlers, or run up along side, and cast the lasso over his horns, had he chosen so to do; but he would not resort to the first method, lest he should lose the animal by its sinking, as they never fail to do when shot, especially in the summer or early autumn, when the skin is, as it is technically called, *in the red*; although the smallest external aid will preserve them floating. On the second mode he would not venture; because, being little accustomed to the habits of the creature he was pursuing, and never having hunted it before, he did not know but, if pressed to extremity, it might attack and upset his canoe, and this he did not choose to risk, for the fear of losing his rifle and traps; though he could easily have saved himself, being a light and rapid swimmer.

It was his plan, therefore, and the very best that could have been adopted, to preserve his easy distance, closing gradually up till he should be within twenty or thirty paces of him, on his touching bottom; when, taking ground in front, he would, as they always do, raise his fore-quarters high out of water, and afford an opportunity for a certain and deadly shot between the shoulders. Tom was, however, as it seemed, destined to be the spoil-sport of the day; for, unable to bear the contemplation of sport, which he could not share, or to let others do gracefully and certainly what he could himself by no means accom-

plish, he now came round the point, his negroes paddling as if for the dear life and tearing the water into foam, under the spur of their master's furious oaths and oburgations, himself brandishing his gun on high, and yelling and whooping like a maniac.

It was in vain that Frank shouted to him to "Hold hard, and not head back the deer!" It was in vain that Sly, who was exactly in the range of the animal, roared to him not to shoot for Heaven's sake!

"It's no use," muttered Frank, between his teeth; "the old Turk's blood's up, and he will stop for neither dog nor devil! He'll spoil all our sport if he can, but he shall not if my name's Frank Forester."

Up went the old man's gun, and exploded with a roar almost like that of a cannon, the mountain echoes redoubling it, and not subsiding for nearly a minute. It was loaded with ball; but that ball took no effect on the deer, ricocheted not from the water. The fat man's hand shook so violently, that he could take no aim at all; that ball entered the gunwale of 'Ky Sly's skiff, which was exactly in line, pulling end on toward him, not six inches wide of Fred Somerton's person, who was pulling the bow pair of sculls, and raked the boat from end to end, passing out at the stern, not a foot from Sly's side.

"You confounded old fool," shouted Frank, seeing only that he had made a bad miss, but not perceiving how nearly he had come to killing one if not both of his friends; "you can't hit a haystack, get out of the line, and let some one shoot who can."

But 'Sly, who had never, perhaps, been so nearly shot in his life, waxed, what he would have himself called "pesked ogly," his little, quick eye gleamed red with rage, and his cheek and lip grew as pale as ashes. He snatched up his rifle.

"The darned, onthinking, onrighteous old buffalo bull," said he, "he'd jest's soon kill a man's not. 'Twould be a most righteous deed neow, I swow, to mend that 'ere shot on his self, like; but he's sich a thund'rin' big mark, a woodman darn't shoot him, for very shame."

Even while he was speaking, however, a catastrophe occurred, which put out of his head all ideas of vengeance; and, while it punished the fat man more befittingly than would 'Ky's unerring ball, had he really intended to fire at him, dissolved all hands into inextinguishable laughter, even while the death halloo of that noble stag was ringing in the air.

All Tom's ammunition, it would seem, had been so thoroughly wetted in the morning's rain, that he had luckily been unable to reload the barrel with buck-shot, which he had so absurdly fired at the eagle. I say *luckily*, for the boats were now all crowded so close together, that a discharge of sixteen buck-shot could scarcely have been made, in the midst of them, without doing damage; and the old man was in such a mood of excitement, that, as he himself said the next day, "he'd have fired, jest's like as not, ef his grandf'ther been opposite to his gun eend."

However that might have been, he now forced his unwilling negroes, who, between their dread of Tom and their terror of the big deer, were almost white with consternation, to pull in upon the animal, which he had completely headed off from the island, and aimed a tremendous blow at its head with his gun butt. He had awaked to ill luck that morning—just as he delivered that sweeping blow, destined to annihilate the cariboo and cover himself with glory, leaning half way out of the canoe to give it force, the frightened negroes swerved the canoe, the frightened deer dodged the blow, Tom disappeared headlong, in a most involuntary cold bath; but, though he emerged, after a second or two, puffing and blowing like an insane Triton, his much-beloved gun had gone to the bottom of the Round Lake, "niver agin," as 'Ky told him, by way of consolation, "to put better folks' lives nor his own, a darned sight, in danger, along of his triflin' shootin'."

But what was worse than the ducking, the loss of his gun, or the being most pitilessly and unsparingly abused, ridiculed, quizzed, and baited by all hands, not excluding the negroes—the cariboo had fallen by other hands than his. At the very moment of his immersion, Frank's lasso had encircled his horns; and the next, 'Ky's skiff had run along side of him, and his keen knife had terminated his struggles for ever; so that the death whoop, ringing long and loud, and reverberated from rock, tree and hill, was the first sound that met his ears, as he emerged from his cold bath, adding fresh vigor to the "winter of his discontent," which truly, needed no addition.

With this grand exploit the hunting adventures of the companye virtually terminated; my chronicle thereof shall terminate altogether, for who, after triumphing over the decease of two cougars and a great American reindeer, within twenty-four hours, can descend to relate the bagging of ruffed grouse and wood rabbits, even if their name be legion; of basketing black bass and lake

trout, sockdolagers if they were, or of pot-hunting deer by fire-light.

In truth, however, the necessity of hurrying away, if they would get their splendid game home in season, induced the breaking up of the party. For that night the cariboo was gralloched and suspended on a tall tree in Maple Island; and that done, the party paddled back to the mouth of the rattling brook, where the boats were secured; no fear of their being stolen in those wild, inhospitable, but most honest regions, where man comes not, and the wolves and bears steal not, unless it be, in the latter case—honey!

Thence they footed it, across the portage, to the camp; where Jothe received them, gloriously tired, gloriously hungry, and all, save old Tom, gloriously proud of the exploits of the day, with a glorious supper, at which even the old man played his part satisfactorily, although in silence.

On the following morning the camp was broken up. Fat Tom bade the party adieu, cordially, though not so jovially as he had bid them hail, and was paddled by his dusky crew across the lakes to 'Siah Foster's, threatening them with unheard of tortures, boot-jackings, ax-handlings, and the like, in case of their breathing a whisper of the cariboo scrape.

The remainder of the party returned as they had came; four more noble red deer fell to their guns or rifles, and the store of wood rabbits, ruffed grouse, lake trout and bass, which loaded Jack Hardyman's biggest wagon, and delayed the rattling trot of his cannucks, would have rejoiced the heart of a German prince to contemplate, though reeking from the sanguinary glories of a battue in the Fatherland.

On the third evening, Hatty received them with her pleasant smile, her demure mirth, and her capital homely fare, at the hospitable house of Slyville. They had a merry night of it, and, when Jack Hardyman toasted their healths, late in the small hours, before retiring, he proposed the health by an observation, that, "Whatever else might be said of that 'ere kumpanye, none of them was Dolittles, 'xceptin' it was the fat man, and for his own part *he* didn't see as it sinnified much as *he* didn't do more, seein' ef so be's he had, thar'd a ben one Sly less in Slyville, any way's you kin fix it."

They next morning, with warm and kindly adieus, they parted, Frank and his friends going down the lake and river, to that Gehenna of trade, luxury and rascality, New York, whence within a few weeks Alf Armiger and Fred Somerton took ship for the land of their forefathers.

Frank heard from them often, and they never omitted some pleasant recollection of those wild adventures, among the woods and waters of the Shatagee; but one thing is very certain, that never more did 'Ky Sly of Slyville and that

same companie, meet and tell stories at the Wigwam in the Wilderness.

Here endeth y^e chronicle of y^e sayings and doings of 'Ky Sly of Slyville, and his Companie.

WHEN THE MIND'S FREE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN the mind's free from any weight
Which pain may press upon the frame,
How boldly can we scoff at fate—
How bravely grasp at topmost fame :
What care we then for common cares ?
What guess we how such cares can be ?
We heed no warnings—mock despairs—
When the mind's free !

The rose of life hath then no thorns
That feel not soft as cygnet's breast ;
The world hath neither sneers nor scorns,
To mar our mirth, or wreck our rest :
The future daunts us not ; no grief
Compels us then on bended knee
To plead for peace. All war is brief.
When the mind's free.

Free from all haunting ghosts, and free
From sickness, but than sin less sore !
Oh, bitter truth, that sin should be
A latent worm at life's sweet core !

With present suffering, and o'er
The future clouds that menace worse,
The sea-like mind on earth's wild shore
Casts up a desolating curse.

With youth, then, doth all freedom flee ?
With age, then, doth rank slavery come ?
Nay ! Want, and pain, and grief may be,
Yet leave the voice of murmur dumb ;
Age may be cheer'd beneath its load,
By Christian hopes, of Heaven that toll ;
And sorrow from its painful road
May find pure faith all thorns expel !

Oh ! could I but sweet patience take
Unto my breast, a balm to pour !
Oh ! could I but submission make
My meek companion on life's shore—
Then might I hope, 'midst all this pain,
(Which only God can heal, or see,)
To feel youth's innocence again,
With mind as free !

THISTLE-DOWN.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

SHE was fair as a houri, and gay as a bird,
With a spell in each glance, and a charm in each
word,
But thistle-down, floating o'er meadow and lea
At the will of the winds, is not lighter than she ;
And fancy chased fancy too swiftly to leave
Her trysts of the morning remembered at eve.
She would laugh her sweet laughter, and sov'ranly
say,
To my whispered entreaty, " I'll meet you to-day—
In the garden, or pine-grove, await me." Oh, shame
On my folly ! I waited, but she never came.
'Twas her right. See, the butterfly flits through the
sun,
And flirts with each flower, though it keeps tryst
with none,

Yet I won her at last. Oh ! serene was the day
Of our bridal, and dainty my young bride's array.
She was fair as a houri, and gay as a bird,
With a spell in each glance, and a charm in each
word ;
She laughed her sweet laughter unchecked by a
sigh,
No cloud swept her forehead, no tear dimmed her
eye ;
And royally-gracious, in giving her hand,
She gave ample dowry—rich castles and land,
And manors and farms, and—to gild our bright
lot—
Heaps of gold—but her heart ? Ah ! no—that she
forgot !

ASPEN COURT; AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT. (A STORY OF OUR OWN TIME.)

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

(Concluded from the May Number.)

CHAPTER LII.

THE PRIEST, THE LAWYER, AND LILIAN AT HOME AGAIN.

MEN, like Cyprian Heywood, are never without tools and spies. Where they could accomplish their ends by fair means, they often resort to foul, so deeply are their natures perverted, and so necessary to them are cunning and mystery. Having learned from one of his spies, Mr. Mardyke, the scowling apothecary of Lynfield Magna, that Lord Rookbury had again appeared at Aspen Court, and what was of still more consequence to him just at that time, that Bernard Carlyon understood the condition of the title to the estate, the mild mannered Jesuit sought the new-made secretary in his room at the Salvages and Contingencies office.

"Can the public spare me ten minutes?" said he, after discussing a few unimportant political matters with Bernard.

"Twenty if you like."

Heywood, in his pleasant off-hand way, endeavoured to pump Carlyon, about the title to Aspen Court, hinting mysteriously that Miss Trevelyan's interests were concerned thereby. "You talk," said he, "as if you believed the position of title to the estates was still a secret from everybody."

"I never heard that there was any secret in the matter," answered Bernard. "There are very few secrets now-a-days."

"Well then, Mr. Secretary Carlyon, let me tell you that there was one here, which has been kept well, but which is no longer necessary to keep. Lord Rookbury went over to Aspen Court yesterday to see Mr. Wilmslow, and Wilmslow showed (I have it by letter this morning) that he was not as much in the dark as some people imagine."

"If Mr. Wilmslow had the honor to abstain from making any such explanation until yesterday—"

"He did," said the priest, venturously.

"In that case," answered Bernard, cheerfully, "I don't know that I care at all. Because I also received a letter this morning. It was from Mr. Wilmslow, and announces his escape to France some days ago! So that you see, my dear Mr.

Heywood, that if he kept his information to himself until Lord Rookbury's visit to Aspen Court yesterday—" He paused for a moment, and added forgivingly, "But I quite agree with you that it will not always do to tell the truth in this world. Here is the letter."

The priest received both letter and speech in silence, and glanced over the former.

"He wants money," said Heywood, after reading the letter. "And you are to propitiate—how the man spells—your friend Mr. Molesworth. Have you done so?"

"In other words have I seen Mr. Molesworth to-day? No, I intended to call on him this afternoon."

The priest pulled out the letter of his tool, Mardyke, and handed it to Carlyon to show him that he had really been informed of Lord Rookbury's visit to Aspen Court. After stating that it was certain "that Lilian was in full possession of facts from Bernard," Mardyke expressed his hope to learn more soon.

"Pray accept Mr. Heywood," said Carlyon, "any information he may extort, as from me, through Miss Trevelyan. You were good enough to tell me that she had felt it her duty to be confidential, but I find no evidence of it in this rubbish. "And may I ask," he continued sarcastically, "how Miss Trevelyan's interests are to be promoted by juggling and lying. I feel that you stand in my way and oppose me. I have hitherto been content to fight my own battle. You cannot say that I ever showed any enmity toward yourself."

A strange feeling came upon Heywood. He was struck to the heart by Carlyon's tone of reliance, and in rousing himself to shake off that sensation he threw himself into another mood of antagonism.

"Fighting your own battle!" said Heywood. "You still cling to the melo-dramas of your youth. Why not add that you still wave your own glittering standard, and shout your own undaunted war-cry? I have more than once had to remind you of your antecedents, Mr. Secretary. You come to Aspen Court a sort of man in possession; scraped acquaintance with a whimsical earl who

got you into a situation, and so forth. This you call fighting your own battle!" And he laughed an angry laugh.

"I think we had better end this interview," said Carlyon. "You asked for ten minutes, and I gave you twenty—a good many more have been wasted. As for you, I will not again give your statements the name they deserve. I would not wound you because I know your merit. You are to be pitied."

"Lilian Trevelyan shall never be your wife," thundered the priest with rage.

"She shall, miserable priest, as assuredly as that a woman's love is no prize for such as you. Have you any more tricks?"

"Carlyon, I hate you, and my hatred is fatal."

"Who talks in melo-dramas now? Your hatred is as harmless as your love."

"You have seen neither," said Heywood, in a menacing tone. "Beware of the fiend you raise."

"*Exú Zamiel*, in a flash of fire," answered Bernard, turning to the business of his office. The priest caught the words, and with a threatening gesture left the room.

It was true, Bernard knew the secret. Heywood loved Lilian!

In the afternoon, Carlyon had a conversation with his old employer, Molesworth. They discussed many things, not forgetting the affairs of Mr. Henry Wilmslow.

"Had I better reply to his letter?" inquired Carlyon.

"Yes," said Molesworth, taking some money out of that fatal drawer of which Wilmslow made mention in the sceance at Clements' Inn. "Here are twenty pounds. Send it as from yourself. It will be a delicate attention. For half the amount Wilmslow would sell you his sanction to your marrying all his daughters at once. Why don't you marry one of them, Bernard?"

"Any matrimonial intentions that I may have, my dear sir, point in another direction."

"Where?" asked Molesworth with a stern look, and a voice of anger. There was something in his manner—it might have been its earnestness, which made Bernard disregard his rudeness, and reply, although in surprise,

"You know not the person—"

"Then it is time I should. Who is it, I ask you?"

"You must pardon my not—"

"I pardon nothing," thundered Molesworth. "The name I ask you once more." He sprang to his feet and laid a strong hand on the shoulder

of Carlyon, who seemed about to retire. Detaining him thus he gazed earnestly and with a knitted brow on the face of the young man, and though his grasp was firm his body swayed with agitation.

"Then you will not tell me who it is that you mean to marry, Bernard?" he said finally, in so gentle and pleading a tone that Carlyon was touched.

"There is no reason for my keeping the secret. But you surprise me by the way in which you ask a question which can have so little interest for you."

"I beg your pardon, Bernard, for my abruptness," said the old lawyer, removing his hand, but not hastily, from Carlyon's shoulder. "You have no intention of immediate marriage?"

"Certainly not," said Bernard.

Nothing further was said on the subject.

"You had better write Mrs. Wilmslow a consolatory letter," said Molesworth, shaking Bernard's hand at the end of the interview. "Go, and do it now. We shall meet again soon."

The Secretary of Salvages and Contingencies went back to his office in a thoughtful and rather perplexed state of mind. To have faced a Jesuit priest in love, and to have seen such a mysterious outbreak on the part of the usually impassible Molesworth, both within a few hours of each other, was enough to disturb even his calm head. Besides, there was his letter to Mrs. Wilmslow to be written, and after it was written to be safely delivered. Were letters safe? James had been stopped before—and what could not a rich determined man, like Lord Rookbury, do with a cross-country post bag? The quick wit of the young lawyer soon helped him out of the dilemma. He sat down and wrote Mrs. Wilmslow a letter, in which he stated that it was his instinctive and unhesitating belief that Molesworth was her friend, and that those who accused him of plotting against her were themselves plotters. The letter was cordial and generous, without one guarded phrase or qualification. Having finished it, he proceeded to indite another, designed to evade any evil intentions, which he thought it possible his friend Lord Rookbury, or his friend Heywood, or some of these good friends, might have on the Aspen Court post bag. This letter he sent by post; the first he inclosed to Lilian Trevelyan at Lynfield, intimating to that young lady that she was to despatch it privately and safely to Aspen Court; so privately as to elude the vigilance of Mr. Mardyke, and so safely that the messenger was to intrust it to no hands but those of Mrs. Wilmslow herself.

Four or five days elapsed, and he received no reply, either from Lilian or Mrs. Wilmslow. But he received a mysterious note from Mary Maynard, the young lady who played the tricky charade upon him at Mrs. Forester's supper, soliciting a mysterious interview, which he granted, and learned thereby what the reader will know in good time. The effect of her communication sent him off to Lynfield to see Lilian. When he reached that charming residence, as our friend Geo. Robins would say, Mr. Mardyke's house was locked up, and evidently empty, and none of the neighbors could or would give him any tidings of the recent movements of the inmates. All that was certain was that Lilian had vanished from Lynfield!

After vain inquiries in every promising and unpromising quarter, he could think of no better course than to return to town, where some letter from Lilian might by that time be awaiting him. But as he was within a few miles of Aspen Court, and as he knew that, thanks to an express train, he might so manage that his arrival in town would not be delayed by his crossing to see Mrs. Wilmslow, he obtained a horse, and speedily found himself once more before the old house. Two young ladies came to meet him as he entered the hall. One of them, Emma Wilmslow, held out her hand with a smile, and if there was anything of mischief in the look with which she introduced her companion, Bernard quite forgave it, for that companion was no other than Lilian!

Yes, it was Lilian Trevelyan herself in the old home of her ancestors, not exactly as its mistress, but as the beloved guest of Mrs. Wilmslow and Kate and Emma, and dying little Amy. Not daring to trust Bernard's letter to a servant, she had taken it to Aspen Court herself, and had been at once installed in the hearts of all the family. As for poor little Amy, she declared that Lilian's was the most angelic face that ever was made, adding that she herself was soon going among the angels and had a right to speak. There was Lilian, therefore, in the very place whence Bernard Carlyon's legal industry had mainly contributed to expel her. He had, at least, the satisfaction of thinking that he had brought her back.

CHAPTER LIII.

MORE DISCLOSURES.

Bernard Carlyon remained an inmate of Aspen Court for some days. His interviews with Miss Trevelyan were not frequent, for the beautiful girl seemed to have accepted a duty, that of watcher by the side of Amy, and Bernard would

not seek to withdraw her from that gentle mission. They spoke together truly and lovingly, but each was conscious of conversing in a graver, calmer tone than was habitual.

One evening, leaving the house, Bernard crossed the lawn in front of it, and made his way toward the little coppice, where, on his first introduction to Lilian, he had delivered her from the robbers. Entering the cluster of trees, and making out the exact scene of the affray, he sat at the foot of a large oak and fell into a fit of musing, partly thinking of his own prospects, and partly on Heywood's wild rivalry. He had not been there long when a voice at a little distance said in an undertone:

"If you keep as you be, sir, a minet, it 'ud oblige." The voice seemed to come from some one on the ground who had endeavored to avoid startling the hearer.

"Well, and who is to be obliged?" he said.

"A friend, sir, if I might say as much. It 'ud be out of the way to say that perhaps the friend is known."

"I know the voice," said Bernard.

"Ladies stopped at the toll gate—Billy Bowmudge, et cetera."

It was the big man who took the part of the Misses Wilmslow at the toll gate, when those young ladies were on their way back to Aspen Court, from their temporary imprisonment at Lord Rookbury's.

It was Mr. Richard Shotten, otherwise the Smiling Stunner.

"And now, Shotten," said Bernard, after the big man had inquired for the ladies, especially "the little white lass—she was so sickly-looking, sir, as my own little Dolf, who's gone dead."

"Now, Shotten, tell me what you are doing here."

"I came after you, sir, no offence."

"After me, and why? What have you got to tell me?"

"I know I'm on the lay, on the right lay, that is, sir—what might be the name of that house there?"

"Aspen Court."

"That's the house. Now, sir, there's ladies in that house, but no gentlemen, nor men neither."

"I am staying there at present, Shotten."

"Well, I didn't know that, sir, I thought you was going to town. So thought them as thought they knowed. You're going to stop where you are, sir?"

"My stay is uncertain," answered Bernard, "but what does all this mean?"

"I'd sooner tell you, sir, than anybody else, but I'm bound over, in a manner, to keep the peace. I know a rough lot and a rough lot knows me, so we're quits. But a fight's a fight, and a sell's a sell. Likewise give the devil his due. My advice, sir, is, if I may make so bold, you stay in that house, that one, (pointing to Aspen Court) and if there's hitting out, look round for Dick Shotten, and if you don't see him say he's a thief and a skulker. Now I'd go into that house, if I was you. Don't ask me any questions, sir, because I can't answer them; but mischief's afoot. All I say is, when the office is hitting out, look round for me. Good night, sir," and as if afraid of being persuaded to stop, the Smiling Stunner went off very fast, singing with all his might as uncouth a song as ever aroused the Dryads of Aspen.

It seemed as though an impulse, common in its object, though different in its origin, was bringing the various personages mentioned in our story to meet in the old house at this crisis. The Wilmslows, all save the Lord of Aspen, (a fugitive on the continent,) were dwellers there. Lilian Trevelyan was a guest, Bernard Carlyon still lingered, and finally down came Molesworth. He was received as an old friend by Jane Wilmslow, and he merely informed her that having been called down to Bristol by business, he would not omit the opportunity of visiting her. Had she heard from her husband? Not since his departure. And how was Amy? A convulsive movement of the hand was the only reply to that last question.

Molesworth's first private interview was with Bernard Carlyon.

"Soh," said he "you preferred visiting Mrs. Wilmslow to writing to her. Perhaps that was the best way. The more letters one *speaks* the better."

"No," answered Bernard, "I had quite another object in coming."

"May one ask it, Mr. Carlyon?"

"It was to see a lady who is in this house."

"Good boy. Then you do intend to marry one of these little heiresses?"

"Assuredly not," said Bernard, "when you did me the honor to inquire so pointedly into my intentions, I told you that they had nothing to do with the object you were so good as to propose. I have only to repeat that answer."

"We are old friends, Bernard," said Molesworth in a gentle voice, "I have really no wish but for your good. You should not fence with an old man—old enough to be your father."

"I was about to explain, sir, that the lady I

spoke of is on a visit to Mrs. Wilmslow; her name is very familiar to you, as it was to me long before I met her, Miss Trevelyan."

Mr. Molesworth broke out into a strange laugh.

"What, the other heiress? The dispossessed one, come back and established in the house of the conqueror! I should like to see her, Bernard," added the old man after a pause, speaking in an odd tone, and with a quaint look.

"You shall, sir, whenever you wish to."

"The old lawyer walked up and down the chamber in a profound study. "Open that big door for me, Bernard—will you be so good—you are stronger than I am." The door was opened in accordance with his wishes. "Now leave me to myself a bit, but don't be out of the way when I come in again," and he marched out with his hands behind him, apparently amused.

Bernard waited and waited, until he lost his patience; the old man was gone so long, so he went to seek the family and have a chat. He had hardly found them before Lilian entered the room with a little note in her hand. The note was a polite one from Mr. Molesworth, who requested the honor of a few minutes private conversation with Miss Trevelyan in any part of the house or grounds she might be pleased to appoint.

This interview was a very long one. When it was over, the lawyer with his usual politeness, opened the door in the most courtly manner to bow Miss Trevelyan from the room. She had evidently been in tears, but that they did not part bad friends might be inferred from her pausing a moment to put her little hand into that of the old man, and from his pressing it, after the olden fashion, to his lips.

Bernard Carlyon next received a summons to the drawing-room, which he obeyed with much alacrity.

"Miss Trevelyan went out of this room crying, just now, after hearing what I had to say."

"And what the devil—or, at least," said Carlyon with quite enough energy, "what right had you, sir, to say anything to annoy Miss Trevelyan?"

"And *who* the devil—if you come to that," retorted Molesworth, looking rather amused; "or at least who told you that the lady was annoyed? Govern your temper, Bernard."

"Well, sir, but you must own that explanation is very necessary."

"Then, sir, listen to me, and be lawyer enough to withhold your opinion until you have heard the whole case. This house and the estate of Aspen Court are, you are aware, mine—mine by absolute sale on the part of the Wilmslows.

With your aid I fought and won it for them; and not having purchased it, I chose, for reasons of my own, to allow them to live and occupy it. One of my reasons was to make Mrs. Wilmslow as happy as her melancholy marriage would permit. Henry Wilmslow's conduct to his wife and children became as you know, so infamous, that I had to drive him from the country. Mrs. Wilmslow has suffered much. Are you prepared to add to her misery? Will you expel her from Aspen Court?

"I, sir? your question seems a little insane to me."

"But supposing that I removed all the insanity, and showed you that the question was perfectly rational, and that you had the power to drive her away?"

"I should receive such a proposition with indignation."

"Hear my determination, Bernard, I have resolved to give Aspen Court a new mistress. I have also resolved that such mistress shall be no other lady than your wife."

"And the lady's name—"

"That depends upon yourself, not me. Marry Emma or Kate Wilmslow, and their mother need not be driven out. Marry any other lady, and even if she be willing that a stranger should occupy her house, Jane Wilmslow will not accept a home on sufferance from her."

"But," said Carlyon, bewildered, "what am I in this—what is my wife—why—*this* is what I ask. You speak of your will, and your power, and of your making my wife the mistress of this place. What next? You may drive out poor Mrs. Wilmslow, but what lot have I or my wife in the matter?"

Your wife, I imagine," said Molesworth, "will obey you."

"I trust so in this, as in all such matters," said Bernard promptly.

"And you will obey me."

"I—what obedience do I owe you? Are you jesting? Why should I obey you?"

"Because, Bernard, because you are my only son."

Bernard could not speak, such waves of emotion surged up from the gulf of his past life; he staggered out of the chamber, into the fresh cool air, across the lawn, and into the Aspen woods, where he wandered and wandered, his heart and brain on fire with excitement. He forgot the hours, and nearly all things, save his own novel position. His engagement to Lilian mingled with every tangled thought, and with this he connected the strange conversation with which Mr. Moles-

worth had led up to the announcement of that day. He determined to resist as far as he could any scheme of Molesworth which involved the disturbance of poor Jane Wilmslow in her house. But he could not divest himself of the idea that the proposition was but a device of his father's for testing his character; and he promised himself the satisfaction of proving to the old lawyer that a resolute will was hereditary in the family.

Suddenly, a new idea darted upon his mind, and fixed itself mercilessly. His mother! Mr. Molesworth was married—had daughters—and the eldest, as Carlyon knew, had been born within the first year of the union. This was a second marriage then, or—

Hurrying back to the house, that this doubt might be instantly satisfied, he scarcely noticed, though he certainly did see, that a traveling carriage which had just left the mansion, was emerging upon the road. Bernard saw that the postillions drove rapidly away, but gave no second thought to the subject. He traversed the rooms in search of Molesworth, but a servant informed him that he had walked out with Mrs. Wilmslow upwards of an hour ago. Looking at the clock he saw that he had been absent four or five hours.

Where were the young ladies—where was Miss Trevelyan?

The young ladies were in Miss Amy's room—the other young lady was gone away.

"Gone away! What trash! What infernal nonsense! Call down one of the Miss Wilmslows. Gone away—what a fool the woman must be, to talk such madness!"

Kate came instantly.

"Oh, Bernard! we have searched for you in every corner of the place. Lilian was so unhappy at going without seeing you. But it was a case of life and death."

"Going? Where? Who? Whose life and death? For Heaven's sake, speak!"

"Her uncle—Mr. Eustace Trevelyan—he is dying. A lady came with another lady to fetch her, and she went off with them, leaving all sorts of kind messages for you."

"No one with them but ladies?" said Bernard, remembering the carriage that he saw.

"One servant behind, a savage looking fellow. He asked Maria the way to the stables, and frightened her sadly."

Bernard rushed from the house to the stables. The horse which he had brought over from Lynfield, was still there; he saddled and bridled him hastily, mounted—but the animal stumbled at the third step. Carlyon's eye instantly detected

the cause. A small stream of blood was flowing from one of the poor animal's legs. It had evidently been wounded to hinder a pursuit—the horse was dead-lame.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE NIGHT-CHASE.

Another minute, and Bernard might have been seen making his way over fields and through hedges, in crow-flight line for the little village, which lay about half a mile from the house. As he drew near it, there rattled out from a small lane, full into the road, the smallest chaise and the smallest and the wickedest looking pony. In this vehicle, dressed in a huge hairy coat, and wearing a hat that must have weighed some pounds, sat a large man, whose figure seemed perfectly gigantic on such a frail pedestal.

"Shotten!" said Bernard, when he caught sight of the rider's face.

"All right, sir, up with you." In a moment they were off. "I've been prowling about these parts ever since the other night, and I've not been quite in the dark as to the dodge as is up. See the carriage, sir?"

"Yes," said Bernard, "and now to overtake it. The start is a long one, seven or eight miles at the rate they would go. Curse them! Fancy, Shotten, the scoundrelly servant in that carriage stabbing my horse in the leg."

"If that were done, sir, it wasn't the servant. Duffing Billy ain't the cove to use a knife, leastwise, on a dumb animal. Why, I've see'd him sow a dog after a fight, and handle him like a bit of wax—dog never so much as whine."

"Then it was some one else, Shotten, and I only hope we'll get within reach of him."

"We'll do that afore long, sir." And at the rate the little pony clattered along, it seemed quite probable. The chaise quivered and swung as they hurried on.

"I trust we shall sight them before it grows too dark," said Carlyon, uneasily.

"Lights is hung out at night, I've heard, sir."

"Perhaps they wont light their lamps."

"Somebody will for 'em, perhaps, sir."

The night came on darker, and still the good little horse held on—one walk over a stubborn hill, and one halt to have his mouth wiped out, being the only occasions on which he had slackened. He clattered away, and the sparks jumped lightly from his feet into the dark road.

By and by they reached an inn, which they drove past, although Carlyon noticed that the pony slackened a little in his speed, whether from

fatigue or at the driver's will, he could not discover.

"They changed there, Shotten!"

"Begging pardon, sir, they did not. Change at the next, over the hill."

"I will not ask you how you know."

"Some folks is obliged to look sharp, sir, when beaks is out; and we get to know a nod from a wink, not being blind horses. The ostler at that house is a careless dog, sir. Did you notice he'd stuck up a pitch-fork, and left his Sunday hat sticking on it. I think I heard him opening the door after we had passed; mayhap he's going to take his hat down, for fear he shouldn't find it when he wants to go to church." About three miles were got over, and the pony gave evident signs of flagging. "Groggy, eh? my lad. Well, you've gone on like a game one, and no mistake, but there's work in you yet."

But now they came in sight of a light. It was at some distance before them, in the centre of the road, and was evidently a small lamp hanging very near the ground. And as it swung, it enabled Bernard to make out that it was just between the hind wheels of a carriage.

"Him's them," said Mr. Shotten. "Thank ye, Mr. Duffing Billy, for your perlite lantern. We'll go easy, sir," turning to Bernard, "till they pulls up for the change—that wont be hurried, as I happen to know, sir—and then go on for mischief."

They proceeded at a gentler pace, taking care to be sufficiently distant to prevent the clatter of the pony's feet from being audible. By and by, the lamp, which had been pendant thus far, was drawn up, and disappeared.

"Close to the place," whispered Shotten. A few yards further he brought the pony to a stand still. The carriage went on for some minutes, and then stopped at a road-side inn. The darkness was complete, but three or four lanterns speedily appeared. Bernard and his companion saw the postillions dismount and disengage the horses from the carriage. They could also make out that there had been two men in the rumble, and a third, who had apparently come from the inn, seemed to be directing the movements of the party. "Now, sir," said the boxer, "if you've game, hit out." A few seconds brought the chaise up to the group around the carriage, (now without horses,) in another minute Carlyon was in the centre of the group. A scowling, hard-faced, well-dressed man descended from the rumble, and was receiving instructions from a taller person, who kept in the rear of the carriage. A simultaneous gesture brought both their faces

into the light, and Bernard immediately recognized Mr. Mardyke and Cyprian Heywood. They did not, it seemed, notice him, so he turned hastily and went round to the other door of the carriage, which he opened. There were ladies inside, and the face which suddenly turned upon him, was that of Mrs. Forrester.

"Heavens! Mr. Carlyon! Ruined! Ruined!"

"I cannot stop to congratulate you, madam, on your occupation—Lilian, it is you whom I want."

"Hush! for God's sake, or you will ruin all," said Mrs. Forrester, clinching his arm tightly—"you know not what madness you are committing."

A second lady bent forward. She wore a white fur cloak, and a black veil. Raising the latter, she disclosed—not the face of Lilian—but that of Mary Maynard. "Be silent, and keep out of sight. All is well, if you will have it so."

"Where is Miss Trevelyan? Do you think I am to be duped by your treachery? Where is she?"

"Lilian is safe," said Mrs. Forrester, in a low voice of intense earnestness, "but you will destroy us. There was a plot to carry her off, but—ah! all's lost," she exclaimed, in despair, sinking back into the corner of the carriage, as Mardyke came round and confronted Carlyon.

"Now, sir," said Mardyke, in a rough-bullying voice, "how dare you open that carriage-door?"

"Keep your distance, rascal, or I settle with you on the instant," said Bernard; "Mrs. Forrester, where is Miss Trevelyan?"

"There," she said, pointing to Mary Maynard, with eyes of earnest meaning.

Mardyke looked savagely at Bernard, and rushing round to the front of the carriage, began to bluster and storm at the ostlers, who seemed to be purposely delaying their preparations.

"Sister," said Mrs. Forrester, "we were obliged to bring away Miss Trevelyan, because, else—"

"So, Mr. Bernard Carlyon," exclaimed the priest, who by this time had come up—he had discarded his ordinary garb, and was in a half military undress, which made him look more than usually noble.) "So, sir, true to the last—pertinacious as an attorney, insolent as an official."

"I talked to you while you were a gentleman," said Bernard, "now that you are a subject for the police, forgive my silence."

"Do not wake her," broke in Mrs. Forrester again. "This noise—"

"True, true," said Bernard, in a voice of singular tenderness

"She shall not be wakened until she wakes in these arms. Do you know that Lilian Trevelyan is in that carriage, Bernard Carlyon, and that we are leaving England together?"

"I must speak with that lady," said Bernard, whose one thought was the real Lilian, "for there is one question which I must ask of her."

"Down with him!" shouted the priest.

"That's your man," said Mardyke, speaking to a rough looking person in a blue great-coat, and a servant's hat, "fell him."

But there was some talk before that could be done, for Mr. Duffing Billy—the blue-coated-man was that illustrious friend of Shotten's—wanted to know why he, Mr. Mardyke, whom he called "fellow-servant," went stabbing horses in the leg, and laying it to him.

Bernard availed himself of this colloquy to get near the carriage, and to hear from Mrs. Forrester a few words, which at once removed the weight from his heart. It was with almost a smile that he again confronted Heywood, who seized him by the collar, and sought to fling him under the wheel of the carriage. He would have succeeded, but for a blow on the arm from the large fist of Shotten. Having disengaged Bernard, the "Smiling Stunner" paused, as an elephant might have done under the circumstances. But Heywood's mad blood was up, and he rushed upon the boxer, striking savagely and with all his might. Shotten kept him at bay like a child, entreating him at the same time with some strange but well-meant oaths, not to maintain so unequal a conflict. Heywood's frenzy now broke out beyond all bounds, he snatched a heavy bludgeon from the hand of Mardyke, and dashed a fierce and down-right blow at the head of Shotten. Even that bull-head would have crushed under it, but the left arm flew to its guard, and received the weight, nor was it in human nature that man or gladiator should withhold an answering blow. The next instant Cyprian Heywood lay senseless at the foot of his enemy.

"Fear nothing," said Bernard, quieting the ladies, who began to make an outcry, especially poor Mary Maynard, who really loved Heywood. "He is only stunned, and will soon recover. Let us remove him into the house."

"Mr. Mardyke," said Mrs. Forrester, "come this way, if you please."

Mardyke came with a very bad grace, pressing his hands to his face, which was somewhat damaged, Duffing Billy having given him what he called "a tap."

"Mr. Mardyke," said Lucy Forrester, in her clear commanding voice, "I am sorry that our

frolic has ended unfortunately. You know that Miss Trevelyan was left in safety at Wingledew, where we stopped, and where Miss Maynard was so unwell that we were obliged to take her into the house? No! you thought it was Maynard that had been left? Very naturally, as she had borrowed Miss Trevelyan's cloak, and the young ladies had changed hats. It was Miss Trevelyan. It was strange that you should have been mistaken all the rest of the way. Perhaps Mr. Heywood, poor man, who had been waiting for us here, was mistaken also. However, all is explained, and the best *and safest* plan will be for the original idea to be carried out. Mr. Heywood, you would say, was going to embark at Bristol with his ward. Miss Maynard is his ward. You must charge yourself with seeing them safely on board. As Mr. Heywood will probably be too ill to know what is going on, you must superintend their embarkation. Do you understand me, Mr. Mardyke? *This is a very harmless conspiracy.*"

Mardyke gave a sullen assent.

"God bless you, Lucy," said Mary Maynard, after Cyprian Heywood had been deposited in the vehicle, "if he does not kill me when he comprehends it all, some day he shall love me."

"And God bless you, dear Mary," said Mrs. Forrester, "I wish I had been kinder to you."

"Do you?" said Mary, kissing her passionately; "that was all I wanted to hear you say. Good-bye, Bernard, Lilian has forgiven me that kiss, after what I have done for her to-day. Farewell all of you."

Away went the carriage to the steamer on the Severn, and back to the posting-house went the remainder of the party, Bernard, Shotten, and Mrs. Forrester. And now, good reader, will you have the kindness to imagine that a carriage was procured; that Wingledew was reached in a short time; that Lilian was locked in the arms of her preserver; that the kisses, and other what-nots suitable to the occasion, were gone through, and that the party reached Aspen Court safely; and in return for your kindness, I will proceed to wind up my story after the most approved style, dealing poetic justice in the amplest manner, to all parties concerned—good, bad, and indifferent.

A few months after the events I have been narrating, there was a wedding at Aspen Court. It was that of Mr. Bernard Carlyon and Miss Lilian Trevelyan, who were united in the holy bands of wedlock by no less a person than the Reverend Lord Dowton, the son of our old friend, Lord Rookbury. Yes, the son of the wicked old peer became a minister of the church, to the great rage of his

father; and if he continues to gaze on the great brown eyes of Kate Wilmslow, as he has done ever since the wedding, there is no telling what else he may become. For my own part, I see white favors in perspective.

Lucy Forrester married Francis Selwyn, in spite of himself, and what is more, makes him a good wife. The minister has not forgotten his former private secretary, Bernard, but has recommended him so highly for promotion, and sent him up so high already, that he is compelled to exert himself to the utmost to vindicate the recommendation of his friend.

Mrs. Wilmslow is still Lady of Aspen Court—for any imaginary claims that could be set up anew, on the part of the Trevelyans, would scarcely be raised by Bernard Carlyon's wife, while Molesworth's mystic parchments, elaborately prepared, would give her husband holds and vantage grounds ultimately unneeded. It is surmised that Mr. Molesworth loved Jane Wilmslow himself before she married the gay captain; and married her to that man, after making an interested second marriage for himself, in a sort of grim despair, desiring to see her the bride and victim of one whom she despised, rather than the happy wife of a worthy husband. There are many dark enigmas in the heart of man, and it may be that this is one of them. Perhaps Jane never fully forgave him for her wedded life—assuredly no human judge has a right to demand that she should extend such pardon. But while the residue of her days endures he struggles to obliterate the memory of the past by the utmost and most deferential service and friendship.

When Bernard asked his father about his mother, he received this answer:

"You are my legitimate son, but you bear the name of a mother concerning whom her child should ask no question. Retain the name, for you have done much to redeem its hatefulness to me. Should it ever be necessary to prove your pedigree the proof shall be furnished. In the meantime let the subject never be mentioned between us." Reader you will be equally discreet.

Angela was indeed the daughter of Lord Rookbury, but by a mock marriage performed on the continent, the parties to which were a certain Polish colonel (Rookbury) and a certain Spanish dancer, whose name is neither your business nor mine. The good earl soon grew tired of his *protégé*, and asked Bernard's advice concerning her future. A project for serving two persons whom he liked instantly occurred to Carlyon, and he demanded *carte blanche*, if he were to interfere at all. Obtaining this, he visited, in succession,

Mr. Molesworth, Angela and Paul Chequerbent, and the result was a humble application from Mr. and Mrs. P. Chequerbent, inclosing their marriage certificate, and requesting forgiveness, which the earl granted of course, because he could'n't mend the matter. Paul was established with Molesworth, and the firm is now "Molesworth, Penkridge & Chequerbent." Angela makes a very good wife, and is learning, they say, to speak pityingly of "actresses, and that sort of people," but I don't believe a word of it. Big Richard Shotten is in training for one more battle which he intends should be his last; there are some doubts though about its taking place, for he can't be made to "sham and sell" in any way that his backers may order. Luck to the Smiling Stunner! May we have such a friend to help us, when "hitting out" is the order of the day.

A few days ago Lady Selwyn received from

America a packet from her old friend Mary Maynard. It was to this effect:—

"I am very happy, and we are going to be Mormons. M. H."

Little Amy died, in the presence of Kate and Emma, and Lilian. She saw them as she closed her eyes, and said—

"I told the angel so! There are three of you to love mamma. He will give me my flowers."

Henry Wilmslow was killed in a drunken brawl at Brussels. The man "who had been a little gay in his time," troubles no one now. The ambassador has been recalled. May his master be merciful to him.

Here ends the Chronicle of Aspen Court. In the words with which the apocryphal Clara Gazul, née Mérimée, brings to an end one of her uncompromising dramas, "Que pensez-vous de l'argument? Pensez-en ce que vous voudrez, mais—excuse les fautes de l'auteur."

OCTOBER MORNING.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES

A grandly-glorious clear October morning,—

The broad red sunrise lights the coming day.

The fine white frost the landscape bright adorning,

On tree, shrub, flower, deliciously it lay;—

How radiates each beam of sunshine over

This breath of Autumn, melting it away

Into great drops of colored pearl and silver,

Shining and sparkling in morn's subtlest ray!

Up mounts the sun! the gleams of light grow stronger,—

Hid in the grassy opening of the wood

The streaks of hazy gold shoot out the longer

A living glory o'er the solitude:

All densely clothed in alders, elms, and laurels,

Hemlock and willow,—beech and sycamore;

While twisting round old tree roots the ground sorrel

Sheds its wild fragrance all the forest o'er!

The autumn wood is in its fullest glory—

With every tint of intermediate shade,

Bright as some scene in oriental story,

With a rich coat of colors overlaid:

Glossed by the radiance,—as if cut in crimson

Its bright-hued foliage the maple weareth,—

The yellow pine, green oak, and dark fringed cedar

Whose branches with deep dim blue berries teemeth.

The air is rich with the peculiar odors

Of the autumnal forest sending forth

A thousand "sweets compacted," from its borders,

And leafy depths as incense to the earth:

The bank to yon wild forest streamlet sloping—

With sweet wood-blossoms and white thorn is drest,

The snowy caps of wild convolvulus looping

With the green woodbine and the fring'd fern's crest!

In the full glance of morn the scene is lighted

With shimmering rays of yellow floating round;

And crimsoned touches, as by fire ignited

Stream through the leaf-wove branches to the ground.

On the green slope—along the woodside making

A misty light,—a waving rain of gold—

In sunny lines through the deep hollows breaking

Or wrapping all in soft and shadowy fold.

Calmly all nature smiles in the still splendor,

The loveliness of this October morn:

And my full heart its tribute too would render

For all the glory on its bright wings borne:

For the pure simple sense of earth's calm beauty—

Which lifts my soul up to its Maker God;

Still teaching lessons of instructive duty,

Through all things springing from the lowly God!

Editor's Table.

A FAIR correspondent has sent us the following impressions of Niagara:—

Cataract House, Niagara Falls.

The September moon was gilding, with mellowed beauty, the exquisite scenery of Niagara, when the huge steam-horse that had been tearing with us over hill and dale, like one of the fiends in German legends, landed us at length within the roar of the cataract, and stood sending forth shrieks, apparently of baffled spite that we had landed in safety. But landed we certainly were, at eleven o'clock, P. M.; and considerably bewildered in our perceptions of what was passing around us, we were borne along in the stream of humanity that was emptying itself into an omnibus—said omnibus being evidently impressed with the idea that passengers, when taken were to be well shaken—and after gazing in no very amiable mood at our liberal allowance of companions, and wondering what possessed everybody to go to the Cataract House, we were suddenly set down at the very mansion in question.

Quite impressive was our entrance within those pleasant walls. If there is extravagance in the description, it must be borne in mind that we were rather more than two-thirds asleep; and viewing things through this veil, it did appear to us that several dark figures, each bearing a whisk-broom rampant for a coat-of-arms, bore down upon the parties that alighted from the omnibus, and carried them off in groups, to be disposed of according to the pleasure of the dark individuals mentioned above.

Our next view of matters and things was taken in a large airy apartment, the marble floor breathing coolness, and the deep windows suggestive of those charming old country-houses that flourished in revolutionary times. Here sat a party of forsaken females, whose lords and masters had gone to see if the "big trunk, little trunk, handbox, and bundle" had proved faithful to their owners; but all paired off properly at last, and the pleasant room faded from our sight like a scene upon the stage.

After a substantial supper, we were marshaled through wide, cool-looking halls, to a capacious room in the second story, where the eternal roar of Niagara fell upon our ears like a requiem for the last day. The whole party being comfortably disposed of, we were actually vulgar-minded enough to sleep, and sleep soundly, too, in the very face of the never-ceasing tempest that raged without.

Morning broke, and the rapids were leaping and frolicking in the sunlight around the blackened piece of timber that remains a monument of the folly of a poor, erring mortal, who passed from the sleep of inebriation to that of eternity. A last, despairing effort for life—a maddened clinging to the frail log, through hours of alternate hope and misery, until the victim was torn away by the maddened waters, and hurried over the precipice to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

But no one thinks of lingering to look out of windows at Niagara, any more than a hungry man pauses to enjoy the smell of the viands before him; and with very little "prinking," we were soon on the road to Goat Island. Beautiful little gem! that lies there in perfect safety, pillowed in the very arms of the terrible waters of Niagara, that seems like a powerful giant hushing to sleep a lovely and fragile child.

But we did not pass unmolested into this region of bliss. Carriages swarmed around us—carriage-drivers were shouting in our ears—and the gentlemen of the party were harassed by constant repetitions of, "Have a carriage, sir? Have a carriage, sir?" while our pressing interrogators seemed fairly resolved to lift us in, in spite of our denials, and tear us to pieces among them.

Having shaken off these leeches, we proceeded without hindrance, except that being green-horns, we paused at the windows of the curiosity-shops to admire the fans, in the centre of which repose birds surrounded by other birds' feathers. But people were in the shops, and people were buying; and as this is the most infectious of performances, we soon found ourselves inside, but resolving, notwithstanding this weakness, to combine usefulness with extravagance, we bestowed our affections and our money upon a needle-book of vermilion-colored cloth embroidered with white beads.

Then we wrote our names in a formidable-looking book; and then we went into fits of indignation at a paper-mill that had impudently dared to bring into bondage the wildly-flowing waters of Niagara. Why has not some enterprising Yankee turned the very cataract itself into a water-power for something useful? Strange, how long it has been suffered to remain in idleness, actually doing nothing but roaring for years and ages! It is certainly old enough to be of some use in the world; and to the first inventor of a curb for this wild, magnificent steed we vote—the anathemas of a world.

A bright sheen of emerald-tinted water burst upon our view; and the gigantic American Fall went roaring and leaping down its apparently incredible height, raising a dense cloud of milk-white spray, that seemed to float up like incense from the feet of the great Water Spirit. "The Maid of the Mist," a frightened-looking little steamboat, whose passengers, bundled up in black India-rubber garments, remind one of huge cockroaches, keeps careering about just close enough to be well-dashed with spray, and seems like a pert child that fears to take as many liberties with the thundering giant as it would wish to take.

The horse-shoe fall, with its tottling tower, is also in full view; and people who are foolish enough to do such things, mount to the top of this tower to "take views"—a thing which can be done much more sensibly by remaining on terra firma. Com-

fortably seated on a rude bench, we were completely lost in the contemplation of the vastness and sublimity before us, when a boy came up with a huge prism, having a wooden handle, which handle he requested us to grasp, and then see what we would see. The effect was electric. It seemed as if all the rain-bows and lunar-bows that had ever decorated Niagara, had been brought together for the occasion, and draped like veils over the trees, the clouds, and the water. We turned it in different directions, and it was still more beautiful.

One would think that the constant sight of Niagara would inspire feelings of sublimity in every mind; but far from having this effect, it seems to inspire only the love of gain in those who live near its waters. Indian museums and curiosity-shops abound—men with little porcelain models of the tower and specimens of minerals, spread their tables under every green tree—and Indian women are scattered here and there, busily engaged in manufacturing gorgeous-hued pincushions, which do not seem to meet with a very ready sale.

The trees on Goat Island are mercilessly hacked by the knives of ambitious travelers, who probably despair of any less perishable fame. But Nature has, in many instances, indignantly exerted herself to blot out all traces of the insult offered to her handiwork, and verified the poet's comparison—

"Like one who fruitlessly, perchance,
Engraves his name upon a tree."

Marvelous legends do the guides relate—stories that bear a decided impress of "the three black crows"—but the unvarnished truth is fearful enough; and as one looks shudderingly down the dark, deep, almost unfathomable precipices, he is disposed to believe any tale of horrors that is related to him. He gazes, perhaps, at the clear water, through which gleam the brown rocks that seem almost on the surface, and wonders that death and destruction should be inevitable to those who once leave the shore; but let him beware of trusting the treacherous waters that sweep on, with resistless power to the fearful cataract.

Niagara! How can pen describe thee? With the sunbeams of a bright September morning resting on thy waves, and thy volumes of water from unfathomable lakes pouring madly down into the pool below—with the calm blue sky smiling peacefully above thee—and Nature on every side unfurling her banners of green. Thou art indeed a mixture of the terrible and the beautiful! Here has God set his seal in characters not to be mistaken; and thou art all over written with the name of the great "I Am!"

Having, with praiseworthy patriotism, first explored the wonders of the American side, we were seized with a desire to set foot in "Merrie England;" and explicitly following directions, we found ourselves inside of a wooden shed, that was a sort of landing-place to a steep flight of interminable steps. Others were there, watching, like ourselves, with a sort of frightened interest, the queer movements of a wooden box, dignified by the name of "car," that

was now being drawn up the stair by huge ropes, preparatory to taking us down. We endeavored to conceal our trembling under an appearance of satisfaction, when informed that we could now get in; but the attempt did not sit well upon any of the party. With continual shudders, and a vivid remembrance of all the wicked things we had ever done, we slowly descended to the bottom, and were landed at the ferry.

It was a lowering day; the sun had ceased struggling to emerge from his prison of black clouds, and the ground was wet and slippery. The spray was most unexpectedly thick—indeed, had we not known that it was spray, we should certainly have called it *rain*. We had arrived, to be sure, but the place looked almost as unpromising as did "Eden" to the eyes of Martin Chuzzlewit and his follower. We gazed around in vain for the "ferry" we had been taught to expect; we did indeed see a solitary row boat that was making a complete oyster of itself in a bed of mud, but there was no "boatman" to "row us o'er the stormy water." The spray was wetting us through as thoroughly as if it really *had* been rain; and forsaken and uncomfortable, we were deliberating upon the propriety of crawling back to the wooden box that had brought us down, and being hoisted up out of this miry pit.

Our soliloquies having been thought aloud, after the most approved Hamlet style, were, at this critical juncture, responded to by the gruffest of all gruff voices that croaked out, in raven-like tones—

"I'd like to know how you expect to be taken over the ferry, if you don't get into the boat?"

There was that in the voice which expressed the most perfect contempt for us and our performances; and this, coupled with the lack of any human accompaniment to these weird-like tones, diffused a pleasant shivering over the party that was quite exciting.

At length, our dull eyes distinguished a small shed, whose front was entirely open to the elements; and framed in this shed, like an ugly picture, was a tall, attenuated being, whose long wiry locks streamed down from beneath a sort of skull-cap—whose face was indescribable—and whose feet were at that moment disowning all connection with each other, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Hands thrust down to the very depths of huge pockets, and a bracing up of the wiry figure against the boards of the tenement gave him a decidedly resolute air; and as we had good reason to suppose that this was the proprietor of the voice that had so unexpectedly made itself heard, we moved toward the boat, like chidden children, while our commander-in-chief stood grimly regarding us.

The ground was slippery—the spray blinding—and, oh! unlucky step! a lady of the party was soon on terms of the closest acquaintance with the treacherous mud. We snatched the forlorn damsel from her inglorious resting-place, with all possible speed, and hoped that the man didn't see; but he *did* see, and looked as though he had a great mind not to take us now. With a most disapproving expression

of countenance, he tossed some oil-skin coats at us, which we gladly wrapped around our shivering frames; and with a sort of feeling that, if the rest of our conduct did not give more satisfaction, we would be consigned to the fishes, (that is, if there are any there,) we took our seats in the boat, which manifested a decided disposition to rock us over.

We occasionally ventured a timid remark upon the possibility of our having been caught in a rain-storm; but the wiry-haired one invariably frowned down all such ideas, with the laconic rejoinder, "spray"—until we were fairly in the middle of the river, when he was graciously pleased to allow that it *rained*, and informed us that we could tell that by the bubbles on the water. The water was green, our boat was greener—but we were greenest of all.

In a regular north-eastern storm, which we had mildly considered "spray," we landed on Victoria's dominions, and were immediately pounced upon by the vultures, in the shape of carriage-drivers, who throng the shore. An honest-looking face beamed upon us from the crowd; and following his guidance, we were soon seated in a comfortable carriage, *en route* for the Clifton House—the desire uppermost in our minds at that moment, being a good warm fire and dry garments.

We looked at nothing until we were fairly deposited in the comfortable parlor, when we were struck by the peculiarly English look of everything around. The glowing fire, the substantial arm-chairs, the very character of the pictures upon the walls, the chintz curtains, and the beautifully-trimmed park, visible from the windows, were all different from anything that we had seen in Yankeeland. Our saturated garments were tenderly cared for—our feet were toasted to our utmost satisfaction—and feeling encouraged by the sunbeams that now streamed in upon the floor—to say nothing of a cracker and a glass of wine—we set forth excursionally-inclined.

Our driver was well-informed and communicative, and between him and a gentleman of the party who has such an inquiring turn of mind that his countenance is a perfect interrogation-mark, and who rarely utters a sentence that is not a question, there ensued a dialogue that embraced a little of everything. Our Jehu was evidently accustomed to Brother Jonathans, for he answered the questions that showered upon him with the rapidity of hailstones as though he kept himself expressly booked up for the purpose.

A charming drive along the banks of the river—a bewildering succession of beautiful pictures—and the falls were again before us. The carriage stopped to allow us an opportunity for raptures, and our driver, with an impulse peculiar to drivers whenever they rest their horses for two minutes, abandoned his box, and was soon mingling with his companions.

"Where is your driver, sir?" asked a voice close beside us, "These horses will take fright."

The more romantic portion of our party looked with a sort of grateful interest at the stripling who stood beside the carriage; but another individual advised us not to attend to anything the young man said, as the horses were perfectly safe.

"Where is that driver?" continued the first speaker; and we watched with an involuntary admiration the noble interest for our safety which kindled in his face as he urged us to alight.

Our feet were compliantly seeking the ground, when our driver returned, and with a laugh pointed to one of those money-extorting establishments that disgrace Niagara, in front of which we were unconsciously standing. This affair is rather worse than any of the others, for the proprietors exact an entrance-fee for every room. Their employees lurk about the place to entice unwary travelers; and the noble individual whom we had regarded admiringly, was, it seems, connected with the press! Truly is it women's sad fate

"To make them idols, and to find them clay!"

We were rapidly approaching that magnificent work of art, the suspension bridge; and in a short time we were rolling over it with a train of cars actually moving over our heads! Who will say that this is not a fast age? Slowly and solemnly we moved along—for any proceeding faster than a walk would have drawn upon us a fine of five dollars—speculating pleasantly upon the probabilities of the bridge proving treacherous, and sinking with us to the merciless waters that rushed below. With an involuntary prayer for protection on our formidable journey, we passed safely over the bridge; and lifted up our hearts in gratitude when fairly landed on terra firma.

Again we approached the Cataract House, and did ample justice to the good things set before us at the dinner-table. With respect to this excellent hotel, we can scarcely say enough in its praise; and advise all travelers who are fond of cleanliness, quiet, and a good table to go there. We have not tried the other houses, but feel very much as did the gentleman who was requested to taste some outlandish eatable. "If bad," he said, "he lost nothing by refusing it—and even if good, there were enough good things with which he *was* acquainted to satisfy him, without making any fresh trials."

We have not descended to the "Burning Spring," because we heard a weary, toil-worn party who were ascending the stairs after the performance of this feat observe, that "it was no more than seeing a candle lighted anywhere, and we were wise enough to profit by their experience; we have not been to "Lundy's Lane," because we could not have General Scott there with us to fight his battle over again so that we could understand it; we have not been to Chippewa, because it was too much trouble; and we do not meditate visiting "The Devil's Hole," because we have some fears that his Satanic Majesty might seize upon us as his rightful property.

Having most accommodately answered questions that were not asked, and nearly reached the end of our paper, we have concluded to go and have a chat with the rapids—merely remarking, in conclusion, that of all the months in the year, September is the most beautiful for visiting Niagara.

When Count Stephen Szechenyi returned from England, at the commencement of the Hungarian opposition, he held meetings and made speeches everywhere to the peasants in order to invite them to be as active as the English. During one of these speeches he described with enthusiasm the industry of the English nation, and fancying he had worked sufficiently on the feelings of his audience, he concluded with the remark :

"These brave Britons labor continually, by day and by night, in summer and winter, they are always, always, always at work !

When he had finished, a considerable noise commenced among the Hungarian peasants, and the Count heard them say :

"The poor, miserable fellows, they're always at work. Well, at any rate, we are better off here, after all."

A curious illustration of historical inaccuracy was related by President Jefferson to an intelligent English traveler, and as it may be new to some of our readers, we here insert it.

The Abbé Raynal in his "History of the British Settlements in America," has recounted a remarkable story which implies the existence of a particular law in New England. Some Americans being in company with the Abbé at Paris, questioned the truth of the story, alleging that no such law had ever existed in New England. The Abbé maintained the authority of his history, till he was interrupted by Dr. Franklin, who was present, and after listening for some time in silence to the dispute, said :

"I can account for all this, you took the anecdote from a newspaper of which I was at that time editor, and happening to be very short of news, I composed and inserted the whole story."

In Llangollen churchyard, North Wales, on the tomb of Morris and Catherine Jones, is the following curious epitaph :

Our life is but a winter's day—
Some only breakfast and away.
Others to dinner stay and are well fed,
The oldest man sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

In this season of crabs elegantly dressed in the shell, and lobster salads, it rather goes against us to enlighten some of our readers by the following statement, and somewhat spicy anecdote ; but the truth must be told :

The crabs are the scavengers of the sea, like the wolves and hyenas of the land, they devour indiscriminately dead and living prey. The bodies of all sorts of dead creatures are removed by the obscene appetite of these greedy crustacea ; and there is no doubt that many an enormous crab, whose sapidity elicits praise at the epicure's table, has rioted on the decaying body of some unfortunate mariner. But what of that ! Let us imitate the philosophy

of the negro mentioned by Captain Crow. On the Guinea coast people are buried beneath their own huts, and the land crabs are seen crawling in and out the holes in the floor with revolting familiarity ; notwithstanding which they are caught and eaten with avidity. A negro, with whom the worthy Captain remonstrated on the subject, seemed to think this but a reasonable and just retaliation, a sort of payment in kind ; replying with a grin and chuckle of triumph :

"Crab eat black man, black man eat *he* !"

Professor Schloezer of Germany has made a collection of letters written home from this country, by some Hessian officers of the British army. The writer of some these epistles speaks of the surrender of the Hessian force to the Americans under General Gates October 18, 1777. He says :

"When marching through the American camp, all the regiments, together with the artillery were drawn up in line of battle. Not a single man was regularly clothed in regimentals. Every one of the men wore the clothes in which he worked in the fields or went to church. They had, however, the appearance of true soldiers and with a high military air. Their muskets were provided with bayonets, and the sharp shooters had rifles. They stood so motionless in line that we were astonished. Not a single one of them uttered any remark to his comrade, and they were all formed by nature so fine, so tall, so muscular that it did one's heart good to look at them. I assure you, my dear friends, they were all of the Prussian standard height. It is really my opinion that in regard of stature and beauty of the male population, British America excels nearly all the European countries. But few of the officers in Gate's camp wore regimentals, and those who wore them had them made independently in their own way. Cloth of every color served the purpose—brown coats with green facings and cuffs, white lining and silver laces ; or there were plenty of gray coats with buff facings and cuffs—in short, take any collection of patterns in a clothing store, make every composition, and you will spare me the trouble of description.

"When we marched down their front, there was not a single man who exhibited any rancor, hatred or sign of scorn, or who uttered a word of exultation or malicious passion. They behaved as if they paraded to do us honor. When passing before the tent of General Gates, he obligingly invited the brigadiers and commanders to enter, and refreshments of all kinds were placed before them. Gates is a man between fifty and sixty years of age, wears his own hair, gray and thin and cut round his head. He also wears spectacles being short-sighted ; he is very lively and amiable. In head quarters we met officers of every rank who proved very kind and polite to us. The French overpowered us with flattering words while officers from Pennsylvania of German origin offered to make us comfortable in their homes."

Of the American ladies, the Hessian speaks thus :

"The women in all this part of the country up to New York and Boston are slim and well proportioned in stature, and without being stout it cannot be said they are lean. They have very pretty little feet and fine hands and arms; neck and shoulders are beautifully white, and the complexion of the face is fresh and healthy, not needing any rouge. They have white teeth, charming red lips and their eyes are bright and lively. To that is joined a natural grace, their motions are easy and without restraint, with merry and self-confident faces; and, if I may say so, a certain pertness of manner which, as a natural gift, suits them extremely well. They dress becomingly, and all they wear is well made. They dress the hair every day, binding it behind in a chignon, and arranging it in front over a moderately high cushion. They are mostly seen without any covering on the head, though they sometimes wear a little hood. Here and there you will meet a country nymph with hair flying loose, or bound with a colored ribbon. When leaving the house for a visit, they will wear a silk mantilla over the shoulders, and put on gloves. They are expert in enveloping themselves in these mantillas—one of the white, well-shaped arms will always betray itself. They have on these occasions a neat and very engaging little bonnet on the head, under which they understand how to look out in a bewitching way. In the English colonies the belles have fallen in love with pink mantillas—either of silk or wool. Dressed in this fashion, those girls are running about offering a friendly greeting to one, and always ready with a snappish answer when indiscreetly addressed. Thus we saw them everywhere, standing on the road which we passed over, laughing mischievously at us, or offering us sometimes, with mock courtesy, an apple. At first we believed them to be from the city, or at least the daughters of the richer inhabitants of the country. But no—they were the daughters of the poorest farmers.

"In honor to my own countrywomen, I must confess that the tender, sweet and languishing feeling which gives them so great a charm is but seldom met with among the ladies here, and for that reason the latter do not afford that exalted happiness to their husbands which is so often experienced in our families."

The American girls apparently, were not soft and sentimental enough for the taste of our bearded Hessian.

There are five kinds of eaters. 1st. There is your dull man, who seems to eat merely from habit, mainly because his parents did so before him, and he expects his children will follow his example. 2nd. Your impatient, fidgety being, who is all activity, and who falls to at once on the dish that happens to be before him. 3rd. Your careless eater, without education, who considers so much time as lost that is passed at the table, puts all dishes on the same level, and hardly knows the difference between the breast and the drum stick. 4th. Next comes your ravenous animal who thinks only of quantity, takes everything that comes in his way, as if anxious to show the ca-

capacity of his stomach. 5th. Lastly, come the professors, men of taste, who cast a practised eye over the table before they eat, use judgment in the choice of such dishes as suit their habits, and eat sparingly of each, that their palate may be gently excited by variety. These are the guests who are the best dinner-table talkers. And here we take the liberty of presenting a precept given by an ancient philosopher, whose name we do not remember, neither is it of consequence, that the mouth is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought; of course nothing unclean, (of course unpalatable) should go in or come out.

The sultan of Wadai Gaudeh, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them.

"How wilt thou do this?" said the sultan.

"Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man who knows how to milk!"

The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl, and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the sultan, and said:

"Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!"

"How dost thou know that?"

"Look at this blackened milk!"

"In what way has it become black?"

"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind!"

Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed, and looked out anxiously towards the west. In a short time, the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian Sultan was slain.

What a curious study it would be to trace the origin of the varied changes and fashions of dress, arising as they do from the whims, the passions and the deformities of the great, the following anecdote, of many, will sufficiently show.

Louis XVI. and his brothers were no Josephs, and in one of the dairies attached to the grounds of the palace was a young woman of more than ordinary beauty and attraction. Monsieur D'Artois had glanced his eye on this charming servant of the crown, and doubtless fancied his position gave him every authority to press his suit. Proof against his importunities, she one day bade him be seated, and placing a skimming-dish upon his head, ran out of the dairy at the instant, that some of the courtiers entered, who were in quest of him. The surprise of the mo-

ment, and the odd figure Monsieur presented, excited a general laugh, nor did the matter stop here, it was whispered from one to another, till it reached the ears of the ladies of the court, who in satisfying their curiosity, had hats made in the form of a skimming dish, and these being found out not inconsistently to add charms to many a really pretty face, it became general and as popular as now.

In a sister city lately a Spanish journal called the *Cronica* was suspended for want of funds; whereupon another Spanish paper of the same city, the *Cometa*, came out next time with its tale, and an announcement of the surcease, under a death's head and cross-bones and the motto of a tombstone:—*Requiescat in pace!* A terrific piece of pleasantry no doubt—one which makes you laugh by the savage sincerity of it. And, after all, this bitter professional hostility is not so much a comic feature of Spanish journalism here, as a permanent universal trait of our own. Our editors abuse one another like pickpockets, and, if you believe them, not one of them walks about the world without a tarnished reputation, deserving to be turned out of decent society. It is amusing to see these censors of the age, these guardians of morality, the scourges of wrong and the priests of progress, pursue and poke, and prey upon one another—not to carry the alliteration any farther. One editor is a renegade of principle—lost to all sense of truth and honor—looking for office, putting in all sorts of advertisements, exaggerating the number of his subscribers. Another is a Mephistopheles, a Judas Iscariot, a Nero, and the Devil; a crowd of brother editors, in fact, agree in bedeviling a prosperous Ishmaelite of a man in New York who laughs back, like a cheerful hyena out of a barred window. One grave journalist, the first of his class and foaming at the mouth, calls another,—somewhat of a brother in political principle—"a villain on account of some trading dexterity in which they are all adepts alike; and being himself one of the most laughable men extant, in respect to his personal appearance, hurls a taunt at his neighbor, on the score of his stature, calling him a "little"—meaning low-sized—"villain." The bitterest expressions of contempt and scorn are bandied about among them, and it is well for them that the world does not believe any of them. They will talk, like unshorn Catos, of the excitability of rowdies and strikers at a cock-fight, but their own is as great; and they fly at each other as often and as bitterly as the wildest men of Connemara, whisky-primed. Game-cocks are they, and the spurs they wear are their patent steel pens. It is not a favorable sign of a community when men bear these daily slurs on their honor and honesty, and carry them through the streets, like so much mud on their clothes—taking the matter as a thing of no consequence. This is not moderation, but a sort of meanness. No man should be permitted to use language which he shall not justify in person. If such were the case, we should have less filth flying about—have a better tone of journalism and society. Of

course none of our editors gets up a death's head and cross-bones when the man over the way falls through. They behave in general "like allegories on the banks of the Nile"—and pretend to be concerned, when they are very glad of it. But the Spanish fashion, after all, has the merit of honesty—such as Dr. Johnson who loved an honest hater, would admire.

From an exchange, we clip the following programme, which is about the most classic production we have read for many a day:

**THE GREAT PERFORMANCE AT SYRACUSE
ON THE 26th SEPTEMBER.**

Just opened, with 100,000 Curiosities, and performance, in Lecter Room; among which may be found

**TWO LIVE BOAR CONSTRICTERS,
Mail and Femail.**

ALSO!!

A STRIPED ALGEBRA, STUFT.

BESIDES!!

**A PAIR OF SHUTTLE COCKS AND ONE
SHUTTLE HEN—alive!**

THE!

**SWORD WHICH GEN. WELLINGTON FIGHT
WITH AT THE BATTLE OF WATER-
LOO! whom is six feet long and
broad in proportion.**

WITH!!!

**A ENORMOUS RATTLETAIL SNAKE—
a regular wopper!**

END!

THE TUSHES OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS!

Together with!

A BENGAL TIGER: SPOTTED LEPROSY!

**GREAT MORAL SPECTACLE OF "MOUNT
VESUVIUS."**

PART ONE.

Seen opens. Distant Moon. View of Bay of Naples. A thin smoke rises. *It is the Begining of the Eruption!* The Napels folks begin to travel. Yaller fire, follered by silent thunder. Awful consternation. *Suthin rumbles!* It is the Mounting preparing to Vomio! They call upon the Fire Department. *It's no use!* Flight of Stool pigeons. A cloud of impenetrable smoke hang over the fated city, through which the Naplers are seen makin' tracks. Awful explosion of bulbs, kurbs, forniquets, pin wheels, serpentiles, and fourbillon spirals! The Mounting Laver begins to squash out!

End of Part One.

COMIC SONG.

The Parochial Beedle, - - - Mr. Mullet.

LIVE INJUN ON THE SLACK WIRE.

Live Injun, - - - Mr. Mullet.

OBLIGATIONS ON THE CORNUCOPIA,
BY SIGNOR VERMICELLI.

Signor Vermicelli, - - - Mr. Mullet.

In the course of the evening will be an exhibishun
of Exileratin' Gas! upon a Laffin Highena!

Laffin Highena, - - - Mr. Mullet.

PART TWO!

Boy of Naples 'luminated by Bendola Lites. The lava gushes down. Through the smoke is seen the city in a state of conflagration. The last family! "*Whar is our parents?*" A red hot stone of elevating tuns weight falls onto 'm. The bareheaded father falls scentless before the statoo of the Virgin! *De-numong!*"

The whole to conclude with a
GRAND SHAKSPEARING PYROLIGENOUS
DISPLAY OF FIREWURKS.

Maroon Bulbs, changing to a spiral wheel, which changes to the Star of our Union: after, to butiful p'in:s of red lites; to finish with busting into a Brilliant Perspiration!

During the performance a No. of Popular Airs will be performed on the Scotch Fiddle and Bag-pipes, by a real Highlander.

Real Highlander, - - - Mr. Mullet.

Any boy makin a muss, will be injected at once't.

As the Museum is Temperance, no drinkin' aloud, but any one will find the best of lickors in the Saloon below.

How characteristic of the period is the following description by Horace Walpole, of a visit to the den of the Cock-Lane Ghost!—

"We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot: it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house was so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable. When we found the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts? We heard nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night until seven in the morning, that is when there are only apprentices and old women. *We stayed, however, till half an hour after one.*"

Imagine a prince of the blood, two noble ladies, a peer, and the son of a prime minister packing in one hackney-coach from Northumberland House, on a winter's night, and in a dirty lane near Smithfield watching till half-past one by the light of a tallow-candle, amidst fifty of the "unwashed," for the arrival of a ghost!

In spite of the apparent progress of science and the world at large, experience shows that men take a very long time, to adopt any new thing, and only appear to change when they can no longer help themselves. We have latterly seen a number of para-

graphs going about the European newspapers and our own, urging the necessity of discovering something cheaper and more plenty than rags for the manufacture of paper—a substance which has become such a necessity of the age. We are still suggesting and reporting in this matter. But it is very curious that over eighty years ago, a Dutchman should have gone into the same investigation and produced paper from a great variety of substances—to wit: the roots and bark of trees, the vine of hops, the tendrils of the grape, stalks of nettle, the thistle, the hollyhook, sugar cane, cabbage stalk, wood-shaving, saw-dust, hay, straw, willow and the like. He made specimens of paper from all these, sixty in number, and bound them up in a book; and this book may now be seen in the British Museum in London, where it was placed in 1772.

Circassian girls are seldom reluctant to be sold to Turkey. Those beneath a certain rank look upon such sale, on the part of their fathers, as a proof of his anxiety for the welfare of his daughters. Unless, therefore, the Circassian has seen a youth, upon whom to lavish her young affection, she usually desires to be sent to Stamboul. If her father be willing, she is sold to a slave merchant, who takes her to the land she has chosen. There she is sent to a ladies' school, where she is carefully instructed in the accomplishments of the Turkish gentlewoman. And, if she is very beautiful, she will be taught reading, writing, Turkish, Arabic and Persian literature—these will be an additional recommendation in the eyes of a wealthy Osmanli. After two to four years—according to her age—spent in this seminary, the young girl is fit for sale. Her "condition" now, receives the most unremitting attention for a few months. The doctor, in attendance at the establishment, visits her constantly. She is fed very carefully; she is daily bathed very discreetly, cosmetics of the most excellent kind are pressed into use. All these things are done, that her limbs and face may appear beautifully rounded, and that her skin may be pure, pale, clear; in a word, that she may look her very loveliest. The Circassian girls always bring a higher price than the Georgian. Their beauty is of a higher type. They are more intellectual. They can manage a household better—indeed, the Circassian ladies may be classed amongst the most skillful, the most saving housewives in the world. An old Osmanli, says a recent traveler, told me that he loved a Circassian better than a Georgian, as he did the sun better than the moon. For a Circassian could make her harem smell like the garden of Peristan, and look herself as if freshly descended out of Paradise, upon a purse of money that would not suffice a Georgian to sand its floors like the desert.

The Rev. Sydney Smith carried his *buffo* humor into the austere pages of the Edinburgh Review. Having a dull book of sermons to notice, he pretends he began to read till it threw him into a lethargic sleep, from which he did not recover till they had adopted some of those means used in cases of sus-

pended animation! If such a review were offered now-a-days to any of our publishers, they would be very sure to throw it into the basket, as something too strong—too much out of the regulated mode of things.

There is not an hour of the day that is not the beloved hour of some blossom, which to it alone opens her heart. Linnæus conceived the pleasant notion of a *flower clock*: instead of a rude metal bell to thump the hour, there is a little flower-bell ready to break out at three o'clock; a flower star that will shine forth at four, and a cup, perhaps, will appear at five o'clock, to remind old-fashioned folks that it is tea-time. Claude Lorraine, although he did not make a clock of four-and-twenty flowers in his garden, was a landscape painter most familiar with nature; and when he was abroad, he could at any time know what o'clock it was by asking the time of the flowers of the field. It would have been of no use for him to ask a cat. The peasants of Auvergne and Languedoc have at their doors beautiful barometers in which there is no glass, quicksilver or jolner's work. They are furnished by the flowers.

"Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betridden lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast the winged moments fly."

Many readers, we should think, will be startled to hear that "starvation" in which a Latin termination is attached to a Saxon root, is an old Scotch word, but unknown in England, till used by Mr. Dundas, the first Lord Melville, in an American debate, in 1776. That it then jarred strangely on English ears is evident from the nickname "Starvation Dundas" which in consequence he bore.

We have laid down a book in which it is stated that the publications of this country are calculated to mould the character of the community—that our literature will give direction to the national thought and the national progress. We are not so sure of that. We are in the habit of doubting things—especially if they seem to go without questioning and be received in a general way. Somebody says plenty of timber will make a great fire. But we contradict and say, too much timber will smother the fire. And we argue in this way. We admit that a vast crowd of excellent, interesting, and valuable works come out every month, and would do the community good, if the community was allowed to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. But that is out of the question. The books are not read. Scarcely have the conscientious got through the prefaces, when up comes another hot-pressed batch, with gilt letters on the back, crying, "Who'll read me?"

In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs!

Nobody ever reads any book; he skims through them all, like a fast swallow. But as for weighing the matter or remembering it—good luck, let no one expect such a thing! There is a tremendous pres-

sure on the reading public, that paralyzes all power of profitable reading. Formerly, it was something for a man to publish a book; he had a clear space and a chance of being read. His book would perhaps be talked about for a month—if a very good one, for a year. Now it is all over with a publication, when the publishers have advertised it, and the critics have puffed or abused it, and the skimmers have skimmed through it. Then the cry is, "what next?" The world is ready to clear away more; must do it—the literary farrowing is carried on at such a terrible rate. Men's minds are syphons, and the prepared pabulum goes through them—scurry-go-nimble! Intellect never grows fat on such fare. Macaulay's book, or Longfellow's, or Irving's, comes out, and there is a pause or buzz extra; but the great rush reclaims its order, and these must give way to those pressing on from behind. Literature is going ahead, like everything else in the community; and the largest foot-prints are soon defaced in the multitude of smaller ones. Is this true? Or must we bring forward our statistical table, and show the figures? No need. We are all in too great a hurry for that sort of thing, and push along with a general idea that it is a fact—sirree! So it is, breathless reader—running, as thou art, along with the literature of the day, fitly called current—pelted as thou art with the same, as from the clouds—a wonderful reign of intellect!

After all, the influence of books is indeed very small. There's rhyme and reason for the opinion. Our literature will not mould the national character, nor influence whatever progress we are destined to make. Commerce and statesmanship—these are what shall make the American mind; for they are the things which move it, and must move it most. We are all earnest in the matter of trade and commerce; in *that*, we think for ourselves, urged by the strongest human impulse. That and our politics, from which our minds are inseparable, will urge us forward into new ways, and bring us into hostile contact with the world, making us revolutionary and warlike. It is in this way that native character must be formed, and native thought brought out truly and vigorously, in the old Greek and Roman fashion. If we are not to have some great elevating movement, something to stir up the mind of the nation, earnest, united and resolute in the arguments of the world, we shall be smothered in the shallows of our incessant literary deluges—we shall be overrun with the little, frigid, hypocritical moralities of "pious books," and find ourselves in the end a thin-blooded, active people, full of selfish amenities and dexterities, and famous for many remarkable mechanical contrivances. But we must have some such elevating movement—and a great many such; and the best school for the nation's mind, would be some mighty struggle of principle, by sea and land, which would call forth its most athletic energies. In such a struggle, less books would be printed; but those printed would be American, and read for many a day.

"The world," said Luther one day, while conversing with his friends at table, "is a vast and magnificent game at cards, made up of emperors, kings, princes, and so forth. The Pope had for several ages beat emperors, princes, and kings. They gave way and fell under him. Then came our Lord God, distributed the cards anew, took for himself the very smallest of them all, (Luther,) and with that he beat the Pope, the conqueror of the kings of the earth. . . . That was God's ace. 'He cast down the mighty from their seats,' says Mary, 'and has exalted the humble and the meek.'"

Menage, the French author, had a very funny way of arranging precedence among the very jealous literary guests he invited to his table, the feeblest and foolishlest always making most fuss about their consequence. At last he hit upon it. He seated his authors according to the size of their works—the folio went to the head, the octavo sat below him, and the duodecimo took his place at the foot of the board.

It is surprising to consider the amount of critical industry and labor expended and thrown away upon the text of the great play-wright, William Shakespeare. A hundred elucidators have been at him, desirous of clearing him up and leaving no obscurity on his pages—as if that was at all necessary. They wish to have his dramatic portrait, so to speak, as the flattering painters of that time used to present that of Queen Elizabeth—without any shade at all—everything under the light. Sterne breaks out peevishly against the cant of criticism; and indeed, not without some very good reasons—and, at times, in reading Payne Collier's corrections, one cannot help remembering the objurcation. Our eyes lights on a text which has been thrashed a good deal, among others. In Othello, Iago is speaking to Roderigo, and says:

"Others there are,

Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Yet keep their hearts attending on themselves."

One would suppose the antithesis visible here would have shown plainly that the text is right, and the sense perfectly well expressed. But the critic is not satisfied. He suggests that *trimmed* would be a good word for *trained*, and believes Shakespeare wrote *usages* instead of *visages*. His argument is very plausible, and carries a good face with it. It is dwelt upon in an English periodical, and reprinted here, to bother all our notions of the text of Shakespeare. But *visages* is the true word after all; a word much used at that period, and we find it employed by Mary Queen of Scots, in a letter dictated to her English secretary, and addressed to the Bishop of Dunblane. She is explaining her unfortunate marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, and says that his conduct was at first very dutiful "while moved us to make him the better *visage*." The word, which is an expressive one, was apparently introduced from France. The English scavengers have a peculiar phrase—"shutting up shop," the meaning of which is that when, in the evening, they are about to leave the crowsing, from which they have removed

the mud right and left, they huddled the rubbish all back again. Shakespeare's critics had better "shut up shop;" that is, tumble all the obscurities back to their places, and leave the dramatist as they found him.

We take pleasure in introducing to our table, as appropriate to the season, the following touching lines, wherein a young lady informs her dear mother why she could not smile.

"I cannot smile, dear mother,
And I know my look provokes
My father and my brother,
When they've made their little jokes:
I heard the hint at 'physic';
I heard the whisper 'bile'—
As we came away from Chislewick—
But alas! I cannot smile.
"Yet do not let them chide me—
Oh, do not wrong your girl—
True, *As* was not beside me,
And my hair was out of curl.
But the reason was far other,
For my sadness on my trip;
I could not smile, dear mother,
For my cold had cracked my lip."

The Japanese are taught to make tea, and to serve it in a genteel and graceful manner, just as we receive instruction in dancing and other accomplishments. This system also existed in England, when Addison wrote; and the particular behavior for the tea-table had its professors; the dainty rounding of the fingers in poisoning the transparent cups without handles, and the proper manner of pouring out and presenting a dish of tea, were, like the fan exercise, matters of study and fashion. Nothing, indeed, in these times, appears to have been left to natural good taste, or to the intuitive sense of ease and grace, which is the reflection of mental cultivation, and an innate sense of propriety and beauty. Then all the world of fashion took tea as frequently in public as at home, and people are apt to study effect more abroad than in their own houses.

Among the absurdities talked about women, says Mrs. Jameson, one hears, perhaps, such an aphorism as the following, quoted with a sort of ludicrous complacency—"The woman's strength consists in her weakness!" as if it were not the weakness of a woman which makes her in her violence at once so aggravating and so contemptible, in her dissimulation at once so shallow and so dangerous, and in her vengeance at once so cowardly and so cruel.

That incorrigible, woman-hating, old bachelor, Smellfungus, is at it again, with the following "five seconds' advice on fainting"—

"A faint is a fashionable exit, an impromptu flight of the imagination; a convenient absence, during which a lady frequently displays to the greatest advantage her presence of mind, losing purposely all consciousness, the better to enable her to collect her wits."

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last summary a revolution has taken place among what Themistocles used to call "the wooden walls" of the state. According to an act of Congress, approved on 28th of February last, a board of naval officers, consisting of five captains, five commanders and five lieutenants, was constituted, to inquire into the efficiency of those in command of the ships of our navy. The result of their investigation has been that nine captains and commanders and about thirty-eight lieutenants and passed midshipmen have been *dropped*; thirty-two captains and commanders, and twenty-two lieutenants and passed midshipmen have been placed on the retired list, with leave of absence pay; and thirty-four captains and lieutenants, and forty-seven lieutenants and passed midshipmen placed on the furlough list with furlough pay. This is clearing the decks for inaction. And yet it may be termed "clearing the decks for action" also; inasmuch as it brings about a reform which, according to the verdict of public opinion, was much needed, and tends to place our ships in a more serviceable condition and make them more capable of energetic duty, should the Danish Sound question embroil us with any of the European powers. And this last is a contingency which the president must look to: for the Danish government has formally refused to accept the American notice of a discontinuance of toll-payment, and expressed its resolution to insist on the payment, as traditional and customary. Copenhagen may look out for another bombardment; we have bombarded Greytown. As regards the amputation and sequestration above mentioned, our old salts have borne it in a very grumbling way. It is hard for human nature to admit its inefficiency for the business of life; and even the laziest old foggy veteran is reluctant to think he "lags superfluous on the stage." But the young men of the navy are rejoiced to see the ways of energetic action, responsibility, and renown, opened to them. In Philadelphia a trial has taken place which has demonstrated the illegal interference of the English government with our domestic concerns. During the investigation of the case of Perkins and Hertz before Judge Kane, Mr. Max Stroebel gave evidence showing that Mr. Crampton the British agent at Washington had encouraged and employed him and others in the business of recruiting American citizens for the service of the Queen of England, as soldiers to form a legion and fight in the Crimea. This illegality—or at least official impudence of the envoy—has produced the impression that he should be sent out of the country, as a man who has broken the law of his ambassadorship as well as that of the United States. The yellow fever in Virginia has continued with scarcely abated virulence, and the only hope of Norfolk and Portsmouth seems to be the coming of cold weather. General Harney, who was lately sent into the Sioux country with a party of United States

troops, has succeeded in bringing the wild marauders and murderers of that region to an engagement, and defeating them. With a force of about four hundred and fifty men, horse, foot and artillery, he reached the Sand Hills on the north fork of the Platte, on the 3d of September, and there found a large body of Sioux gathered together. Ordering Col. Cooke with two companies of dragoons to a position at some distance and aside from the direct attack, the commander led the assault on the Indians, at an early hour on the morning. The latter, after some firing, gave way, and, moving close to the position of Col. Cooke, were vigorously charged and driven back. A running fight ensued, for some ten miles, the natives taking advantage of rocks, ravines and all other natural defences, on their line of retreat, and fighting with great determination. About seventy or eighty of them were killed, and fifty women and children taken prisoners. They lost also all their camp furniture, their provisions, horses and oxen. On the American side about six men were killed and a few wounded. The Indians of this affair were those of the Brulé Sioux tribe of the Platte—the same who were concerned in the massacre of Lieutenant Grattan and his command, near Fort Laramie, and the murder of the mail party. They seem to have resolved on a war of extermination against the Americans, and will harass and annoy our soldiers and citizens by a desultory warfare of posts, hills, forests and wagon tracks, till they perish in the inevitable progress of the eastern immigrations.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

After the muttering and grumbling which characterized the *regime* of Santa Anna in *Mexico*, there is now an outbreak of liberated expression, and a great and general buzz rises from the whole republic. The press is all alive again, and speaking out with earnestness and vigor. There are now three distinct *plans* before the country, and three distinct candidates for the presidency. One of the plans is that which Alvarez and Comonfort seem to favor—that of Ayutla; another plan is that supported by Carrera, the provisional president, and seems to have emanated from those of the late government, who wish to prevent the revolution from becoming too radical; another is, or was, that of Haro y Tamaréz—against which, in naming it, all the other planners cry haro! The three men most spoken of for the presidency are Carrera, Caballos and Comonfort; there are others put forward by their partisans—Alvarez among them; but there is Indian blood in his veins, and Mexico may not desire to go so far, in this respect, as Guatamala, which has got the Mestizo, Carrera, for its perpetual president or dictator. The Mexican Carrera is looked on as only a half and half revolutionist. It is objected against him that he has kept a great number of Santa Anna's people in office. He has been negotiating a loan from the clergy who

have promised to oblige him, and this looks rather unfavorable to the hopes of the red republican party. Carrera is the head also of the military party—the choice of the chieftains of the army, who fear the plan of Ayutla may make too sweeping a change among them. They, therefore, distrust Alvarez and his party. Carrera has summoned a meeting of all the great movers of the revolution, who are to discuss the matter at Dolores—a rather ominous name, and one perfectly suitable to such a business in such a country. Everything seems to promise a renewal of the old system of mixed fighting and pronouncing. One general, Vidaurri, has denounced the revolution as a rose-water affair; he says it is not the radical change Mexico is looking for, and vehemently opposes the army of the capital and the pretensions of Tamariz. Some of the Mexican papers are in favor of Ignacio Comonfort, sometime a resident in these states—a supporter of the plan of Ayutla and one who would wish to see the institutions of Mexico established after the model of our own. The Mexican cauldron is beginning to bubble again, at a great rate, and after the regular old fashion. Already we have reports of conflicts between the troops of Carrera's government and the supporters of a more revolutionary state of things.

New Granada enjoys a remarkable prosperity and desires that its ambassadors in foreign countries should let all the world know the comfortable fact. It has an army of 800 men, but will soon dismiss 200 of them. The business of the Isthmian railway is brisk and prosperous.

News from *Cuba* is without interest—the only remarkable intelligence being the arrival there of Santa Anna and his family, and the assassination of Mr. Backhouse, the British judge appointed to preside over the commission for the suppression of the slave trade. The Cuban Junta in this country have given an eloquent explanation of all their failures.

Col. Kinney has got “a huge half-moon and monstrous cantle out” of Nicaragua—and being lord of a principality of about thirty millions of acres, has sent for a load of types, a printing press and two editors—meaning to set up the *Central American* journal, and get up the colonizing and civilizing steam in right Anglo Saxon fashion. His tract is considered one of the most productive in the world, furnishing all varieties of agricultural and vegetable growth that may be found anywhere in the torrid or temperate zone. The colonel has also a little farm of a million of acres or so, on the north-east shore of Lake Nicaragua; and is inviting immigration to his country from all parts of the civilized world. His newspaper will be half in Spanish and half in English; he will make war on the Transit Monopoly Company, and advocate the claims of San Juan on account of the great bombardment which our president inflicted on it some months ago. Colonel Walker is on the other side of Nicaragua, preparing for another attack on Granada—the legitimist capital of the state—Castillon holding that Leon is the proper capital. Kinney minds his own business in the hubbub—he has other fish to fry.

Paraguay has made peace with Brazil, and *Uruguay* was going to be annexed to that empire. General Cordoba is the new president of *Bolivia*; and a citizen of that state, after a study of many years, announces that he has found a means of perpetual motion.

THE OLD WORLD.

The sanguinary assault directed by Prince Gortschakoff on 16th August against the allied position above the Tohernaya, was undertaken in the consciousness that the slow advance of the French against the Malakoff Tower was full of danger, and the Russians desired by some vehement attempt to break up the siege of the allies. The engagement of the Traktir bridge across the Tohernaya was a sanguinary affair, and its failure prepared the Russians for what the next assault of the besiegers may bring. That assault was given on 8th of September, and resulted in the taking of the Malakoff Tower, which commanded the town of Sebastopol, and the desertion and destruction of the town itself. On that day, the attack was made in four directions. The French undertook to storm the Malakoff and the Little Redan, lying on the right near the Careening Bay; the English marched against the Great Redan; and a mixture of English, French and Sardinians moved against the Central Bastion. None of these attacks succeeded but one—that commanded by Bosquet and MacMahon against the Malakoff. Seven times were the French troops staggered or struck back; but they were ordered up in such masses that, at least, in the midst of a horrible carnage, they could cry “Vive l'Empereur” within the embrasures of that blood-stained fort. The English charged the Great Redan and the French the Little Redan: but though they rushed into them, respectively, they were forced to fly out by the Russian artillery. It was the same at the Central Bastion; the Russian guns covered it and the assailants fled back to their trenches from the murderous fire. That fire seems to have come from the north side of the bay, or from some spot not yet in the possession of the allies. Gortschakoff perceiving the Malakoff in possession of the French, and knowing that it commanded the town and harbor, gave orders on the same day and night that the Karabelnaia, or southern defences, should be blown up and the magazines in the tower of Sebastopol destroyed. The place was accordingly fired and ruined, and the Russian men of war in the harbor sunk or burned; after which, toward the morning of the 9th, the Russian troops were removed to the northern forts, across a temporary bridge. This movement was effected with the loss of only one hundred men; and on the noon of that day the besiegers were looking in curiosity and wonder on the ruins and smoking desolation of the lower half of Sebastopol—a piece of territory for which France and England alone have paid the heads of 100,000 warriors, laid low beneath the trampled sod of the Crimea, in that miserable and blundering struggle of twelve months. The northern forts command the town; so that, even if rebuilt, the latter would be very uncomfortable

quarters for the besiegers. They must now try to get round or get into those northern defences, and may probably succeed in completely holding Sebastopol in about twelve months more—or even less time. It is estimated that the losses of the allies and the Russians, in this last assault, amount to 30,000 men. The English journalists rejoice to hear these things and propose a great national thanksgiving to God. And yet 50,000 great British heads is rather a heavy price to pay for half Sebastopol still under the Russian fire—not to mention the millions of pounds sterling paid away in that affair. Such considerations should have moderated the transports of Englishmen on that occasion.

The transports of the loyal French were moderated in a very direct and remarkable manner—by another attempt to shoot the emperor. On the evening of the day on which the French seized the Malakoff, a young man, named Bellemare, fired a pistol through the window of what he supposed to be the carriage the emperor rode in. This took place in front of the Italian theatre, which his majesty was about to visit. The carriage, however, only contained some ladies, who were, of course, frightened, and happily, not hurt. Bellemare was about to fire another pistol, when he was arrested. He was recognized as a young man who took part in the disturbances following the state-stroke of 1851. On that occasion, a paper was posted up in the public places, entitled, “Motives for condemning Louis Napoleon to death,” and Camille Bellemare came boldly forward, confessing it was his work! For this he was tried and imprisoned in the fortress of Belle Isle. His term of confinement expired last January. When examined after his attempt, his replies were scornful and courageous. He said he had no accomplices, and bid the magistrate not to trouble his head about them. The officials at first said he was a madman; they then decided he was only a monomaniac: a man who tried to kill his father, (Louis Napoleon being styled his father,) must be a monomaniac, at least. Eleven or twelve attempts were made on the life of Louis Philippe. Only four, we believe, have occurred as yet to the emperor. Other symptoms of a revolutionary character showed themselves at Angers. There, about one thousand men, armed with guns and provided with ammunition, attempted to storm and take the town. But after a contest, the troops succeeded in dispersing them, and arresting several of them. The French journals say the *emence* was caused by the prices of food; but it was well known that several Paris members of the secret society, Marianne, were leading men among them. Queen Victoria was grandly feted by the French emperor. But old Jerome, brother of the St. Helena captive, would not go to see the queen in any public manner; and only paid her a short private visit, at the earnest desire of his nephew. Before she left France, Queen Victoria went, by torch-light, to see the tomb of the aforesaid captive. It was a curious and astonishing sight, to see the grandchild of George III. engaged in such a manner.

In *England*, the inhabitants of some towns and

districts, have called on the ministry to bring the European nationalities into the war now raging. But the ministry pays no attention to them. General Simpson refuses to retain the command of the army at Sebastopol, and the government cannot fix on any general fit to command at that place. The English journals, regarding the ineffectual bombardment of Sweaborg by the gun-boats of the allied Baltic fleets, denounce the incapacity and worthlessness of their armaments in the northern waters, and bring down that affair, at first so trumpeted, to its real dimensions. The *Times* and other journals counsel the formation of an independent monarchy, to include the provinces of the Danube, and supported by a *junta* of the great powers, to stand as a breakwater against the traditional policy of the Czars. Two curious rebellions in their dependencies have excited the attention of the English. One is the rebellion of a people of central Bengal, called the Sintals—a race of hardy and industrious agriculturalists, who have been goaded into insurrection by the overseers and officers of the government, who tax them heavily, and have latterly been compelling those Asiatics to work at the severe business of railroad making. The insurgent army was said to amount to 50,000 men. The other rebellion took place on the river Gambia, in Africa, where a negro named Asumana, in the town of Sabagee, wished to act more independently than the English would let him. He quarreled with a neighbor, and getting together a number of blacks, seized and carried off his neighbor and his neighbor's wife. The husband escaped and told his story to the English governor, whereupon a lieutenant's party was sent to bring Asumana to order. But the latter, getting his Marabouts about him, showed fight, burned the English villages of Jewsong, Cotts, and Baconconco, and in a skirmish killed thirty and wounded forty of the British. The governor called on the French of the Goree settlement, and they came in a ship of war. The consequence was that Sabagee was stormed by the gallant allies, and the entire place—not *half* of it—carried at the point of the bayonet. The English and French alliance works in all parts of the world.

The English and French journals are proposing that King Bomba be cashiered, and a Murat—a sometime American—put in his place. The Pope has directed a menacing allocution against Spain; and is founding a college at Rome, for the education of English clergy.

Spain will not furnish the allies with any men to fight in the Crimea, nor join their alliance.

Austria, *Prussia*, and the other German powers, are just where they were a year ago. They say they are all for Germany. But they certainly do not want to see the Western Powers managing the business of Europe with a high hand. England is raising a Legion in Italy, and Austria has demanded the meaning; whereupon Lord Palmerston and the rest have calmed the fears of the Hapsburghers, by promising that those legionaries shall not be allowed to go anywhere near the Danube; they shall be kept off, near the Caucasus or up in the Baltic.

Review of New Books.

India, China, and Japan. By Bayard Taylor.
New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Of the three volumes of Bayard Taylor's travels, this seems to us the best, although, if we were as fresh from the "Journey to Central Africa" and "The Lands of the Saracen," as we are from the present delightful volume, we hardly know if we should be so positive in the matter of preëminence. It is sufficient, however, that "India, China, and Japan," is worthy of his reputation as the most genial and attractive, the most sensible in reflection and the most vivid and life-like in description, of all contemporary travelers. He has the double art of making his readers desire to go over the same ground which he describes, and of half cheating them into the belief that they are going over it as they read. The pictures of nature and of human nature are equally good; and the wonderful monuments of art and religion are described so clearly and accurately that they stand out to the eye of the mind, in their true character and real dimensions. In a book so full of scenes and adventures as the present, it is useless to point out particular examples of the author's graphic power, but we think the descriptions of the Jungles, of the Himalayas, as seen from Roorkee, of the city of Lucknow, of the scenery of Japan, and of the manners and life of the natives of India, not to mention others, are admirable specimens of Taylor's peculiar talent of representation—a talent by whose magic we are transported into other countries and climes, and seem to see with our own eyes, what his pen so gracefully depicts. Perhaps his power of conveying sensations is even more notable than his pictorial power. He makes us feel as well as see the objects he represents, and from dull dead types, our senses become cognizant of

"Gums of Paradise and eastern air."

We cannot do justice to this volume by extracts, but still cannot resist the temptation to select a paragraph or two on the Himalayas:—

"I had now reached the summit of the second range of the Himalayas, 8,000 feet above the sea. The cottage where we were quartered, was perched on a narrow shelf, scooped out of the side of the mountain. From the balcony where I sat, I could have thrown a stone upon the lowest house in the place. For the first time in several weeks, the thermometer was above freezing-point, and the snows with which the roofs were laden, poured in a shower from the eaves. Around me the heights were bleak and white and wintry, but down the gorge below me—far down in its warm bed—I could see the ever-green vegetation of the tropics. Buried to the knees in a snow-drift, I looked upon a palm-tree, and could almost smell the blossoms of the orange-bowers in a valley where frost never fell. It was like sitting at the North Pole, and looking down on the Equator.

"At sunset I went again upon the mound to witness

the illumination of the Himalayas. Although there were clouds in the sky, the range was entirely unobscured, and the roseate glare of its enormous fields of snow shooting into flame-shaped pinnacles, seemed lighted up by the conflagration of the world. It was a spectacle of surpassing glory, but so brief that I soon lost the sense of its reality."

The following, regarding the native servants of English residents in India, is interesting, from the hints it gives as to the mode of producing effects on the minds of all foreign domestics. We have known the same results to occur when English words have been pitched at the most impudent Italian and French vagabonds:—

"There are laws prohibiting the master from beating his servants, and indeed, blows are of no effect. The punishment now adopted, is to fire them, which has been found very efficacious. They care little for being reprov'd, but are greatly annoyed at the use of English terms, which they do not understand. Thus, to address a man as, 'You wicked rectangle!' 'You specimen of comparative anatomy!' etc., would be a much greater indignity than the use of the vilest epithets, in Hindostanee."

Washington Irving says that an Englishman carries his habits, manners, and tastes, into all countries, and would, he says, establish a chop-house at the gates of Paradise. Taylor refers to this peculiarity, as it forced itself upon his attention in Calcutta, where, he says, "even in the dog-days, nothing less than a collar, rigid as plank, and a black cloth dress-coat, is tolerated. Verily, the Saxon clings to his idol with a pertinacity which we cannot sufficiently admire. Make a certain costume the type of respectability with him, and he carries the idea all over the world. If bearskins and woolen blankets were the evening costume of the West End or the Fifth Avenue, you would soon find him complacently sporting them on the Equator. In the incessant heat of the tropics, he drinks his heavy sherry, and indulges in his brandy and water, with as much freedom as in the airs of England, and if not cut short in his career by fever, finally goes home with a damaged liver, and no digestion at all. On the shores of Cathay, he keeps up the hours and habits of the London season; in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, he breathes the atmosphere of Pall Mall."

In his homeward journey, Taylor stopped at St. Helena, and visited the "empty vault, which, for twenty years, enshrined the corpse of Napoleon." Here he met one of those guides who infest every spot hallowed by genius or wonderful in scenery, and do what they can to vulgarise it by their ludicrous gibberish of explanation. At the grave of Napoleon, this animal appeared in the form of an old woman, who at once gabbled out to him the following facts and reflections:—

"Six years he lived upon the island. He was buried with his head to the east. This is the east.

His feet was to the west. This is the west. Where you see that brown dirt, there was his head. He wanted to be buried by the side of his wife Josephine; but as that couldn't be done, he was put here. They put him here, because he used to come down here with a silver mug in his pocket, and take a drink out of that spring. That's the reason he was buried here. There was a guard of a sargent and six men up there on the hill, all the time he was down here a-drinkin' out of the spring with his silver mug. This was the way he walked.' Here the old woman folded her arms, tossed back her grizzly head, and strode to and fro with so ludicrous an attempt at dignity, that in spite of myself, I was forced into laughter. 'Did you ever see him?' I asked. 'Yes, Captain,' said she, 'I seed him a many a time, and I always said good mornin', sir, but he never had no conversation with me.' "

In this, as in his previous volumes of travel, Taylor makes his readers love him on account of the sunny and tolerant disposition he constantly evinces. This charm, derived from character, is as important to a tourist's success as quick observation and accurate painting. English travelers, with their constant grumbling and gusts of national prejudice, have less of it than any others. Taylor is throughout genial and cosmopolitan, and his readers are soon converted into friends. It is hardly possible to read his books without feeling that you have made a new personal acquaintance.

The Araucanians; or, Notes on a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili. By Edmond Reuel Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this interesting volume was attached to the United States Naval Astronomical Expedition in Chili, and after the termination of his services at Santiago, set out on a journey through the central and southern portions of Chili. The volume is especially devoted to the Araucanian Indians, whose character, manners, customs, religion, and modes of life, the author had excellent advantages of observing and studying. This tribe is but little known, though proudly eminent among the aborigines of America for the tenacity with which it resisted all attempts of the whites to destroy its independence. Mr. Smith's book contains a sketch of its history as well as a description of its present condition. The following account of the mode in which wooing and marrying are carried on among these Indians, represents one of their most original customs, and suggests the importance of having the missionaries, who may be sent to convert them, champions of woman's rights as well as professors of christianity:

"The females do all the labor, from ploughing and cooking to the saddling and unsaddling of a horse; for the 'lord and master' does little but eat, sleep, and ride about, justifying himself in such a course by the reflection that, as his wives cost him a high price, it is but fair that they should work enough to make up the outlay.

"Generally, when a young man makes up his

mind to marry, he first goes to his various friends for assistance in carrying out his project. If he be poor, each one of them, according to his means, offers to make a contribution toward the expenses: one gives a fat ox, another a horse, a third a pair of silver spurs. A moonless night is selected, and a rendezvous named. At the appointed hour, the lover and his friends, all well mounted, congregate as agreed. Cautiously and in silence they approach, and surround the residence of the bride. Half a dozen of the most smooth spoken in the company enter and seek out the girl's father, to whom they explain the object of their coming; set forth the merits of the aspirant; the convenience of the match, etc., and ask his consent, which is usually granted with readiness; for, perhaps, he considers his daughter as an encumbrance, and calculates upon what she will bring. Meanwhile the bridegroom has sought out the resting place of his fair one; and she, as in duty bound, screams for protection. Immediately a tremendous row commences. The women spring up *en masse*, and arming themselves with clubs, stones, and missiles of all kinds, rush to the defence of the distressed maiden. The friends interpose to give the lover fair play, with soothing and gentle violence endeavoring to disarm the fierce viragoes; but they are not to be appeased, and happy the man that escapes without a broken pate, or some other bleeding memento of the flight. It is a point of honor with the bride to resist and struggle, however willing she may be, until the impatient bridegroom, brooking no delay, seizes her by the hair, or by the heel, as may be most convenient, and drags her along the ground toward the open door. Once fairly outside, he springs to the saddle, still firmly grasping his screaming captive, whom he pulls up over the horse's back, and yelling forth a whoop of triumph, he starts off at full gallop. The friends sally out, still pursued by the wrathful imprecations of the outraged matrons, and follow fast in the track of the fugitives. Gaining the woods, the lover dashes into the tangled thickets.

"Sometimes the parents of the girl are really opposed to the match. In which case the neighbors are immediately summoned by blowing the horn and chase is given, but if the fugitive once succeed in gaining the thicket in safety, the marriage cannot afterwards be annulled."

It will be seen from this extract that Mr. Smith not only occupies a field heretofore untraveled, but that he can describe the novel scenes and manners with which his eye and mind have been conversant, with unusual clearness and animation. The book is illustrated with some twenty well executed engravings.

A Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol. By Richard C. McCormick, Jr., of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

An American penetrates everywhere, and knows everybody and everything wherever he penetrates. Accordingly Mr. McCormick, in his visit last winter to the English camp, continued to see as much as if

he had belonged to the besieging army, if not more. From Lord Raglan to the soldiers under his command, nothing escapes our author's eye or "guess," and he tells the information he obtains in a clear, simple and vigorous manner. The illustrative engravings add greatly to the value and interest of the book. To newspaper readers, who devour the accounts of the progress of the siege brought by every new arrival, the panoramic view of the seat of the war, with the positions occupied by the different armies, will be an especial object of study. We have read no account of the every-day life of the camp which is more vivid than that given by our author. The portrait and sketch of Florence Nightingale, will interest many a reader, who may not be attracted by the warlike scenes. The mechanical execution of the book is as excellent as the matter.

Richard Hurdis. A Tale of Alabama. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

The reader of this novel is introduced to scenes and characters peculiar to the roughest border life. Robbery and murder, and the dark and lawless passions whence they spring, are the ordinary excitements by which the interest is provoked and sustained. If the subject were as pleasing as the execution is able, we might congratulate Mr. Simms on his success, but we must confess our delight when we at last escaped from the company into which he tempted us by his skill. The hero, himself, is only not a desperado, because he is placed among characters so bad that even his ferocity seems a virtue. We could, however, have witnessed the blowing out of his brains with resignation, if not with pleasure. There is hardly a character in the book which is not delineated with much boldness and strength, and which is not, at the same time, destitute of all those qualities which create sympathy. To the objection which was brought against the book on its original appearance, that it was too savage and gloomy in its character, Mr. Simms replies in his preface, that the general portraiture is a truthful one, the materials historically accurate, and the story a genuine chronicle of the border region where the scene is laid. Granting all this, the objection still remains that an imaginative reproduction of real events and persons should be so managed as to give pleasure, not pain or disgust.

The Life of the Right Honorable John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his son, William Henry Curran. With Additions and Notes. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, D. C. L. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This life of one of Ireland's noblest patriots, orators, and advocates, is written by his son, whose filial feelings prompted him to suppress some facts which might have interfered with the dignity of the theme. These Dr. Mackenzie has laudably and copiously supplied. The life of Curran was so connected with public events, that his biographer is

necessarily compelled to describe the social and political condition of Ireland previous to the union, and this portion of the work is well executed, and enables us to comprehend the materials for vehement and passionate eloquence which the times afforded. From the great speeches of Curran, numerous citations are made, well illustrating his blazing rhetoric and rapid argumentation. No Irishman can read them without glowing in sympathy with the orator, and reproducing the passions from which the smiting and flashing denunciations originally sprung. Dr. Mackenzie is rich in anecdotes of Curran and his contemporaries, and his notes at the bottom of the page are a very agreeable running commentary on the text. The book is very much improved by his additions. A characteristic portrait of Curran is given. We have been disappointed in the specimens of Curran's wit, which are included in the biography. They are mostly poor puns, whose sparkle expired with the occasion, and are enough to make one dismal as read now.

Clouds and Sunshine, and Art. A Dramatic Tale. By Charles Reade, Author of "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

A month or two ago we noticed this new novelist's productions as fresh and original in style, conception, and execution. We have here another volume, consisting of two beautiful and brilliant stories—the first, "Clouds and Sunshine," being devoted to a representation of English rural life at harvest time; and the second, "Art," having for its heroine, the celebrated actress, Mrs. Oldfield. Each contains material enough for a novel, but the author is a condenser on principle. To quote one of his own letters—"it is very easy to write, but cruel hard to write well;" and we can easily conceive the labor which these stories must have cost him. To pack so much matter in so small a space, without any seeming effort, and without exhibiting any of the spasms of compression, must have been a difficult artistic task. The story entitled "Art," is fully equal to "Peg Woffington." The incidental criticisms on acting contain the best expositions of the principles of theatrical effectiveness we have ever seen; and the embodiment of these principles in Mrs. Oldfield, is managed with exquisite grace and felicity. Both stories are read, literally, with "breathless" interest. It is impossible to stop when you have once committed yourself to the stream of the author's narrative.

Guy Rivers. A Tale of Georgia. By W. Gilmore Simms. N. York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the first volume of Mr. Simms' "Border Novels and Romances of the South," to be included in Redfield's re-issue of his works. "Guy Rivers" is a new and revised edition of a novel, which was quite popular on its first appearance, and which is now more worthy of popularity than ever. The author, in revising, has carefully improved its style, given greater effect to its scenes, and wrought out its plan with more artistic skill.

Fashions for November.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.

LADIES' ATTIRE.

THE trees have become almost leafless, and the treasures of Flora have bowed their faded beauties before the rigors of approaching winter; but fashion again mingles amidst the well-dressed throngs, and spreads her silken pinions of varied hue, as she lightly flutters over the heads of all. Temporary temples, devoted to the radiant goddess, are filled with the choicest offerings of the toilet, and the chief priestesses belonging to her changeable fane, are sedulously employed upon new inventions for the benefit of the fair portion of the readers of this magazine, a list and description of the most important of which are here presented:—

OVER-DRESSES.

SHAWLS.

Of this elegant and commodious article of attire, the stella is the favorite style for morning wear. It is of cashmere, centre plain, and the narrow border, very highly wrought in the Persian style, is sewed on. Black, white, red, and green, are the favorite centres of all shawls, and the rectangular shape is preferred for all articles of this gender, except for the India shawl, of which the double or oblong is sometimes preferred. As the shawl has been a favorite article of ladies' dress, since the days of Socrates, when the weaving and embroidering it formed the favorite employment of the ladies of highest distinction; and as it is especially intended for wear, as well to temper the attire to the weather at all seasons, as a shelter in passing over the interregnums from one fashion to another; hence, it claims the exercise of most refined taste in its selection.

The figures in the border of the stella represent the fruits and flowers of our climate, embroidered in small squares, into which the border is subdivided; but the figures of the Lyons' cashmere shawl, are composed of the palm-leaf, wreathed and grouped with Persian architecture. Those for sale at seventy-five dollars, in Broadway and Chestnut street, are more rich and beautiful than any that we ever saw of real India make. Black lace shawls, with festooned edges, as represented by the figure on the right of the fashion plate, either with or without peline fronts, are regarded as highly appropriate for shopping or a visit to the library, on a bright, genial day.

CLOAKS.

For wear in a carriage, and to a full toilet conversations, the taste is divided between a velvet cloak, trimmed with *moire antique*, and a *moire antique* trimmed with velvet. In either case, however, they are edged with deep *croché* fringe, and ornamented with jet tassels. The garment extends over the hips, and the back gives room for an imitation sleeve,

which is disclosed below the cape, and which extends to the elbow. The collar is small and plain, save a row of silk and bead embroidery, such as heads the fringe of the other edges. This cloak is called a *Talma*, as are also all the styles of ladies' over-dress now in vogue; but instead of a *Talma*, it is a Charles V. mantle, with the addition of a cape extending to the elbows. We have seen some elegant ones, also, formed of stripes about five inches wide, of black velvet and *moire antique*, trimmed with *gaspard* lace; and others formed into a double cape, and edged with deep *chenille* fringe. Black is decidedly the fashionable color.

Mantles for promenade are various in stuffs and trimmings, but they are all similar in shape, being like the "March Mantle" of the Seventeenth Century. The one on the left figure of our plate, represents the style, it being a semi-circle, with the back-seam and the seams over the shoulders tracing the form of the figure gently. This one is intended to represent the present style of *moire antique*, which is woven with flounces *rayure*, and fringed, like the dress represented by the same figure; this dress is the highest style of wear for the carriage and evening conversational parties; and when, instead of the sumptuous cloak, you substitute the mantle, you change it into an elegant *toilet de ville*.

The *manteau castor*—made of gray castor-cloth—differs from the shape of the above one, merely in its front, being formed to the shape of the breast, and a fulness allowed in the back over the shoulders, allowing for a fold and imitation sleeve. We have seen some of these which were very coquettish, both when trimmed with camel hair, and plush. The mantles are without collar, and they close in front, with either silk *agraffes*, with jet tassels, or embroidered tabs. The edges are sometimes embroidered; in fact, this mantle replaces the pinked cape, so much in vogue last year.

MANTELETS.

Of this genus, the *echarpe* is the favorite name, and that is divided into some twenty different styles of cut and trimming; but the "cream of the cream," is one of *moire antique*, embroidered all over with corded silk, the effect of which, with the elegant festooned headings and foot, is charming. The mantelet is the appropriate wear for promenade, and the materials from which they are composed, range from lace of gossamer lightness, to the heaviest *taffeta* and *moire antique*. These of great richness are composed of festooned flounces, from three to five in number, of *medallion* embroidery, the edge of each flounce being trimmed with a narrow lace, felled on. Around the neck is placed a *ruche* of lace, and neither the circular mantles nor the mantelets are made with a collar. Mantelets of Malines lace in several flounces, each

flounce separated by rose-colored gauze ribbon, are very fashionable. Each lace is not more than an inch in width. Another style is formed of Malines; the lace, small at the top, increases to the bottom row, which is two inches in width, and ornamented with bouquets of tulips. These are generally intended to set off on the tips of the shoulders, trimmed round the top with rose-colored gauze ribbon, and relieved by a bow of taffeta ribbon of the same color, and long floating ends.

Many dresses of *delaines*, *taffeta*, and *moire antique*, are made with the express intentions of promenade without an over-garment. So, also, are those of ladies' cloth and cashmere, which last are made of gray goods, woven with silk *rayures* instead of flounces, made short, extending to the instep only, and trimmed with velvet ornaments and jet buttons up the front of the breast, which is high, and the *corsage à basques*. They are worn with a low *berthe*, which terminates in points at the waist, front and rear; those at the back ending with jet tassels; and the row of buttons down the front of the body, continues down each front edge of the *basque*. The sleeve is composed of a great puff (*bouillonné*) or puffs at the top, terminating in a three-quarter length pagoda sleeve. These dresses are invariably worn with a brooch collar, of medallion lace. This collar derives its name from its extending in round ended lappets in front on the bosom, and fastening at the neck with a brooch.

EMBROIDERIES.

Coiffure of medallion lace, ornamented with palms, fruits, and lilies of the valley.

Bridal outfits in *pointe applicatione*, composed of scarf, waist, sleeve, and flounces to match. Outfits in lace *sans applicatione*—as soft as a snow-flake—including the above and a *berthe*. The first differs in price from ninety-five to one thousand dollars, while that *sans applicatione* is worth about fifteen hundred dollars. The price of a set also in *pointe à l'aiguille* is worth fifteen hundred dollars; but there are very rich sets of blonde at four hundred and fifty dollars.

The *lingeries* in Broadway and Chestnut street, have greatly improved of late in all that pertains to their line of trade, and numerous are the styles of embroidered sleeves, skirts, and caps. The *jaconette* cap with long tabs, for closing in front with a brooch, forms the prettiest and most appropriate breakfast cap that we know of.

Casaques are as numerous as ever, and those of the newest make are in the form of a pelarine, with a shawl front. The sleeves, bottom, and pelarine, are edged with lace from seven to ten inches deep, surmounted with a row of half the width; the foot of the lace is ornamented with a narrow gauze ribbon, or a little row of fringe. Those which are very elegant also, are ornamented with *guipure à effilé*. A beautiful trimming, and very simple, is a flounce five inches deep, at the bottom and the ends of the sleeves, headed with a *ruche* of ribbon. This

last style, less dressy than the two first, closes with a row of buttons to the bottom of the pelarine.

Collar.—The *mousquetaire* is still in high favor. It is embroidered on muslin, with *applicatione of tulle*; tulle entirely new, and designed under the name of *tulle à points lances*. It produces nearly the effect of a double ply of tulle.

Col à broché is the highest style for *toilet de ville*, *Manchesettes* in the *mousquetaire* style, are assorted in keeping with the collar.

Fichu-bretelles.—This is of embroidered muslin, shaped to fit the breast, and around the shoulders, with a small collar surmounting the neck, and narrow lappets at the waist, terminating in long round ends, about fifteen inches below. Knots of ribbon on the shoulders end at the waist.

Berthe of lace, quite low and deeply festooned round the bottom, with knots of pink ribbon on the shoulders, and a *ruche* of the same running just below the head, and down to near the round end of each festoon, where each *ruche* of ribbon terminates in a small knot.

Fichu.—It is made of *bouillonnis* of muslin, broken at equal distances with little squares of velvet; it crosses in front and behind, and the knots on the shoulders and at the crosses, front and rear, are of rose taffeta.

Guimpe.—Similar to a chemisette, to be worn with an open dress. It is made with fine muslin, and the sleeves are edged with a deep lace ruffle, above which are three narrow bands of velvet, then a row of *medaillon* lace, ornamented with crosses of velvet. The breast is in the shawl-shape, edged with *medaillon* lace and crosses of velvet; the body being bound by a waistband at the bottom.

Canezou.—Similar to a white lace *basque*, to wear over a dress. It is trimmed with ruches of narrow lace, festooned edges, and ornamented all over, at equal distances, with small knots of azure ribbon. The bottom and the ends of the sleeves are edged with a deep, rich, scalloped lace.

Canezou, for half-mourning, is made of black tulle, and ornamented with purple ribbons, of gauze lace, and narrow bands of black lace, with scalloped edges, in alternate rows diagonally over the breast and back; the sleeves formed into puffs and flounces, and four knots of purple gauze ribbons ornament the front of the body, at equal distances from the chin to the waist.

Gloves.—Russet-colored kid for morning wear, and buff and lemon-color for full toilette. For full mourning, black kid, stitched and embroidered in white; for half-mourning, white kid, embroidered with black. Plain white kid for pall-bearers, and plain black kid for gentlemen in mourning.

MOURNINGS.

In full mourning, the plain black crape bonnet, long black crape veil, black bombazine high dress, small and crimped book-muslin collar and *manchesettes*. For light and half-mournings, *barilthea*, *moire antique*, brocade, and taffeta, either in alternate stripes of black and purple, or trimmed with purple,

are the robes preferred. Velvet in black and purple also works in well in the composition of the trimmings for both hat and dress. Hats of purple silk, trimmed with bands of velvet, and elaborately embroidered with black chenille, over which are cast a rich black silk veil, are in high favor.

That purple entered into compositions of mourning costume, several hundred years ago, the following extract will show:—

Court Mournings, à l'Antique.—The French queens, before the reign of Charles VIII., wore white, upon the death of the king, and were called *Reines Blanches*. It was changed to black upon the death of Charles VIII., in 1498.

In a wardrobe account for half a year, to lady-day, 1694, (a MS. purchased by Mr Brandon, at the library sale of George Scott, Esq., of Woodburn Hall,) are the following entries for the king's mourning:

"A greatcoat lined with murrey and white flowered silk, with gold loops, and four crape hat bands.

"A sad-colored silk coat, lined with gold striped lustring, with silver and silk buttons, and a purple crape hat band.

"A purple coat."

The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, never shaved his beard during the whole term of mourning, which often lasted for a considerable period.

The empress dowagers never lay aside their mourning, and even their apartments are hung with black till their deaths.

The Bavarian family never give a black livery, or line their coaches, in the deepest mourning.

The pope's nieces never wear mourning, not even for their nearest relations; as the Romans reckon it so great a happiness for a family to have a pope in it, that nothing ought to afflict his holiness' kindred.

Queen Anne, on the death of Prince George of Denmark, wore black and white, with a mixture of purple in some parts of the dress. This was taken from the mourning worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, for the Earl of Darnley, which was exactly in point.

King Charles I. put the court into mourning for one day, on the death of the Earl of Portland, Lord High Treasurer.

We have not room for comment, but we know that the ladies will thank us for our quota of assistance in the introduction of purple for half mourning; but ladies, please do not use the latitude—as some do—for adopting the colors of pink, rose, and the ashes of roses.

BONNETS.

The charming small bonnet as radiant as a rainbow, appearing like an artistic relief to a beautiful picture, or a refulgent halo to the "human face divine," is still the favorite style: thus the modern belles of Paris, supported by Count Calix, have prevailed over the "*ancien régime*," backed by Jules David.

The composite hat is the present style, it being composed of numerous materials, including straw, tulle, blonde, crape, feathers, artificial flowers, rib-

bons, fruits, etc. We cite a few samples which we regard as the most attractive.

Body of rice straw, with open edge and plain front, trimmed with velvet incrustations; at each side of the *passe a noeud* of velvet; three small bands of black velvet are placed a half inch apart around the apron and one row around the crown, and several rows from this extending back and terminating at the centre of the round summit. The inside ornamented with violets, pink ribbons and blonde. To the under side of the border is attached a *veilette* (*voilette*) or small, black, scalloped edged lace veil, which is thrown back to cover the whole bonnet, and produce a rich and enlivening effect.

Hat of white crape, covered with a light embroidery over the *passe*. On one side a tuft of blue and white feathers placed far back on the *passe*, and returning they mix with the ribbons and tulle underneath. On the other side is placed high above the temple a little feather *roulée*; brides of azure taffeta, the shade of the feather.

Hat formed of *bouillons* of white tulle, separated by insertions of straw guipure, trimmed profusely with lilies of the valley of rose tint. The inside trimmed with a wreath of lilies and foliage.

Hat of straw, ornamented with a bunch of grapes, and underneath, a few grapes observable in the folds of blonde.

Hat of crinoline of apple-green satin, edged with black blonde, ornamented with red and black feathers, and underneath with orange blossoms intermixed with blonde.

We might continue to cite styles of bonnets in vogue, "till the crack of doom," so great is the variety of composition and trimmings; but the marked peculiarities consist in the liberty of taste which everybody displays in selecting trimmings from feathers, ribbons and flowers, of every color, and in such combinations as suits the taste. The shape constitutes the fashion, and that is a pretty ornament to the face which must not disguise a single lurking charm of beauty.

OPERA CLOAKS.

Nothing, in the way of dress, can be more beautiful than some of the over-dresses worn at the opera. Victoria and Eugenia must stand aside, in the matter of splendor, before the union of art and commerce, which enables many ladies of America, as some of Europe, to out-show them. We have seen one of white cachmere, in the shape of a short quarter-circle cloak, braided, embroidered and deeply fringed in red, blue, white and green silks. Also one comprising a large double cape of white *poult de soie*, fringed and elaborately embroidered in white. Also one of rose *poult de soie*, ornamented with silver beads mixed in the silk embroidery, and a deep fringe edging of pink silk and silver. It is common to cover them with embroidery in the color of the cloak. The shape is called the "*Talma*," and it either consists of two capes, or it is a scant circular cloak with a hood. White ones are lined with pink colored silk, and those of pink color are lined with white or

sky blue. They do not descend much below the waist. We have seen a few pink ones trimmed with ermine, which appear really delicious.

DRESSES.

FULL TOILETTE.

Of those most remarkable for splendor, we notice a description of one at the Tuileries, during the royal visit to Paris. It was composed of white moire, sprigged with bouquets of roses. The roses were embroidered in white silk, and the buds in chenille of various tints of green, and the foliage in gold. There was no trimming on the skirt, but it was made with a demi-train. On the corsage, a double row of *dentelle d'or*, disposed *en coeur* in front and at the back, which was braided with a cordon of small rose buds in chenille. A bouquet of white roses ornamented the front of the corsage, and at the centre of each of the flowers was placed a scarabaeus in diamonds and rubies. The foliage of this bouquet was composed of crape in various shades of green, and the nerves of the leaves were marked by very small diamonds. A net formed of diamonds, which covered the hair at the back of the head, was fixed at the sides by two roses similar to those in the *bouquet de corsage*.

Another dress was worn at Versailles by a young Spanish lady of rank, and consisted of pink gauze. It was made with two skirts, each ornamented with a pattern in black cut velvet, the ground being sprigged with small light bouquets, and a wreath of the same edging the skirts. The upper skirt was looped upon one side by a bouquet of pink roses and black velvet foliage, intermingled with wheat ears in diamonds. The corsage was very low, and pointed both front and behind. A *berthe* of gauze, ornamented with black velvet in the same style as the skirt, was edged with a deep row of black lace descending nearly to the waist; the *berthe* was round at the back, and slightly pointed in front, and at the point was fixed a bouquet of roses intermingled with diamond wheat ears. The sleeves, which were short and in puffs, were ornamented with black velvet sprigs, and edged with black lace.

Upon the Medici's bodies, dispose in tasteful order, three ruches of lace or *bouillons* of blonde, or trimming of same material as the dress, arrayed in fours on each side of the front, and enlarging toward the shoulders. The waist has a rounded front and no basques.

We are decidedly opposed to basques for ball dress; and even to keep them in vogue as a *toilet de ville* the dress makers of Paris have been forced to the desperate resource of a low *berthe*, which, by running it over the shoulders so as to widen the appearance of them, remodels the basque style which the *grisettes* in Paris have worn for such a length of time as to make it their own. Oval buttons of *passenterie*, and sometimes those of square, and triangular shapes, as also those of the ancient Egyptian shapes of bugs, etc., formed of precious stones, with eyes of diamonds, are now pressed into service as novelties in trimming rich Greek corsages and they

peer out from beneath rich *dentelle de cambria* and Brussels lace, reminding one, most vividly, of the plagues they commemorate.

A charming dress for the ball-room, is made of white grenadine, double skirt. Above a hem of two inches in width, is a row of light moss trimming, resembling the feather trimming which is still in favor. The row on the top skirt is one third narrower than that on the bottom. The low and square body is surrounded with a *ceinture bretelle*, composed of bias of moire, edged with moss trimming, being very wide on the shoulders, entirely covering the sleeves, and terminating quite narrow at the waist, where it joins six coques of ribbon.

Flounces, as well as double and treble jupes (skirt) are still in high favor. White taffeta and moire, *parsemes* with bouquets of white roses and foliage, bespangled with precious stones, are luxuries still indulged in by the queens of beauty and intelligence.

We remarked a beautiful robe of pink *poult de soie*, with white front, widening from the waist to the bottom of the skirt, the waist of pink. The edges are festooned and the whole embroidered in vines and flowers, in white silk, and enlivened with silver ornaments *au prunetis*. Another rich dress of gold *poult de soie* embroidered, and formed in a double skirt of deep scollops, fringed.

Toilet de Promenade.—A street dress should always be plain, and the present style is to wear a basque, with a low *berthe*, edged with a fringe or a ruffle. The *berthe* extends to the bottom of the basque in front, and the three flounces divide the length of the skirt equally below the basque. Gray is a favorite color, and the high body is trimmed with pearl buttons which extend down along the edges of the basque. Undersleeves of guipure. Mantelet of taffeta, the ends crossing in front. Straw hat, trimmed with velvet and black lace.

Dress of Irish *popeline*, with rayures of velvet, and the intermediate space embroidered like the right-hand figure in the plate.

The rich delaine dresses of the present season are not confined to *chez soi*, but frequently enliven our promenades. The favorite colors are brown, scarlet, and crimson, ornamented with infinitesimal figures, or flounces *à dispositions* in colors to blend.

Toilettes de Ville.—These costumes of the city, intended for general dress are appropriate for wear at places of call generally and to exchange morning visits in. They are made *en basque*, and a favorite style is composed of a plain gray pearl moire, or taffeta—the skirt out in a quarter train and a petticoat without extra distension by the use of whalebone. The basque from the bottom of the front to the shoulder-tips and around the bottom of it, the sleeves—from the shoulder to the end of three-quarter length pagoda pattern and round the bottom of it—the skirt on each side, from the basque to the bottom—are trimmed with *crevés*, being strips about two inches wide of material similar to the dress, but a shade darker, formed in diamond shapes, small on the basque and large on the skirts, and these strips

are covered with *guipure*, each diamond or square being separated by a rosette of satin ribbons. Collar, and under-sleeves of two flounces, of lace, point d'Alençon being preferred. Hat of rice straw, the crown trimmed with black lace five inches deep, and the back scalloped edges floating from the *havolet*. One side of the front is trimmed with an ostrich feather posed flat, the end coquetting with the blonde under the ear, with which is intermixed the feather edge of the hat, with grapes and foliage. Purple velvet square shawl, edged with very deep lace, headed with very heavy embroidery.

Taffeta is the favorite material for a *toilette de ville*, and intended as they are for wear in a carriage, the whole dress is designed to be more rich than those for promenade.

Toilettes de Chez Soi.—Robe of emerald green moire, with a flounce of guipure posed on a flounce of moire, terminated by a ruche at the head and foot. The basque is edged with a ruche and the body entirely covered with guipure. The sleeve in the duchess form, is composed of alternate flounces of guipure and moire, the latter edged with ruches. The front of the basque—from the collar to the waist—is closed with a closely set row of small gold buttons. The lace covering the basque, part of the sleeves and skirt, is ornamented throughout, with a vine and flower tracery of black velvet ribbon only one-sixteenth of an inch wide, the whole composition rendering the dress one of the most captivating that we ever saw. The *coiffure* was of dentelle, mixed with roses and velvet.

Moire antique is the favorite material for evening home dress, or for wear at conversation parties, and the favorite style is a pearl gray ground, with two plush plaid flounces edged with fringe, all executed in weaving the goods. The common price of a dress in Lyons—where the goods are made—is \$45; and so wonderful is the power of commerce, that a dress of the same material and quality, may be had of Stewart & Beck, in Broadway, and at Levy's in Chestnut street, for a less price.

Evening Party Dress.—Low dress and plain bodies with short sleeves; the front of the bodies round, instead of pointed. Moire is the favorite goods, and either white with rose flounces, or pink with white flounces woven in the goods, the flounces being plush or imitation brocade. Over the dress, is worn a *fichu-bretelles*, a high *berthe*, a *caneron*, a *guimpe*, of material and trimming to harmonize with the dress and the age of the wearer. Black moire, with sea-green satin stripe about two inches wide and three inches apart, harmonizes with a black tulle *caneron* trimmed with purple,—the whole forming a respectable half mourning. Pea green moire, alternating with white stripes of imitation embroidery is very pretty. Brocades of different shades, alternating with stripes of other silks, are also much admired.

COIFFURES.

A head-dress for a bride is composed of two *bandoaux* elevated and slightly crossed on each temple,

similar to the Eugenia style, and relieved over the ear by a small tuft of infinitesimal white satin ribbons. Behind the head, a wreath in semi-circular form, of orange flowers and foliage, is fastened in the bands of hair over each ear. The catch-comb, near the summit of the head, holds the end of the scarf, which is gathered in to the length of the comb, and the scarf is then cast back over the wreath of flowers, and depending from the catch-comb—it reaches nearly to the bottom of the dress behind.

For dress at the opera, a silk plaid scarf, with fringe ends, twisted into the form of an oriental turban, so that the ends depend gracefully and fall upon the right side of the bosom, is greatly admired. The hair is parted over the centre of the head from the middle of the forehead, and the single heavy band thus formed on each side, is puffed out over the ear in a wave of exquisite richness,

In coiffing for a ball, a young lady with a rich head of hair—let the color be what it will, nature has made it in harmony with the face—had better eschew all ornaments that may tend to disguise or neutralize its pictorial effect. The style of elevating the hair over the temples and forming it into three rolls gently twisted and called *rouleaux*, one back and above another, with one or two coquettish little ringlets over each ear, and the back of the head formed into a torsade or transverse braids, is the most fashionable style at present, either in Paris or New York.

PERFUMES.

Gyselle.—Jockey-Club.—Marechale.—Magnolia.—Sweet Brier and Pea.—Tea rose and honeysuckle form the most choice bouquets at present.

FURS.

The large "Fischer Russe."—Fur capes in Hudson's Bay or Russian Sable.—Also, Ermine and Chinchilla will be much in vogue this season. Very fine Canadian and Russian Mink will also be fashionable in the same garment, with quite small muffs to match. All muffs are now worn *very small*, little more than large enough to cover both hands.

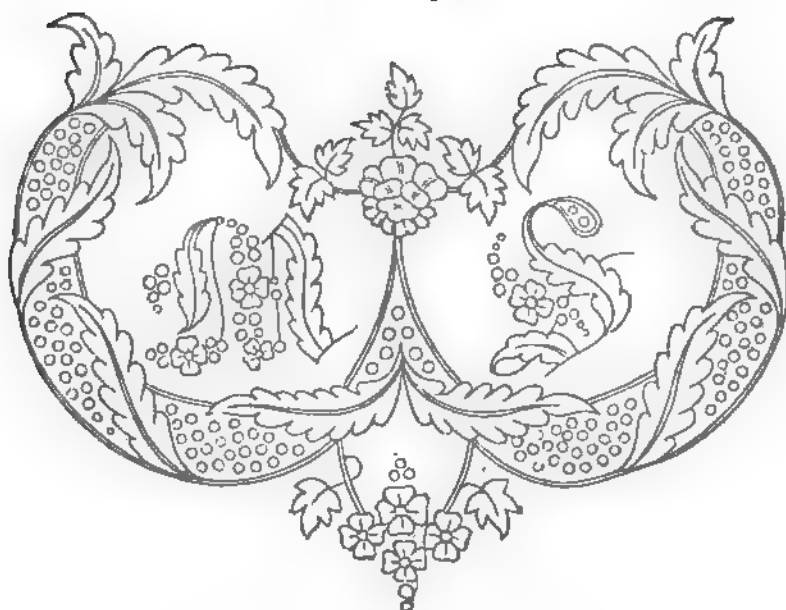
THE PLATE OF FASHIONS.

THE figure on the left represents a promenade costume, of *moire antique*. The ground of the goods is sea-green, the black stripes are of satin, and the pink rayures are of plush; the whole is woven in one piece, including the fringe, forming the most stylish street dress of the season. The Talma is plainly illustrated. The white crape hat is partially trimmed with points d'Alençon, ornamented above and underneath with orange blossoms and lilies of the valley, intermixed with blonde and foliage. A white feather is placed flat upon the left side, and the bride's are of white taffeta.

The figure on the right of the plate represents a dress of purple *moire* or taffeta, lace shawl and straw hat, all of which will be found fully described in the body of the descriptions of the fashions.



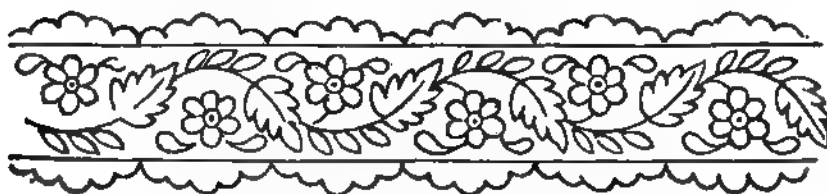
Satin-stitch and open-work.



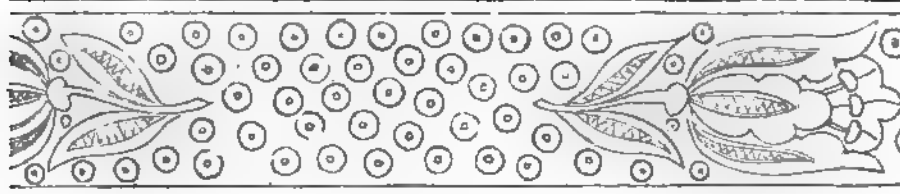
Embroidery for corner of handkerchief, with initials.



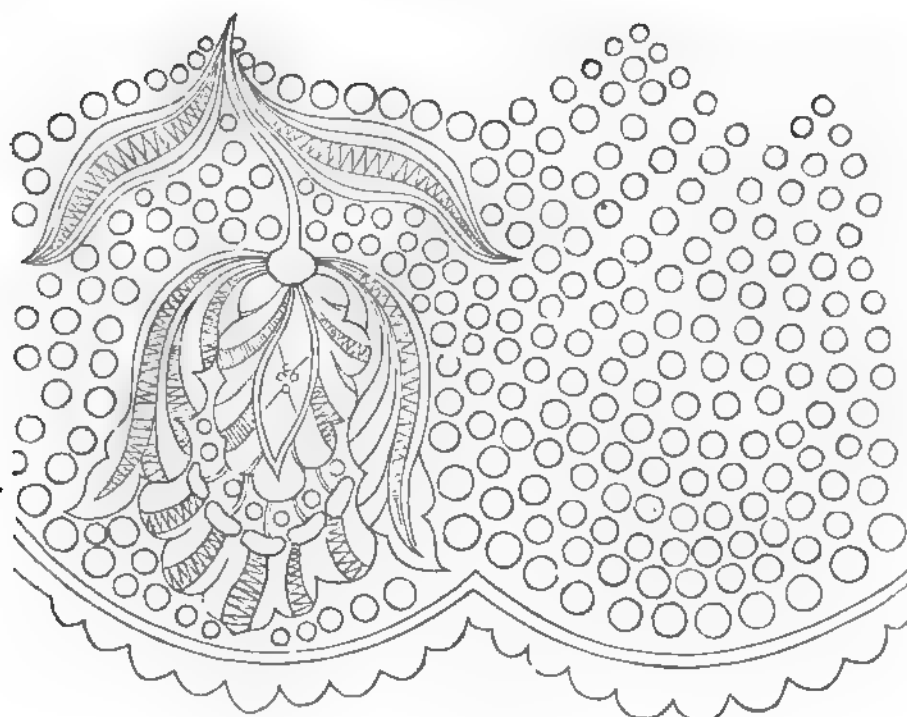
Pattern for embroidering child's skirt.



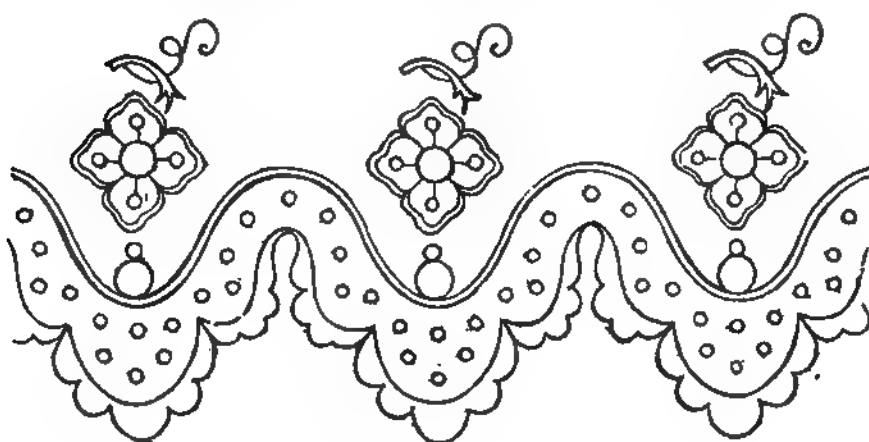
Insertion on muslin or lace.



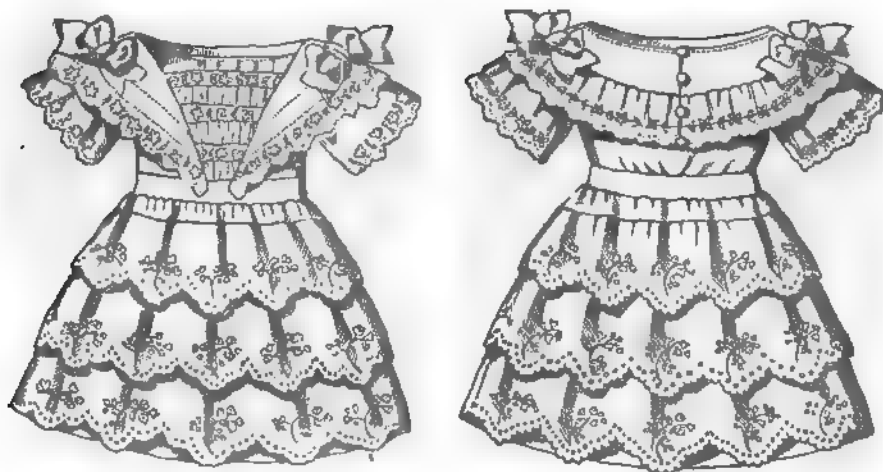
Insertion-band for undersleeve.



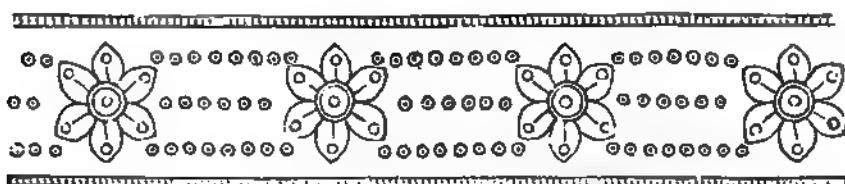
Pattern for undersleeve, to match insertion, to be worked on muslin.



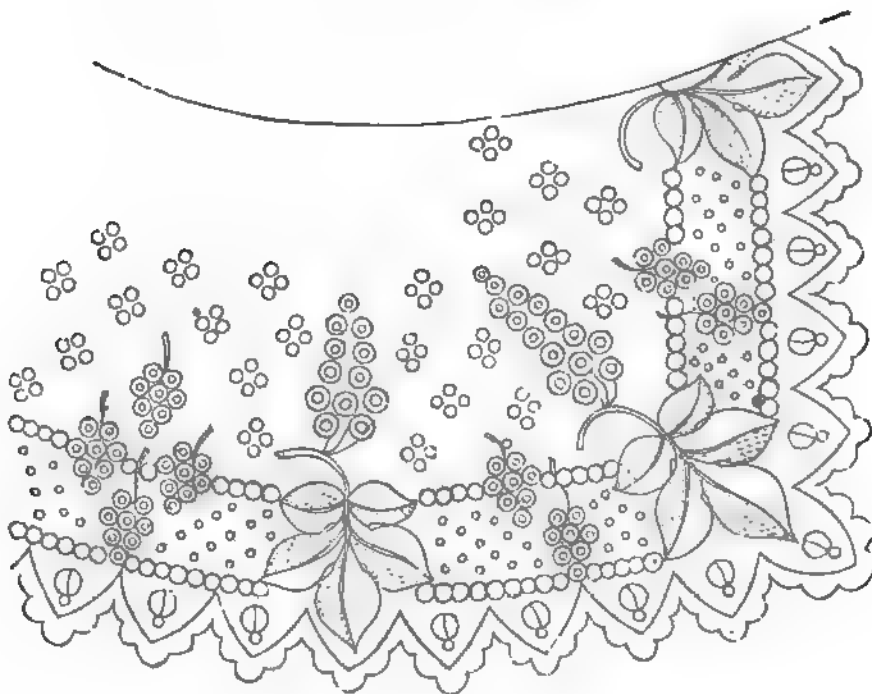
Design for underskirt.



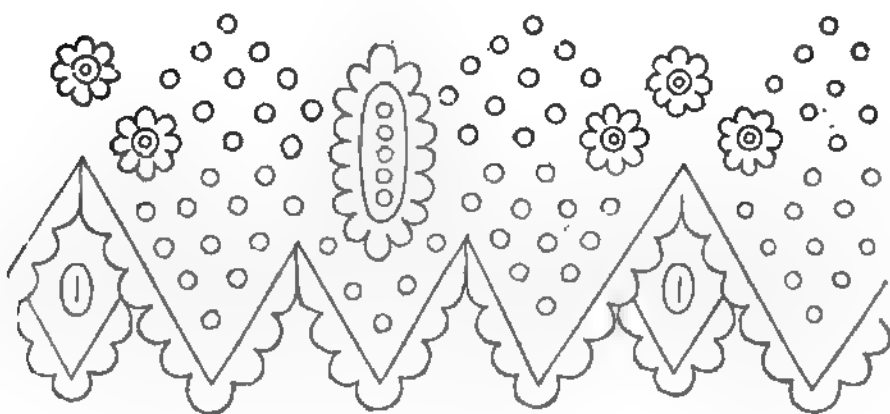
Front and back of a child's dress.



For bottom of shirt to be inserted between the folds.



Pattern for collar to be worked on muslin.



Design for undershirt.



Pattern for undersleeve.



Figure with Anne of Austria Collar.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

BY VERDI.

ALLEGRETTO

List! there's a bird on high, Far in yon azure sky, Fling-ing sweet mel-o-dy

O-ver the Summer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad min-strel-sy

Each heart to glad-den; Hark! its song seems to say, "Ban-ish dull care a-way

Gay-ly were roam-ing; Swift flows the rippling tide, Light-ly the zephyrs glide,

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Nev - er let sor - row stay Brief joys to sad - den." Fond hearts en - twi - ning

pp Round us on ev' - ry side Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts en - twi - ning,

Who'd be re - pl - ning, While near is shi - ning Beau - ty's bright smile?

Cease all re - pl - ning, Near us is shi - ning Beau - ty's bright smile,
leggiere

Beau - ty's bright smile, Ah . . .

Beau - ty's bright smile, Ah . . .

Beau - ty's bright smile.

Beau - ty's bright smile.

Extra Leaves.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Madam Parodi and Strackosch, assisted by Patti Strackosch, concluded a successful series of concerts in our city early last month. The party came early, and probably to this fact, much of their success may be attributed. No one will deny, however, that they do not combine more than ordinary talent.

Madam Vestvali sang at the Musical Fund, with others of eminence, on the evening of the 29th September. The concert was, as might be supposed, a decided success.

Since then we have had Gottschalk and Miss Sheppard. The former is well known and highly esteemed among our connoisseurs. His performances on the piano are unique. We know of no artist who possesses exactly his style. His taste is, moreover, of remarkably fine quality, while the expression which he gives to his pieces is decidedly Bizarresque. The whole man enters into the artist; especially when seated at the piano; there seems to be a perfect blending of the ideas of the composition, the power of their expression, and the means or piano whereby the expression is developed. Gottschalk has recently concertized in Cuba with great success. He also gave, early in the spring, some brilliant concerts at New Orleans. We wish him abundant success. Miss Sheppard sang on Monday evening, October 15th, and was assisted by Professors Rohr, Thunder, Crouch and La Grassa. She has a pretty method, and is a very interesting young lady. Her success was good.

Other musical incidents are recorded among our memoranda, but we have no room for them the present month.

DRAMATIC NOTES.—Since the opening of the season, the theatres have been well attended, and everything indicates a prosperous campaign.

At the "Walnut" the principal feature of interest has been a new tragedy, entitled "Francesca di Rimini," from the pen of our talented townsman, George H. Boker. We attended the first representation, and though the play was well put upon the scene, and the principal character entrusted to the hands of Mr. E. L. Davenport, than whom there is no more chaste and polished actor on the American stage, we must confess to considerable disappointment. As a reading play its poetic beauties will doubtless commend it to the scholar and student; but if Mr. Boker hopes ever to write an acting play, one that will stir the blood and excite the imagination of all classes, he must come out of himself and the retirement of his closet and study in real life and upon the mimic scene, the proprieties of dramatic action.

At the "Arch," the comedy of "Still Water Runs Deep," has had a deservedly fine run, and its representation was very creditable to all concerned.

At the "City Museum," we have had Owens, with "Jakey," "et id omne genus."

MR. EDWARD WALKER. The notice given last month of this gentleman, was by an accident in making up the form, attached to that of another house. We regret the error, which was one of the class, however, that will happen in the best regulated printing offices. Mr. Walker himself bore the accident with his usual philosophy. He is sole agent for the sale of Chickering's Pianos, in Philadelphia, and occupies a beautiful wareroom in Howell's new building, above Sixth, in Chestnut. Mr. W. is a composer and publisher, while as a pianist, as we hinted last month few are before him. Among his latest publications are the following:—

Off as Dewy Evening Falls, by Frazer, a choice ballad.—They Ask Me if I Think of Thee, also by Frazer, and in best his style.—I've not a Thought but what is Thine, by Capt. Duvall, of United States Navy, quite pretty.—My Dear Old Home, by Avery, an admirable song.—Ellie Lane, by Müller, one of the best Ethiopians yet out.—Topsy-Turvy Polka, by Maretzco, a most brilliant and original concert. Swatara Scottische, by Sprague, something of the red man's drollery.—La Violette Mazourka, by Miss Mary F. Howell, one of our finest lady amateur pianists. This is a piece which does her great credit.

We invite our readers to give Mr. Walker a call.

LITERATURE AND ART AGENCY.—The subscriber, desirous of serving authors, men of letters and the patrons of art, engages in the critical reading and preparation of manuscripts for the press, in negotiating with publishers, in the securing and sale of copyrights, and in the purchase of pictures, statues and books, on commission. Address PARK BENJAMIN, 47 Seventh Avenue, corner of Fourteenth street, New York.

GENERAL AGENCY.—J. M. Church has established a general agency at the office of Graham's Magazine, where he may be found daily, from 10 to 12 in the morning. He will serve authors, artists, and publishers, having business to transact in Philadelphia; he will also promptly execute all orders for the purchase of books, musical instruments, paintings, articles of vertu, etc., which may be entrusted to him, as well as procure the insertion of advertisements in the leading periodicals and newspapers in Philadelphia. This department of "Graham" is under his direction.

The monthly increasing circulation of *Graham*, renders it a constantly improving medium for advertising. We take contracts either for a long or a short time at very low rates, considering the immense number of our readers, or patrons.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.—From E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia—The Poetry and Mystery of Dreams. By Charles G. Leland. 1 vol. 12mo.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia—The Deserted Wife. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol. 12mo.—The Sea-Kings. By Captain Marryatt.—The Yellow Mask. By Charles Dickens.—Martin Chuzzlewit. By Charles Dickens.—The School-Boy, and other Tales. By Charles Dickens.—Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens.

From Charles Desilver, Philadelphia—Mitchell's New United States Travelers' Guide.

From Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia—The Poets and Poetry of America. By Rufus W. Griswold. 16th edition. 1 vol. 8vo.

From J. H. Byram, Philadelphia—Byram's Illustrated Business Directory of Philadelphia, 1856.

From Keen & Lee, Chicago—Iowa As It Is, in 1856. By N. Howe Parker. 1 vol. 12mo.

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston—Clouds and Sunshine, and Art. A Dramatic Tale. By Charles Reade. 1 vol. 16mo.

From Harper & Brothers, New York—Letters to the People on Health and Happiness. By Miss C. E. Beecher. 1 vol. 16mo.—Harper's Story Books. Learning to Talk, By Jacob Abbott.—The Harper Establishment.—Life of Franklin.—The Araucanians;

or, Notes of a Tour among the Indian Tribes of Southern Chili. By Edmond Reuel Smith. 1 vol. 12mo.

From Mason Brothers, New York—Olie; or, The Old West Room. By L. M. M. 1 vol. 12mo.—The Rag-Picker. 1 vol. 12mo.

From G. P. Putnam, New York—A Visit to India, China, and Japan, in 1853. By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol. 12mo.—Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. By M. Schele De Vere. 1 vol. 12mo.

From Bruce & Brother, New York—Ethel; or, The Double Error. By Marian James. 1 vol. 18mo.—The Elder Sister. By Marian James. 1 vol. 18mo.—A Basket of Chips. By John Brougham. 1 vol. 12mo.

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York—The Escaped Nun. 1 vol. 12mo.

From C. H. Saxton & Co., New York—The Rabbit Fancier. 1 vol. 18mo.

From D. M. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.—The Exhibition Speaker: Containing Farces, Dialogues, and Tableaux, with Exercises for Declamation, in Prose and Verse, etc., etc. With Illustrations. By P. A. Fitzgerald, Esq. To which is added a complete system of Calisthenics and Gymnastics, with instructions for teachers and pupils. Illustrated with Fifty engravings. 1 vol. 16mo.

TERMS

OF

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy, one year, in advance, \$3; Two Copies, \$5; Five Copies, (and one to Agent or getter up of the Club,) \$10; for \$6, one copy will be sent Three Years. Additions to Clubs can be made at the same rate as Club sent. All subscriptions not paid in advance, \$4.

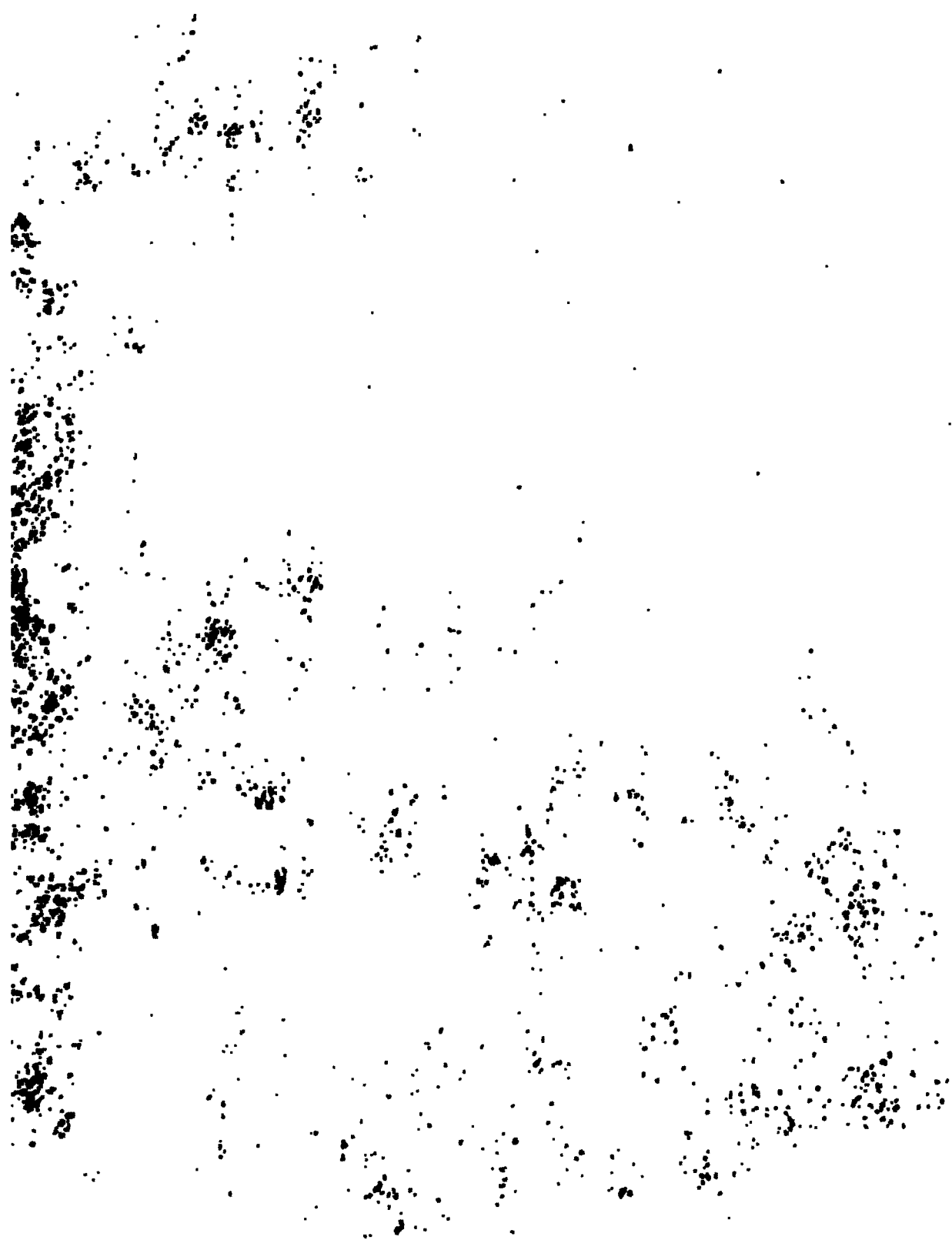
The Postmaster-General has issued a series of instructions for the guidance of Postmasters in receiving valuable letters for transmission by Mail. The plan went into operation the first day of July last, and letters can be now registered and receipted for upon a fee of 5 cents being paid. We would advise all those forwarding us money, to adopt the above precaution, otherwise the remittances will be at their risk. The New Volumes commence with the Numbers for July and January; but subscriptions may commence with any number; and the work being stereotyped, back numbers can be supplied at any time.

Specimen Copies sent gratis to those desiring to get up Clubs.

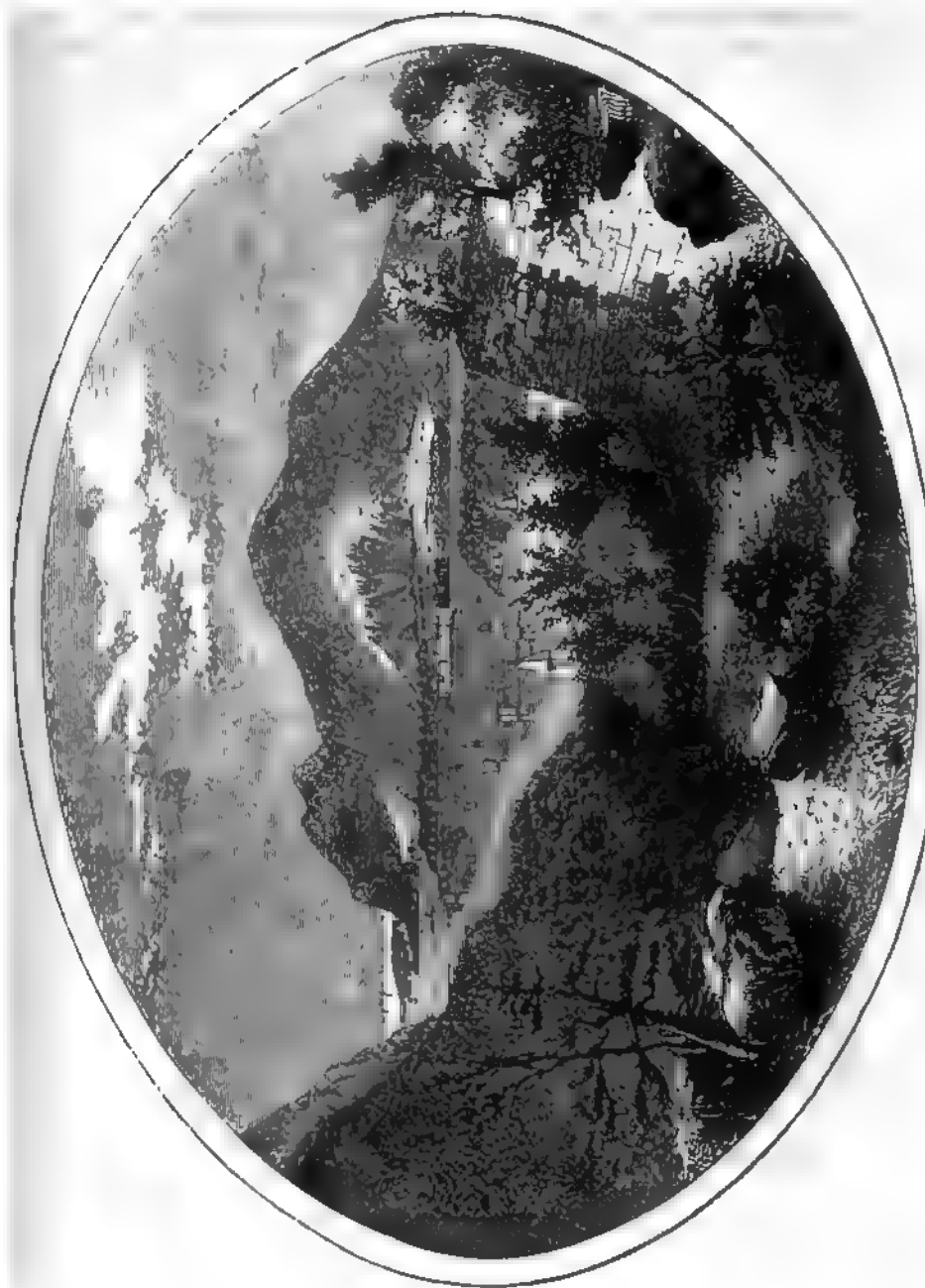
We would inform our correspondents generally, that for the future, we will not hold ourselves responsible for any moneys sent to other than our proper address.

All Communications, both Editorial and on business, must be addressed to

ABRAHAM H. SEE,
106 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.







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No. 6



CHRISTMAS

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HEAR on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer;
And well our Christian sires of old

Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;

On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
 That only night, in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
 The hall was dressed with holly green;
 Forth to the wood did merry men go,
 To gather in the mistletoe;
 Then opened wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And ceremony doffed his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes
 That night might village partner choose;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down.
 The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;
 The huge hall table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day of grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn
 By old blue-coated serving man;
 Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,

Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
 How, when, and where, the mons'or fell;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baiting of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
 Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
 At such high tide, her savory goose.
 Then came the merry maskers in,
 And carols roared with blithesome din;
 If unmelodious was the song.
 It was a merry note and strong;
 Who lists may in their mumming see
 Traces of ancient mystery;
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,
 And smutted cheeks the visors made;
 But O! what maskers, richly dight,
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!
 England was merry England, when
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.
 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

CHRISTMAS IS COME.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE old north breeze through the skeleton trees
 Is chaunting the year out drearily;
 But loud let it blow, for at home we know
 That the dry logs crackle cheerily;
 And the frozen ground is in fetters bound,
 But pile up the wood—we can burn it;
 For Christmas is come, and in every home,
 To summer our hearts can turn it.

And far and near, o'er landscape drear,
 From casements brightly streaming,
 With cheerful glow on the fallen snow,
 The ruddy light is gleaming;
 The wind may shout as it likes without,
 It may bluster, but never can harm us;
 For a merrier din shall resound within,
 And our Christmas feelings warm us

The flowers are torpid in their beds,
 Till spring's first sunbeam sleeping;
 Not e'en the snow-drops pointed heads
 Above the earth are peeping;
 But groves remain on each frosted pane
 Of feathery trees and bowers;
 And fairer far we'll maintain they are
 Than summer's gaudiest flowers

Let us drink to those eyes we most dearly prize,
 We can show how we love them after;
 The fire blaze cleaves to the bright holly leaves,
 And the mistletoe hangs from the rafter;
 We care not for fruit, whilst we here can see
 Their scarlet and pearly berries;
 For the girls' soft cheeks shall our peaches be,
 And their pouting lips our cherries.



(SCENE IN AN ENGLISH PARK.)

REMARKABLE TREES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

BY REV. JOSEPH BELCHER, D. D.

Is it not, friendly reader, surprising that, while thousands of writers are discussing thousands of subjects, there is so very little written respecting the principal objects of Nature? Take, for instance, the topic to which we now ask the attention of our friends, and where can

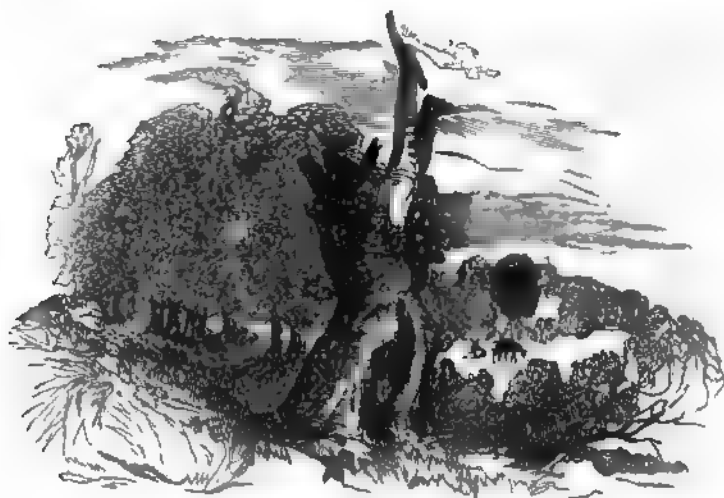
we find a volume, or even a Magazine article, on it? And yet it is a beautiful subject, and commands the attention, especially of every traveler. Why are our American forests admired? Not simply for their vast extent, great as that is, but for the variety, the magnitude, and the ten thou-

sand tints of their trees; and why do we feel, as we pass over our extensive western prairies, that somewhat is yet wanted to give them perfection? They have not trees. Trees throw a halo of beauty over log huts themselves, and impart to the husbandman an indescribable pleasure, as he pursues the duties which devolve upon him. Every class of men must acknowledge their happy influence, not only on the senses, but on the mind. Who among our readers can walk through a grove of trees, whether planted by nature, in a vast forest, or by the hand of man, and cultivated by art, like that in our frontispiece, without feeling a peculiar elevation of mind, and a high gratification of the purest taste?

We propose, then, friendly companion in our task, to show that here is a subject of vast interest, for the study of which we have abundant materials; and having done this, we shall expect your promise to study the science of trees more than you have ever done before. We shall deal in facts rather than philosophy, and leave you, dear reader, to gather the lessons deducible from the statements we are about to furnish. Proceed we now, therefore, to our proper business.

It is well known that the Oak has always been held in the highest veneration. It has ever been regarded as the emblem of durability and strength. Altars were set up in ancient times under these oaks, and worship presented, both to the true God and to idols. Abraham resided under an oak, and planted a grove of oaks on the plains of Mamre. Rebecca's nurse was buried under an oak, and the same monarch of the forest spread his giant arms over Abimelech, when he was anointed king by the Shechemites. Abraham entertained his angelic visitors under an oak; Gideon first discovered the angel who commissioned him as the captain of his people, sitting under an oak. Homer, Theocritus, and other ancient poets, consecrated the oak in their minstrelsy. History, too, delights to dwell on this tree. Near the avenue called Queen Elizabeth's walk, in Windsor park, tradition still points out a withered tree as the identical oak of Herne, the hunter, who

"Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round the oak, with great ragged horns."



HENRY'S OAK.

As the oak has itself been called the King of the forest, so it has been the favorite of more than one of the mightiest monarchs of the world. The oak of Henry IV. of France, at Fontainebleau, has been commemorated alike by the painter and the historian.

Not a few important national transactions took place under its shade; one of a more general character may be here described:—To a great

extent, the forest in the days of St. Louis was peopled by robbers. One day the King had lost his way, and was seeking his suite, when he fell into the hands of a band of these villains.

"You are the King," said the chief.

"Leave me my life, and you shall have King Louis," replied the saint. At the same time he sounded his horn, and the suite came up.

"Well, where is the King?" asked the robber.

"I am the King, and you are an audacious brigand." As he spoke, the thieves were overpowered.

"How long have you carried on this trade?" was the question of the King.

"Since yesterday," was the reply of the robber.

"What drove you to it?"

"Hunger, sir," was the answer.

"Very good," said the sovereign.

"You shall expiate your sins by fighting the infidels."

It is reported that the robbers became very good soldiers.

We might here tell, too, of the Oak of Boscobel, without which, some one has said, our own Charter Oak could not have been what it is. In that Royal Oak Charles hid himself in the day of danger, and so lived to sign the memorable Charter of Connecticut. But we will content ourselves with thinking of the boys of England annually gilding its balls, even till now, on the twenty-ninth of May, and pass on to more important matter.

Let us, however, say, that henceforth we will venerate the oak, like the ancient Druid, who formed his silvan temple

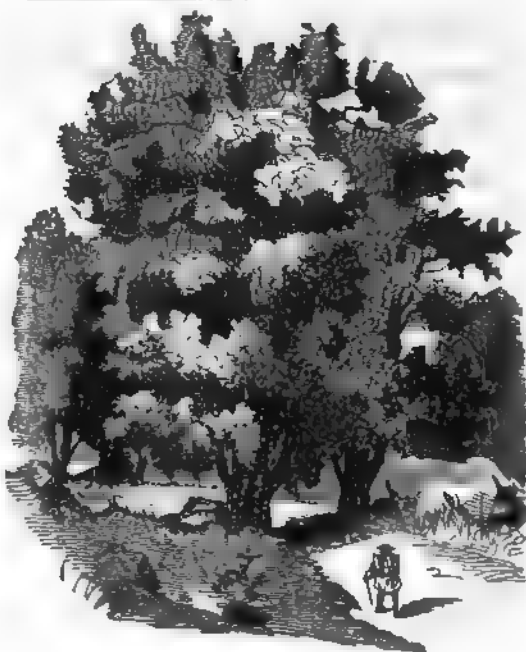
"Where'er the oaks their branches spread
A deeper, darker shade."

But, unlike him, we will worship the God of Creation, instead of idols. Here, too,

"Beneath thy shadows' venerable gloom,
Whose friendly canopy invites repose;
Where the breeze murmurs through the leafy dome,
As if some spirit's whisper round it rose;
I muse upon thy being and thy birth,
The study of thy long-extended life!

Every department of Nature has its curiosities, and some of these are so great as to need extraordinary faith as to their existence. We had often heard and read of the *Tree of Ten Thousand Images* in Thibet, which is said by the old legend to have sprang from Tsong-Kaba's hair, and to bear a Thibetian character on each of its leaves. Of this remarkable tree, the name of which comes from two Thibetian words, signifying ten thousand images, Huc, in his "*Travels in Tartary and Thibet*," gives the following account:—

"At the foot of the mountains on which the Lamassery stands, and not far from the principal Buddhist temple, is a great square enclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this, we



OAK OF HENRY IV.

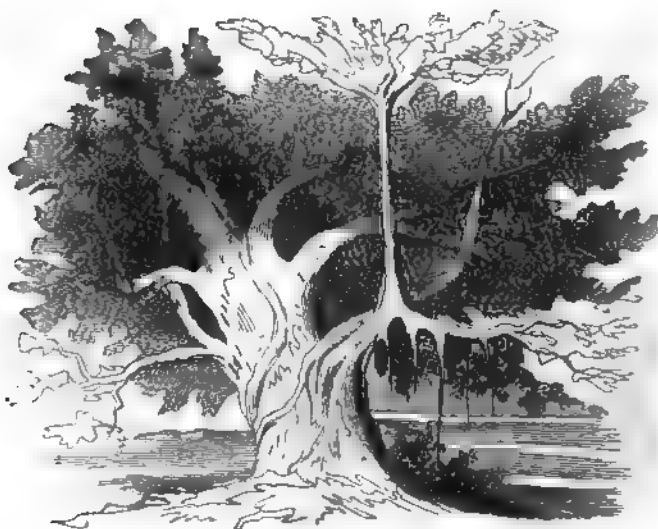
were able to examine at leisure the marvelous tree, some of the branches of which had already manifested themselves above the wall. Our eyes were first directed, with earnest curiosity, to the leaves, and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment, on finding that, in point of fact, there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Thibetian characters, all of a green color, some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the Lamas; but, after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves: the position was not the same in all; in one leaf they would be at the top of the leaf; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or at the side; the younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree, and its branches, which resemble that of the plane-tree, are also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of old bark, the young bark under exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state; and, what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery, but we could dis-

earn nothing of the sort, and the perspiration absolutely trickled down our faces under the influence of the sensations which this most amazing spectacle created. More profound intellects than ours may, perhaps, be able to supply a satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of this singular tree; but as to us, we altogether give it up. Our readers possibly may smile at our ignorance; but we care not, so that the sincerity and truth of our statement be not suspected. The Tree of the Ten Thousand Images seemed to us of great age. Its trunk, which three men could scarcely embrace with outstretched arms, is not more than eight feet high; the branches, instead of shooting up, spread out in the shape of a plume of feathers, and are extremely bushy; few of them are dead. The leaves are always green; and the wood, which is of a reddish tint, has an exquisite odor, something like that of cinnamon. The Lamas informed us that, in summer, towards the eighth moon, the tree produces large red flowers, of an extremely beautiful character. They told us, also, that there nowhere exists another such tree; that many attempts have been made in various Lamaseries of

Tartary and Thibet, to propagate it by seeds and cuttings, but that all these attempts have been fruitless."

Eolin, in the third volume of his *Travels*, gives an account of an equally marvelous tree, near the monastery of Abraham, at Orfa, in Asiatic Turkey. He says, that every time when two great monarchs are going to war, this tree begins to emit, on the side pointing toward the unfortunate party, a red juice, like blood. "Thus, when Sultan Murad undertook the expedition to Bagdad, it opened into forty cracks, streaming with that red fluid, which I did not witness myself, when I was there at that time, but heard it from religious people, who assured me that they had seen it themselves."

We can speak with more confidence of the present existence of two combined trees at Jericho, in the island of Jamsica. The drawing from which our engraving is copied, was taken by Joseph Wheeler, Esq., and the account we condense was furnished by our present friend, the Rev. John Clarke, whose residence at that time was within two hundred yards of the singular phenomenon here exhibited.



THE HOG PLUM AND WHITE FIG

The large tree here represented is the "Hog Plum," or *Spondias Myrobalanus*, according to Dr. Basham. The fruit is abundant, of a rank smell, and yellow color. It is eaten by sheep and hogs. The bark and leaves are used in a bath for the feet and legs, when inflamed and swollen after severe fever. The wood is of no value, except as posts in fencing; when they

are put into the ground for this purpose, they usually take root and grow, and make valuable fences around the sugar cane, &c. The other tree is the "White Fig," or *Ficus Indica Maxima*, of Sir Hans Sloane, and *Ficus Indica*, of Linnaeus. Sir Hans Sloane describes this tree as of five kinds, all, however, very much like each other in appearance, and all furnish a milky

juice, resembling bird-lime, which is used for repairing broken articles. The wood is tolerably good for common use, but is soft and not durable. The fruit is about the size of an apricot, but is not fit to eat. The tree often grows to a great size, but seldom straight up of itself; it lays hold of the nearest tree, embraces it round and round, closes its folds as it grows, and flourishes to the top of the tallest tree of which it may lay hold. It will thus find a support for many years, until at length it destroys the tree which has so long been its supporter.

In addition to these facts, it may be stated that this tree throws out, in a very curious manner, little withs, which soon grow downwards to the earth, take root there, and become strong additional supporters to the first ascending stem. It will be seen that the peculiarity of the tree here represented is, that after surrounding the supporting stem, so as to secrete it from view, it mounts the trunk, and, on reaching a good branch, runs but a little way along it before it ascends in a perpendicular direction, in towering beauty; exhibiting a fine straight trunk, with branches rising above its supporter, and roots striking out from the branch which bears it, making their way downwards to reach the ground.

Those who are well versed in history, remember how much has been written of the tree of

Solomon, and how its fruit was admired for its beauty and supposed medicinal qualities. They will recollect how many expeditions were sent out from European ports to the east, to discover the place of its growth; and how its nuts sold from two hundred and fifty dollars and upwards, so that one of them, measuring a foot in diameter, obtained seven hundred and fifty dollars. They will remember that in 1743 Piccault, a French naval officer, discovered some islands, which he named *Palmiers*, on account of the number and beauty of the palm trees which grow upon it. "Thus much he knew, but knew no more." In 1768, another expedition went out, and discovered far more than they chose to tell, for they intended, by concealment, to make their fortunes, but were ultimately disappointed. Here, dear reader, is the history of the discovery of the *Lodoicea Srychellarum*—the double coconut of the Seychellas, as modern botanists term it! Yes, the cocoa-nut!

Among the arboreal antiquities of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, is one which to an American is invested with deep interest. It is a venerable *Acacia*, the first ever conveyed to Europe.

This tree, known to Botanists by the name of *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, was planted where it now grows by Vespasian Robin, son of John Robin, who obtained it from this country, the tree having been previously unknown in Europe. Its planting was coincident with the definite institution of the Royal Garden, by an edict of Louis XIII., which was registered in Parliament, in May, 1635; and it is now the only survivor of the trees planted in the gardens at that period. The inscription on the label attached to this interesting memorial is—"Robinia pseudo-acacia, (North America.) First *Acacia* grown in Europe; planted by Vespasian Robin, in 1635."

Another of the curiosities of Paris, is the enormous vine which ornaments the court of a house in the Rue des Marais St. Germaine. It is said to have been planted by Racine, and supposing that he did it in the last year of his life, the vine must now be about 156 years of age, as that celebrated writer died in 1699. It is this year in a flourishing condition, and covered with fruit.

Alas, that our subject is so *prolific*! We have no room to speak here of innumerable trees, full of fruit and of other blessings. The Tea tree, so inte-



THE ROBIN ACACIA

resting to the ladies, yes, and to authors in general, the fig tree, and other dispensers of sweets; the trees giving us the caoutchouc, and similar gums, and a thousand others, must all be omitted, at least at present. It may happen, indeed, that such may be the earnest and intense demands of our readers, that we may be compelled to resume the subject.

Many a good tree has shown its strength, and—we had almost said—its excellent habits, by living to a good old age. The olive tree is often found to live three hundred years. There is, or was a very few years ago, an orange tree in the garden at Versailles, which is well ascertained to have been planted in 1421, much more than four centuries ago. The oak will often be found of six hundred years' standing. A chestnut is said to have grown for nine hundred and fifty years; the Dragon's-blood tree, of Teneriffe, may be two thousand years old; and Adamson mentions Bauians nearly six thousand years old, or coeval with the time of Adam. Moore, the poet, states, in his diary of October, 1821, that he walked in Amphilil Park, with the Hon Miss Russell, where he saw some very old trees, some of which were declared to be superannuated in Cromwell's time.

Letters a few months since from Meninger, speak of the destruction, not from age or decay, but in a violent tempest, of the old oak of Luther, planted May 6th, 1521, on the spot where, on the previous day, the Reformer had been seized and conducted to the Castle of Wartburg. The tree to the last maintained its vigor, and spread its leafy branches over a wide circumference. Its relics were carried in solemn

procession to the church of Stainach, where they have been deposited in a vault, and the Grand Duke has given orders for the erection, on the spot where the tree grew, of a Gothic fountain, to be surrounded by trees, and to bear an inscription, commemorating the event, which the tree itself has ceased to record.

Ecclesiastical history shows us the use of trees as commemorating events of vast importance. Ket, a Norfolk tanner, in the sixteenth century, determined on a reformation of England, both in church and state, and held meetings with his friends, to concert his plans, under an old tree, from thence called "The Oak of Reformation." In the county of Salop, in England, is yet to be seen "The Gospel Oak," where not a few of the most eminent protestant clergy of England, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, preached. In the town of Pembroke, in South Wales, stands a very fine elm tree, beneath which the excellent Rowland Hill, of the present century, and Whitefield and Wesley, of the last, frequently discussed Biblical truth.

More than a century before Luther lived, was born in the village of Hussinetz, on the borders of the Black Forest, John Huss, whose name will ever be marked in ecclesiastical history. He attained to the eminence of a professor in the University of Prague before he was twenty years of age. Condemned by the Council of Constance, he was burnt to death, July 7, 1415, aged 42 years. A tree was soon after planted to mark the spot on which he died, an engraving of which, taken from a drawing on the spot, about seven years since, we here give.

We are right glad to know that the ever to be admired John Milton is perpetuated in the history of trees. In the grounds of Christ's College, Cambridge, is yet a mulberry tree, planted by his own hands. Some years ago, it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shattered it, but its aged boughs were carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids it promises to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appears to have undergone no change, for in 1835 it was laden with more than two bushels of fruit, which from year to year is carefully gathered, and distributed among those who venerate his memory. It is remarkable, that when these mulberries are given away, even the highest Tories profess cordial regard for the old re-



HUSS' TREE

publican. The smallest fragments from this tree are religiously cherished by the poet's ardent admirers.

It is painful to be obliged to say here, that the world has contained Goths and Vandals, who have cut down harmless and inoffensive trees, imparting interest to every well-regulated mind. The pear tree planted by Oliver Cromwell, in Sidney College grounds, Cambridge, was ruthlessly cut down in March, 1838; we are almost ready to say of the miscreant who did it, what Robert Hall said of the Duke of Wellington, when he refused parliamentary reform to the people of England—that he deserved to be tied to the tail of the great red dragon, and swung round infinite space throughout eternity.

Henry Kirke White, that lovely devotee to poetry, once cut his initials on a favorite tree. "H. K. W., 1805," and this, alas! was cut down by the woodman's axe; but this act was partially atoned for, as in veneration for the poet's memory, the part of the tree bearing his initials was carefully preserved by its proprietor in an elegant gilt frame.

Grattan, the celebrated Irish orator, was fond of old trees. A favorite one stood near the house at Tinnehinck. A friend, thinking it obstructed the view, recommended to him to cut it down.

"Why so?" said Grattan.

"Because it stands in the way of the house!" replied his friend.

"You mistake," responded the orator; "it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either must come down, let it be the house."

The scarcity of trees in Scotland furnished matter for the sarcasm and laughter of the colossus of literature, Dr. Johnson. He ludicrously said, "that the hedges were made of *stone*; for, instead of the verdant *thorn* to refresh the eye, we found the bare wall, or *dike*, intersecting the prospect." He mentions in his journal, that at Skie "I saw a few trees;" and was exceedingly amused when Colonel Nairne showed him his very large plane tree, and unfortunately said there was but this and another large tree in Scotland. The other tree, Sir Walter Scott has told us, was the Prior Letham Plane, measuring in circumference at the surface nearly twenty feet, and at the setting on of the branches nineteen feet. This giant of the forest stands in a cold, exposed situation, apart from every other tree. There are, however, good trees in some parts of Scotland, though Johnson did not see them, but taunted Boswell by saying that a walking stick was made of one of Scotland's largest trees.

Trees, it seems, draw largely on the resources of nature. It is said that a tree weighing seven hundred pounds, requires sixty pounds of oxygen and hydrogen every twenty-four hours, to preserve its health and growth. And who that remembers the value of trees as furnishing so much of food, of medicine, of fuel, of fragrance and of health, will not, we had almost said—gratefully administer to their welfare.

The removal of trees is a subject of no small interest, which frequently meets us in the pages of history. That fine old book, "*The Mystery of Husbandry*," says, "Several relations there are of trees that have been planted or removed of eighty years' growth, and fifty feet high to the nearest bough, wafted upon floats and engines four long miles, with admirable success; and of oaks, planted as big as twelve oxen could draw."

Among Lord Clarendon's papers is a statement that, at Henley on Thames, some thirty or forty miles from London, a woman spoke against the taxation imposed by Parliament, in the former days of tyranny. She was ordered by a Committee of the House of Commons to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the wayside, on a market day. This was done, and a paper was affixed to her back, setting forth, in large letters, the heinousness of her crime.

Some of our lady writers will, perhaps, furnish us with a fine paper on *the Rose Tree*, and tell us how the Germans formerly placed it in the centre of their ceilings, as the emblem of domestic confidence; whence our common phrase, "under the rose."

One important object will be accomplished, if these researches and facts, concerning trees, should tend to increase the number and improve the quality of the shade trees in our cities and villages. Nothing can be more grateful or cooling in the heat of summer than these lovely shades, and yet in how many instances are houses exposed to heat, and our paths without shade or fragrance. We want elms, locusts and willows, especially the first two, to grace our streets, and add to our health and pleasure. They may grow more slowly than some other kinds, but in the majestic beauty of their age, they will be monuments of our taste, and cause us to be gratefully remembered. Friendly reader, do this small kindness for posterity, and imitate not the surly old bachelor who refused to plant a tree for posterity, because posterity had done nothing for him.



THE AMERICAN BITTERN.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

In the old days of Chivalry and knighthood, when the glory of Falconry had not yet faded from the earth, like several of his congeners, the heron, especially, and the curlew, which, according to the old rhyme,

“Be she white or be she black,
Carries twelrepence on her back;”

an enormous price at a time when sixpence was the value of a fat wether sheep, the Bittern stood high, if not highest, in the estimation both of the epicure and the gentle falconer.

Loud was the cheery whoop, and heartfelt the gratulation, when from some reed bed in the oozy meadows, beside the silver-winding Trent or royal-towered Thames, flushed by the yelping spaniels, the long-necked hermit fisher would display his broad vans, mottled like the richest *tortoise-shell*, with bands and wavy lines and

variegated blotches of black and chocolate brown, and bright ferruginous and cinereous gray, and yellow ochre; and stretching his long green legs far behind him, soar with his harsh, discordant, clanging cry, into the empyrean, a worthy quarry for the bravest hawk that ever fleshed his singles in the fowl of game, and one to test his power of wing, his valiant courage, were he the bravest peregrine that ever built his eyry amid the rocky fastnesses of Hoy, or the best Jerfalcon that was ever brought from Norroway, to minister to the sports of chivalry and beauty.

Loud was the clank of flagon and of beaker, and prodigal the red wine flowed, when at high noon, where peers and paladins and princes feasted, even at Arthur's table round, where Lancelot de Lac looked love into the sympathizing eyes of peerless Guenevere, with heronshaw

and peacock, cygnet and venison, the Bittern held the place of pride, and valiant knights took on themselves

“Empryzes of great pith and moment,”

and cast their pledges down, plighting their vows before “St. George, the Bittern, and the Ladies.”

But now, like many another first rate dainty and delicacy, long admired, the Bittern, with his congener, the heron—though both still well esteemed by a few wise and judicious *gourmets*—has fallen, for the most part, into disrepute.

In England, toward Christmas-time especially, when, like the snipe and woodcock of that country, the Bittern feeds along the penetrable margins of the unfrozen streams and rivulets, which remain open all the winter long, and becomes extremely fat, there is rejoicing when the game-keeper produces, with a grin of triumph, the far-famed “bog-bumper;” and he is incontinently manufactured, with other ingredients known to the wise, into a mighty pasty, manducated by appreciative grinders of purposely invited guests, and washed down by appropriate libations of Beaune or Clos Vougeot.

In America, it is difficult to say, wherefore, this fine bird is the object of an absurd and unjust prejudice; it is known generally by an obscene and disgusting appellation; it is shot mercilessly and wantonly by the fowler, if he meets it in the marshes. I say *wantonly*, because with no end or object of utility or reason—and it is then cast away, like the vilest carion; and the sportsman, who has the rare judgment to insist on its being cooked and eaten, like wild-fowl, with cayenne pepper, port wine, and lime-juice, is looked upon as a foul-feeder, at least, if not as that variety of the *genus-homo*, who is supposed habitually to keep a cold clergyman on his sideboard, as a choice dainty, and to luxuriate in the delights of *Long-pig*.*

Bittern-shooting can scarcely, as a general rule, be followed as a sport in the United States, for, although the bird, as aforesaid, is common, it is not, generally speaking, numerous; the only exception to this rule being, in so far as I know, the marsh islands in the great south bay of Long Island, where it is extremely abundant.

In these hassocks, as they are often called, it is not easy to shoot them, as they will not readily or willingly take wing, running with great speed in a crouching posture among the long coarse grass, and not exposing any portion of their long lanky forms to the aim of the gunner.

At very high tides, however, when these island meadows are submerged, they may be successfully hunted, in the same manner as the great clapper-rail, or big meadow hen, by means of boats pulled, or in very shoal waters, shoved with pushing poles over the flats. Before these, they cannot avoid rising, and as they do so, heavily, with a slow and laborious flapping, they present an easy and obvious mark, even to tyros; and by good marksmen are certainly slaughtered with No. 4 or 5 shot, from an ordinary fowling-piece. At the *Rivière aux Canards*, in Upper Canada, or the Newark Salt Meadows, and in the marshes along the margins of the Hackensack river, as also, in former times, at the English neighborhood, I have occasionally had good sport with these great aquatic birds, while in pursuit of English snipe; but it would scarcely pay, even in these favored localities, to go out especially bittern-shooting. They will lie well to setters, which are used to point them steadily, and springers give tongue to them keenly, and flush them with ardor; these two facts marking them as legitimately *game*.

The Bittern is a very beautiful bird, about twenty-seven inches in length, by three feet four inches in extent from tip of wing to wing; its upper parts are beautifully mottled and variegated, like the finest tortoise-shell; its under parts are of a pale, ochreous yellow, streaked, especially, on the long feathers in the front of the neck, with longitudinal black lines. It has a pendulous crest, on the nape of the neck, which, when wounded or irritated, it erects fiercely; its eyes are of a clear, fierce golden hue, almost as bright and dauntless as those of the eagle; its legs are yellowish green; the toes armed with long pectinated claws, which our ancestors in their wisdom were wont to carry, when they could get them, in their waistcoat pockets, as a specific and antidote against rheumatism, when shooting in the aguish marshes, which he affects as his local habitation and his home.

On the whole, he is the handsomest and noblest of the aquatic waders, if we except the lovely snow-white egret, and the yet more beautiful and rarer scarlet ibis, of the south; and is as bold and brave as he is succulent and savory, when fat and smoking on the board. Hence I, invariably, shoot him when I can; and never pick him up, till I am well assured he “has shuffled off this mortal coil;” for he will fight to the last against man, dog, or devil; and his beak is both sharp and strong, and strikes like a Moorish assagay at the eye of the assailant. Hence I avoid him. *Verbum sap.*

* Cannibal for human flesh

HORACE MANNERS' FLIRTATIONS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. H. V. CHENEY.

"It is a veritable fact," said Frank Elwyn, entering his sister's room, with an open letter in his hand; "Horace Manners is really caught at last—he is actually going to be married; to be sacrificed, poor fellow! I have it here in black and white, written by his own hand."

"Sacrificed!" replied his sister Bella, with slight contempt, "why, I think the poor dupe whom he has flattered into believing that he loves her, will be the victim; for, believe me, Horace Manners can never truly love any one but his own precious self."

"How now, Bella," returned Frank, gayly, "what has set you out into such a tirade against my poor friend? You do not know him—you have scarcely even seen him."

"Neither do I wish to know him," she replied, "he is precisely one of those men whom every true woman must thoroughly despise; with all his boasted philanthropy, and high talk of honor, he is an egregious egotist and the veriest coxcomb in existence."

"You are as severe as a disappointed spinster," said Frank, laughing; "but really, Bella, you do my friend great injustice—he is a fine fellow, though I admit, he may have some few weak points like all the rest of the world. To tell the truth," he continued, "I had been weaving a pretty little romance, in which my fair sister was to play the part of heroine; in short, I fancied you would make just the right sort of wife for Horace, and he is one of the favored few to whom I could resign you with satisfaction. But you made such an endless tour with Aunt Mary, that the chance was lost—and now he is going to wed another."

"*Going to*, you may well say," she replied, "for he has been *going* to be married, goodness knows how many times, but he always contrives to slip out of the noose before it is drawn tight enough to hold him fast; and it is this which I despise—a man with a fair tongue and a false heart—a deceiver."

"On my word, Bella, you wrong him greatly," said Frank, warmly, "and the world has wronged him with its false rumors and idle gossip! Really, a man cannot speak to a young lady, but directly the word goes forth that they are engaged, and then, forsooth, if he is not driven into matrimony in self-defence, he is branded as a male coquette—a heartless coxcomb."

"Not so fast, brother mine," said Bella, gayly, "we allow great license to your sex, and perhaps ourselves inconsiderately encourage your flirtations sometimes. But the light gallantry which springs from courtesy, or even the devotion of a few idle hours to some fair object of attraction, will seldom be misconstrued by any sensible woman; and even an inexperienced girl in this enlightened age would scarcely be silly enough to yield her heart without a more particular summons. No, no, your friend is not attractive enough to conquer by a single glance; he is neither very young nor very handsome, and if he wins a heart, you may depend it is not done without design on his part. I have been absent two years," she added, "but the name and deeds of Horace Manners were wafted to me by a correspondent, who shall be nameless, but who was herself at one time the object of his flattering attentions, and who might possibly, ere this, have been 'many fathoms deep in love,' had not her good angel whispered a word of caution before he had transferred his homage to another and a fairer."

"Well, Bella," returned her brother, "I will not remind you of the old fable of the fox and the grapes, but in spite of all the scandal attached to his name, if Horace Manners were still a disengaged man, I know of no one to whom I would extend a brotherly hand more cordially and freely."

"The love that wins my affections," said Bella, "must be given freely and generously—it must not be incrustated with pride, vanity, and egotism. Yet I confess, Frank, the temptation to avenge my sex by paying back this friend of yours in his own coin, might have been irresistible. But, as you say, the chance is lost, and verily, it is not worth regretting. As for this little heart of mine, brother dear, long may it remain in my own safe-keeping."

Weeks passed away, and the *eclat* of Horace Manners' engagement had quite subsided. The world began to give him credit for constancy; his friends approved his choice, and his own self-esteem was flattered by the *éloges* bestowed on his sagacity and good taste. He might well be considered a fortunate and happy man. Rich, independent of the world, occupying an enviable position in society, and soon to be united to a woman whose praises were on every tongue, and to whom

he had given his affections warmly, and unselfishly as his nature would allow, receiving a hundred fold in return—what more could be desired!

But the heart of man is a problem which no advance in science or metaphysics will probably ever solve. To fathom its motives, to resolve its inconsistencies, is all a vain attempt. Even the revelations of clairvoyance throw no light on its mysteries. How often an object most earnestly desired, when at last attained, becomes worthless; and, pursuit at an end, the pleasure of possession palls and wearies. There are some minds that ever look forward to enjoyment, but find no satisfaction in the blessings they can grasp; others, whose desires are graduated by the scale of fashion or popularity, who are swayed by every breath of ridicule, and who shrink from the responsibility of sustaining their own decisions.

Manners, we have said, loved ardently; for a time his whole heart and soul were absorbed in the engrossing passion. He had met with Clara Graham while on a tour of pleasure, and from the moment of introduction, every thought became devoted to her. She was neither rich nor beautiful, but she had an agreeable person, inexpressible charm of manner, and a richly cultivated mind. Manners considered these advantages essential in the woman whom he chose to grace his brilliant establishment; he despised a silly woman—he cared not for wealth, his own coffers were overflowing. In Clara, for the first time he found united all that he desired; his judgment and his heart were satisfied.

Their intimacy increased day by day; they were drawn together by sympathy of taste, and that harmony of thought and feeling which is the spring of true affection. Manners could talk well, though a tinge of egotism pervaded his conversation, and with the language of philanthropy on his lips, he sketched most attractively the life of quiet and elegant enjoyment to which his hopes were directed, in the companionship of one who would aid his efforts for the improvement of humanity. Her opinions were asked with deference, and her suggestions received with flattering attention.

Clara listened to him with sweet confidence, which grew fast into admiring love. She fancied she had found in him a transcript of her own kind and loving spirit—her own pure and active benevolence. And Manners was no hypocrite, few had higher aspirations, and to no one were glimpses of goodness and truth revealed in clearer beauty. But when he descended from the mount of vision, and reëntered the cold and barren

walks of ordinary life, selfishness and worldliness rose up like giants in his path, and in his strife with them, too often his holier and better thoughts were stifled or cast aside. When with Clara he seemed ever to live a higher life, and each day her influence appeared to strengthen and to draw him nearer to her. He had often loved before, as worldly men love, for interest or excitement; or as selfish men love, to feed the cravings of a morbid vanity; but at once wary and infirm of purpose, he had never committed himself by any formal promise, though more than once he had awakened the affection of a confiding heart, only to leave it wounded and disappointed—a poor trophy of his selfish vanity.

And even now, while he yielded to the sweet spell which Clara cast around him, and knew that he was beloved by her in return, with habitual caution he deferred from day to day that frank avowal of his feelings which honor demanded, but which, with a pang no truly generous mind could ever know, he feared might abridge his freedom and bind him by a promise that no after-repentance could annul. At length, however, he could delay no longer. Clara's friends looked coldly on him, for they began to fear he was trifling with her happiness. Then he nerved himself to speak—and he was an accepted lover. Two weeks passed away—weeks of the most perfect happiness he ever had enjoyed. And she, that warm-hearted, confiding girl, so full of trust, so reliant on his honor, his faith, his entire affection—he, so ennobled in her eyes, so perfect a realization of that ideal which her graceful fancy and loving heart had pictured—could he ever disappoint her?

Horace Manners returned to the dull routine of ordinary life; sentiment and poetry were left with her sweet presence, and again business jostled and sordid interest clashed, and the dreaming lover awoke from his reverie into the midst of a practical and busy world. Had he been an imaginative man, absence would have invested his affection with new charms, and increased its fervor; but the subtle alchemy of self-love transmuted all emotions into egotism, and the absent became every day more shadowy and unsatisfying, and the present more engrossing. Before the congratulations of his friends had died away, they began to fall coldly on his ear; every allusion to his engagement touched a jarring chord, and he felt like one whose freedom is restrained, and who looks unconsciously around for some avenue of escape. He combated these feelings, but not with that determined will which would have crushed them in the bud; they

returned to him again and again, and each time with increasing pertinacity.

Every letter from Clara—and they came winged by fondest affection—revived his dormant tenderness; but scarcely were they folded and laid aside, before a feeling of dissatisfaction crept over him, and the calm of happy love became wearisome and distasteful. The light badinage of friends, usual on such occasions, often wounded his self-love; the praises of Clara caused a jealous pang, and that superiority of mind and character which had won his proud admiration, he began to regard with morbid discontent as an encroachment on his own lordly privilege of absolute supremacy. The struggle was long—the strife bitter between selfishness and principle, honor and inclination, in the mind of Manners—but it ended, as all who knew him well, might have foreseen—he was again a free man.

Months passed away, and the world ceased to speak of Horace Manners and his late engagement. It was a nine days' wonder—some had blamed and others marveled—but only to a few was known the real truth; it lay deep hidden in his own heart; and from his nearest friends he would gladly have concealed the shame and remorse which his breach of faith, his dereliction of honor and principle had caused him. He left directly for Europe, to seek relief in change and occupation of mind, and busy gossip whispered that when the prize was lost, he would gladly have regained it—but it was too late.

* * * * *

Midsummer came, and all the city-world, wearied with dust and heat, hastened to enjoy the cool breezes of the country, or the luxury of sea-bathing. Bella Elwyn joined a party of friends, who was passing some weeks at a fashionable watering-place, and from thence, after many attempts, she at last found time to write thus to her brother Frank:—

“You may, if you please, dear Frank, imagine me transformed into a veritable mermaid; and truly, neither ‘Sabrina fair,’ nor any other daughter of the ‘briny deep’ ever sported in her native element with more joyous delight than does your little madcap sister Bella. Now fancy some half a score of us, fair damsels and comely matrons, emerging from the shelter of the little huts used for disrobing, which stand like sentinel boxes along the beach, each one arrayed in fanciful *blouse* and trowsers, and then half-frightened at our own shadows in such a *dégagé* costume, we bound across the sandy beach with

‘Naked foot,

‘That shines like snow and falls on earth as mute,’

and meet the waves as they come rolling on, dashing over our heads and breaking on the shore. How pure and fresh these great waves come, free from the broad ocean; and what a luxury to feel them bathing our limbs on a sultry day, while we toss about and sport in the clear salt-water, like a shoal of dolphins! Then, in the long brilliant twilights, we have boating and driving on the beach, which is as smooth as a marble pavement; and pleasant strolls by moonlight; and for the mornings, we have a little good-natured gossip, music, and new books in abundance, to say nothing of worsted work and embroidery, purses and watch-guards, the never-failing resources of female ingenuity. And from all the houses round, the company meet two evenings every week, for a *hop*, without any tedious ceremony. Ah, my grave brother, if you were only here, we would soon make you as merry as ‘King Cole, that merry old soul,’ etc.

“One of our harmless amusements is to watch the new arrivals. Whenever the rumble of wheels is heard, or the little boat comes steaming round the point, or the whistle of cars vibrates on the air—away we all fly to the piazza and the windows to scrutinize the new comers; and if ‘variety is the spice of life,’ we are most generously supplied with it.

“We had a charming arrival some ten days since, a small party from —, one young lady, in particular—*la demoiselle par excellence*; now, is not your heart *thumping* to know her name, Frank? No, you have no curiosity! Well, I must tell you then. It was Clara Graham, the *once loved* of your consistent, honorable friend, Horace Manners. Is it not odd that I should meet her here? and we are already the warmest friends imaginable. I do not wonder that Manners loved her—who could help it. Even you, Frank, with all that crust of old bachelorism growing over you, I do believe, would be taken captive by her unawares; she has just that quiet, *spirituelle* grace which you used to rave about in your days of romance.

“Yet she is as cheerful as a bird; one would never suppose she had ever deeply suffered, at least, one who looked only on the outward expression, which is always sweet and serene. But I have had glimpses of her inner self, and I know that her present calm has been reached through a sea of agony. Her love for Manners—the ingrate!—must have been as pure, devoted, and unselfish, as ever filled the heart of woman; he was almost deified in her imagination. She believed him the personification of honor and manly integrity. Slowly she came to apprehend the

truth that he was fickle, selfish, and unworthy. She could not resist the conviction, and it fell like the shadow of death upon her heart. But she struggled and overcame, and pride came to her assistance; for, believe me, Frank, no woman who respects herself, will persist in loving an unworthy object; and so thus, through much tribulation, she has at last entered the heaven of peace and contentment.

"Ah, Frank! you must no longer try to excuse that unworthy friend of yours—let the sin rest on him, as he deserves it should. Why is it that a breach of faith in your sex is so generally regarded as a venial fault; and that men, whose censure of our lesser failings is not stinted, stand ever ready to throw the mantle of charity over an erring brother? It must be a sort of mutual safety contract, by which each one secures the same benefit to himself in time of need!

"But I forgot, dear Frank, that you hate long letters, especially from a woman's pen; and besides, I hear the voices of a merry party just sallying out to bathe; they are calling me, so I must bid you adieu. Do not forget to send or bring some new music, my taste has developed wonderfully here, and our little concerts are quite charming. I fancy you these sultry evenings walking out to breathe the fresh air on R.'s veranda.

"I wish you could stroll with us on the beach some of these glorious moonlight nights. Do try and come down for a few days, will you? How fast the days and weeks fly round, and summer will soon be gone! But then I shall be near you again, my own kind brother, and that pleasure will compensate for the change. Again, adieu!

"Your affectionate sister, BELLA.

"P. S. Do you remember that agreeable family of Sinclairs that we used to meet so often last winter? One of them, Walter, the eldest son, was then traveling abroad, and I forgot to tell you he returned lately and is now stopping here with his pretty sister Annie. They came a fortnight ago, only for a day or two, but have remained ever since. Walter plays divinely on the flute and is so agreeable. You would like him much, he is racy and original—not at all like other young men. Again farewell; don't forget the music. BELLA."

"A lady's postscript is significant," muttered Frank, half aloud, as he folded the letter and crushed it into his pocket. "'Plays divinely,' 'moonlight strolls,' 'not at all like other young men'—humph!" And the next morning Frank

Elwyn was on the way to join his sister at the sea shore.

* * * *

Winter has come again; truly, as Bella says, how fast the days and weeks fly round! But with the young and happy each season brings its own enjoyment, and surely no young lady just ushered into fashionable life will allow that the season of balls and party-giving can be dull.

It is Bella's birth-day night, and with a brow which no care has ever clouded, and a heart throbbing with almost childish delight and joyous expectation, she stands beside her kind Aunt Mary, waiting to receive the *select* crowd which her fond relative has invited to give *éclat* to the occasion. And her aunt looks round with a complacent eye on the brilliant rooms, blazing with lights and rich with artistic embellishments, and she feels satisfied that nothing which wealth can command and refined taste approve, is wanting to complete the splendor of the festive scene. And then she looks on her fair niece with a proud yet anxious eye, secretly wishing that she had more dazzling beauty, and half fearful that her fresh and buoyant spirits may break through the rules of formal etiquette and ruin the ambitious plans she has been forming for her. Yes, that sage aunt is determined to have her niece a belle; and truly, Bella has beauty enough to win the poor distinction; and the attraction of a fair, new face, in the jaded world of fashion, always draws admirers. But Bella will never consent to become a *blazé* woman of fashion; she has too much true refinement, too much self-respect. The fresh impulses of her warm heart can never be curbed by conventionalities; her actions are spontaneous—her thoughts free—all her motions natural, which is the secret of their graceful charm. But she looked very lovely that night in the simple white dress which she would put on, in preference to a richer garb; her only ornament a wreath of pearls, her brother's birth-day gift.

"Expectation is never satisfied," thought Bella with a sigh, wearied even with the homage she received.

"I am tired of dancing with coxcombs," she whispered to her brother late in the evening. "Pray cannot this good city furnish one sensible young man besides yourself, Frank?"

"We are all what your sex chooses to make us, Bella," he replied, "we only seek to please you, and if nonsense satisfies, why should we take the trouble to be wise?"

"Truly it must be an effort to most of you,"

she answered laughing, "but we listen to nonsense to avoid going to sleep; a little common sense now and then would be a real refreshment. But looking round this room, for instance, one might conclude that the brains of all this generation of men had run into whiskers and mustachios—such an elaborate outside and such a blank within! now point me out an exception if you can!"

"I will," said Frank smiling, and turning from her. A moment after, he returned, and to her infinite surprise, introduced his old friend, Horace Manners, who had only just entered. In spite of herself, Bella felt the blood mount to her cheek, and her manner was constrained and formal. Frank felt annoyed, he believed her prejudice had died away, and that morning chancing to meet Manners, who had just returned from travel, with the frankness of their early friendship he urged him to join their evening party, secretly enjoying the surprise he intended for his sister Bella.

If Manners observed any coldness in Bella's manner he had tact enough to conceal his chagrin, and at once led the conversation with so much ease and spirit, such good sense and intelligence, that she was forced in her own mind to admit her brother's exception in his favor. They had never met before since Bella's early childhood, for after completing her education at a fashionable seminary, she had passed two years in traveling with her aunt, to whose care she was committed at her mother's death. Manners had never thought of her as a woman: even the recollection of his friend's little sister had long since passed away, and his surprise, as he now looked on her in the bloom of lovely girlhood, bordered on a feeling of admiration.

Bella wished he would not make himself so agreeable; she was vexed to find herself forced into liking him, and so half pouting and half pleased, her varying mood just served to make her more piquante and interesting.

The winter passed on rapidly, and gayety succeeded gayety, till Bella became weary of the rapid excitement, and would have resumed her more quiet habits, had her aunt permitted it. Manners, who was a proud and ambitious man, but never a votary of pleasure, entered with an ardor quite new to him into the round of fashionable amusements, and he who had seemed so changed, so moody and reserved since his engagement to Clara, was again an animated and interested man. The world smiled and made remarks often bitter and far from flattering; many said he hurried into pleasure to forget the

past and drown the remembrance of his own bad faith.

But soon the rumor spread that his fickle heart had turned to a new object, and that Bella Elwyn was the star of his devotion. His conduct sanctioned the rumor, for he followed her like her shadow, and at all times offered her the incense of a most refined and delicate regard. But her manner toward him never passed the limits of indifference, and was never tinged by the slightest coquetry. She met his gaze with a clear eye, and her heart beat no quicker at his approach. Her indifference only piqued his self-love—he construed it into maiden coyness, and his attentions were redoubled. Had he spoken freely she would have undeceived him.

"Your heart is hard to win, sweet Bella," he one day ventured to say.

"Too hard to win for the poor triumph of casting it aside," she calmly answered. And the rebuke keenly felt, for a time, chilled his hopes and kept him silent.

"Really, Bella," said her brother on one occasion, "your conduct perplexes me; you have surely punished Manners sufficiently for his past folly, and it is time for you to come to a better understanding. You are too generous to trifle with his affections."

"My conduct is quite explicit enough and my words too," replied Bella; "if he persists in misconstruing them, the cause must be explained by his own vanity; and truly Frank you may talk of a woman's vanity, but believe me, it exists tenfold in every son of Adam."

"Then, after all, Bella, my poor friend is doomed to disappointment?"

"It will not kill him," said Bella, laughing. "As Will Shakspeare hath it, 'men have died and worms have eat them, but not for love.' Seriously, though, he might have taken his answer long ago, if it had pleased him to. I tell you, Frank, I would sooner marry that bland coxcomb, Ellis, who three months ago inscribed 'erected by her *disconsolate* husband,' on his late wife's tombstone, and now, like a modern Bluebeard, is looking for another, young and fair to fill her place. Yes, sooner would I marry him and wait patiently to have my own name written in the place left vacant on that stone for the next incumbent—than to be the wife of Horace Manners, surrounded as he is with all the world most covets and admires."

"Well, Bella," said Frank, gravely, "a confirmed bachelor like myself cannot pretend to read a woman rightly, and yet I have a shrewd suspicion that Manners might have found more

favor in your eyes, if you had chanced to meet him but a few months earlier."

"No, Frank, you are mistaken; if I know my own heart, I could never have given my cordial esteem—and my heart goes with *that*—to a man whose selfish trifling with the affections of a lovely woman, betrays such a total absence of all honorable feeling."

"Even if you had never seen Walter Sinclair?" asked Frank, smiling. "Ah, my sister, you have not kept your secret quite so close as you intended. The music and the moonlight strolls on the beach last summer, were not without a meaning, as a letter I have received to-day explains; nor was I then quite so blind as a bachelor, in such cases, is bound to be, I suppose."

"Oh, Frank," she answered, blushing, "I should never have had any secrets from you, if there had really been anything to tell; but now all is explained, and I too have a letter which you may read if you choose;" and placing one in his hand, she hurried from the room.

A few week after this conversation, it was rumored that Bella Elwyn was on the eve of marriage with Walter Sinclair. The gossiping world was taken by surprise, for Manners' attachment had been too obvious to escape remark, and few persons believed Bella could refuse such an eligible establishment. Manners himself cherished the same opinion, and regarding his position and his personal advantages from the altitude of egotism, he believed it impossible that any woman would reject him.

He had been absent a week or two from the city, and returning with the impatience of a man loving ardently, yet too uncertain of success to feel at ease, he was met with the startling intelli-

gence of Bella's approaching nuptials. Stung with jealous apprehension, though still wilfully incredulous, he resolved to seek an explanation without delay. As he approached the house, he observed several gay equipages drawn up before the door, and the white favors worn by the attendants were inauspicious to his hopes. While he stood irresolute, the door opened and a bridal train came out, and Manners, spell-bound, lingered to catch one glimpse of Bella, blushing as she leaned with sweet confidence on the arm of Walter Sinclair, the proud and happy bridegroom. Manners turned with rapid steps from that envied scene of happiness, but in that brief moment the full weight of retribution fell on his wayward heart, and months and years could not efface his disappointment.

Many years have since passed away, and Bella's path has still been strewn with flowers. With sweet, matronly grace she moves in the charmed circle of domestic life, and finds the problem of love solved to her heart's full content.

Frank Elwyn too, grown weary of his single state, has long since written himself, "Benedict the married man," a change wrought by the magic charm of Clara Graham, who has in him found a heart on which she can rely with perfect confidence.

Horace Manners still lives in selfish singleness, a changed man, morbid and reserved and grown old before his time. But though white hairs are already sprinkled on his head, we may venture to predict that he will yet fall a victim to some manoeuvring mamma, skilled in the diplomacy of match-making, who, in consideration of his *solid* attractions, will not scruple to sacrifice a youthful daughter at the shrine of wealth and ambition.

PACING THE SANDS.

BY B. H. STODDARD.

"Full fathoms five thy father lies."

I PACE the sands from morn till night,
But the sail I seek is never in sight:
Will it ever come? shall I never see
The man so dear to my babe and me?

When the sky is bright, and the waves are calm,
And the warm wind flows like a sea of balm,
He lives, I think: "He comes," I say:
But he comes not, though I watch all day!

O, Sun! my heart goes down with thee!
For who can bear the night, and the sea?
The lonely night, and the moaning waves—
They make us think of our sailors' graves!

I pace, and pace the desolate shore,
But he comes no more, he comes no more;
He never will come to my babe and me,
For he lies in the deeps of the cruel sea!

MARY STUART.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Concluded from page 426.

CHAPTER XVII.

Elizabeth and her Ministers resolve to destroy the Queen of Scots—They lay the trap of a conspiracy into which Mary and her friends are sure to fall—The plot of Babington, Tichbourne, and the chivalrous young men of that day—Mary's plans of escape—Seizure of her papers at Chartley Castle, and arrest of her Secretaries, Nau and Curle—Execution of Babington and others—Condemnation of the Queen of Scots.

We will die for our sovereign, Marie Theresa!

OLD MAGYAR CRY.

The hand of the reaper

Takes the ears that are hoary,

But the eye of the weeper

Wails manhood in glory.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

WE are now approaching the period of Mary's release—the close of her career; and we see the renewed working of that policy which made her unfortunate from the beginning, and tended to the extinction of the Scottish monarchy. Plots and conspiracies, the accompaniments of her former life, are now thickening about her—the clouds lie close to the ground; and, having seen so many of those connected with her perish violently, we shall see herself crowning the tale of them, and perishing too, in the same way. Queen Elizabeth, her life-long rival and enemy, and privy to the former Scottish murders, is now preparing to bring about one more, and send Mary to keep company with her husband, Darnley, and her servant, David Rizzio.

We have spoken of the working of Elizabeth's system, in the hanging of Parry and the treachery of M. Courcelles, who decyphered Mary's letters for Walsingham. Another complication is now to be set on foot, and this shall be fatal to the Queen of Scots, and wind up the story of her days. On the old principle of dissimulation and ambages—which, however, has not yet died out among the governments of the world—Queen Elizabeth maintained a crew of spies and intriguers all over Europe. Chateaufort, the French ambassador, successor of Castelnau in England, expressly tells us that the English council had "men in all the courts of Europe who, under the cloak of being Catholics, served as spies;

and there was no college of Jesuits, neither at home nor in France, where there were not persons who said mass every day to screen themselves and serve Elizabeth the better. Many priests were tolerated in England, that she may, by means of auricular confession, find out the Catholic plans." He also says that, while Leicester and Walsingham appeared the special friends of everything Protestant, Burleigh and Hattan used to affect a political leaning to the French interest and the Catholics; an artifice which greatly aided the astute policy of the Queen.

Relying on their secret machinery, the English ministers now resolved to encourage a plot for the liberation of Mary, the chief actors in which should be Elizabeth's own agents. It has been asserted that they originated the plot, by agitating a scheme of foreign invasion, and stirring up the malcontents of England. But there is no doubt that, finding some purpose of conspiracy afloat in the minds of men, they shaped, and made a most treacherous use of it; and between this and originating, there seems very little difference, after all. The scheme was in active operation, under the direction of Walsingham, in the summer of 1585. At that moment the Protestant and Catholic controversy was raging in western Europe, Elizabeth sent an army, under the command of the Earl of Leicester and Sir Philip Sydney, to help the reformed people of Holland against the crown of Spain, in return for which the King of Spain meditated a descent on England, as a diversion in favor of the Queen of Scots; Henry III. of France had joined the Guises against the Huguenots, against whom and the King of Navarre the Pope hurled his excommunication; and in Scotland, James and the Earl of Arran had put down the Protestant party. The crisis was a serious one, and Queen Elizabeth was resolved to play a vigorous part in it.

Having arranged those secret plans already mentioned, she turned her attention to Scotland. She found half of the reformed lords outlawed in

the border or in England, and, while Wotton, her ambassador in Edinburgh, did his best to foment a Protestant conspiracy against James, gave orders that the fugitives should be furnished with an English force of seven thousand men, to invade Scotland. In October, this rebel armament advanced against Stirling Castle, where they besieged the king and his favorite. Gray and Wotton came forward to mediate, and the result was, that James surrendered, and Arran made his escape into France. In a short time, a treaty of alliance and amity was signed between James and Elizabeth, and once more the influence of the latter was paramount in Scotland.

On 24th of December, the Queen of Scots was transferred from Tutbury to Chartley Castle, (a house belonging to the Earl of Essex, in Staffordshire,) and placed in the custody of Sir Amyas Paulet, a man of stern character, who hated Mary and her cause with all the hatred of a Puritan, and held himself ready to slay her, should her friends make any attempt to rescue her from his hands. To this castle she was accompanied by Phillips, Walsingham's secretary, who had learned her cypher from Courcelles, and now took his post at the gate, to make plain all letters passing out and in, between the unfortunate queen and her adherents. In this way was provided the evidence which proved fatal to her, in the complication which has been called Babington's conspiracy.

The train of this political explosion was cunningly laid. The secretary, Walsingham, found means to corrupt and bribe Gilbert Gifford, Poley, and other Catholics, and employ them as his secret agents on the continent and in England. Gifford, a native of Staffordshire, and educated abroad by the Jesuits, played his part so well, that the Archbishop of Glasgow, Morgan, and other true friends of Mary in France, received him as one of her warmest advocates, and took him into their confidence. They gave him letters of introduction to Chateaufort, the French ambassador in London, and he was afterward trusted to convey messages to Chartley, and bring back replies. The secret papers for the prisoner were always enclosed in a small tube, and put weekly into the beer-vessel which went into the castle, and the answers were brought out in the dregs—leading the queen to think that everything was done in a cunning secrecy. She was now in active communication with her emissaries and friends in France, Spain, Rome, and Scotland, and she and her secretaries, Nau and Curle, were as busy as bees. But they were like bees at work in a glass hive, for all their industry was

plainly visible to their resolute enemies—Paulet and Phillips intercepting and decyphering all the correspondence carried on.

Playing his treacherous part, Gifford passed to and fro between England and France, and soon pitched upon the unconscious instruments he was to use for the defeat of Mary Stuart. These were Anthony Babington and some young men of the same age and disposition—all touched with enthusiastic pity for the wronged and lovely prisoner of Elizabeth. Babington must be added as one more, and the last of those high-spirited men who bowed in admiration before the Queen of Scots, and then perished in the path of her career, or were exiled for her sake—Gordon, Chastelar, Bothwell, George Douglas, and Norfolk. Like Bothwell, he was of a hazardous, rash, and glorious disposition; but, in his generous devotion and chivalry, quite a different man from that rude border chief. Babington was brought up as a page in the Castle of Sheffield, where Mary was imprisoned so long; and it needs no great stretch of imagination to fancy how the youth must have gazed on the face and form of one so beautiful and so renowned, listened with fascinated ears to her musical voice, and flushed in secret over the strange story of her griefs. No doubt, he often sat with "Volly Douglas," in some retired spot, and heard from him, in full narration, all the thrilling adventure and glory of the escape from Lochleven. The boyhood of Antony Babington naturally prepared him to play the enthusiastic part which we find recorded—yet with too much slight and disparagement of his generous daring. Chateaufort, in an account which he has left us, calls him a simple young man without any beard—(a description something like that once given of one of the finest and most heroic spirits of his time, Lord Edward Fitzgerald)—being disposed to estimate the young man according to the proportions of a vague and baffled conspiracy. Babington had more courage in his heart than beard on his face; and his feeling with regard to Mary Stuart must have been well known to the all-knowing spies of Elizabeth and her council.

Gifford took his measures accordingly. Having held many consultations in Paris with Mendoza, the ambassador of Spain, in France, and arranged with him the plan of a Spanish invasion of England for the release of the Queen of Scots and the dethronement of Elizabeth, he returned to London and put himself in communication with young Babington and his friends. To these he seemed the warm friend of Mary, and when he had laid before them the extent of the conspi-

racy in her favor, and the certainty of assistance from Spain, they pledged themselves to take up arms and live and die for her. Gifford at the same time employed an English priest, named Ballard (a man, who, like the young men, was in earnest for the Queen of Scots) to take an active part in the conspiracy. Matters being in this position, the next step was to bring Mary and Babington into communication. For this purpose, Gifford informed Morgan that young Babington, who was always ready to serve the prisoner, complained that she seemed reluctant to employ him. On this hint, Morgan wrote to Mary, from Paris, on 9th of May, 1586, advising her to write to the young man. She did so on 25th of June, in a short letter of half a dozen lines, thanking him for the interest he felt in her welfare, and requesting that if he got any letters for her, he would send them by bearer; which bearer was Gifford.

The Queen of Scots is now communicating energetically with her friends; and it gives her letters a terrible kind of interest to know that almost every one of them was laid before the stern eyes of "this queen," as Mary calls Elizabeth. Some of them, addressed to the Spaniards, advising them how they may invade England, and how Mary herself will bring about a league of Catholic lords in Scotland to coöperate with the invaders, and send James off to the King of Spain or the Pope, must have made the Tudor lioness feel savage enough. In a letter to Parsons, the Jesuit, Mary says she is so closely watched she cannot escape, as he proposes. She says she might have brought it to pass at Tutbury. "But now," she adds, "both myself and my folks here are so straightly looked unto and kept so close, as it hath not hithertill been in my power to practise any within this house to my devotion, except him only that leadeth this intercourse. And without I were assisted by some of my keeper's servantes, it is now altogether impossible for me to escape; the gate so nelyd, never a window in my lodging, nor way about the house being almost eyther day or night without a sentinell." She, however, bids him continue to labor for the good cause, and thank her cousin, Prince of Parma, for his good-will toward her, and his design of assisting her.

On 6th of July, Babington answered Mary's letter—his own being decyphered, of course, on its way. On the 17th, unprophectic of the event, she dictated to her secretaries, Nau and Curle, a long reply, which sealed her fate. Walsingham got the copy from Phillips, looked his desk upon it, and felt that the plot was crowned.

This remarkable letter expresses the confidence of Queen Mary in Babington's zeal, and advises that whatever is to be done, should be done quickly. But at the same time, precautions should be observed, to insure the success of the enterprise. The number of men that may be raised in England should be ascertained, the foreign succor that may be relied on, and the ports and harbors at which it may arrive most conveniently. At the same time, those in England should chiefly rely upon the promised assistance. This warning is repeated. Without foreign assistance, nothing should be undertaken. It is also advised that a report should be spread concerning the cruel design of the Puritans, and how the army of Leicester, on its return from Holland, intends to exterminate the Catholics of England. With this pretext, a Catholic association of defence should be formed; Mary is willing to risk her life in this project; she will unite the Catholics of Scotland in it, and suggests that an insurrection in Ireland (poor old Ireland, always made use of, and all her efforts useless for herself!) would greatly serve the cause. At the same time the Catholics shall proclaim and set forth nothing which may touch the right of Elizabeth and her lawful successors—which is to be maintained—without making any mention of the Queen of Scots. Mary's friends are also warned to beware of spies and traitors, who have mingled in the plot—some of them priests. Then follow directions for procuring the rescue of Mary. She mentions three possible plans—"the first, that on a given day, when I will be out to take the air, on horseback, in the plain, between Chartley and Stafford, where there are usually very few persons, some fifty or sixty men, well mounted and armed, should come and take me off, which they may easily do, my keeper having with him, commonly but eighteen or twenty horsemen provided with pistols merely. The second is, that people should come at midnight, or soon after, to fire the granges and stables near the house, that the servants of the keeper being occupied with them, your men, having each a mark to distinguish him in the night, may surprise the castle, where I hope to be able to second them with a few servants I have. The third is, that the wagons which come here, usually arrive early in the morning, and it may be so arranged, and they may have such drivers, that the wagons may be overturned when in the gateway, and the rescuers coming quickly up, may master the castle and carry me away incontinently, and this would not be difficult to do, before any rescue may arrive from the sol-

diers, seeing they are lodged in several places around, some half a mile, and others a mile distant." Such was the famous Babington letter of Queen Mary, and such were her energetic hopes of rescue, and a royal success. She held herself ready to fight along with the fighters, and force her way through the midst of drawn swords and conflagration.

But the story of this letter is not yet told; we are now to come to the Elizabethan features of it. It is to be remembered that we have the letter as it came from the decyphermant of Phillips, Walsingham's man;—the original was not produced. Babington was put out of the world before Mary was charged; it was the old artifice of Dalgleish and the casket letter played over again. Phillips could translate freely; and he had the original ten days in his hands before he sent it to Babington, who got it on 29th of July. On Mary's trial, after the execution of Babington, several passages of the letter were especially brought forward against her. These made allusion to "the six gentlemen" and the project they had in hand, which project Mary seemed greatly to approve of. But the project is not mentioned. Phillips left the sense vague. But he left enough for interpretation. These men were, of course, to kill Queen Elizabeth at the express desire of the Queen of Scots! It is easy to perceive that these passages were interpolations; they are clumsily dove-tailed with the rest of the letter, and the most heedless eye may detect the manner. Mary, when on her trial, rejected solemnly and scornfully, such a base charge, and as positively declared that her letter to Babington had been garbled. When Nau and Curle were asked, in prison, under fear of punishment, to look at the letter and say if it was Mary's, we are told they assented. But their own words are curious. Nau writes—"I think truly, that it is the letter written by her majesty to Babington—as well as I remember." Curle writes—"Such, or something like it, seems to me to have been the reply, written in French by M. Nau, and by me translated and put in cypher!" But one highly interesting fact will decide the matter. Phillips at first concocted his falsehood in the shape of a postscript to Mary's letter, in which he arranged all about "the six gentlemen." But he changed his mind, thinking the codicil may look suspicious, and that interpolation would be a far finer artifice. He interpolated, but the miserable man, after all, forgot to tear or burn the fabricated postscript. It was thrown aside among other papers, and remained dark in a crypt of the State Paper Office for over two hundred and fifty years—to turn up, in 1842,

to the hand of Mr. Frazer Tytler! Seven copies of that letter have been preserved in England, and one in France. But no one ever saw the "postscript" attached to any of them. How curiously does time very often bring in its slow revenges and retributions!

On 24th of July, Phillips left Chartley, carrying to Walsingham the Babington letter, and the decyphermants of those Mary had been recently sending off in every direction. The mine was now exploded. On 4th August, the priest, Ballard, was arrested—his acquaintances, and seeming accomplices, Gifford, Poley, and their friends, making good their escape from the kingdom, as a matter of course, with their rewards in their pockets. Ballard was sent to the Tower, and put to the torture, to extract what his torturers already knew very well. Meantime, the Queen of Scots was subjected to an outrage which tried her spirit severely. She was as yet unacquainted with the explosion, when, on 8th of August, she mounted her horse at the gate of the castle, and rode off to take exercise with her attendants, as usual. Having got a little way into the plain, Sir Amyas Paulet, who always rode with her on these occasions, came near and told her he had orders to take her instantly to Tixall—a house in the neighborhood. Mary's face instantly flushed, and she told him she was not ready to take any such journey. But he sternly replied that such were the queen's commands, and ordered a groom to turn the head of her palfrey. This was more than the Queen of Scots could bear with patience. She suddenly felt that a discovery had been made, and that her secretaries and her papers were about to be surprised. She exclaimed loudly and vehemently, exhibiting, untamed, the spirit which, nineteen years before, had sustained her against the outrages of Morton and the evangelical people of Edinburgh, and turning to her attendants and keepers, used the bitterest language against the Puritans, Queen Elizabeth, and the jailer Paulet. Passing along the road, she called on those she met to protect her against men who were about to shut her up and murder her! The scene was full of passion and wildness, and ranks with the most striking in her extraordinary career. But her voice and her anger were in vain, and she was carried forcibly to the house of a Mr. Austin, at Tixall. There she was kept, suffering unspeakably, for three weeks, while Elizabeth's myrmidons ransacked her captive household in the most insulting manner, and carried off her secretaries, papers, jewels, and money.

Toward the close of August, she was brought

out to be led back to Chartley. She looked careworn and haggard, and seeing a crowd of beggars and other poor people gathered about the gate, as she came forth, she spoke to them aloud, weeping all the time—

“Good people, I have nothing to give you. I am a poor woman. My enemies have taken everything from me, and I am as great a beggar to-day as any one among you!”

The tragic drama can scarcely furnish a more touching scene and sentiment. When she arrived at Chartley, and saw the wreck of her establishment—worse than her worst fears had anticipated—she again gave way to her uncontrollable indignation, and undeterred by the great peril in which she stood, stormed against her oppressors, not even sparing the dreaded Elizabeth herself.

“No, no!” she cried out, as Paulet, dark and determined, stood by her side, and every one trembled to hear her speak—“do what they may, they can never deprive me of my English blood or my Catholic religion; and there be those among the advisers of this thing, who shall yet be made to repent it!”

When she sat once more at her desk, she wrote a letter to her cousin, the Duke of Guise, beginning thus—“My good cousin, if God, and you after him, do not find means to succor your poor kinswoman, it is all over with me, this time.”

She had a prophetic sense of what was about to follow. She begs him, for God's sake, to try and save her two secretaries, declares she is ready to die for her religion, and will do no dishonor to the race of Lorraine. She expects that by poison, or in some other way, they will destroy her secretly, and she bids him have prayers offered for her, and her remains carried away and buried in holy ground—her body to be placed with that of her mother, at Rheims, and her heart with King Francis, her sometime husband. She also conjures him, and Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, to remember her poor desolate friends.

On 4th of August, Babington and his young friends and accomplices, to the number of thirteen, were arrested in St. John's Wood, to which they had made their escape on finding the plot was discovered. On the 13th, they were put upon their trial, and in spite of the treasonable nature of their baffled enterprise, they were regarded by the public with certain feelings of commiseration. The companions of Babington were inexperienced, generous enthusiasts like himself, who knew that the Queen of Scots was an oppressed woman and the heir of the British sceptre, and, while regarding her somewhat in the light of a Saint,

could feel their worldly ambition excited by the idea that they may yet expect the gratitude of a righted queen. With such feelings, they had trustfully enlisted themselves in a project, the difficulties of which they never stopped to consider, or took on the representations of their tempters. Babington had felt proud of his undertaking and his associates, and at the suggestion of Gifford, had a picture drawn, representing them all, as life-like as possible, and he himself in the centre—the motto of the whole being, says Camden, the words, “These are my comrades, by the same danger led.” He had been led to think that this representation would be sent to the Queen of Scots. But Walsingham had intercepted it, and sent it to Elizabeth instead. Prominent among the portraits of this picture, was that of the closest and most attached friend of Babington, Chidiock Titchbourne, a gentleman of independent property, residing at Southampton, whose fate has been distinguished from that of others, by a few fragments of his papers found by Isaac D'Israeli, among the Harleian manuscripts. This young man joined the conspiracy of Babington, with the romantic devotion of Nisus accompanying Euryalus into the camp of their enemies, and both are remembered together.

Along with these youths, as they stood at the bar, appeared the priest Ballard, an old but dark-haired Jesuit. The judge who tried them was touched with pity for the fate of so many gallant young men, and cried out—

“Oh, Ballard, Ballard! what hast thou done? Here is a sort of brave youths, otherwise endowed with good gifts, that by thy inducements have been brought to utter confusion and destruction!”

“Ah, my lord,” returned the priest, “would to God all the blame might rest on me, and that the shedding of my blood may save the lives of these young men!”

They were all condemned to die. The night before their execution, they sent letters and tokens to their families and those dear to them; but the letter of Titchbourne to his wife, is the only one that has been preserved. In expectation of his fate, he composed a few verses touching his own fate, two of which are as follows—

“My prime of life is but a frost of cares;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares;
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain;
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done."

The punishment of these youthful conspirators was horrible. On 20th of September, seven of them, including Babington, Titchbourne, and Ballard, were dragged to a scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The priest was the first to suffer. He was hanged by the neck for a few minutes, and then taken down alive; after which they stripped him and laid him on his back, when the executioner came with a strong, sharp knife, and making a deep and ghastly cut, downward, from his breast-bone, pulled out his heart, that yet throbbed and quivered with life, and disembowelled him. Those who remembered the scene, said that Babington, with a pale, firm countenance, looked on at the operation, while poor Titchbourne and the others turned away their faces and prayed, in concert with the prayers of the excited crowd and the shrieks of the women. It was now Babington's turn, and when he was dragged forward, he said, several times—

"Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!"

Titchbourne followed and spoke a few sad, but manly words, that have been exaggerated into a kind of "Last Speech." They were all half-hanged, and then mangled on the scaffold; and it was said that some women went home that day in convulsions, and died of horror! The public sensation was so intense, that the others who suffered on the second day, were mercifully allowed to die before the disemboweling began. Such was the tragic and touching doom of the Babington conspiracy—true to that fate which, as we have seen, appeared to mark with bloodshed and with sorrow the path of Mary Stuart to the grave. But all the blood of that double conspiracy was not yet shed.

On 25th September, the Queen of Scots was transferred from Chartley to the larger and stronger Castle of Fotheringay, situated in the county of Northampton—the term of her pilgrimages. On the 6th of October, Elizabeth, after some hesitations, named a commission of forty-six persons—peers of parliament and members of the privy council—to judge the captive queen, on the charge of conspiracy; and on the same day wrote to the Queen of Scots to let her know it. A week after, Mildmay, Paulet, and thirty-six of the commissioners, arrived at Fotheringay to give a formal notice of the trial which they were sent to hold. To these men

Mary made a distinct and resolute protest against the right of Elizabeth to try an independent sovereign. Next day, Burleigh and Bromley, the Lord Chancellor, came before her and solemnly declared that if she persisted in refusing to accept a trial, they would proceed to arraign her by default; and when it was farther argued that her refusal would tend to convince men of her guilt, she at last consented to appear before the commissioners, being especially anxious to rebut the charge of conspiring to kill Elizabeth. These arguments and protests were but repetitions of the old helpless pleadings of the captive at York and Westminster.

On 14th October, she appeared before the commission, in the Hall of Fotheringay, and first placing on historic record her protest against Elizabeth's jurisdiction and the assertion of her own regal dignity, she went on to defend herself with great energy and eloquence. She said her letters had been garbled, and demanded that the originals should be produced. But she demanded in vain. She asked to be confronted with Nau and Curle. In vain. She argued that the law was, that no one could be tried for an attempt against the prince's life, except on testimony of two face-to-face witnesses. Bromley, the law-oracle of England, shuffled down this plea, and Burleigh, again shaking his head, looked solemn and inflexible. She then protested, with great loftiness and solemnity, that she would not offend God by such a scheme of murder as she was charged with, for the throne of the world; and, turning round to the accomplished Walsingham, where he sat, and fixing him with her glittering eye, she boldly charged him with having conspired her destruction and that of her son, and having himself got up this very plot for which they now tried to condemn her. To this home accusation, the honorable ancestor of an honorable house replied, rising and pledging his honor for his words, that he abhorred such acts, from his soul, and was perfectly innocent of the charges now brought against him. The men who sat round him, with downcast looks, knew how emphatically he lied!

Next day, October 15th, the investigation was continued, Mary again protesting against the tribunal and announcing that she would address her solemn appeal against it to all Christian princes. She was now shown copies of her letters to Mendoza, Morgan, Paget, Englefield and other Catholic malcontents, and in reply, admitted that, being cruelly and unwarrantably held captive, she had tried to induce the foreign princes, her relations and friends, to interfere for her rescue

The court was then adjourned to the Star Chamber at London, where the commissioners met on the 25th of October, and after a deliberation sentenced the Queen of Scots to death—in conformity with the desire of Elizabeth and her ministers. The English parliament—as slavish as any Roman senate in the days of the Cæsars—approved of this sentence, and humbly but importunately begged the queen to order the execution of it. But Elizabeth, with the curious hypocrisy of her character, hesitated and delayed, and would neither say *yes* or *no* in the matter—her speech growing ten times more involved and enigmatical than ever. She asked her parliament and people to be content “with an answer without an answer.” Meantime she ordered Lord Buckhurst to proceed to Fotheringay and inform the Queen of Scots of the passing of the sentence. The latter heard the news with calmness, as if she had expected it, and then wrote a letter to Pope Sixtus V., which she intended as a confession of faith and spiritual testament. She declares herself a true Catholic, prays for absolution, and implores almsgiving and services for her soul. She also declares that if her son continues in the heretic faith, she makes over his throne to the Pope and the King of Spain. She concludes by warning Sixtus of a report that Queen Elizabeth had spies in Rome and that some of the cardinals were her pensioners.

On 28d November, Mary wrote to Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in France, a letter of kindly farewell, leaving to him the diamond which was once Norfolk's pledge of attachment. She says she has positively refused to accept the services of a Protestant bishop, and implores the prayers of all the churches of Spain. She ends by recommending her poor destitute servants to his good offices. She again writes to the Duke of Guise, thanking God she is to die for the Catholic religion by the hands of heretics, and earnestly commending her servants to his care. She wishes that her debts be discharged and an annual obit founded for the good of her soul; and sends her blessing to the family of Lorraine and to the children of the duke, whom she recommends to God not less than “her own unfortunate and abused child.” She ends glorying in the sufferings which the race of Lorraine was thought worthy to undergo on behalf of the faith, and signs herself Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France.

Mary's courage supported her admirably in all these trials, though the agents of Elizabeth did all they could to daunt and depress her. One day, Sir Amyas Paulet went unceremoniously to her apartment and told her that her *dais*—or raised platform with a canopy—should be removed, seeing she was no longer a queen, nor even a living woman, properly speaking; she was, in effect dead, thenceforth. This was a rude shock to the pride of the Queen of Scots, and according to her wont, she spoke out loud and bold in protest. It was all in vain, she said; all in vain. She would die as she had lived a sovereign; her royalty was not to be blotted out by her enemies; she would surrender it to God alone who knew her innocence. She did not recognize Elizabeth as her superior, nor her heretical council for judges. The power they had over her was the power of robbers at the corner of a wood over the best prince or judge on earth. She hoped God would show his justice, after her death, upon the government. English princes were often murdered, and it was not strange that she who was of their blood, should be treated like Richard II.

During this conversation Paulet, seeing that none of her servants offered to assist in removing the *dais*, called seven or eight of his men who did the work and then seated themselves in the room and put on their hats—as they had been ordered. After this they took away her billiard-table, saying she had no longer any need of such a thing. Mary then assembled all her attendants, repeated the protests she had uttered, and bid them remember and bear witness to the world of her words and demeanor in these trying moments—when she should be no more. Writing an account of this indignity to Mendoza, she says she supposes they are going to convert her broken *dais* into a scaffold in the hall, and so finish the tragedy; and adds, with courage, that she will die in a good quarrel! In the letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, in which she relates these facts, she bids him protect her poor servants. Again does she recommend them in the name of God. “They have lost all in losing me; console them for charity. God be with you,” she concludes, “and with all my servants, whom I leave to you like children.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mary's last letter to Elizabeth—The French and Scottish ambassadors protest in vain against the execution of the Queen of Scots—Walsingham exhorts Sir Amyas Paulet to put her secretly to death—Paulet refuses—Mary prepares for death—Her last will and testament—The Hall of Fotheringay—Savage theological controversy on the scaffold—Death of Mary Queen of Scots—Her monument.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my foe,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall go.
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee,
Nor balm that falls on wounds of wo
From woman's pitying ee. BURNS.

Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay.
WORDSWORTH.

WE have reached the last act of this tragic drama of a lifetime. On 25th November they allowed Mary's almoner, Preau, to visit her. She secretly gave him the several letters to her friends that we have quoted, and they reached them about a year subsequently. The sentence against the Queen of Scots was now widely published, and Henry III. of France gave his ambassador Bellievre, orders to protest against it. But Elizabeth listened to his representations and remained inexorable. On 4th of December she made another step in this fatal business, and signed the sentence. On the 6th the signing was made public in London; whereupon bells were set ringing all day, windows were illuminated at night, and a great show of popular approval was made. On the evening of this day, Bellievre and Chateaufort wrote to Elizabeth demanding delay till they should have informed Henry III. of the refusal and received his reply. She let them know, at the end of three days, that she would grant twelve days for their purpose; and next day, gave Burleigh orders to draw up the warrant for the execution.

On 19th of December, the Queen of Scots wrote her last letter to Elizabeth. In this, she says that not being allowed to write to her latterly, she has turned her thoughts to God, thanking him that she has had constancy to bear up against the calumnies and outrages of those who have had no jurisdiction over her, and that she is at last to die in behalf of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman church. She says she knows Elizabeth must have at heart the honor or dishonor of her own blood, of a queen and the daughter of a king, and therefore begs for Christ's sake that, after her enemies shall have sated their black desire for her blood, her poor desolate servants may be permitted to take away her dead body

for burial in consecrated earth, with her ancestors in France and her mother, seeing that the tombs of the kings of Scotland have been broken and their churches profaned, and that she may not hope to repose with the ancestors of Elizabeth, "which," she adds, "are also my own." She begs permission to send to Elizabeth with her last words, or before, if she pleases, a jewel she had once sent Mary; and also prays she may be allowed to send a jewel and a last farewell to her child, with her blessing, of which he has been hitherto deprived by the evil counsels of—whom? She is informed, she says, that Elizabeth does not wish to coerce her conscience nor her religion and is disposed to let her have a priest, and therefore the more strongly hopes she will not refuse that request—permitting at least free sepulture to the body when the soul will have left it—since while united, they never knew what it was to be at rest. She dies in perfect charity with all men, and esteems herself happy in departing from the persecution which she foresees, menaces the island, if God be not more truly revered and feared, and vanity and worldly policy better regulated and conducted. It may be observed that there is scarcely one of Mary's letters to her rival, in which, in spite of her extreme helplessness and peril, she does not use some language of irony, sarcasm or warning, showing that her spirit was ever high and unsubdued. In the conclusion of this letter, Mary Stuart reminds Elizabeth that she too shall, one day, be summoned to answer for her charge, as well as those going before her. She signs herself, "Your sister and cousin, wrongfully a prisoner, Marie Royme." Instead of the initial, she puts her style in full. The Earl of Leicester, writing to one of his friends, says that Elizabeth was moved to tears by the perusal of this letter.

On 27th December, M. de Bellievre, having received the reply of the king of France, renewed his protests against the execution of Mary with such forwardness, that Elizabeth, making a show of surprise at his language, requested him to put his terms in writing. On 29th, the messengers of James of Scotland—Sir Robert Melville, the Master of Gray and Sir William Keith—came to protest likewise against the violent death of Mary. Melville pleaded honestly; but Gray coolly let Elizabeth and her ministers know in private that James was so irresolute and timid he would never revenge the deed. He needed not to have said this; for Elizabeth well knew the young king was in the hands of her own agents—the reformed lords—and almost as helpless as his mother. This should be remembered

by those who think he should have raised an army and marched into England. He could hardly have raised a finger.

These French and Scottish protests, nevertheless, had a strong effect, and Elizabeth's ministers were resolved to counteract it. Stafford, brother of the English ambassador in France, went one day with Destrappes, secretary of Chateauneuf, to visit a prisoner for debt in one of the London prisons. Remarkably enough, while they were there, this man made terrible proposals to assassinate Elizabeth. The result was, that, on the departure of Destrappes with Bellievre, he was arrested at Dover, and the cry ran that he was sharer in a dreadful plot to destroy her majesty! There was an agitated and huddled investigation in council, it was whispered Chateauneuf was also in the plot, and all the Protestant interests of the kingdom were roused into one more angry fit of self-defence. Then, as a matter of course, came a general call on the queen to hasten the execution of one who was considered the cause of all such panics and the most dangerous enemy of the reformation. Elizabeth now seemed to coquette with the solemn crisis; and exhibited much reluctance to sign the death warrant. She felt she was called on to perform an act which history would speak of with interest to the latest time, and desired that this reluctance should be forever remembered with the death blow.

At last, on 1st February, 1587, she made the fatal signature, and handing the paper to Secretary Davidson, bid him take it to Walsingham, saying ironically, at the same time, she feared he would break his heart when he saw it! This is the report of Davidson himself. But she also gave orders that the warrant should not be put in force till she should command it. Meantime a piece of atrocity was on foot, as deep as any other marking the life of Mary Stuart—certainly worse than the formal close of the tragedy. Elizabeth's ministers urged the private murder of the prisoner and their words are on record. On the above named day, Walsingham wrote a letter to Sir Amyas Paulet and Drury, asking them to spare Elizabeth the pain of assenting, by putting Mary to death privately. This is a part of his letter: "We find by a speech lately made by her majesty that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal for her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not all this time, of yourselves, without any other provocation, found out some way to shorten the life of the Scots' queen, considering the great peril she is hourly subject to as long as the said queen shall live." In a postscript he prays his letter

may be put in the fire. Paulet's reply is on record and honorably preserves his fame. "Your letters of yesterday came to my hand this day. I would not fail according to your direction to return my answer with all possible speed, which I shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy as living to see the unhappy day in which I am required by direction of my most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My goods and life are at her majesty's disposition, and I am ready to lose them the next morrow if it shall please her. But God forbid I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot on my posterity, as shed blood without law or warrant." This incident, with its interesting contrast of blackness and brightness, is slurred over by the historians.

Davidson says that when the queen heard of Paulet's scruples, she scoffed angrily at him, and then gave the most palpable evidences of disappointment. This exhibits the character of Elizabeth in a very ferocious light, and, while we make every allowance for the foreign and domestic troubles of her reign, we must recognize it as the true one. Nineteen years of close confinement had failed to kill the Queen of Scots—Elizabeth's junior by ten years—and the latter, now fifty-five years of age, must have felt that even, if she may escape the stroke of a Catholic assassin, nature herself would, at no distant time, make way for the next heir to the British throne—put Mary in her place. This thought was a torment. Nor was it less terrible to the two aristocracies—mostly Protestant—of North and South Britain. Those murder-thoughts of Elizabeth and her counsellors were suited to the state of the time and the policy hitherto so hostile to the Queen of Scots. But, as we have said, the historians in general slur them all over.

The council now, desirous of moving at once to their end, sent letters patent to the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, ordering the execution of the prisoner. This document was signed by Burleigh, Leicester, Walsingham, F. Knollys, Derby, C. Hatton, Hundson, C. Howard and Davidson.

On 16th January, the Scottish ambassadors had their last interview with Elizabeth, who bid them tell James she had held the crown on his head since he was born, and warn him to beware of breaking the alliance between them. When they asked for a delay of fifteen days—of a week—she answered, "Not for an hour!" and so turned from them. On 26th January, James

wrote a very earnest letter to Elizabeth praying for the life of his mother, and arguing that princes should not outrage each other in that way. He appealed to her princely pity, and said if his messengers held language different from his, they were imposters. He feared the underhand dealings of Gray. But it was all in vain. Elizabeth was inexorable.

On 4th of February, Beale, Secretary of the Council, was despatched to the Castle of Fotheringay, bearing the death-warrant; and the 7th was the last day Mary Stuart spent in this world. She was calmly prepared to die; but she still had some slight hope that Elizabeth would not proceed to the last terrible extremity. She certainly did not expect so soon a summons.

On the morning of the last mentioned day there was a great stir in Fotheringay; for, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived with their men-at-arms, and whispers ran through the castle that there was an army of 2,000 horsemen in the neighborhood. The queen soon heard all this, and something told her that some fearful intelligence awaited her. When, at seven o'clock that evening, her trembling attendants heard a stop in the corridor followed by a slight knock at the door of her apartment, every heart there either swooned or trembled at the sound—except one. A servant was sent at once to demand the cause, and saw a gentleman who announced himself as Mr. Beale, and asked to see the queen. The servant stated she was just going to bed and had taken off her mantle. But the secretary stepped in, saying it was necessary he should see her. When Mary heard this she called for the mantle again, and then ordered them to open her chamber door and bid the messenger come in.

With an assumption of composure which he found it difficult to maintain, Beale entered the room and found himself face to face with the Queen of Scots. Her women were somewhat behind her, as with one hand on her toilette-table and the other on her heart, as if to calm it, she stood with her eyes fixed upon his face, waiting till he should speak. He bowed with great reverence, and began in a low voice, to say he could well have desired some other had to announce his tidings, which were of a heavy and painful nature, after which he thus spoke his errand:

“Madame, I have to admonish you that you hold yourself ready to suffer the execution of your sentence, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning.”

Mary calmly folded her hands looked up for a moment and replied:

“I thank God there will soon be an end of all the miseries my enemies have compelled me to endure, ever since I have been a prisoner evilly entreated by the Queen of England, without having ever injured her. I am innocent of their charges against me, and that God knoweth. Seeing I must die a violent death, I speak openly, having no hope from the hatred and cruelty of your queen's nature, and rejoicing that I shall be delivered from the persecution of herself and her councillors. But God's will be done.” Having said this she became silent—her tears rolling down her cheeks.

Her men servants were now crowding round the door and into the room, and the women at last began to shriek and wring their hands, while Beale bowed and withdrew. After having wept for a few moments with her captive household, the Queen of Scots rose, dried her tears and bid them all be calm, adding she must now work while yet time was left. She sent a servant with a short note to her almoner Preau, who was in the castle; but who she was told would not be allowed to attend her in her last moments. It was as follows: “I have combated for my religion against the consolation of heretics. You will understand from Bourgoin and others that I have made a confession of the faith. I have asked to have you, to make my confession and receive the sacrament. But this has been cruelly refused. I must therefore confess my sins in a general way, imploring you in God's name to pray and watch with me this night for the satisfying of my sins, and send me your absolution. I will try to see you in their presence, and, if it is permitted, I will kneel and ask your benediction. Advise me of the proper prayers for the night and the morning, for the time is short. I recommend you, as well as the rest; your benefices shall be assured to you, and I will commend you to the King of France. I will send you a last little token.”

All that night Mary either sat at a desk writing, or knelt down in prayer. She wrote her will with rapidity, and with the less difficulty that her dispositions were, of course, already resolved on. This testament was irregular, but she hoped it would have effect. In it she made a profession of the faith—and asked service for her soul in Paris and in Rheims; also a yearly obit for the same, for ever. She left a legacy to Curle; but not to Nau, unless he could make it appear he had not betrayed her. She expressed doubts of the fidelity of both her secretaries. She left legacies to her physician, to Elizabeth Curle, Sebastian Paiges and his little daughter, and to

her French servants; she also left sums to the hospitals of Rheims and Paris. She remembered the Archbishop of Glasgow and other friends, and ordered that her furniture should be sold in London to defray the expenses of her servants on their way to France. She recommended Marie Paiges, her god-daughter, to the Duchess of Guise, and Mlle. Mobray to her aunt, St. Pierre. In a memorandum she asks the King of France to pay her French dowry for a year longer, that the wages and life-pensions of her poor servants be made good. She recommends Didier, an old officer of her household, and requests for Preau some benefice, in which he may spend the rest of his days and pray for her soul's repose.

Mary also wrote a letter to her son giving him her blessing, and bidding him remember and protect all her friends and servants; and this James did religiously, while he lived. She also wrote to Henry III., commending her servants to his protection, and imploring the prayers of the church for a queen, styled Very Christian and dying Catholic, shorn of all her earthly possessions.

Toward morning she rested a little on her couch, and then, getting up, conversed freely with her weeping attendants. It was nearly 8 o'clock of the fatal 8th of February, 1587, and she was still busy with her pen, when Beale and Paulet knocked at her door. Bourgoin went out and begged for half an hour's respite—which was granted. He then prevailed on the Queen of Scots to take a glass of wine and a morsel of bread; after which she sunk on her knees in prayer. A louder knocking soon announced the impatience of Elizabeth's officers; whereupon Mary rose, and moving toward the door, told them she was ready. Then turning to Melville and her servants, she bid them follow her—fearful of suffering in some secret manner. As they all passed out, it was not observed that her favorite little dog went with them, as he crept as close as possible to the feet of his mistress.

After nearly twenty years imprisonment Mary Stuart was at last to be released by Elizabeth. Those twenty years had made many sad changes in her person, and as she now stood, few could have recognized in her the enchanting queen of the Tuileries and Holyrood. She appeared corpulent and round-shouldered—doubtless from her habit of stooping over her embroidery—her face was fat and broad, her chin double, and she wore borrowed hair—which was the fashion of the time. An eye-witness of the scene who thus describes her, says her eyes were hazel. On her head she had a dressing of lawn, edged with bone-lace, a pomander-chain and an Agnus Dei

about her neck, a crucifix in her hand, and, at her girdle, a string of beads with a silver cross at the end of it. A veil of lawn, bowed out with wire and edged with bone-lace, was fastened to her caul. Her gown was of black painted satin, with a train and long sleeves to the ground, set with acorn buttons of jet trimmed with pearl, and short sleeves of satin, cut over a pair of sleeves of purple velvet. Her kirtle was of figured black satin, and her petticoat skirts of crimson velvet; her shoes were of Spanish leather with the rough side out, her gaiters were green silk, her netherstocks worsted-colored watchet, clocked with silver, and, next her leg, a pair of Jersey hose. All this personal description, from the pen of one employed by Burleigh, was very probably made to meet the eye of Elizabeth; and it is quoted to show that Mary was, to the last, resolved to bear some of the outward and visible signs of her royal dignity and Catholic profession, before the eyes of men.

Coming forth, she saluted Paulet and Beale with a dignified courtesy. At that moment, her house-steward, Andrew Melville, brother of Sir James, knelt before her, wringing his hands, while tears ran down his face, and exclaiming:

"Ah, madam, wo the day! Never was more unhappy man than I must be, reporting in Scotland what my eyes are doomed to see this day."

Mary, whose tears were also flowing, said:

"Do not lament, good Melville, that my troubles are about to end. All the world is but vanity, and hath more sorrows than an ocean of tears may bewail. Carry this message from me, and say I died a woman, true to my religion as befitted the Queen of Scotland and of France. But God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the hart thirsteth for the water-brooks. Commend me to my dear son, and say I have done nothing to prejudice his throne and right." Here she wept afresh, and stooping down and kissing her servant on the cheek, exclaimed: "Farewell, Melville, pray for thy mistress and queen." It will be observed that she always insisted on her rank, and her pertinacity in this matter was usually ridiculed by Burleigh, who called her "the Queen of the Castle."

Mary now turned to the lords who stood round her, and addressing Paulet, said firmly:

"I will entreat you, Sieur Paulet, to say to the Queen of England, my sister, that she and those of her council have put on me the most unjust judgment that was ever given in this realm and all Christendom"—she raised her voice and hand as she spoke—"and I hold it for certainty that the judgment of God will follow her so

strictly that her own conscience will accuse her all her life, and God, after her death, with my innocence; and thus I fearlessly give up my spirit into His hands!" The loftiness and emotion with which the Queen of Scots uttered these solemn words greatly affected her servants, and seemed to confound many of the commissioners.

She now made request for her servants and that they might have leave to take away whatever she had given them, and be sent into their own country with good treatment. Sir Amyas Paulet, bowing his head, replied he could answer these requests would be complied with.

"And now," she went on, "let these my servants pass with me to the hall, that they may report to all the world how I died like a true Catholic princess!"

"Madam," said the Earl of Kent, sternly, seeing the other lords hesitated, "that cannot be granted. They would be troublesome to your grace with speeches and other behavior. If such an access may be allowed, they would not stick to put some trumpery in practice, if it were but the dipping their handkerchiefs in your grace's blood whereof it were unmeet of us to give allowance."

"My lord," cried the Queen of Scots, in reply to this savage speech, "I will give you my word—though it be but a dead woman's word—(referring sarcastically to their own saying) that they will not do as you have said. Alas, poor souls! it would do them good to bid their mistress farewell; and surely, surely, my lords, your mistress, being a maiden queen, would not, for womanhood's sake, that I should die without the presence of some female attendant. It is not such a great favor methinks," added she with bitterness, "even if asked by a meaner woman than the Queen of Scotland."

The lords, shrugging their shoulders, then began to discuss the matter; after which Paulet shook his head; whereupon Mary, who dreaded a refusal, cried out passionately, with tears in her eyes:

"I am the kinswoman of your queen; I am descended of the blood royal of Henry VII. Do ye not know this? I have been a married queen of France, and I am the anointed Queen of Scotland. Is this forgotten here? Am I to be needlessly outraged in the last moments of my life?"

The Earl of Shrewsbury, touched with the remembrance of their former relations, now held a parley with the rest, and afterwards said she had permission to take six persons with her into the hall. On this, she chose two chamber women, her physician, Melville, an apothecary and an

old man—this last, very probably, the almoner Preau, who does not seem to have been recognized. With these around her, and bowing her head, the queen followed Paulet, crucifix in hand, into the great hall; wearing a pale but firm countenance. She saw a platform ten feet square raised two feet from the floor, covered with a black cloth and railed in; she also saw a black curtain stretched across part of it, and round the hall the people of the neighborhood numbering some 200 or 300 persons. She was supported to the platform, and, a chair being brought, she sat down, the Earl of Kent on her right, the Earl of Shrewsbury on her left, and the rest of the officials and attendants ranged outside the railing. Mary again glanced at the dark curtain, and was conscious of something dreadful concealed behind it. In front of it, however, there was one more bitter trial awaiting her.

Mr. Beale, clerk of the council, stood up and read the commission, to which the queen listened with an air of indifference, as if it did not concern her at all, and kept repeating at intervals some verses from the psalms in Latin. After this, at a signal from the Earl of Kent, Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, standing outside the rails, opened his book and began to exhort her:

"Madam, the queen's most excellent majesty (whom God long preserve!) having, notwithstanding the just sentence pronounced on you for your many trespasses against her, a tender care for your soul, it is my duty to beseech you, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, to consider these three things—"

"Mr. Dean," interrupted Mary, raising her crucifix—she knew English sufficiently to understand him, but her own language was always French. Mr. Dean!"

The Dean went on resolutely—

"First, your past state and transitory glory;

"Second, your present condition;

"Third, your state to come, either in—"

"My lords, my lords," cried the Queen imploringly, "say to him that I will not trouble him—I do not want to listen to him!"

"For the first," went on the Dean, "let me speak to your grace with David the king; forget yourself and your own people, your father's house, your natural birth, your regal and princely dignity, so shall the King of kings have pleasure in your spiritual beauty—"

Here the queen, who had been trying to check the preacher, rose from her seat and called out to him:

"Mr. Dean, I earnestly beseech ye not to trouble yourself, nor trouble me; for know you,

and all present," and she raised her voice, "that I am settled in the ancient Catholic and Roman religion, and in defence of it, by God's grace, I mean to spend my blood!"

The Dean of Peterborough seemed checked for a moment; but he still persisted. He had got strict orders, and Peterborough had a bishopric.

"Madam," said he, "change the opinions you hold and repent of your former wickedness. (It is to be observed that all this scene is reported by Burleigh's own scribe.) Settle your faith only on this ground, that in Christ Jesus you hope to be saved."

Again and again did the Queen of Scots cry out, and, as she spoke, groans and sobs were heard from the spot where her servants stood.

"Be hushed!" exclaimed the Earl of Kent in a loud voice, rising and looking round the hall. And in the silence the pleading voice was again heard.

"Good Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself about this matter; for I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and I am resolved to die in this religion!" She spoke with great emphasis, and pressed the crucifix to her lips.

There was now a pause. The earls conferred with the Dean and one another, and then the Earl of Kent said:

"Madam, if ye be so uncomfortable to hear the exhortation, we will pray for your grace with Mr. Dean, that your mind may be lightened with the true knowledge of God and his word."

"My lords," once more cried the persecuted and resolute woman, "if you will pray with me I will from my heart thank ye; but to join with you in your manner who are not of my religion, it were a sin, and I will not." Nothing could divert or quell her resolution to baffle those who were bent upon throwing doubt upon her dying professions of faith.

The earls looked perplexed for a moment; but Kent, with a darkening brow, turned to the dean and requested him to go on:

"Say on, Mr. Dean, and whatever ye think good else."

The Dean accordingly knelt and began a long prayer, beginning, "O, most gracious God and merciful Father," when a scene took place the like of which was probably never witnessed at any other execution on record. It was in complete accordance with the other strange incidents of Mary's life—and doubtless not the least trying and terrible of them all. No sooner had the Dean commenced his prayer—which Burleigh's reporter has given in full—than she opened the Latin book she held in her hand and

began to go through the Catholic office—making use of her *Agnus Dei*, crucifix, beads, ("superstitious trumpery," as the reporter terms them,) and speaking out, as if she did not hear anything but her own voice, or see anything but the book. She spoke very fast, in an agitated tone, with tears rolling down her cheeks. As the long Protestant supplication went on, the Queen of Scots, in the midst of her devotions, "with over much weeping and mourning, slipt off her stool, and, kneeling presently, said divers other Latin prayers." After this she rose, and, as the Dean still continued, went on with her own service, and then, quitting her seat, knelt again and began to pray in imperfect English. She was heard to pray for the afflicted church of Christ and the end of her own troubles; for her son and for the queen, that God would forgive her her sins and the sins of those who counselled her; she forgave all her enemies, those "who had so long thirsted for her blood." She then went on to repeat the Litany of the saints in Latin, asking their intercession; after which she kissed the crucifix and prayed: "Even as thy arms, O Christ, were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy arms of mercy!"

As Mary uttered this, she turned, and with a sense of thankfulness, beheld the apparition of two executioners. The voice of the Dean of Peterborough was heard no more. In that last struggle of her life, against the ascendancy of Elizabeth, she had certainly come off the conqueror, and her last moments were now beyond the reach of calumny. She gazed on the dreadful apparatus, revealed by the removal of the screen, and saw two men in sable garments standing beside a block draped in black cloth. Her two women who had sat behind her, now came to her, weeping convulsively and appearing as if they wished to turn her eyes from such a sight. She immediately prepared to put off her robes; and the executioners, coming forward, knelt and asked her forgiveness, which she granted with a cheerful voice. Her women taking off her mantle, the men offered to assist, and one of them took the *Agnus Dei* from her neck. But she laid hold of it with an impatient gesture, saying it was for one of her servants, and that he should have money instead. She made herself ready with a kind of gladness, and smiling, put on again a pair of sleeves which the fellows had pulled off.

"I never had in my life," she said, looking round, "such grooms to make me unready, nor even put off my clothes before such company."

The Queen of Scots now stood before the crowd

present, stript nearly to her petticoat and kirtle. In spite of her efforts, she looked so much distressed, that her women burst out into a great and pitiful shrieking, lamenting and crossing themselves, while murmurs and groans in the gallery, showed the agitated feelings of the spectators.

"Do not cry! I have prayed and promised for you!" cried the queen, raising her hand; "cry not, but pray for me."

She then kissed the women, and turning to Melville and the rest, crossed them in the air with her hand, bidding them to pray for her to the last.

Mary Paiges now took a *Corpus Christi* cloth, folded it three-corner-wise, kissed it, and putting it reverently over the face of the queen, pinned it to the back of the caul. Having done this, she looked round her with a shudder, till the executioners moved herself and her companion off the platform. The headsman then took his axe from a case, and lifting it, drew near the queen. She had been placed by the other man in a kneeling attitude before the block, and so remained, expecting, says the *Sieur du Bois Guilbert*, that her head would be struck off with a sword, as in France. But the man stooping and whispering, laid her throat on the block. He then grasped both her hands behind her back to keep her steady—and the heavy hatchet was seen to raise and fall! The blow did not kill the queen; the executioner struck another, and the head was severed from the trunk, in the midst of a groan of horror, broken by the wailing cry of some of the women.

Lifting up the bleeding head, the executioner cried out, "God save the queen!" As he spoke, the lawn dressing fell from it, and the hair of Mary Stuart, polled short, appeared as gray as if she had reached the age of seventy. Her features were altered, and her lips were observed to stir for several seconds after decapitation. The weird of Nostradamus was fulfilled.

"So perish all her majesty's enemies!" responded the Dean of Peterborough.

"Such end come to the queen's and the Gospel's enemies!" added the Earl of Kent.

The executioners now began to busy themselves about the body, and one of them, says the reporter, plucking at the queen's garter, disturbed the little dog which had followed its mistress to the hall, and had remained near her, unnoticed in the confusion. When they tried to drive it away from the corse, it would not go, but went and laid down between the head and the trunk—"a thing much noted!" It was at last carried away by

the queen's women. The executioners were not permitted to take anything belonging to the dead. The head was decently attached to the body, and the latter embalmed by surgeons; after which it was inclosed in two strong coffins, and looked up in a retired room of the castle.

Thus closed the life of Mary Queen of Scots, which, in the space of about forty-four years, included more variety of incident and catastrophe than perhaps any other on historic record; and with her sunk the Catholic monarchy of Scotland.

On 14th February, Elizabeth wrote a letter to James, in which she expresses the dolor overwhelming her mind for "that miserable accident," which, "contrary to her meaning," had befallen! James, she said, had not a truer friend in the world than herself, and she advised him to listen to the explanation of her envoy, Lord Hundson. As for James, he was powerless, as has been said. But the base efforts of his schoolmaster, Buchanan, were in vain. He always loved his mother's memory, and cherished all her friends.

For nearly six months after the death of their mistress, the servants of Mary were kept at Fotheringay. On Sunday morning, 30th of July, the warden of the castle was aware of a body of mounted men, with the royal cognizances, approaching the gate; and loudly announced the expected escort which was to carry away the remains of the dead queen to Peterborough. Bearing the orders of Elizabeth, Dethick, principal Garter King of Arms, with five heralds and forty horsemen, brought a royal coach, drawn by four horses, draped with black, in the manner of a hearse, and bearing Scottish escutcheons and pennons. In a little time, the body was borne down, in its two heavy coffins, and placed on the chariot. Then, all things being in readiness, the heralds put on their tabards, at nightfall, and with lighted torches, walked bareheaded with the hearse, toward the Cathedral-town of Peterborough, surrounded by the escort of horse, and accompanied by all Mary's servants. In the gray dawn of Monday morning, this extraordinary funeral entered the cathedral, where, with respectful ceremony, the body was temporarily placed in a vault.

Next day, August 1st, took place the solemn pageant of Mary's burial. For this purpose Elizabeth had sent down to Peterborough several of her lords, ladies, and church dignitaries, and ordered that the Countess of Bedford should represent herself. In the hall of the Bishop's Palace, accordingly, a grand feudal procession was form-

ed, the countess at the head of it, while, among other blazonries, eight bannerols were borne along by knights, representing, by armorial bearings, the marriage alliances of Scotland, from King Robert down to the Lord Darnley—Francis II. being included; but the cognizance of Hepburn, Duke of Orkney, was not shown.

The noble company having reached the cathedral choir, the hearse was moved into the midst, covered with velvet and gold escutcheons, and blazoned with royal crowns; after which the Bishop of Lincoln rose and preached a funeral sermon. "The poor inhabitant below" was now silent; her shrill, courageous protest could no longer interrupt the service she could not respect. After the service came the deep rolling of the organ; then offerings and other grave mummeries, according to the strange, funereal whim of the all-controlling Elizabeth. The coffin was then laid in its vault, the Protestant service for the dead read over it—by way of neutralizing as much as possible the Catholic odor in which Mary had died—and the corpse left to its deep repose within the old minster walls of Peterborough.

The historic reader knows how Elizabeth bid the world farewell—fifteen years subsequently. Remorse seems to have saddened and distracted her latter days; and, for some time before her

death, she was wont to be on the ground, supported by palliasses and pillows—a stern-faced, woful, inappeasable old woman of seventy. Perhaps the spectres of Mary and Essex were forever before her eye. To the end, she refused to name a successor—baffling all inquiries by enigmatical words. Being near the last moment, she would only say, with a ghastly snap, "I will have no rascal to come after me!"—making, about the same time, a gesture with her hands above her head. Then, allowing them all to make out what they could, from such intimations, she turned grimly to the wall, and passed away, leaving her character behind her—a puzzle to posterity.

Mary Stuart's dust rested in the Peterborough vault for a quarter of a century. In 1612, James VI. removed it to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, where he had prepared two noble tombs—one to hold his mother's remains, the other those of Elizabeth; and they are still admired by every visitor to that beautiful little sanctuary. On Mary's tomb, her figure, finely carved in marble, reposes under an entablature and canopy. The monument is elaborately wrought, and lies in the south aisle; that of her old inexorable enemy rests in the north aisle, a few feet away.

THE BRIDAL.

BY HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I WATCHED the glad procession cross the green,
When lad and lass came tripping through the dells;
I heard the happy sound of minster bells,

With choral songs between.

Through the broadly vaulted dome

The gilded organs rolled

Delightful modulations manifold—

Till all at once, the children said, "they come!"

Place flowers," they said,

"Upon her head—

With ivy from the dingle side,

And early roses, crown the bride—

For fairer bride was never wed!"

Along the middle aisle they came,

He full of manly majesty, the pride

Of all the town; she moving by his side

Sedately, with a little flame

Of sweetest bashfulness upon her cheek,

And drooping eyelids meek;

Her heart beneath her snowy vest,

Rocking the white rose on her breast

So tenderly—so tenderly,

That one might almost long to be

Rocked with it into rosy rest!

What time before the shrine they stood,

The nuptial music ceased;

All, save a passionate, low interlude,

That tremblingly decreased

To a soft whisper trickling down the keys,

Involving snatches of old melodies,

Until the vow was taken—

And from the Heavens above,

Perpetual benediction supplicated

On them the wedded, worthy-mated,

Bold-hearted Youth and everlasting Love!

Then with impetuous exultation shaken,

Smooth organ choral rose again sublime,

And all the deep bells swung in chime,

And jarred the air with joy's delicious madness!

Again the children shouted in new gladness—

"Twine flowers," they said,

"About her head—

With myrtle from the mountain side,

And double blushing roses, crown the bride—

For fairer bride was never wed!"

W O M A N I N T U R K E Y .

We were recently obliged, for our sins we presume, to wade through an absurd book called the "City of the Crescent," in which an interesting subject was so utterly spoiled by the mode of treatment and the clumsy admixture of truth and fiction, that we determined to take the first opportunity to try and rectify the erroneous impressions which it might produce upon our readers.

We generally form a very incorrect idea of the condition of woman in Turkey. If they do not enjoy the same rights and privileges as their more fortunate sisters in Europe, and if their religion allows certain inequalities between them and man, which are daily diminishing, still, on the other hand, it is not true that they are reduced to the condition of servants, or possess no other rights than those granted them by the passing caprice of their master. In truth, the part played by the wife in Mussulman society, does not essentially differ from what it was for several centuries in Christian Europe. Without referring to the middle ages, when a husband was permitted to beat his wife, and even wound her, "provided that the wound did not go beyond an honest correction," let us only go back for two centuries, to the period when Molière was writing, and remember the exhortations of Arnolphe to Agnes. We shall find them not a whit less severe than those prescribed by custom and the Koran in Turkey. The wife is bound to implicit obedience and subordination; she remains standing in the presence of her husband, serves him at table, and salutes him at parting with the titles of Agha, Effendi, or Tchelebi. On the other hand, she enjoys a sovereign rule in the harem. She has the sole management of the household, brings up the children, and exercises a strict surveillance over the servants and slaves. As examples of polygamy are extremely rare, either through the legal restrictions applied to the exercise of the privilege, or through the changes effected in morals, she asserts her authority uncontrolled. Even in a contrary case, her rights remain intact, as the law obliges the man who marries several wives, to give each a separate apartment, with a *ménage* proportioned to his means and the family of his wife.

The wife is not obliged to undertake any labors beyond the direction of the household. She engages in no trade; those employments which, among ourselves, are the exclusive property of women, are in Turkey undertaken by the men. Men keep laundries and embroidery shops; men, again, make the *antaris* and *feredgis*. Sewing

and shirt-making are generally done by Jews and Armenians, and the harem slaves go and fetch the work when finished. Thus then, the existence of woman in Turkey is entirely internal and domestic. Her part within the house is considerable. Without, it is a nullity. She only gazes on the external world; or, if she approaches it, it is without mixing in it. Still tradition, manners, education, all prepare women betimes for this species of life. Betrothed generally when three or four years of age, married at twelve or thirteen, they pass from their mother's harem into that of their husband, resigned beforehand to a constraint which custom has rendered easy to them. The marriage is arranged between the parents without the knowledge of the young people. The latter are not even present at the ceremony; sometimes the husband appears among the witnesses, but the part he plays is quite passive. The parents or guardians stipulate in the name and with the consent of the betrothed, and draw up the contract in the presence of the Imam and the witnesses. The marriage receives no religious consecration. The Imam does not make his appearance as priest, but as a civil magistrate. He inscribes in his register the statement of the marriage, with the conditions agreed on by the various parties; the witnesses affix their seals, which serve instead of signature, and the connubial tie is formed by this simple inscription.

In Turkey, the husband dowers the wife; and, as we have said, must supply a separate establishment for each wife. So many wives, so many dowries must be furnished, so many suites of apartments, with their befitting furniture, carriages, servants, slaves, etc. Hence it is not so easy as may be supposed for the children of the Prophet to enjoy the latitude of the law. Few among them are rich enough to permit themselves the luxury of four wives; and those who could have four, finding that one is quite enough, the result is that cases of polygamy are very unfrequent in Turkey. The Osmanli, too poor to marry, buys a slave, who serves him at once as a wife and servant, and in this conforms with the text of the law—"The man who is not rich enough to marry honorable and believing women, will take slaves who are believers." If children are born to him, he has the power of legitimating them, and this act entails, on his death, the enfranchisement of the mother, nor can she be sold or given away in the interval.

There is nothing more simple or barren in incidents than a Turkish marriage. This is nearly

what takes place: Esmè has reached her twelfth summer—she has been betrothed since her fourth year to Bekir, who is now eighteen; it is time for them to be united. Bekir does not know Esmè, or at least, he has quite forgotten her features since the time when she came, a child, to visit his mother. Esmè, on her side, has retained a still more confused notion of Bekir; for this reason she begs her mother, before renewing the contract, to let her see once again his features. The mother consents, and one day, when Bekir is visiting his future papa-in-law, Esmè looks in from behind a lattice. Bekir is also impatient to know the person who is to be his wife. His mother has repeatedly praised her beauty; but can he believe her, when her heart is set on this marriage? He therefore applies to some skillful and discreet old woman, generally a Jewess, whom he requests to make her way, by some pretext, into Esmè's harem, that she may see her and observe her closely. The ambassadress returns the next day or so, and does not fail to draw the most enticing portrait of the lady she has seen; a moon of beauty, teeth like pearls, eyes resembling two stars, the eyebrows two rainbows. Bekir thanks God and the Prophet; then he pours into the hands of the *duenna* a handful of *bechliqs*, and sends his future wife baskets or vases filled with flowers, fruit, and confectionery.

The offering which we call the *corbeille de nocés*, follows immediately on the signature of the contract. This *corbeille* consists chiefly of dresses and jewelry, with the addition of a looking-glass, and a pair of embroidered bath clogs. This present is *de rigueur*. Bekir receives in return linen and towels, embroidered in gold, silver, or silk. The members of the two families also interchange presents. Several days, frequently weeks, intervene between the signature of the contract and the celebration of the marriage. The time is employed by Bekir in the payment of the dowry; by the parents of the lady in getting her trousseau and wedding apparel in readiness.

The wedding lasts four days, from Monday morning to sunset on Thursday. The first night of the nuptials is fixed for that day, which is considered more propitious than the others, because of the conception of Mahomed. The wedding festivities in both houses are kept up by the men and women separate. They principally consist in banquets, the intervals being filled up with coffee, sherbet, confectionery, perfumes, and pipes. A gay hilarity presides over these meetings, which are enlivened at times by bands of jugglers and story-tellers. Relations and friends are invited to pass alternate days in the

two houses, and the long and wide sofas which adorn the *selamlık* and harem serve as beds for the guests by night. Each day is distinguished by a different ceremony. On Tuesday the lady's trousseau is carried in great state from her residence to that of her husband. On Wednesday evening she is taken to the bath, to which ceremony all the poor women in the quarter are invited. They, on arriving, deposit their ragged clothes in the first room, and find on quitting the bath a new dress, with a sum of money proportioned to the rank and fortune of the husband. In Turkey, charity is universal. On the next day, in the afternoon, the lady, accompanied by her mother, sisters, and servants, leaves her dwelling for that of her husband. The relations of both the families are assembled, the men in the *selamlık*, the women in the harem. The rejoicings, which are kept up till nightfall, terminate in a supper. At the hour of the fifth *Namaz*, the husband, after kissing the hand of his father, his uncles, his elder brothers, glides mysteriously into the harem, where Esmè is awaiting him, seated on a sofa, her head covered with a veil. On seeing her husband, she rises, and while he is trying to take her hand, she raises his and kisses it, in token of submission. Bekir is preparing to raise the mysterious veil, but the unlucky old woman is still seated motionless in a corner, like a statue in its niche. The old woman is thrust out, after some feigned reluctance, and the wife appears for the first time before the delighted eyes of her husband.

But the lady is not always good-looking. An old *effendi*, very rich and very ugly, took unto himself a wife. The day after the marriage, the wife asked him to select those of her relations to whom she might show herself unveiled.

"Show your face to whom you like," he replied, "only hide it from me!"

"Bear with my ugliness," said the wife.

"I have not sufficient patience for that."

"Ah!" she replied, "yet you ought to have a good stock of that, as you have endured all your life the frightful nose I see before me."

The life of the women within the harem is monotonous, it must be confessed, and the occupation they find will not fill up their leisure hours. They do not read; they are poor musicians, and are not fond of needle-work. Dressing, bathing, playing at school-girls' games, such as blindman's buff, going from one room to the other, receiving visits round the *tandour*, are their most important avocations. The *tandour* is a species of square table, under which is placed a *mangal*, and it is then covered with one or two

large carpets to maintain a gentle and regular heat. It is usually in a corner of the sofa; the Turkish women spend three parts of the day seated round it, and having the covering raised on their knees. These tandours are a very pleasant and useful invention, and the use of them has passed from the Turkish houses to the Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans residing in Turkey. But the favorite pastime of the Turkish ladies is bathing. The custom is obligatory on the Friday of each week; but on the other days it forms the staple amusement of the harem. Every house above the common rank has one or more bathing-rooms, luxuriously decorated. Others go to the public baths, where they have their meals brought, and frequently remain there half the day.

It is quite a mistake to believe that women in Turkey are devoted to imprisonment, as they were in ancient society, or even in our middle ages. The severity of the harem differs greatly from that of the gynæceum, or of the feudal castle. The streets of Constantinople are filled with women, some on foot, others in carriages, who are either going to pay visits, or to the bath, or to the bazaar. But you rarely see a woman alone, unless she belongs to the lower classes. When the wife of a pacha or effendi goes out for an airing, the whole harem accompanies her. The place of rendezvous, which varies according to the season and the day of the week, is generally a kiosk, a promontory on the sea shore, or a picturesque spot near one of the villages bordering the two banks of the Bosphorus, and forming the suburbs of Constantinople; for instance, the European Sweet Waters, Jener Bagtchi, Buyuk-dérè, or the Valley of the Sultan. On leaving the caique or araba, the servants lay on the ground carpets, on which the ladies seat themselves in a circle. If there is a great concourse of visitors, a lattice, like those seen on the exterior of the windows, is put up before the party, as an increased precaution. The harems thus camp in a successive row. Kavasses, appointed to maintain good order, walk through the intervening spaces, and keep indiscreet persons at a distance. At a few paces off, beneath a plane tree, a Cah-redji has established his perambulating apparatus and furnishes the promenaders with excellent coffee at twenty paras the cup, including a glass of water and the necessary chibouque. Sellers of sherbets, the chekerdjis, players of instruments, Greek and Armenian dancers, occupy the remainder of the space, or walk about among the groups. Sometimes strolling comedians give representations; these are scenes, or rather impro-

vised dialogues, like the *commedie dell' arte* in Italy. Turkish women are very fond of these scenes, which the actors accompany with gestures and pantomime, whose broadness is not at all repulsive to the ears and eyes accustomed to the coarseness of the Karaguez. When the performance is over they return to their favorite amusements: some regard themselves in small circular mirrors set in gold or silver; others tinge the ends of their nails with henna; others, again, with the amber mouthpiece of the long jasmin pipe-stick held lightly between their lips, their heads slightly bending on one side, remain motionless, and enjoy the delights of the Kéf.

Such is the usual life of the Turkish and Armenian women; for the customs of the two nations present, in this respect, a great degree of analogy. It is the same uniformity, the same regular and monotonous succession of toil and pleasure, the same vacuum, and the same *ennui*, we might say, if *ennui* could afflict beings almost entirely destitute of ideas, who have seen nothing, read nothing, compared nothing, whose mind never outsteps the narrow circle of sensual appetites and domestic affections, and who, once these wants are satisfied, live like the plants, on air, light and sunshine.

The absence of intellectual life to be remarked among Turkish women, the effect of an utterly sensual education, the very constraint in which they live, might be supposed to develop among them a propensity for gallantry, and give birth to a multitude of intrigues and romantic adventures. Nothing, however, is more rare, and this is the reason. The Turks, in their relation to the harem, display the most scrupulous delicacy. Such is the idea of sanctity which they attach even to the word, that uttering it is a sacrilege. At the present day, among the old Osmanli, it is contrary to the rules of good society to ask any one about the welfare of his harem: themselves, in those very rare cases, when they are obliged to allude to their wives or daughters, employ metaphorical expressions, and evince extreme care in the avoidance of the actual word. Thus, when a father wishes to announce the birth of a daughter, he will say "a veiled one has been given unto me: a mucafir (guest) has entered beneath my roof." We find among the ancient Greeks traces of this refined susceptibility as regards women. Among them, even to praise women was a species of moral brand. "The virtuous woman," says Thucydides, "is one who is never mentioned, either for good or evil." How could an Osmanli hit on the idea of making love to women not belonging to his harem?

He even avoids looking at those he meets in the street. Melling, architect to the Sultana Khadidgè, sister of Sultan Selim, relates that he had free access to the harem of that princess, and that he talked with her women unveiled, while the officers of the palace who accompanied him only addressed them with downcast eyes or averted faces. With the Turks, "videre est habere," in the truest sense of the word.

Whether the women think on this subject like their husbands is quite a different thing. Many among them would not be very vexed to be spoken of, even if it were in bad terms. Virtuous, in spite of their teeth, it is not the fear of the sin that restrains them, but the occasion which they want. All conspires, besides, to preserve the honor of families: the severity of the law, which punishes with death the adulteress and her accomplice; the urban police, vigilant guardians of morality; the very structure of the houses. Thus, there are no windows looking on the streets, no Spanish balconies; the windows are few, and carefully grated; and the garden where the women walk is not commanded by any neighboring window. If the walls are too low, planks are raised vertically upon them, converting the gardens into veritable pounds. Thus, then, the question of the virtue of the woman becomes a branch of architecture. Nor must we

forget the muezzin, who, from the summit of the minar, which he ascends four times daily to announce the hour of prayer, can see into all the adjoining houses and gardens. There is no tuft of trees too dense for his watchful eye. But the muezzin is the avenger, and not the accomplice of immorality. One day one of them perceived in an adjoining house the wife of a rich and powerful Agha entering secretly a kiosque, in which she had given a rendezvous to a young Armenian baker. Incapable of mastering his indignation, he denounced the sacrilege of which he was witness by mixing up with the formula of the Ezan the anathema against the faithless wife and the Ghiaur, her accomplice. All the quarter was up in arms. The neighbors collected, the women yelled, the dogs barked; at last the kavasses burst into the house, and gave over the two criminals to the justice of the Cadi.

We are bound to add, in conclusion, that we are indebted for the greater portion of these details to a very amusing work by Ubicini, called "*La Turquie Actuelle*," which has recently appeared in Paris, and gives most trustworthy accounts of the Turkish people—a nation which deserves a thorough study, from the possible fact that it will speedily be enumerated among the list of the lost peoples of Europe.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

G A E T A .

TOMBS ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY M. O'NEILL FERNEY.

O, Life, what wouldst thou be, but that thine end has Hope.—L. E. L.

NIGHT on the waters! In the far heavens burning,
Rank after rank, the stars light up the deep;
The dreamy moonlight into silver turning,
That crimson which the waves since sunset keep.

Among the gardens, on the sea shore glimmer
The love-lamp and the fire-fly's vagrant spark:
And the white face of that untiring swimmer,
The water-lily, shines out in the dark.

Night after night, and summer after summer,
Nature her golden gifts thus renders up;
Sun and wind play the painter and perfumer,
The red wine bubbles in the festive cup.

Everything in this lovely world remaineth
The same, the self-same as it used to be;
Yon heaven from its rich lustre never varieth;
Change comes on nothing, save, O man, on thee!

We move like shadows o'er this land of Faerie;
We darken for an hour the sunny earth;
We come and pass away; the worn and weary
Lay down their heads, to wait their second birth.

Those moonlit bowers conceal the broken hearted—
The roses cover the funeral urn—
Go to the marble stone of the departed
And read, "*All dust must unto dust return.*"

THE TWO MENDICANTS OF VALENCIA.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE beautiful summer's evening a mendicant, who had been plying his vocation in one of the villages in the environs of Valencia, had arrived on his return within half a mile of that city, when his attention was attracted by the aspect of a house, situated on the banks of the Guadelorai. It was brilliantly illuminated, and from the windows, which were all open, with the jalousies drawn up, came sounds of joyous music. The mansion, which rose amidst a wilderness of verdure, was surrounded by lovely gardens, filled with a profusion of beautiful flowers and bouquets of orange, citron and other oriental trees. A broad avenue, bordered by shrubs, terminated in a grove of palms, forming a shady retreat from the heat of the day. These charming grounds, which were only separated from the water by a low laurel hedge, were profusely ornamented with statues, fountains and cool grottos.

Finding the door open, Pedro, the beggar ventured to enter, and, creeping along the hedge, which was some distance from the house, stopped where he had a full view of the interior of the large and magnificent saloon, from which the sounds of revelry proceeded. The walls of this superb apartment were tapestried with garlands of beautiful blossoms, and the reflection of countless wax tapers threw a softened light over a numerous and fashionable assemblage, dressed in the costume of the time of Philip IV. Among the ladies there were many of great beauty, with their dark flashing eyes, their fine glossy hair sparkling with jewels, and tall and elegant forms. But there was one young girl among them, whose beauty was so remarkable that the whole company pronounced her the queen of the fête. Donna Julia was the daughter of Donna Isabella del Marcos, a widow lady, who, having been left with three daughters and a fortune, had sacrificed her two eldest children by forcing them to the veil. The youngest had been sought in marriage by a young cavalier of good family and fortune, named Don Rinaldo de Guzman. Her proud and ambitious mother had, without consulting her daughter's inclinations, accepted this brilliant offer. The festival of this night was in honor of their bridal, and the ceremony was to be performed by midnight.

Julia looked very lovely in her wedding dress,

which was entirely of white. Her hair was confined by a superb band of diamonds, and a snowy veil, which fastened to the back of her head, added to the grace of her appearance. In no part of Spain are the women more celebrated for their beauty than in the kingdom of Valencia; and the softness and salubrity of the climate is supposed to exert a powerful influence on their persons.

Along the whole extent of the villa ran a broad stone terrace, trellised over with orange, jasmine and other beautiful trees. A sparkling marble fountain rose in the middle, whose clear and refreshing water kept this charming spot always cool and pleasant. As Pedro, lying at his ease on the rich verdure, contemplated the gay scene before him, a voice near him whispered:—

"Comrade, what brings you here?"

"I might reply by asking you the same question," answered Pedro to Diego, the new comer.

"I came to satisfy my curiosity. I had heard that Donna Julia was to be married this night; and, as I understood that the wedding was to take place at Donna Isabella's country house, I threw my wallet over my shoulder, and came to have a look at the bridegroom."

Diego, who was a good specimen of a Spanish beggar, had occupied a niche in the porch of the church of Notre Dame ever since his boyhood, a post which was hereditary in his family. As he was speaking, Julia approached the open window, in order to escape the close air of the dancing room. By her side stood a tall and handsome man.

"That is the intended bridegroom," said Diego, "who is now speaking to Donna Julia."

"Do you know her, then," said Pedro.

"Yes," returned the other, "but, by our lady, that is not the countenance of the man she loves."

"What can you know about the matter," cried Pedro.

"If you will have patience to listen, I will tell you a tale of love which will answer all your questions."

"Good," said Pedro, "I am ready."

The soft serenity of the night, the purity of the heavens, studded with a thousand golden stars, gave a charm to this romantic spot, which was not unfelt by the mendicants; and, under the influence, Diego began his story:—

"Donna Isabella del Marcos attends mass regularly at the church of Our Lady. She is always accompanied by Donna Julia, whom she guards with the most jealous care. She often speaks kindly to me, and the young lady never fails to place a real in my hat. Her extreme beauty drew the attention of every cavalier who passed her on her road. One morning I observed a gentleman, whom I had seen many times before, follow the two ladies at a respectful distance. When he saw them enter the church, he crossed over to where I was standing, and, beckoning me apart, said, at the same time showing me a gold piece and a letter:—

"‘This money shall be yours, providing you contrive to place this note in the hands of the young lady who has entered the church.’

"The stranger so took me by surprise, and spoke with such an air of authority, that I was unable to refuse. When, therefore, Julia came out again, I managed, when the Argus eyes of the mother were turned another way, to fulfil my commission. I, afterwards, out of curiosity, made many inquiries about him, but could never learn either his name or rank. After this morning I had often the same office to perform.

"About this time, Donna Isabella had occasion to leave Valencia for a short time. Her daughter came to attend mass as usual; but was now accompanied by a duenna. This person, who was very old and devout, paid very little attention to her charge, but kept her eyes constantly fixed on her book. The stranger, when informed of the absence of the mother, ventured to enter the church, and soon made a personal acquaintance with the young lady. From that time the letters ceased; the lovers had, no doubt, found some other means of communication. At the end of a fortnight, Donna Isabella returned, and a short time after, the young cavalier suddenly disappeared.

"A visible change soon took place in the young lady's looks. She became pale and sad, and I often surprised her in tears. Affairs went on in this way for some time, when, on Sunday morning, on entering his pulpit, the priest published in a loud voice the banns of marriage between Don Rinaldo de Guzman and Donna Julia del Marcos.

"I, of course, imagined that the young lady was going to marry the dashing stranger who had sent her the letters; but the next time I saw her, as she put the real into my hand, she said in a troubled voice—

"‘My friend, pray for me. I am very unhappy.’

"Having ascertained that the wedding was to take place at Donna Isabella's country house, I came here to see what I could; but by the hair of the holy Madalene, she is going to marry the wrong person."

"That remains to be seen," said a deep voice, which seemed to proceed from the laurel grove, and, at the same time, a tall figure, wrapped in an ample cloak and wearing a sombrero, which completely shaded his countenance, stepped forward, and desiring Diego to follow him, retired to a group of trees a short distance off.

"Friend," said the gentleman to the mendicant, "you have already served me faithfully. Have you the courage to carry this letter to Donna Julia and deliver it to her without witnesses?"

Diego, making the sign of the cross, took the note and walked over in the direction of the house. The dancing still continued in the saloon. Numerous couples stepped gracefully in the gay bolero or the spirited fandango, striking at intervals their light castanets. Julia feeling fatigued had left the dancers and was looking out on the night. The perfumed breeze fanned her cheeks which were flushed by some powerful emotion. It was plain that, under a mask of gayety, she was a prey to a bitter sorrow. Her lips trembled and her eyes were fixed on vacancy. But she was not allowed long to remain alone; Don Rinaldo joined her, with his countenance beaming with happiness. Taking her hand, he for the first time ventured to speak of love; for Donna Isabella, fearing that her daughter might betray her feelings, had never allowed her to be alone with her lover. His passionate words were listened to in silence by Julia, but found no echo in her heart. All was silence in the grounds; the lovely moon poured a flood of light over the whole scene; the night was so calm that scarcely a breeze stirred the leaves. Julia trembled with emotion. "On such a night as this," murmured she, "Lorenzo pledged his vows to me in the palm-grove, and received mine in return."

The remembrance of these happy meetings and her present situation, on the eve of becoming the wife of a man for whom she had no affection, weighed heavily on her spirits. She felt she was going to commit a heavy sin. As she thus mused, a shudder passed through her frame; Rinaldo perceiving it, said—

"You are not well, my love. The heat of the room fatigues you: let us leave this gay assembly. The water is beautiful, we can walk on the terrace or descend into the garden; and we shall be alone," added he, pressing her hand.

These tender expressions only increased her distress; but at that moment a shadow passed the window, and a whining voice cried out:

"Charity, good lady, for a poor Christian."

Julia knowing his voice and suspecting his errand, appeared ready to faint. Don Rinaldo, thinking the beggar had alarmed her—

"That miserable wretch has frightened you. I will have him kicked into the road. How did he get in?"

Recovering herself by a powerful effort she replied—

"My mother has given him leave to enter; she knows the man."

The beggar now approached nearer, and again repeated his vociferations. Julia leaning over the balcony, as if to give him money, received the letter. Retiring a little apart she read the words:

"Are you going to break the solemn engagement which has passed between us? Before I can believe in such treason I must hear it from your own lips. Meet me immediately in the palm-grove. Leave that hollow scene, and return to him to whom you have vowed eternal fidelity."

Diego, who had retired, returned to his hiding place. In a few minutes he saw a woman, dressed in white with her veil floating behind her, glide stealthily under the trees and take the direction of the palm-grove. The mendicant, who was very curious, crawled on his hands and knees after her, and arrived just in time to see Donna Julia received in the arms of the tall stranger. After a few moments of silent emotion, Lorenzo, placing the agitated girl on a flowery bank, and kneeling beside her, whispered—

"A noble Spaniard never breaks his vow. I am ready to marry you in the morning."

"It is too late," faltered Julia, "this is my bridal festival; but," continued she, "why did you disappear so suddenly without explaining the cause of your absence?"

"My father," returned Lorenzo, "whose severity of character I have before explained to you, suddenly arrived on the morning after I last saw you and obliged me immediately to accompany him to Madrid. I dared not tell him of my engagement as he would never, I am afraid, have forgiven a misalliance, as he would have termed it. But on arriving yesterday at this city, accompanied by my father, the first news I heard was of your intended marriage. Overwhelmed by despair, I have been hovering about this spot in the hopes of seeing you; and should no doubt

have entered the saloon, had I not fortunately encountered Diego. But," continued the excited young man, his voice growing louder and louder, "I am here to carry you off in defiance of my rival."

Julia, interrupting him, inquired why he had not applied to her mother. "I have," said she, in a tremulous tone, "thrown myself at her feet and pleaded against this marriage. I have told her that I have not a heart to bestow; but," added she, with a slight touch of indignation, "when asked the name and rank of my lover, I was obliged to be silent. You have so shrouded yourself in mystery that I had nothing to explain. My mother, overwhelming me with reproaches, immediately named my wedding-day. I am to be married at midnight."

"You shall never accomplish this treachery," cried her lover; "I will tear you from his arms, even at the foot of the altar. If you wish to prevent bloodshed, you must follow me."

"I will never follow you," said Julia, in a firm voice, "but as your wife. In that character, I am content to live in obscurity—work for you, and if necessary, share your misery—but I will not dishonor myself by becoming your mistress."

"By the honor of a gentleman, I will wed you; but we must keep our union a secret for a short time. I am my father's only child, and we must trust to time to soften his resentment. I will place you immediately with an old lady, with whom I lodged when I first became acquainted with you. But time presses—the music has ceased, you will be missed."

Just as he finished speaking, a murmur of voices was heard; and when the mother, followed by her friends, entered the palm grove in search of her child, all that remained of the lovely Julia was her diamond band and her bridal veil.

Donna Isabella, who had witnessed the sacrifice of her two eldest children without shedding a tear, uttered bitter lamentations at the disappearance of her for whom she had anticipated so brilliant a future. Don Rinaldo left the house immediately; as his passion was but a passing fancy, he was soon consoled.

When all the guests had departed, Donna Isabella, who, too late, saw the error she had committed, sent for her confessor, Father Antonio, who was a bigot and, inaccessible to all human sympathy, exercised a powerful influence in the family of Donna Isabella. It was by his persuasion she had placed her daughters in a convent and was very angry when he learnt her project for marrying her youngest child. This priest

was past the middle age, but his face had not that calm serenity which is the sure accompaniment of a well spent life. On the contrary, his was a countenance on which the worst passions had left their indelible stamp. He was tall and meagre in person, his forehead was wrinkled, and his eyes had a sinister and unpleasant expression. On learning the cause of his hasty summons, he overwhelmed the unhappy mother with reproaches, and told her she had brought this disgrace on herself, by not following his counsels. The priests in Spain at this period were so much feared, that no one attempted to dispute their will; Donna Isabella, therefore, listened to the invectives of Father Antonio without attempting to justify herself.

"I must be allowed," said the obdurate priest; "to act in this matter for you. I will seek your daughter and place her in a convent, where, by prayer and penitence, she may expiate her crime."

In vain Donna Isabella interceded for her lost daughter. He was deaf to her prayers, and threatened her with the horrors of the inquisition if she dared to interfere. Taking leave of her, in a cold and severe voice, he stalked out of the house on his errand of vengeance.

CHAPTER II.

Lorenzo was early at the church of Our Lady, in search of Diego, whom he found at his usual post. The first thing he did was to inquire if he knew a discreet priest who, for a reward, would consent to perform the wedding ceremony at midnight that evening. After reflecting a moment, the mendicant replied that he thought he did know of such a one, who lived at the convent of the Dominicans, situated about half a mile up the walk of the ———, on the other side of the river. The stranger desired him to arrange the matter as soon as possible, and when he had done so, to meet him under the wall of the bishop's palace at nightfall.

"But," said the cunning beggar, "on whose part am I to make the bargain?"

"On mine," returned he, at the same time showing him a card, which he had kept carefully concealed in his hand.

Diego started, but making no remark, went immediately to perform his commission.

During the conversation between Diego and the stranger, Pedro, who was standing near, without being able to make out a single word, was very jealous that his comrade should enjoy all this good luck. No sooner did the young

man depart, than he determined to fathom the mystery, and followed him at a distance until he saw him enter the bishop's palace, the doors of which, like the churches, were besieged by beggars—real beggars, gay, well-fed, but covered with rags of all colors. Approaching one of the fraternity, he asked how trade flourished in that neighborhood.

"Oh!" returned he; "we have been quite in luck the last day or two. The Duke of Sidonia has arrived here, on a visit to the bishop, and has ordered plenty of bread and handfuls of reals to be distributed."

"Is the Duke accompanied by any one of his family?" inquired Pedro.

"Yes; his only son is with him; he is also a brave cavalier, and does not pass us empty-handed; that was he who entered the palace just before you spoke to me."

"The murder is out," muttered he to himself; "I may make something of this."

After exchanging a few more words with the beggar, Pedro went off at a rapid rate in the direction of the church of Our Lady. Diego, who had just returned from his expedition, was already there. Being more crafty-minded than his friend, it was not long before Pedro contrived to learn the whole story. He immediately went to the palace, and informing the Duke of the projected marriage, lost no time in searching out Father Antonio for the same purpose. He was well rewarded for his treachery.

After Julia had been taken from her mother's house, she had been conducted by Lorenzo to the lady with whom he had formerly lodged. This person had no suspicion of his rank. He had so well preserved his incognito, that she believed him to be the son of a rich merchant who had affairs to transact in Valencia. Julia, who now knew the name of her lover, was aware that she had acted imprudently in leaving her home with a stranger, but she knew she would soon be forgiven when she returned as the wife of the only son of the Duke of Sidonia.

As soon as the shades of night had veiled the city in darkness, Lorenzo flew to his expectant bride, whom he found kneeling before a crucifix, looking pale but strikingly lovely. She still wore her white dress, but her veil had been replaced by a black silk mantle. Lorenzo, embracing her, said—

"Everything is prepared, and I am come to conduct you to the church."

Diego, who had been punctual to the rendezvous, had found the priest, and had gone on before to await their coming. In a short time

Lorenzo and Julia, accompanied by the landlady, were on their way to the chapel.

The road they had to traverse to reach the convent of the Dominicans, was a delightful one, being adorned on both sides by orange, citron, palm and other beautiful trees. On either side were stone seats, placed there for the convenience of travelers; and a broad carriage road ran through the middle; and the banks of the numerous canals, which intersected the country for the purposes of irrigation, were rich with golden flowers. The night was beautiful, and silence had succeeded to the busy hum of the city. All was tranquil as the party passed the stone bridge, which led over the river, and their walk was cheered by the song of the nightingale and the soft murmuring of the water. When they arrived at the convent, which was hidden in a grove of tall trees, they found the door open, the priest ready, and Diego in attendance.

When Julia entered the church, she was seized with a superstitious terror. The figures of the saints, half hid in gloom, looked like so many phantoms. Mysterious voices, which sounded like words of warning, seemed to float in the air. Supported by her lover, she approached the altar, which was dimly lighted by one wax taper. She knelt by the side of Lorenzo, and the witnesses being placed, the ceremony was about to begin, when the doors were forcibly burst open, and a tall majestic-looking personage entered, followed by a crowd of gentlemen. He walked up to Lorenzo, and, in a severe tone of voice, desired him to leave the church immediately, and follow him. His son, who was dreadfully agitated, said—

“Sir, I cannot follow you. I am bound in honor to keep my promise; and having taken this young lady from her family, I must marry her.”

At these words, the duke, casting a contemptuous look on Julia, who had not yet risen from her knees, said—

“If you do not know how to guard your own honor, I must do it for you, and prevent you forming an alliance which can only bring disgrace on your family.”

At these insulting words, Julia rose, and approaching the angry father, cried, in an agitated voice—

“Sir, although I have no fortune, my father was a gentleman;” then, turning to the spot where Lorenzo was standing, she added, in a faltering voice, “a noble Spaniard never breaks his word.”

The lover, casting a mournful look at her, and an appealing one at his father, was about to seize

Julia in his arms, and rush out of the church, when the duke, fearing for the consequences, gave a signal; his friends stepped forward, and forcibly dragging Julia away, surrounded the young man, and before he was aware of their intentions, drew him outside, where a carriage was in waiting, and almost lifting him into it, they drove rapidly away.

When the unhappy girl saw herself deserted by all, with the exception of the mendicant and the old lady, the priest having fled on the first alarm, she fainted. On recovering her senses, she saw standing before her a form that made her tremble. Father Antonio had followed the duke's party to the convent, and had been an unseen spectator of all that had passed. In a solemn tone of voice, he desired her to pass into the vestry and change her bridal attire for a dress more suiting her condition. It consisted of a dark woollen robe and a large mantle. Without a word she complied with the orders of her inexorable judge; and then, desiring her to follow him, he led the way to a carriage drawn by four mules, which stood outside; and, assisting her to mount, placed himself at her side, and in a few moments they drove off at a rapid pace.

As the carriage entered Valencia, dawn had begun to appear, and shed a feeble light across the fleecy clouds which covered the sky; and the silence which followed the nocturnal movements of a great city had not yet ceased. Julia, struck by a vague presentiment, ventured to inquire of her sombre companion if he was conducting her to her mother.

“You have, at present, no parent,” returned he. “She refuses to interfere, and has placed your fate in my hands. I am conducting you to a convent, where you will be expected to take the veil, and expiate, by prayer and penitence, the crime you have committed.”

In vain the unhappy Julia tried to soften his stern nature. Finding her pleading of no avail, she, wrapping her head in her mantle, feigned to sleep. Father Antonio only stopped on the road for rest and refreshment, and hastened on till he reached a secluded hamlet situated a few miles from Madrid.

Not far from this solitary spot rose a convent belonging to the order of St. Francis; but it had been for a long time abandoned by the monks, owing to the insalubrity of the air. The dark waters of the Tagus washed its dreary walls, and as the current is almost stagnant during the hot months of summer, it engenders the worst kind of malaria. The building was now occupied by nuns, who were often attacked by a low fever,

which destroyed their health, and often cost many of them their lives.

To this dreary spot was Julia conducted by the superstitious priest, who thought he was only doing his duty in rescuing a soul from perdition. When he had arranged with the lady abbess for her board, he concluded, by charging her to subject her to the strictest discipline, and if she should refuse to take the veil at the end of her novitiate, the most rigorous methods were to be resorted to.

For two years did Julia resist all the endeavors of the abbess to take the veil. Tired of her obstinacy, she tried menaces. The poor girl lost by degrees her health and spirits. In her despair she often contemplated the dark waters which flowed beneath the windows of her cell, but religion and her hope of ultimate escape, restrained her. In spite of all efforts, the recollection of her lover pursued her everywhere. It rose before her in the silence of the night, followed her to the foot of the altar, where, instead of praying, she mourned over her vanished happiness. In the bosom of this holy retreat she carried in the depths of her heart the consuming fire of the most violent of human passions. From the first day she had entered the convent she had submitted to the strict rules of the order without a murmur; and sister Frances, as she was called by the abbess, was a great favorite with her companions. She wore the usual dress of a novice, which had not been altered for many years. It consisted of a white cap, with a narrow border, allowing part of her beautiful hair to be seen; over a black camlet petticoat she wore a dark stuff robe, and from her girdle hung a pincushion and a pair of scissors.

But this grave costume could neither hide the elegance of her form nor the delicacy of her complexion, which, owing to her sedentary life, had become a little pale. From her cell, which was furnished with great simplicity, she had the prospect of a large garden, thickly planted with trees, where the nuns took their exercise. On a low wooden bedstead was placed a single mattress, with the usual covering. A small table, a crucifix, and a chair, completed the arrangements. The walls were covered with pictures of saints—a collection which had been made by the different occupiers of the chamber, and had been left as a legacy when death or other cause summoned the owners.

One day, as Julia was returning from attending mass, she, in passing the vestry, saw a door open just inside of it, belonging to a large closet. With a rapid glance, she observed that it con-

tained a collection of clothes belonging to the different persons who had placed them there when they took the novice's garb. Julia instantly conceived the idea, that if she could obtain one of those dresses, it might facilitate her escape. That very night she determined to try.

Accordingly, when the convent was plunged in repose, Julia glided stealthily across the corridor, and soon reached the chapel. A single taper burnt on the altar, and a lighted lamp hung before a figure of the Virgin; but the other end of the church was plunged in obscurity. In the middle was planted a stake, to which a cord was attached, intended for a punishment for breach of discipline, the culprits being obliged to kneel there a given time with the cord round their necks, and a reversed torch in their hands.

Julia was soon engaged in searching among these spoils of vanity for a disguise which might suit her purpose. When she had taken what was necessary, to which she added a quantity of cord in order to make a ladder, she prepared to return. The taper on the altar and the lamp in her hand, enabled her to perceive the figures in the niches, and the portraits of the saints and martyrs of the Seraphic order. Some parts of the walls were covered with paintings of the most striking scenes of martyrdom; but, happily, time and the humidity of the place, had so destroyed them, that the hideous details were scarcely to be distinguished. As Julia cast her eyes round, her heart palpitated, and she sighed deeply. Her mind wandered to the night when she had been conducted to the church of the Dominicans.

"How I have suffered since," murmured she, as, on tiptoe, she gained her cell.

She had scarcely time to hide her treasures, when the clock struck half-past four, and instantly a confused hum was heard; all the doors were opened at the same time, and the nuns flocked to the chapel to attend morning prayers.

The following night Julia spent in finishing her ladder, and the next was fixed for her attempted escape. The weather was fine, and no sound was heard but the distant barking of dogs. After assuming her disguise, Julia made a packet of her convent dress, and threw it, together with her sandals, on to a narrow neck of land which separated the walls of the convent from the river. She then threw the ladder over the window, which opened outside, so as to be able to draw it down after her; and kneeling down and recommending herself to her Maker, she prepared for her perilous attempt. At this moment neither her head nor her heart failed her; but she had

not descended many yards on her frail support, before she turned giddy; a cold perspiration broke out over her; her feeble arms were almost paralyzed; and her strength failed her as she hung over the frightful abyss. Phantoms appeared flying around, and she fancied she heard the flapping of their wings. Her eyes closed; and in a few moments all would have been over, when suddenly she felt a support under her foot. The projecting sill of a window had saved her from certain death. After awhile, she renewed her efforts, and in a few seconds arrived breathlessly on the ground. Her first care was to roll up the cord, and, attaching a stone to it, she threw it into the river.

Two hours later, on finding her door closed at the call for matins, the abbess forced open her cell. On seeing the window open, she looked out, but instantly drew back in terror.

"Fall on your knees, my children," said she, "and pray for the poor soul. Sister Frances has drowned herself."

Julia walked on at a rapid pace, the moon lighting her path. But the sun had risen high in the east, when she arrived at a secluded spot on the borders of a delightful stream. On one side was a small wood carpeted with flowers, and completely embowered by the thickness of the foliage. The poor girl, exhausted by her journey, lay down in the coppice and slept, cradled by the perfumed breeze of the morning. The wood was alive with deer, which bounded backward and forward, but did not venture to disturb the sleeper, who, half-hidden in her silvery bower, was unconscious of their presence.

Julia had slept several hours, when she was startled by the sound of carriage wheels. She rose, and running to the roadside, saw a traveling coach approaching her at a rapid pace. When it came opposite to where she was standing, she saw it contained a middle-aged lady and her maid. These persons had been visiting at a distant town, and were returning to Madrid. Seeing a young girl alone in so solitary a spot, and dressed in the fashion of a beggar, twice she desired the postillion to stop, and beckoning Julia to approach, she questioned her. Clasp- ing her hands and weeping bitterly, she begged the lady to protect her, and said she had fled from a home where she had been harshly treated. The lady, thinking so ingenuous a countenance could not deceive, and pitying her forlorn position, desired her to enter the carriage, and said she would carry her to Madrid.

The grateful girl accepted the offer; and in a short time the travelers came in sight of the

capital, which is entered by an avenue of pine trees. They alighted at a magnificent mansion near the Gate of the Sun. After Julia had partaken of some refreshment, she was shown into an elegant apartment, where a bath and a change of linen were provided for her. In the morning, she was received in an elegant breakfast-room, which opened on a magnificent garden.

The lady, by her kindness, soon won the confidence of her young guest. Julia told her tale, and was surprised to hear that the lady, who was a rich widow, knew Lorenzo's family. His father being dead, he was now Duke of Sidonia; and, though abroad at present, was expected at Madrid shortly. Donna Mercida promised to write to Valencia, where she had a friend who would make inquiries about Julia's mother. In due time, an answer came. Donna Isabella was dead. She had not survived the loss of her child three months. Father Antonio, who had never divulged the place of her retreat, was also no more. Donna Isabella had left him all her property; but he did not live long to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. Although she had been the cause of her daughter's misfortunes, the affectionate girl long grieved for her loss; and Donna Mercida, delighted to possess so agreeable a companion, in order to distract her mind from her situation, took her with her into the gay world. They visited theatres, balls, and festivals; and Julia, who gradually recovered her spirits, was delighted with everything she saw. In this manner another year passed away. The lovely girl had merged into the elegant woman. She was tranquil, if not happy.

One evening, Donna Mercida, accompanied by Julia, went to a masked ball at the house of a friend. On reaching the mansion, she found all the place in a blaze of light, and the company passed through rows of obsequious lacqueys. On entering the superb saloon, they found that most part of the company had arrived. The gentlemen wore black dominos, and the ladies were masked. Julia and her friend sat a little apart, wishing to contemplate the gay scene before they joined the dancers. They had not been long seated, before the doors were thrown open, and a tall domino entered, followed by a suite of gentlemen. The stranger crossed the room and remained standing, leaning against one of the pillars which supported the orchestra. Julia, whose eyes had unconsciously followed this figure, suddenly grasped Donna Mercida's arm, as if to sustain herself; and before she could detain her, she had left her side and was threading her way through the dancers.

When she reached the other end of the apartment, she glided behind the pillar, and whispered, loud enough for the stranger to hear—

"A noble Spaniard never breaks his word."

The domino turned round, but Julia had disappeared like a shadow, and was seated by her friend before the gentleman could recover from his astonishment. Julia could see, from the place where she was sitting, that he passed rapidly backward and forward through the crowd, trying to get a sight of each lady's face. Fearing to be recognized in so public a spot, she begged her friend to leave, after explaining her motive for wishing to do so.

The remainder of the tale may be soon told. The Duke of Sidonia, for, of course, the reader is prepared to hear that it was he Julia had seen in the ball-room, ascertained, by making inqui-

ries, that a young person answering her description had been for some time under Donna Merceda's protection. In a very few days, he was seated by the side of her he had never forgotten.

In a week or so, he presented the beautiful Julia to the fashionable world as the Duchess of Sidonia. Some time after, Diego, who had found his way to Madrid—business being slack in Valencia—presented himself at the palace of his former patrons. He was well received, and overwhelmed with presents; but he refused a post which was offered to him in the duke's household. A wandering life had become a habit, and he would never be able to be contented in one spot. He accepted the gold, but did not change his occupation. Pedro, the traitor, disappeared from the scene, and it was conjectured that he had joined a band of Bohemians.

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

(AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BY A. FLOYD FRAZER.

I FEEL within my self-consuming breast,
Some haunting vision of the vast Unknown—
Some power prophetic, that with strange unrest,
Peers thro' the curtains of th' Empyrian zone,
Where higher Essences pervade alone
Th' unblighted realms of an Eternal Sphere;—
Where skies expand o'er which no storm hath blown,
And airs mellifluous float so sweetly clear,
The Soul deplores its dust, and mourns its bondage
here.

In that far world, unclouded and serene,
Are beings—shadow'd on our spirit-sense—
More bright than those of earth have ever been,
That dwell all deathless in the wide Immense:
Their gorgeous home no mortal eye hath seen—
Its pillars rise beyond the farthest star—
Perennial flowers and fields of fadeless green—
Lie couch'd in endless bloom; where naught can
mar
Their beauty—where no fierce conflicting passions
jar.

The mind's creations are its laws of life—
Its latent life—expressed in living forms
Above all mutability, and rife
With power defiant of terrestrial storms:
Oh, how my longing spirit glows and warms,
Amid the drear inclemencies of Time,
When far beyond the pale of dread alarms,
She views the City of her native clime,
Whose sun-touch'd temples rise, eternal and sublime.

And there are times, when thro' the misty veil
That hangs obscurely o'er yon peaceful goal,
Some breath of love those kindly spheres exhale,
That fills the heart, and burns into the soul:
It is that love whose soft and fond control,
Wed Dante's mind to an immortal bride;
That love which, tho' dark billows madly roll
And toss our bark of life, still o'er the tide,
All pure and star-like shines; our true and earnest
guide.

To the ecstatic and Elysian shore,
Where faith the heart hath wish'd—the mind hath
sought,
Exists in bright reality: sublimely more!
The great Ineffable, with which is fraught
Our Inner-Life, shall there be told and taught
To loving ones, and read by kindred eyes
Forever; nor Change, nor Death, nor aught,
Shall wring from breaking-hearts those gentle ties—
The purest, deepest of our being's mysteries.

I often lean against these mortal bars,
That hold my spirit in their hard embrace,
And gazing out upon the lonesome stars,
That burn along the solemn aisles of space—
Long for my kindlier home; where I shall trace
The radiant paths seraphic steps have trod,
And meet once more—ay, fondly—face to face,
(Beyond their cold alliance with the sod,)
The lov'd of yore—the early lov'd of God.

ABOUT HOLIDAYS.

BY PHILIP WALLYS.

MANY years ago, (two at least,) there was an announcement, something to this effect, in an old and respectable journal:—

“Passengers out of New York—so and so (in figures)—into New York, so and so.

“Total number in one week, on one road, 25,892½. The largest train was on Wednesday, which had 669½ passengers.”

And this Wednesday, preceded the great and crowning Thursday of November.

I had been reading Swedenborg's Theological Fantasies, and at that time my mind was weak, and I was in danger of becoming an idiot, trying to make out what “½” a passenger might be like. It was in vain—and I consulted the “spirits,” who knew no more about it than they did about the loss of the Atlantic, (which came in safe;) then I went to a poet, (not a maker of verses,) who told me plainly, after a harsh preface, (which I may have deserved,) that it meant—

A Child!

I knew that the greatest men and the loveliest women in fashionable hotels are known as No. 238 or No. 429, and known only in that way, but I did not before know that in railroad biographies children were expressed by the simple figures “½.” I thanked my friend for his information, and returned a wiser, if not a better man. So, gradually coming out of my weak state, by the judicious use of tonics, such as “Sartor,” and “Arnold,” and “Shakspeare,” and “Lamb,” and by spending days with C. D. and C. S., I was able, before the year came round, to go myself along the New Haven railroad, into that small but industrious kingdom, called Connecticut. The piety of that people is proverbial, but I am sure nothing strikes the traveler more than the “Punkins”—and it may well be that these two are its distinctive characteristics; on every hand they lay rich and yellow in the autumn fields, and load after load (of the “punkins,” not the piety) passed me on their homeward road. At this point, I could tell a story about Reuben Choat and this rich and delicious esculent—but I forbear. I trust that I am not to be the means of bringing any vegetable, however excellent, into undue notice, and that no editor will feel it necessary to have the portrait of this one engraved for his frontispiece; it is mind that we look for in magazines, not punkins.*

* Spelled pompions, etc., in books, but always called plain punkins.

Once in the state, I went straight to that little village, between the hill and shore, where I had been a tender little “½”—where I had grown to be almost a first-class passenger, before I was snatched away and pitched into a sort of whirlpool, and instructed that the one thing needful, was money—only that—and that I was to make it, or become contemptible. Now, on this subject of money-making, I could write a long and interesting book, and some leisure afternoon I will, but not now—not now. Once in the state, again in Mayford, a crowd of recollections came in upon me, and then I knew well what purpose that—

“Total number, 25,892½—had in hand.”

They were going home to THANKSGIVING. Perhaps it is not safe to say the whole “dem'd total” were going to the places of their childhood, which memory clothes only with pleasant things; but a very large proportion were bound thither to worship their household gods, and to enjoy the homely goods; and of the “669½,” there can be no doubt. Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Wives, Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, Sons, Daughters, and Babies, to the number of 669½, each were there somewhere, to welcome them HOME, with that warmth which electrifies the mystic chain of consanguinity; more than this, 669½ black boys and 669½ dogs shouted their welcome—669½ cockerels had crowed on 669½ dunghills, and were baked into a pie, and an equal number of that American bird, the turkey, lay on the household altars a rich and ready sacrifice.

“LAUS DEO!”

“Were there any bachelors among these homeward pilgrims, Mr. Wallys?”

Oh, my prophetic soul! there were, there were; but believe me, there were twice as many beating hearts, and four times as many blushing cheeks and warm hands waiting them, like ministering spirits, to cure them of that disease.

“And were they cured, Mr. Wallys?”

They were, they were, thoroughly.

It is not necessary to say what becomes of that great number of blooming daughters which embellish the windows of New England houses—so, that but for their purity, they might be mistaken for harems of the faithful—for the dullest will understand, when I tell them that at the age of seventy-two, Miss Mary Ann Parmly enjoyed her

first love, and went a missionary to Typee on her wedding trip.

When I was a child, (and it was long ago,) I was a member of the Episcopal Church, and took great pride in it, and went to church every Sunday, and rather sniffed in my heart at those boys who went to "meeting," where, as I now remember, the tops of the benches were very hard, or the bottom of me very soft; in those days the services were regular, we always knew what was coming next, and when the minister, in his upper pulpit, instead of opening his sermon and reading a text, opened a large paper and looked over us, the congregation, as much as to say—

"Now then, wake up."

We all did wake wide up, and, as I remember, I palpitated, for at first I was not sure but he intended to ask me, "what is your name?" or some other thing from the catechism, which I could answer well enough, but not then. I, and indeed all, listened with great satisfaction as the clergyman rolled it out of his mouth (for he read it much larger than he did the bible) with its great and stately piety, beginning with "Proclamation," and so on through "crowned with plenty," "clouds drop fatness," "peace in our borders, and plenteousness in our palaces," till he came to the end, "By order of the Governor. Thomas Day, Secretary."

When it was done, the seniors breathed freely, and on the faces of us children, there played at least a lambent smile, though it was Sunday, and we in church. I don't think our clergyman much approved of this thing, for there was nothing about it in the Prayer Book—and so far as I know, our bishop had no hand in it, but for the sake of peace, we went in for it. Who wrote those Thanksgiving Proclamations, I could never guess, for it is evident that all through the States it is done by the same man, and as he has been doing it now for so many decades, and is not dead yet, I think it may possibly be—the Wandering Jew; and I hope it is, for to him it may give relief. Whoever does it, has my thanks, for it is the signal for great enjoyment. The effect of this proclamation is mystic, magical, and like the divine air which issued from the cave at Delphi, it converts every woman into a Sybil, and she foresees the future; to her the sermon is as though it were not, or the sounds are the cackling of hens and the gabbling of turkeys; she sees them crowding about her, and hears them cry—

"Pick me—pick me! I'm fat—
Gobble, gobble, gobble."

Which the Reverend Mr. Careful might just as

well have said, and saved his beautiful round periods for another day.

She sees them dressed, (undressed I would call it, for there is not a feather on them) and lying fat and quiet on their backs, with wings folded and legs crossed; their heads are gone, but it matters not, for there is small expression in the head of a hen, 'tis in the side bone, as I think, one looks for that, and in the pope's nose. In church her mind is in the great pastry; she is working and rolling the crust, laying in the chickens geometrically, adding pork, adding pepper, adding salt, pouring in the jelly juices, covering the broad top, on which are inscribed mystic characters, neither Sanscrit nor Runic, and lastly, consigning it to the cavernous recesses of the oven, now as hot as—as a furnace, at least—with some doubt, but with more faith. She sees it come forth from that, full, brown, perfected—

A work of Art—A CHICKEN PIE.

Again I say—"Laus Deo." Children are in her eyes, going hither and thither with paper parcels, which they carry with inquiring minds and furtive fingers—for what a thin pellicle is between them and raisins, allspice, and cinnamon. Those punkins of which I spoke, now mingle with the piety, and rich and yellow, present new phases, and in the pantries, shelves of pies in every variety—apple, mince, punkins, tarts, and turn-overs, delight the eyes of children, and mellow the hearts of mothers. But generous and loving as those mothers are, no love is strong enough to induce them to cut into those cakes, till the great Thursday comes, the day when hearts and homes are full, and cars are loaded.

But the day does come, and all hope for sunshine; yet, if it should be seasoned with a little snow, the more appetizing it is; and if it does even storm with wind and rain, it does no harm; that day cannot be spoiled—it is THANKSGIVING!

So it has come round—and round it does come every year, and it can be depended on now, and out have gone the dwellers in Egypt to worship, and there is no need to spoil the Egyptians. So the little church bell goes "blang," "blang," and sounds out over the tops of the brown houses, till it gets through pieces of woods and into barnyards, and surprises the cock and hens, because it is Thursday; for, religiously as they have been raised, they can't understand that. Surprises too the farmer's boys, who have been so long polishing their heads, that now they must hurry up the horse and wagon, which they do, and in they come rattling to the green—and out of the houses the people go in arm and hand, and no-

body is in those houses but some Aunt Susan and a large turkey.

It is one of the peculiarities of this "Peculiar Institution," that ministers are not bound to preach the Gospel on that day—and they don't. They preach about politics, or schools, or war, or Jerusalem, or drunkenness, or Passmore Williamson, or good roads; indeed, they go skylarking off without any text, and preach about what they are interested in, and say what they really mean, and have a hearty good time. Theology stands a poor chance that day. For my part, I wonder that more ministers do not die sudden deaths. Only one vent in a whole year, must result in explosions, one would think, and that they must die painfully, as it is said a sculptor does, "who makes faces and busts;" while the truth is, as statistics show, that they are the longest-lived of any class. I don't understand it.

Nobody goes to sleep during Thanksgiving-day-sermons, and that too is a fact to ponder on.

There are, or there were people who despised the body, and thought it was somehow wrong to have a good time here; by some such theory of compensation as this they lived, viz.: "The more you suffer here, the more you will enjoy somewhere else." Now I am not the man to say, "enjoy the present regardless of the future," for I am not a fool, neither do I say, "despise the present, because of the future." What I would say, if I were urged, is, "enjoy the present, so that you will enjoy the future."

To be aware of one's own imperfections, so as to remedy them is the part of a wise and a good man, and to be alive to the political, and social, and moral, and religious needs of man; but to be melancholy, and dyspeptic, and miserable, indicates a very ungrateful heart, and for myself, I would not advise a person who hopes for Salvation, to fall into a chronic state of misery, known by the name of Grummidge. I believe, however, that the most hardened persons of this class cave in on this day, they cannot resist that brown turkey, those tender chickens, that great pastry, and those delicious pies; and this keeps alive my faith in human nature, and in myself; for, if they could stand out against this thankfulness and enjoyment, I should have fears that I might fall into their conditions, and now I know that I shall not.

We always dined with my grandfather, who was a genial, almost rollicking soul, and a permanent surprise, after fifty years of close relations to my grandmother, who was a kindly, but painful and pious woman. The slight friction and contrast was delightful; my grandfather used to say—

"Now Philip, stand up—I had then taken four pieces of pie)—now stand up and shake yourself, and see if you can't get in one more piece."

Then my grandmother would say—

"Why, Mister Hill, what a child you are!"

Which he was, thank Heaven.

Before the days of railroads, it was a job and an excursion, and an enjoyment to travel, and then people went to Thanksgiving jollier than now, if not so rapidly—one-horse wagons and chaises, and sometimes sleighs carried them, with small baggage, for twenty or thirty miles, and the journey was an event for which they prepared with extra provisions and family prayers. The presents they carried were not bought solid out of shops, but were the production of their own lands or hands, and such are the best. Now, anybody can travel and can go anywhere, and be very dusty and uncomfortable. Some years ago, I was commissioned to look up some Revolution pension women; they ranged from ninety to one hundred and ten; and I found nearly all had gone traveling; so I invested a hundred dollars in railroad stock, thinking it must pay.

Some people wonder what was the beginning of this day, the keeping of which has made its way along with brass buttons and excellent clocks, and Lynn shoes, and New Haven coaches, till it has occupied great kingdoms—even South Carolina. As the object of this paper is to instruct the understanding, not to tickle the taste, I may as well at this point, give a little information.

In the year of our Lord 1628, Edward Winslow, a great and good man among the Plymouth Pilgrims, wrote to a friend in England, that after the gathering of the crops in November, Governor Bradford sent out a company for game, "that they might furnish themselves more dainty and abundant materials for a feast, and rejoice together, that they had gathered the fruits of their labors;" so they gathered game and cooked it, and ate of it, and they feasted Massasoit and ninety of his Indians, and they thanked God with all their hearts, for the good world that furnished so many good things, and that they had gotten beyond the reach of Laud, and that they were free to worship their own God, and that they could pray out of a book or out of their mouths, or out of their hearts, as they saw fit, and that they had shaken off the shackles of a worn-out faith and custom, and stood now face to face with God and with one another. Through much trial, suffering, and doubt, they had come to this land; they had left homes, friends, and comforts in

England and in Holland, and had set themselves down in a wilderness, and though many had died, yet not all, and now they had homes, and food, and liberty—and neither their persons nor ideas were trampled down. So they had much to be thankful for, and they said so—they honored God and respected themselves. Many suppose the Puritans were all bigoted, cruel, straitened religionists—it is a mistake. Among the first settlers, and particularly in Plymouth, most were generous and liberal, and it was not till the ministers, led away by an idolatry to Jewish customs, endeavored to apply them in New England, that the bitterness of Puritanism appeared.

Puritanism comprised the best men in old England, men who could no longer suffer the baseness, the venality, the corruption which cankered the heart of Church and State, and they rose against it, and grappled with it and fought it, and for a time overcame it; and the Vanes, and Miltons, and Hampdens, the Brewsters, Winslows and Robinsons, are worthy of all honor, let who will say nay—so that was the origin of the first Thanksgiving in New England.

But Thanksgiving is over, and so is my story. We will stand by this peculiar institution, for it is rich in pleasant memories; it is an honest festival, and it is good—but as time rolls along the years, and age comes to us freshly, but kindly, we will be a little more careful of our digestion—a *little* more only.

Let us move on. What next?

The sober gray of winter clothes the landscape; the last leaf has twirled down; the robin and the wren are flown; beautifully branched the delicate spray of the elm and beech spreads against the sky, when the December days mark the progress of the year. The world is then serious, not sad, for however grand and solemn nature may be, she is never sombre; and now the soft-footed snow comes down out of the crystal sky, and Master Frost mirrors over the streams and the ponds—and all for what? Because there's a good, a good time coming, and they are getting ready for it—because they love children, and children love them; because

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Christmas, whose praise is as wide as the world; a day ushered in by the chimes of the stars and the songs of the angels, which is greeted by the glad-hopes of all who have faith in man; for, on that day, in the Stable of Bethlehem, was born the carpenter's son, who was to become the divine man—who was to live in life the truth which was incarnated in his soul—who was to speak glad tidings to all the poor and the imper-

fect, and the enslaved; words which would raise them toward manhood, and freedom, and truth, and perfection; words which brand individual and national despotism as devilish, cruel, and cowardly; words which are winged with hope and touched with light. Such was the man Jesus, as we love to know him; his present life was poor, and his death early—but his memory is sweet, and his truths are eternal.

So then Christmas is coming, is it? To be sure, it always comes; all men hope for it, all children know it, for it is their festival, it is the *child* Jesus they love, and on that day I will join them; we will renew our youth. It is a pleasure to see how Raphael and Murillo enjoyed that child, and how they loved to paint him, much more than the mother, I am sure, for nearly all Raphael's Marys are waxy and lack-a-daisical; only the Dresden mother is not—she is great, rapt, motherly—so, my friends, buy your wives a Dresden or a Seville Madonna for a Christmas present, and hang it where you can see it every day, and don't buy a crucifixion, not even Albert Durer's. Everywhere Christmas is kept in northern and southern lands and the Jews themselves on that day shut up shop.

The Jews keep Christmas, the Quakers (since the Kansas business) are for fighting, and the Catholics are out for religious liberty; yet there still live some intense fogies who say there is no progress.

With us, Christmas comes in cold weather, and it loves to see a cheerful fire in an honest home; in a warm climate a tree is as good as a house, for shade, not shelter, is needed; and it is only among northern nations and in hard countries that *homes* have their significance and value; and this unquestionably affects material character. Geniality and companionship may blossom in sunny lands, and there may be found and felt the charm of ease and grace, but around the hearthstone gathers the *FAMILY*, old and young together; there are hopes, comforts, and there sentiment ripens into principle, and becomes law. So, where each man's house is his castle, it is not easy to steal away or to destroy his liberties. In winter then, we will keep Christmas, in our oldest houses, we will pile on the crackling logs, and gather again our relations and friends; we will go out with the boys into the woods and get the "greens" for Christmas wreaths, and dig in the snow for the beautiful pine, and will ride to the church on the top of loads of pines, and hemlocks, and kalinias, and will help the girls to weave them into festoons, and wind the pillars and hang the galleries, and make the star, and

work the green letters for "glory to God." And when all is done, and Christmas Eve comes, and the little church is illuminated with candles in every window, and the girls in white sing out of the gallery from among the green trees (far better than any angels) why then we will be young again. I will—I, Philip Wallys, and will enjoy that. Once, if not twice, in the year I would risk an indigestion, and on Christmas day, I would not refuse a piece of mince-pie, for if one sins a little, one will enjoy his virtue the more. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, I will maintain the Maine law, on the sixty-fifth let us have one glass of the foaming wine, let us drink a health, sing a song, and be abandoned. Oh, my friends, if wine be the nectar of the gods, for heaven's sake forbear from the snobbishness of drinking it at eating houses, and degrading it to culinary and digestive purposes. If possible, let delicacy and sentiment save it from further disgrace.

The homely country life of old England—not the present England—has developed the full glory of Christmas. If she had given us no noble statesmen, no human poets, no brave pioneers, no enduring Puritans—she should have our thanks for her Christmas. Once the poor were not paupers, hateful because they increased the rates, but they were more like children to the rich landholders; it was a dependent relation, and one that could not and should not last, but it was better for a time than none. Christmas warmed up kindly feelings and brought all together to a common feast; rich and poor, master and servant sat down to the same ample board, and none in England were hungry. We have all read, in Geoffrey Crayon, and we know of the "Waits," who sang under the windows at Christmas eve—and of the Yule Log and the sirloins, and great puddings and of the games and the catches, and the maskings and the merry makings; so take our thanks, kind man, and believe that at Christmass we will keep your memory green.

Nothings rings out more cheerily at one's chamber door than "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" as shouted by the children; let them scamper away uncaught. But be careful not to debauch them with wholesale presents; a slight and carefully chosen present is better than a whole German toy-shop or a library of gilt edged books. So, too, when everybody feels bound to make presents to everybody the whole thing becomes absurd and must come to an end.

Rich people don't seem to know that the Winter-country has charms hardly equalled by its

summer beauties, and that they ought to spend their Christmas there—for their children's sake they should do it; consider how dreary it is to leave the wide snowy landscape (how desolate for a boy) to come into a town where there is no activity, absolutely none, but to skate on one foot in a street gutter. Think of it!

I believe Christmas is gaining strength, for in spite of many obstacles, the world does move slowly toward a better state; children must have the day, and so must people who have young hearts, and all are helped by it. Paul and I have, therefore, decided to stand by Christmas.

INDEPENDENCE DAY is our national holiday; and there is none like it, the Fourth of July. On that day our fathers stood up in the hall at Philadelphia, with the halter round their necks, and declared that they would be free or die. And they were free, and we are enjoying the result of that bravery and loyalty to the "divine right."

We acquiesce (as the word is) in Trainers, that on that day they must train; we admit that powder must be burnt, that the crackers of the venerable Chinese nation must be consumed by young America, and that a large volume of self-glorification must escape on this day—so far all agree. But I protest against rums, gins, flips, cocktails, smashes, juleps and against drunkenness and degradation in wholesale and in retail.

Easter has not become a general festival with us and probably will not.

MAY-DAY ought to be our great holiday, and in a degree it is, but so much depends upon clouds and winds, early in the year, that we cannot count upon our weather. June is better, and might postpone May-day till the middle or last of the month—but it is hard to wait, for the flowers are blooming, the trees are bursting, the grass is springing, and every grove is vocal with the song of birds, every rivulet a psalm of praise.

The year is then full of promise, in its youth, when faith and hope go hand and hand: then the farmer casts the good seed into the lap of earth, and trusts the rains to water it; the sun to warm it, and the dews to refresh it, till the bounteous mother restores it to him tenfold. Surely nature with its wealth and its beauty and its grandeur is a manifestation of God, and shall not man heed it?

The delights of May-day are not concentrated, but diffused, we look not then for houses and towns, but wander far away to some shadowy wood or sheltered valley where only a clanking mill or curling smoke, tells how man and nature

are everywhere parts of the great whole. May-day stirs the Gipsy blood, it throbs nigh to bursting if it is pent in brick ways; we must rove free then, go hither and thither, or lie on the grass and let the birds sing and the leaves whisper, and the clouds creep along the sky as they always will: for them we have no care, they are sure to do it, so we yield to the sweet influences and are content. As yet many suppose that Maying is for children: what a fatal mistake! Will the shoe dealer not be better for looking at the hills, the lawyer for studying the sunlights, the minister for looking upward at the clouds, the carpenter for enjoying the fields? Every one of them will be stronger men after a day of Maying, if they will lay aside their trades and do it freely.

In the quiet village of Stockbridge, which lies so lovingly along the Housatonic among the Berkshire hills, a property has been given to the use of the people forever by some of the good-hearted descendants of Sedgwick. It is a rare spot, with woods and rocks charmingly mingled. Here the inhabitants may meet, enjoy their feasts and celebrate their May. Good example is almost as contagious as bad, and other people in other towns may do as has been done here, and so, by-and-bye, every town may not only have its place for the dead but its pleasure ground for the living.

I protest against windy declamation and bloriation and adulation, and national vanity; I protest against the firing of cannons and taking Sebastopol under my window at 4 o'clock in the morning. I protest against abusing the British any more. Do the men of this nation (above 40) suppose that Washington and Knox and Warren and Putnam and Marion and Sumpter and Schuyler and Gates fought the battles of the Revolution for the sole purpose of whipping the British? Some do, and that it was all a cock fight to see who was the strongest. But those men asserted and they stood by what they said—

“That man's first right and duty is to govern himself, to think, speak and act freely; to make and mind his own laws and to obey them; to erect his own schools and to build his own churches and to listen to his own conscience; and he is no man who gives or yields these rights to any kind of king, cardinal or kaiser.”

Now this is the rock on which we stand, and our holiday should keep it in memory, and encourage the British as well as all other nations to assert these rights and to maintain their liberties. Let the soldiers, then, parade, and the crackers burn, and the powder smoke, and the eloquence exhale, and the dinner be eaten, (only let women grace the board, not wine disgrace it,) but let the day be honored and its true meaning be remembered.

We have, then, two festivals, Thanksgiving and Christmas; and we have two holidays, May-day and Independence day; and perhaps that's enough, for it is very easy for any good thing to be abused. The former came at the end of the year the latter at its beginning; the one draws close the bands of sympathy the other enlarges its dominion, the one rests upon the religious element in man, the other upon nature and humanity.

With my moral I will end.

Man was not made for work alone; man is not a machine which wears away and is restored to dust; man has to live in a future, and his life here should fit him for that; work alone will not do it, excessive toil and anxiety tell upon any man and react upon him; the overworked father will be followed by the underworked son, the housekeeping drudge by the idle daughter. Even virtues in excess are disagreeable and painful and will be shunned.

We are an over-worked and over-anxious people and are suffering for it. Public festivals and holidays will help to cure this evil, but *private* ones should also be cultivated. Sunday was intended for this end—does it? It should be the brightest and cheerfulest day of the week, when man's love to God should flow out in love to his neighbor. Now if Sunday is the dullest and longest day in the week, one which wearies man and bores children, then it is not kept as it ought to be. Of public days we have enough, but people might (if they are not sorry for it) celebrate their wedding day, and the birthdays of their children, they will be all the better for it; for that they have my word. For body, spirit, intellect, affections and tastes, must all grow together to make a harmonious whole, without which no man is or can be content.—VALER.

MRS. MARY, LADY OF ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

IN the annals of every nation there is what passes *specially* by the name of the Heroic Age. And though, in our comparatively brief and peculiar history, the whole might, without a misnomer, go by the title of a heroic age; yet, speaking technically, *our* heroic age is, questionless, the age of the Revolution. The antagonist causes, then at work, were specially calculated to call forth the highest and finest energies, both theoretic and practical. The term, heroic, covers not solely the military sphere, but all *other* spheres of thought and action. Thus, there is, probably, not merely a heroic warrior, but a heroic saint, a heroic sage, and even a heroic business man, to go no further. In all these life-departments, the same *essential elements* may manifest themselves under quite different forms.

Without illustrating this thesis by antique references, we may limit our views to our own revolutionary heroic age. Here, unquestionably, we are very rich in the above-named various phases of heroic character. Without touching on the *specialties* then exhibited in this character, which need no recalling, we would refer to Robert Morris, as illustrating the heroic business man.

He was born in Liverpool, of a respectable merchant, January 2d, 1784, immigrated to and settled in Oxford, Maryland—eastern shore of Maryland in 1746, and there received a good commercial, though not classical education. In due time he was established in business in Philadelphia, by Charles Willing, one of its first merchants. After several prosperous business years, he married Mary, the sister of the venerable Bishop White of this city, who was herself born about 1740.

The women of our revolution exhibited feminine heroism not less striking than the men, the masculine, as Mrs. Ellet, Mr. Rufus Griswold, as also many others have abundantly proved. The one class were worthy copartners of the other. Though not handsome, Mrs. Morris was dignified in person, graceful in manner, amiable in moral qualities, and being withal abundantly possessed of wealth, she combined in herself means not only of rendering her husband happy in his domestic relations, but of *also* making him happy in executing the important public offices, which he was destined to perform.

These offices were indeed important. For not

once, but again and again, did the issue of the pending conflict between the mother country and her colonies hang upon the decision of Robert Morris. "Money," says the apothegm, "is the sinews of war." How straightened Washington often was, through WANT of these sinews, is too familiarly known to need repetition. The national "chest" was empty; the bare-footed, freezing, starving soldiers were on the point of disbanding in pure desperation—and this more than once. In these crises Washington was wont to appeal to Robert Morris for the needful; and Morris never failed him. From his private funds he repeatedly advanced sums, which saved the army, and thus the *cause*, which that army sustained. An interesting instance of this kind may, probably, be familiar to our readers. Washington wrote to Morris, that unless a specified sum were *instantly* sent him, his army would inevitably desert him, *en masse*. Morris had not the requisite sum at his disposal. He at once, however, set forth to procure it. He applied to an opulent Quaker, who replied, "Friend Morris, I cannot lend to the country which is at war, but *thee* shall have the money." And forthwith the money was procured, and the army and the country were saved.

Now, the destinies of a faithful, true-hearted wife are so blended with those of her husband, that these notices of Robert Morris are not irrelevant. For, be it said, that Mrs. Morris, through all these trying times, was the sympathizing friend, supporter and counsellor of her noble husband.

Her maiden name was White, she being the sister of that eminent prelate and excellent Christian, Bishop White. As already stated, she was born near the year 1740. Without the attractions of mere beauty, she possessed the higher attractions, that beam from an intelligent, finely balanced mind, and a sensitive, noble heart. Tall, dignified and commanding, with manners having a touch of that stately dignity, which matched the times, and which was *specially* exhibited by Washington himself; she ever made a controlling impression upon all with whom she was present. She was the personal and highly-prized friend of most of the distinguished men of the revolution, and her house, on the south side of Market street, below Sixth, was ever hospitably open for their reception. She presided over

this intelligent, brilliant and heroic circle with a grace and dignity peculiarly her own. Washington was her frequent and strongly appreciating guest, and on his arriving at Philadelphia, after being first elected president, Mr. and Mrs. Morris surrendered their own mansion to his use.

Lafayette was also among Mrs. Morris' intimate friends, and when in Philadelphia, in 1824, he seized the first moment after his public reception by the municipal authorities, to visit her at her house. It illustrated alike the character of Lafayette and of Mrs. Morris, that the former, after thirty-seven years' absence from the country—years signalized by the tremendous events of the first French revolution—should have so cherished the memory of the latter, as to make her his first private call in Philadelphia.

Hitherto, we have seen Mrs. Morris in her days of prosperity—augmenting the brilliancy of her bright fortunes by the intenser brilliancy of her mind and heart.

But, as the moon is eclipsed—sometimes totally—by passing into the shadow of the earth, so it is with mortal destinies. The *shadow of earth*, sooner or later inevitably falls upon the brightest and loveliest of her incarnations. So it was with Mrs. Morris.

Robert Morris, after rendering such inestimable services to his country, and *thus* to the cause of freedom and humanity throughout the world, was finally imprisoned for debt! And why, or how? *Thus*—

Like most active men of business, he embarked in *land speculations*. All over the country he purchased tracts of land—often tracts, which, to the *superficial* beholder, presented the appearance, mainly or solely, of rocks and dry stubble. But his sagacious eye, penetrating far beneath the surface, saw what the common eye could *not* see—that is, the measureless coal-fields, which, with other things make Pennsylvania the “key-stone” state of our Union.

But *prospective* wealth is not always “money

in hand,” and notes in bank, payable on a certain day, *must* be paid on that day. And so one of the creditors of Robert Morris had him arrested and shut up in prison, after the humane usages of our ancestors, in order to compel him to “extract *something* from *nothing*!”

It is a blurred, stained page on our national history, this incarceration of one of the most efficient nurses of its infant liberty.

But the stars beam out more vividly in the darkest night. And so Mrs. Morris' admirable qualities, which had so embellished her prosperous years, shone out more brilliantly than ever before, in these nights of darkness. Day after day, she visited the prison, and tasted the sole dinner she *did* taste at the cell-table of her illustrious husband.

During these troublous years, the ever-memorable yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, and as elsewhere it scourged with terrible severity the prison in which Mr. Morris was confined. One after another of its inmates “went down” before the “yellow flag,” till Mrs. Morris, in passing into her husband's cell, on her diurnal dinner-visits, was *constrained* to walk through two rows of coffins, piled up from floor to ceiling. Could *any* fact demonstrate more forcibly the faithful, loyal nature of this devoted wife.

This prison-experience serves also to illustrate the mind and heart of Mr. Morris himself. Besides two rooms, one his sitting and the other his sleeping room, he was permitted to dig in a plot of ground about the size of one of his apartments. This digging he performed daily, upon the very rational idea that physical exercise and the breathing in of the exhalations of God's fresh earth are of wholesome tendency. We think he was not *altogether* out of the way in this.

Mrs. Morris had seven children, five of whom lived to be married, and her descendants are numerous. That these descendants participate in the qualities of their noble ancestress, we can attest from our personal experience.

“ELLE EST SI DOUCE, LA MARGUERITE.”

BY T. WESTWOOD

I do homage to the Rose, and low
To the Lily's grace, my head I bow;
On meek Mignonette my praise I shower,
And greet softly the sweet Cuckoo flower;
In my love the Violet hath its part,
But I clasp the Daisy to my heart—
Clasp it close, the while my lips repeat,
“Elle est si douce, la Marguerite!”

Other blooms, as fresh and fair, may be—
Gentianella, pale Anemone,
Snowy Meadow-sweet, and scented Clover,
And Wild Woodbine, that unshackled rove—
In my love these flowers have all their part,
But I clasp the Daisy to my heart—
Clasp it close, the while my lips repeat,
“Elle est si douce, la Marguerite!”

LONGFELLOW'S SONG OF HIAWATHA.

It has long been a sneer of foreign, and a complaint of domestic critics, that the poetry of America is not essentially American. The treatment which even our good poets receive from the London press, commonly illustrates all the insulting airs which can be assumed by patronage and condescension. Grub Street wielding the editorial quill, is never startled out of his national complacency by any efforts of American genius. At best, he good-naturedly pats on the back our Bryant, or Longfellow, or Halleck, or Dana, and says, "Very clever, my fine fellow, but we have done the same thing better. Give us something characteristic, please." And then follow vague hints of Niagara, the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the primitive forests, and the Indians, which, as far as he can form a notion of them from his London garret, seem to furnish new materials for poetic description and idealization. A number of American poets, thinking that Mr. Bull really desired something from the United States that he could warmly praise, very patriotically undertook the task of writing Indian poems for him, but, if noticed at all, it was with a grunt of dissatisfaction, which would not have done discredit to an Indian chief. Longfellow, a poet who follows the bent of his genius in selecting subjects, and who is very properly more desirous of producing what is poetic than what is American, now comes forward with a poem which must, we think, somewhat puzzle and confuse the transatlantic critics, who have been requiring something new, strange and American, from America. The poem, or rather the "Song," is in all its externals of scenery, costume, events and personages, entirely foreign to their apprehensions, and can hardly be understood and felt by them. If it be a poem, it is surely a national one, and we look with peculiar interest for the opinions which may be passed upon it from abroad. As regards its success on this side of the Atlantic, we have no doubt that it will be great.

It is first to be said, and said emphatically, that Longfellow, in his present work, abandons all those resources of picturesque erudition, which many consider to constitute no small portion of the wealth of his mind, and which doubtless furnish his imaginative faculty with constant materials for beautiful imagery and felicitous allusion. "The Golden Legend," for example, is a marvel of learning—a poetical reproduction of the manners, customs, ideas, sentiments, vir-

tues, vices, beliefs, characteristics, of feudal Europe; and if the learning is implied rather than directly exhibited, it is because it is the learning of a poet, who vitalizes facts into vivid pictures. But "The Song of Hiawatha" is supposed to be chanted by an Indian minstrel. The assumed character necessarily demands an exclusion from the poem of stores of imagery and allusion which Longfellow could easily command, but which would be inappropriate to the theme and the person. He thus gives up the vantage ground of civilization, and relies for poetical effect on the simple action of his imaginative faculty on the materials which Indian life and Indian legends afford. He even keeps a rigid check on his almost morbid power of fanciful comparison, and trusts himself, with a grand confidence, to the representation of wild nature and aboriginal man. With the exception of his humane and ethical spirit, which subtly penetrates the whole poem, he seems to have suppressed all the peculiarities of his style, and to have changed the ordinary processes of his thinking.

The rhythm is also new and original. It will probably disappoint those readers who fail to perceive, not merely its melody, but the adaptation of the melody to the purpose it serves. The inmost test of originality in a poem is, that it bears evidence of having its source and being in melody, and in a peculiar melody. The words, thoughts, images, representations, are born, as it were, out of the tune to which it is sung. Longfellow's imagination seems to have been haunted by the singular pathos which lives in the tone of the Indian voice, and the verse of his poem has the lingering sweetness of a melancholy chaunt, finely suggesting through its sound the spirit it is intended to embody and convey. A vital relation exists between the rhythm and the whole matter of the poem, and, so necessary is the connection between the two, that if the same ideas, sentiments and events were put into any other metrical form, an essentially different impression would be conveyed. But it is important that the voice, in reading the verse, should slide into a slightly chanting tone, or its fine internal pathetic melody will be lost to the ear. We would not have believed that it was necessary to give this caution, had we not heard lines of the poem read in a manner which destroyed all its effect as melody, and almost as verse.

We cannot better illustrate the nature of the verse, or more clearly indicate the primitive

sources of the inspiration of the poem, than by quoting a few of the introductory lines :

"Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

"I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaba,
The musician, the sweet singer.'

"Should you ask where Nawadaba
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!

'All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'"

He then proceeds to describe how, in the green and silent valley of Tawasentha, where, around the Indian village, spread the corn fields and meadows, ringed with groves of singing and sighing pine trees, this Indian minstrel gathered the materials of his legends and drew the sources of his inspiration.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"

Hiawatha is a traditional personage of the Indian mythology, miraculous in birth and powers, and sent on the part of the Great Spirit to destroy monsters, to clear the rivers, forests and fishing grounds, and to teach the Indians the arts, labors and aims of peace. The opening canto of the poem, "The Pipe of Peace," represents Gitchie Manito, the Great Spirit, calling the red

men together from all quarters, bidding them wash the war paint from their faces, smoke the peace-pipe, and prepare to receive the prophet and deliverer whom he is to send to them—a prophet whose counsels, if followed, will cause them to multiply and prosper. The next canto introduces us to Mudjekeewis, a redoubtable "brave," whose exploit in killing the great bear of the mountains, is rewarded with the dominion of the winds, of which he keeps the west, and gives the east, south and north winds to his three sons. This quaint legend is told with exquisite grace, sweetness and power. The following passage, descriptive of Wabun, the East Wind, and of his wooing, is perhaps the best portion :

"Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

"Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

"But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

"Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

"And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his stinging,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom;
And for ever in the heavens .
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning."

But Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, is, like most mythological personages, whether classic or savage, a sad rogue with the women. Nokomis, a celestial matron, falls one day from Heaven, and on the meadow where she drops, bears a daughter. This daughter is wooed, won and deserted by the treacherous and seducing West Wind, and dies broken-hearted, after giving birth to a son, who is no other than the Hiawatha of the "Song." The description of his childhood is admirably close to aboriginal nature. The birds, flowers, trees, stars, are his sociable and talkative companions; gossip to him of their inmost secrets; and Nokomis is always by to give dogmatic and satisfying answers to puzzling questions. We do not know but that her reply to his inquiry regarding the nature of the rainbow, is as good as science could give:

" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.' "

When Hiawatha approaches manhood, he learns the story of his mother's wrongs, and his heart burns fiercely against his father, and he resolves to seek and punish him. Putting on his enchanted moccasins, by which he goes a mile at a stride, and taking with him his magic mittens, which crush rocks at a stroke, he journeys to the dominions of Mudjekeewis. The description of that potentate of the West Wind is singularly grand; and the self-control of Hiawatha, as he leads his father gradually to converse about his mother, and restrains all external manifestations of the wrath that glows like a coal of fire in his heart, is thoroughly Indian in its conception. At last the hoarded rage breaks forth in a storm of accusation, and he assails Mudjekeewis with all the might of his passion and his magic:

" And he cried, ' O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;
You confess it! you confess it!'
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed his gray hairs to the West Wind,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

" Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,

The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

" But the ruler of the West Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

" Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great War-Eagle;
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

" Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, ' Baim-wawa!'

" Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

" ' Hold!' at length cried Mudjekeewis,
' Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valor!

" ' Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the giants, the Wendigoes,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

" ' And at last when Death draws near you,
When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest Wind, Keewaydin,
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.' "

After Hiawatha's triumphant return from this Homeric fray, we have several cantos devoted to his trials and his deeds. His fasting, his sailing, his fishing, his grotesque battle with Pearl-Feather, the magician of disease, are replete with the spirit, and quaint, wild fancy, of the legends whence their materials are drawn. No other poet has told the tradition of the origin of the maize, so simply and so poetically as Longfellow has done it in this poem. The story of the building, or rather the creating, of the canoe, is also narrated with beautiful simplicity. The different trees yield to Hiawatha their spirit and essence as well as substance, so that the canoe, when completed, has in it all the life and mystery and magic of the forest—the birch tree giving its lightness, the larch its supple sinews, and the cedar its toughness, and it floats at last on the river like a "yellow leaf in autumn," with Hiawatha's thoughts for its paddles, and his wishes for its guide. "Hiawatha's Wooing" is itself a delicious poem. Minnehaha, or Laughing Water, so called from the falls near her Indian home, is conceived and delineated in the poet's sweetest and subtlest manner, and will rank among his most beautiful creations. The character, while it is true to the nature of the Indian woman, is rendered poetical by those evanescent, idealizing touches which exalt fact in the process of portraying it. Her shy reserve is more eloquent of feeling than the speech of ordinary heroines. The scene in which Hiawatha asks the maiden of her father for his wife, is admirable for its homely dignity and plain depth of emotion. The old man, after the request is proffered, smokes silently a few minutes, then looks proudly on Hiawatha, then fondly on his daughter, and answers with equal gravity and conciseness—

" 'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!'

"And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband.'"

The life-like representations which succeed, of Indian festivities, domestic life, manners, customs, superstitions, indicate clearly that the poet has realized the facts of Indian life and character to his imagination with sufficient vividness, to give his descriptions the appearance of being drawn from observation, while he throws over the whole a softening light and charm, derived

from his own heart and fancy, and which the eye of a mere observer never discerns. In the midst of this picture of wigwam-life, a legend is introduced, called, "The Son of the Evening Star," peculiar even among Indian traditions, for the startling wildness of its fancy, and the shocks of pleased surprise its dazzling incongruities give to the sense of proportion and probability. In all these legends, we are struck equally by the strength of the imaginative power they evince, and the scantiness of the materials, on which the shaping power is exercised. The result is exaggeration, disproportion, gigantic "vestiges of Creation," lying in heaps, or connected by no ties of relation. A similar result is sometimes observable in the early works of young poets, even in our day. There is a period when the mere exercise of the faculties is a delight, without regard to the objects on which they work. As the mind broadens and matures, we learn to appreciate things and relations, and to find a greater pleasure in working with nature, and in harmony with objective spiritual laws, even in creating new beauty, than we found in misconceiving and distorting both, in the tumult of youthful, ignorant, and unregulated power.

But to return to Hiawatha. In the many schemes for the advancement and elevation of his race, which occupy his heart and brain, the poet especially refers to one, "Picture-Writing;" and the original process by which the untutored but aspiring barbarian might have made this step in civilization, is finely stated. Among the signs and pictures by which Hiawatha recorded events and thoughts, we have the following description of the Love Song, as written in symbols—

"Not forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting!
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

"First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
'Tis the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, 'My painting
Makes me powerful over others.'

"Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, 'Listen!
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing!'

"Then the same red figure, seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
'I will come and sit beside you;
In the mystery of my passion!'

"Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together,

With their hands so clasped together,
That they seem in one united;
And the words thus represented,
Are, 'I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!'

"Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested,
Was, 'Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!'

"Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping; and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, 'Though you were far from me
In the Land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!'

"And the last of all the figures,
Was a heart within a circle.
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning—
'Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!'

"Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village."

But evil spirits, jealous of Hiawatha's goodness and wisdom, now begin to league against him. First, they take from him his friends, Chiabiabos, the Sweet Singer, and Quasind, the Strong Man. Then they inspire—if such a graceless rogue needed inspiration even from them—a kind of mischievous and envious elf, named Pau-Puk-Koewis, to make him the object of his freaks of malice. This "Storm-fool," however, is hunted through all his transformations, and finally killed. But darker shadows now gather round Hiawatha. "Never," says the poet, as he commences the description of these—

"Never stoops the soaring vulture
On the sick or wounded bison,
On his quarry in the desert,
But another vulture watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge and follows,
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

"So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering, flock-wise,

Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish."

The descriptions of the pitiless winter which produces the famine, and of the ghosts which ominously herald it, are almost unequalled in grandeur and impressiveness by anything that Longfellow has previously written. The death of Minnehaha, and the anguish of Hiawatha, are likewise examples of his highest and noblest power. The account of the approach of the white men—the touching majesty with which Hiawatha receives and welcomes them—and his perception that his work, as prophet and teacher, is now done, and that he must yield to their higher intelligence and purer faith—all this is told with grand simplicity and directness; but the poet reserves for his hero a departure worthy of his coming, and we cannot better indicate our admiration of the beauty and splendor of the description, than by quoting it in full—

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin,
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! Westward!'
And with speed it darted forward.

"And the evening sun descending,
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

"And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

"And they said, 'Farewell forever!'
Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the forests, dark and lonely,

Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From his nest among the-rushes
In the melancholy moorland,
Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed.
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

We fear that in this slight and hasty sketch of the poem, we have done little justice to the poet's masterly treatment of his incidents and characters. It is difficult to state the fantastic elements which enter into the composition of the work, in any other words than those of the author, without sometimes converting his occasional child-like simplicity into simple childishness. Entering, as he thoroughly does, into the spirit of the subject—detecting the rude aboriginal power which stutters for expression in many a grotesque legend—and finding the materials for poetry in forms and modes of existence which are seemingly not flexible to poetic treatment—he always contrives to give to his expression of the commonest, or the most extravagant ideas, the dignity and beauty of the soul and sentiment whence they are supposed to proceed.

It will be objected, we doubt not, to the poem, that it is not radically true to Indian life and character. This objection will not, we think, apply to the external form and incidents of the poem. Into these, Longfellow may have subtly insinuated a humane and beautiful spirit, and an ethical significance, such as they do not necessarily contain or suggest. The poet's art is finely evinced in this, if the fact be conceded, for it is an art whose operation is concealed, and which is felt in its effects, rather than seen in its processes. And the result may be due, in a great degree, to the guiding conception which dictated the selection of the materials, rather than to any direct attempt at modifying or changing their nature. The leading traits which the poet and

novelist have hitherto emphasized in delineating the Indian, are his savage pride, fortitude, hatred and cruelty. But Longfellow washes off the war paint from the Indian's face, at the commencement of the poem, and by giving a true direction to qualities, whose perversion has been identified with their action, rather disturbs ordinary impressions of the Indian than really alters his essential nature.

Conceding, however, that though this "Song of Hiawatha" leaves a singularly deep impression of reality and truth to things, it is still enriched with a liberal infusion of the poet's own soul, and implies a continual, though subtle operation of his refining and idealizing imagination, we are yet surprised that he has succeeded in imparting to it so much interest. It fastens and fascinates the attention throughout its three hundred pages of plaintively unvaried verse, and apparently unattractive matter. Whatever may be the judgment pronounced upon it, we feel assured that dullness will not be ranked among its defects; and yet we should have been inclined to pardon some tediousness in the treatment of the subject, from an admiration of the intrepidity manifested in its selection. The process, too, of its composition is that of the enumeration and succession of particulars, not their fusion and combination. This mode of mental action, by which objects are connected, rather than combined, is the process of the mind in uncultivated ages, and is the proper style for the imagined Indian minstrel, who is supposed to chant the poem, but it is as wearisome as a catalogue or an inventory, unless there is an intense imaginative conception of the objects enumerated. Longfellow has been victorious over this great obstacle to his success, through a thorough faith in his subject, and through that vivid and vital realization of its numerous particulars, by which words are pervaded with the life, and instantly flash the image, of palpable things.

In conclusion, it should be said, that "The Song of Hiawatha" proves Longfellow's mind to be essentially poetic, independent of all the aids it may derive from the rich suggestiveness of the themes on which it is commonly exercised. The poem demonstrates that subjects, apparently the most unpromising, he can invest with the visionary charm, and endow with the sweetness, power and beauty of his own genius. P.

THE BRIGGS' BABY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Let well-enough alone.—OLD MAXIM.

It was a forlorn-looking little object, seeming as though it had got into a tangle, and could not get out again—an undistinguishable mass of nothing in particular, whose chief amusement appeared to be that of digging its eyes out with its fists—and yet the whole house was in an uproar about it; and not only the house, but the village too.

The Briggs' Baby, to be brief, was an object of universal admiration. Martha Briggs was yet scarcely more than a child herself, and as to Sam, every one knew that he had only just completed his twenty-first year. Uncles, aunts, and cousins, flocked in from all directions to gaze upon the wonder, and detect in its little, shapeless features a striking resemblance to father or mother, or both; Sam held his head at least three inches higher than before the advent of that remarkable baby; and Martha evidently considered all the extravagant praises bestowed upon the queer little piece of humanity as not the half of what it deserved.

The large, old-fashioned house directly opposite the Briggs', belonged to Timothy Cornwall. Timothy was a rich man; he owned other houses, and numerous broad acres—nearly all of which had been acquired by hard work and careful saving. His better-half was a perfect mirror of her husband; to work and to save had been the main objects of her life. They had both done this for twenty years; and now they were the richest people in Hornetsville.

Everything about the premises was neat, regular, and plentiful; and it was the kind of place that a traveler in the stage-coach would have involuntarily noticed for its air of old-fashioned comfort and luxuriance; each separate apple or pumpkin upon the farm seeming to grow in a proper, regular way, and every tree leafing out in the most orderly manner. One could tell, at a glance, that there were no children there to put things in disorder—no little, muddy feet to come pattering in upon Mrs. Cornwall's immaculate floors—or childish hand to disarrange the methodically-placed tables and chairs. No, when his neighbors spoke of Timothy Cornwall to strangers, they invariably added that he had "neither chick nor child;" and nephews and nieces began to be quite anxious about the extent of their favor with Uncle Timothy.

Mrs. Cornwall had been sitting with Martha;

and she crossed the road to her own dwelling with a thoughtful step, and sat down, in her bonnet, by the sitting-room fire in a complete state of abstraction. She had seen babies before—plenty of them; and yet, somehow, the Briggs' baby seemed to arouse a new and unaccustomed train of thought.

Yes, Timothy was now hard on to sixty, and she was hard on to fifty; they had worked, and saved, and were rich; they could now fold their hands and do nothing, if they liked, for the rest of their lives. But for what had they been working and saving? She didn't see but that it was to make their relations glad when they died; and here Mrs. Cornwall gave a large stick of wood an unnecessary push with her foot. They had an immense house, with no one in it but themselves and Sally, whose province was entirely confined to the kitchen; and, somehow or other, it began to seem kind of lonely. She didn't know as she got rid of trouble, either; for, when anything was the matter with anybody, they always sent for *her*. "She hadn't any children," they said; and on that account, she was expected to be at people's beck whenever they chose to call. Martha seemed so happy, and Sam looked so proud of her and the baby—she really believed that Tim would think a great deal more of *her* if they had children around them.

She sat twisting the strings of her bonnet, and gazing so intently into the fire that her husband entered unperceived; but, stealing round behind her, he bestowed upon her still red lips a kiss, the warmth of which showed that his wife had certainly done him injustice, as he said—

"Why, mother, what's the matter?" as he noticed the cloud upon her brow.

Now this title of "mother" bestowed upon his wife, was one of Tim's peculiarities that afforded an inexhaustible subject of mirth to his friends. By what species of mental hallucination, he could ever regard her in *that* light, was certainly a mystery; but it was known to be an undeniable fact, that within a week after their marriage, he adopted that style of address, and had continued it ever since.

To her husband's great surprise, Mrs. Cornwall burst into tears. She was rarely thus affected; and Timothy began to fear that something more than usual was the matter.

To all his entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall remained for a long time silent; but when, at length, he had obtained a glimpse of her feelings, and found that she was actually jealous of Martha's baby, Timothy indulged in a hearty laugh, partly from a sense of relief that it was no worse. But, observing, from his wife's clouded face, that she was in no laughing humor, he good-naturedly elongated his own visage to a sober expression; and proposed holding a consultation as to what was to be done.

The good man was extremely puzzled at the strange turn that his wife had taken; and thinking that she needed something to divert her mind, proposed a quilting-party.

"I aint agoin' to have any more quiltin'-parties," replied Mrs. Cornwall, with considerable asperity; "there's the house turned topsy-turvy—lots of cake made, and eggs and cream vanishin' like wildfire—forward youngsters puttin' their noses in everywhere—Sally grumblin' for a fortnight afterward—and much thanks *I* git for't all. Don't talk to *me* of quiltin'-parties, or any other parties!"

Timothy had made himself comfortable with his pipe; and now sat ruminating amid vast clouds of smoke. He was not given to repining, but his wife's words had set him a-thinking; and he became wrapped in a waking dream, that was infinitely delightful. Childish hands clasped his neck—soft, childish cheeks were pressed close to his—and childish tones rang out in glee, diffusing unusual music through the old house.

Twenty—nineteen—yes, Timothy, Jr., would now be a likely young man, who could take half the care of the farm off his shoulders, and go on innumerable sleighing-parties with the prettiest girls in the county; and Rebecca, (he would call her Rebecca after his wife,) he saw her, a beautiful and dutiful daughter, on whose account the young men were troubling him continually—but he would be stern with them, and make them keep their distance—they were none of them *half* good enough for Rebecca—he'd show them—but the pipe had gone out; and Timothy awoke to realities somewhat saddened, and watched his wife as she silently arranged the tea-table, that looked so lonely, only laid for *two*. There should be some little, high-chairs there; and china mugs, whose gilt letters traced the words, "To my Son," or "To my Daughter."

The meal was eaten more silently than usual; and Timothy Cornwall and his wife began to feel a void in their hearts—an empty, aching void, that would not be silenced.

Mrs. Cornwall went often to the opposite

house; and sat there tending the baby, while Martha, with her bright eyes and rolled-up sleeves, flitted here and there—now, plunged up to the elbows in flour, in the manufacture of one of Sam's favorite dishes, or singing through the house, broom in hand, as she swept and dusted rooms that seemed already swept and dusted to the last degree of neatness. She found her neighbors extremely useful; and the baby became so accustomed to Mrs. Cornwall, that it was perfectly satisfied to remain in her charge.

"I do wish Martha wouldn't be so dreadful choice of that baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Timothy to her husband, on her return from one of these visits; "she really seems to be afraid that we'll eat it, or do *some*thin' to it! I wanted it over here to spend the day—I thought it would be so nice to have it here, for once—it's a dear, little thing, and knows me as well as it does its mother; but Martha opened her eyes as wide as saucers, and said that 'she couldn't think of such a thing at present!'"

"It *would* be nice," said Tim, reflectively; he having a vision of a model baby that never cried, behaved with all the consideration of a grown person, and went quietly to sleep when people were too busy to attend to it. "Yes," said he, "I should really like to have it here."

Mrs. Cornwall sat nursing her wrath in the rocking-chair; and thinking what an ungrateful creature Martha was, that she wouldn't lend them the baby for a little while!

The months wore on, and the Briggs' baby had got to be quite an old story. It now seemed like a kitten that has commenced growing, and lost its prettiness; except, that it was a fat, good-natured, little thing, and daily increasing in strength and beauty. It was now ten months old; aspired to eat and drink like other people; and, as its father said, behaved in all respects, like a christian.

Sam and Martha were not much given to jaunting—it took time and money; but quite suddenly, one morning, they made up their minds to attend a State Fair, about fifty miles off; for, as Sam said, "he jest wanted to see if them pumpkins, and squashes, and things, *was* any such great shakes, after all."

They would be gone but one night—and after considerable hesitation, Martha listened favorably to Mrs. Cornwall's proposal of taking charge of the baby. Sam laughed at his wife's fears, and declared that "the young one was well enough in such hands; the only danger was, that having tried the delights of having a baby in the

house, they *might* insist upon keeping it altogether." And Martha fully agreed with him in the latter idea.

They would take the afternoon train, and return the next evening; and it was a settled thing that the baby was to be left with Mrs. Cornwall.

When Timothy came home to dinner, he found his wife radiant with smiles. She informed him that they were going to have a visitor, and told him to guess who it was.

"I'm sure, *I* don't know," he replied, half-absently.

"Well, *guess*," rejoined his wife, quite provoked at his indifference, "I'm sure you're Yankee enough for *that*!"

But Timothy's perceptions were very much clouded; and, when in despair, his wife was obliged to divulge the secret, he seemed fairly staggered by it.

"*The baby*," he repeated, "are you sure it's quite well? Maybe it'll have a fit, or somethin'."

"Nonsense," replied his wife, "*all* babies don't have fits—Martha's never had a fit in it's life."

Timothy was rather fearful; but, being reassured by his wife, he ventured to give himself up to all the pleasure of the anticipated enjoyment.

But suddenly his anxiety assumed a new form.

"How are you goin' to *feed* it?" he inquired; "wont it want a teapot, or somethin'?"

The expression of intense contempt in Mrs. Cornwall's eye, as she repeated the word "teapot," effectually silenced her husband, who meekly admitted that "he didn't know much about babies."

Martha came over herself, with the baby carefully bundled up, to reiterate her charges; and almost bewildered good Mrs. Cornwall with the multiplicity of directions. Timothy listened in considerable awe; and, at first, gazed upon the baby as though afraid that it might hurt him. The object of all this solicitude looked remarkably well satisfied with the arrangement, and parted from its mother without a single whimper.

"Didn't I tell you it was a darling?" said Mrs. Cornwall, as she sat down to untie its cloak and hood.

The baby laughed and crowed, gazed from Timothy to the fire, and from the fire to Timothy, and sucked its thumb in perfect contentment.

The old gentleman shook his newspaper at it, but the baby started at the sudden noise; and then Timothy started, because the baby did, and looked so frightened, that his wife laughed at him. The child was playful, however, and after puckering up its mouth a little, concluded not to

cry; and amused itself with pulling at Mrs. Cornwall's cap.

Timothy gazed upon it with the utmost yearning; he fairly longed to take the child in his arms, and yet he didn't dare to say so. He was afraid that his wife would laugh at him; he couldn't imagine how she held it so nicely; and he sat there, watching and endeavoring to learn something. He tried all manner of devices to attract the child's attention; but it looked upon his efforts with such evident contempt, that Timothy really felt hurt.

At length, watching his opportunity, he snatched it suddenly from his wife's arms, and began dancing violently around the room with it. But Timothy was not accustomed to babies; he handled the child awkwardly; and, frightened by his violence, it set up a cry that fairly electrified him.

Timothy listened meekly to his wife's reproof, and sat down in a cold perspiration, while she endeavored to soothe the fractious infant. But it would not be soothed; its feelings had been very much injured; and it cried so loud and steadily, that they began to fear Martha would hear it, and come posting back to execute summary vengeance upon them.

"I declare," exclaimed poor Mrs. Cornwall, panting with her exertions, after trotting, and walking, and tossing the child, until she sank down from sheer exhaustion, "this is worse than churnin'-day, even, or bakin'-day, either! I couldn't feel more badly, if I'd done the hardest day's work I ever done in my life."

The baby was tired out, too, and lay sobbing on her knee—Timothy regarding it with a rueful countenance, and wondering what in the name of common sense possessed it. After awhile, the sobs nearly ceased—the tearful eyes were closed—and with an ejaculation of thankfulness, Mrs. Cornwall deposited the child in its cradle, which had been brought over from the other house. She rocked it and hushed it twice as much as was necessary, for fear that it was not really asleep; and frowned down all her husband's attempts at speaking, until he became quite impatient, and looked upon the baby as something of a bore.

Timothy obeyed his wife's beckoning nod, and stood beside the cradle.

"Isn't it lovely?" she whispered—and he gave a fervent assent.

The round cheek was flushed with its late excitement—one or two tear-drops still trembled on the long lashes—and the tiny, dimpled hand rested, like a rose-leaf, on the coverlet. The

childless couple stood regarding the sweet picture with a feeling of indescribable tenderness; and the infant slumbered on, undisturbed by their low whisperings.

Leaving the cradle and its precious contents in her husband's charge, Mrs. Cornwall went to the kitchen to superintend some arrangements for feeding the baby. Martha had brought over a paper of arrow-root, the boiling of which had been entrusted to Sally; but that damsel, having cooked it with a most homœopathic allowance of water, had manufactured a compound that tasted like burnt pudding. Mrs. Cornwall was fairly discouraged.

"It's a great bother, that baby," muttered Sally, "cookin' up messes jist to throw away—and then to hear the little varmint squeal! My sakes! why the pigs is nothin' to it!"

Timothy sat meditating by the cradle, until, to his great delight, the baby opened its eyes. It was now perfectly good-natured, and smiled at him, and sucked its thumb, as though it had quite forgotten its late wrongs. He held out his hands—the baby manifested a decided disposition to accept them—and the next moment, the delighted Timothy, with the child tightly grasped, in a highly novel and astonishing manner, paraded up and down the room with all the feelings of a conqueror. The baby was satisfied, and looked at him approvingly.

It seemed to be particularly fond of snatching at things, and, having cornered Timothy somewhere near the fire-place, made frantic grasps at an ancient china bowl, that had descended to Mrs. Cornwall from her great-grandmother. Every morning did the good woman dust and polish it with a reverential care; it was so thin as to be almost transparent, and an object of especial admiration to all their visitors.

Timothy gently disengaged the baby's hands, and tried to divert its attention; but the little tyrant twisted its lip in a manner that made its guardian shake in his shoes, and he felt in very much the same predicament as does a man who is perched on a fence with a tiger awaiting him on one side, and a lion on the other. The baby struck the first notes, and Timothy, coward as he was, with a nervous "s-h," drew near again to the enchanted spot.

The catastrophe soon followed—and Timothy awoke from his blindness, to hear his wife exclaiming—

"I wouldn't have had it broken for the world!" as she gazed sorrowfully upon the shattered fragments—and *the baby screaming over the ruins!* "I declare," continued she, half crying, "I almost

wish that Martha had taken the baby with her—I had no idea of its behaving in this way!"

"That's jist the tricks of babies," observed Sally, who had been drawn from the kitchen by the uproar, "you never know how they *air* goin' to behave; sometimes, or *most* times, rather, a-cuttin' up like Old Scratch, himself—and then pretendin' to look so sweet, as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. I know 'em—Miss Briggs' welcome to her baby, for all *me*."

But Martha would have said that Sally was a soured spinster of forty, who viewed other people's happiness through a perverted medium, and was prompted entirely by malice in her unamiable reflections.

Sally banged the high chair, which had also been sent over for the baby's accommodation, as she drew it up to the table; and looked with ill-concealed scorn upon Timothy, who was shaking his wife's thimble upon a pair of scissors, for the amusement of the little responsibility.

Baby graciously recovered from its displeasure at the china bowl for being broken, and requested, by signs, that the sugar-dish and preserves should be handed to it immediately. Mrs. Cornwall answered this demand by placing it carefully in the high chair, and her husband seated himself beside it with much satisfaction.

What should the baby have to eat, was the next question. Mrs. Cornwall was very much at a loss what to substitute for the arrow-root, and the child seemed in a fair way of getting no supper at all.

At length, a bright idea struck her, while regarding a dish of apple-sauce—that was soft enough, in all conscience—and Timothy immediately heaped a liberal allowance upon the young visitor's plate. The baby liked it, that was very evident—Mrs. Cornwall was famous for her apple-sauce—and it dabbled in the plate with its little, fat fingers, and conveyed the palatable compound to its mouth with astonishing rapidity.

The two old people sat gazing upon the child in a sort of delighted surprise, as though they had not expected to see it eat; and finally, Timothy placed a crust of bread in the little hand, in order to diversify the performances. Poor man! whatever he did, was done with the best intention, but somehow or other, it always seemed to be the thing that he should not do; for, after putting the crust into its mouth, and attacking it in a manner that delighted its entertainers, the youthful scion of the house of Briggs suddenly became grave, and exhibited symptoms of choking. Timothy's evil genius again beset him, and he lifted the cup of milk and water to the

child's lips—it was swallowed the wrong way, and the baby began to grow black in the face.

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Cornwall, as the child gasped for breath, "pat its back, quick, or it will choke to death!"

Timothy patted with frightened vigor, his wife patted, and Sally, too, lent her services with a zeal that looked very much as though she considered this a fine opportunity to revenge herself upon the baby. Having been pounded within an inch of its life, the child stopped choking in self-defence; but Timothy continued to pat, as though resolved to prevent all future accidents.

Mrs. Cornwall wiped the perspiration from her face, and sat down considerably sobered.

"For pity's sake," said she, "give it nothing but apple-sauce—that's safe enough, for I took out all the cores myself. I wish to gracious Martha'd come and take it, while it is alive!"

Another supply of apple-sauce was placed before it, and baby finished its supper without any more mishaps.

When the candles were lighted, the visitor became sleepy and cross; and, after sending Sally up and down, much to that damsel's displeasure, to be sure that the room was warm and comfortable, Mrs. Cornwall wrapped the baby in its cloak and hood, and her husband conveying the cradle, they proceeded up stairs to put their charge to bed. A roaring fire, a luxury to which they were quite unaccustomed in their sleeping apartment, had been made on baby's account; and Timothy declared that the room felt like an oven.

The undressing was a complicated business; first, Mrs. Cornwall took things off, and then upon holding a consultation with Timothy, she put them on again, fearing that it might take cold; and baby, indignant at being thus trifled with, rubbed its eyes with its fists, and squirmed about in an uncontrollable fit of passion.

"There—there!" said Mrs. Cornwall soothingly, "hush, now—that's a darling!"

But baby wouldn't hush, and kicked and screamed; while the husband and wife sat regarding it in perfect bewilderment.

"I know what that young 'un wants," observed Sally, who stood by the door with an expression of intense disgust upon her features; "a few good *slaps* would bring it to its senses mighty quick!"

This, however, was not to be thought of; Mrs. Cornwall rocked vigorously, with the baby on her lap—Timothy keeping up an industrious accompaniment to her constant "s—h"—and, at length, the baby became too sleepy to cry, and

dropped off like a lamb. It was deposited in the cradle in triumph; and, with a sigh of weariness, its nurses sank into their respective seats by the fire.

"I feel dreadful tired," said Mrs. Cornwall, "kind of aching, like the rheumatism."

"So do I," rejoined her husband, "and yet we don't seem to have done anythin' either—I haint even fixed that corn-crib."

"I don't see how Martha gets along so well," continued Mrs. Cornwall, "doin' all her own work, and takin' care of the baby, too."

"She must have a kind of knack at it," observed Timothy, "or perhaps the young one knows it can cut up with us, and takes advantage."

"Well," replied his wife, with a decided yawn. "one thing is pretty certain; I shall go to bed before long, and try to get rested with a good night's sleep—it's a comfort that people *can* sleep."

And to bed they shortly went, nothing doubting. Baby behaved beautifully, being wrapped in the calm slumber of innocence; and except that the room was uncomfortably warm, and a light in one's eyes not the pleasantest thing in the world, all went on well.

It might have been somewhere near midnight, that Timothy Cornwall awoke to the consciousness of his wife's absence, and a sort of uproar in the apartment. Shaking off the allurements of the dreamy god, he sat bolt upright, and again experienced the pleasant conviction of baby's existence—which small circumstance he had quite forgotten in the land of dreams. The child screamed, and then moaned, as if in pain, and twisted frantically on Mrs. Cornwall's lap, as she sat in the low rocking-chair by the fire—the light from the burning logs falling upon her pale and disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed her husband, springing to her side.

"I haven't the least idea," was her despairing reply, "I'd give most anythin' I have in the world if Martha'd only come back!"

"Well, I shouldn't care to see her jest now," observed Timothy, after gazing upon the child's pale features, "I'd rather have the baby out of this fix, first, whatever it is. Aint there nothin' we can give it?" he continued, anxiously, "paregoric, or anythin' of that sort?"

"Yes," replied his wife, brightening up, "Martha often gives it a little paregoric. Jest look on the third shelf of the cupboard, there, in the little, fat bottle, with the broken cork."

Timothy seized the vial, and cautiously dropped

the stated number of drops. Baby reared and plunged frightfully, but down it went; and then Mrs. Cornwall tried to trot it into silence.

It was of no use, its screams became terrific; and Sally, who came rushing down from her own dormitory, declared that the child was dying. "Miss Crimer's baby went off jest so—it had fits—and she reckoned that Martha Briggs had seen the last of her'n."

"Timothy," gasped his wife, with a prophetic vision of the officers of justice, and a gallows before her, "go for the doctor, *do!* Don't lose a minit!"

A heavy autumnal rain was falling—a soaking penetrating rain; but Timothy performed a hasty toilet, and hastened to saddle the old white mare. It was pitch dark, and he found himself sinking in mud and mire—the rain beat down unmercifully—and even Timothy's equable temper gave way. He felt about cautiously, grasped the fence, and after tearing his hands with old nails, he banged up directly against the barn door. The shock almost destroyed his equilibrium; but, remembering that there was a dying baby in the house, and that the baby didn't even belong to them, he made extraordinary efforts, and succeeded, at last, in getting hold of the horse. The old lady by no means approved of having her slumbers thus disturbed, and gave her master considerable trouble; but, once fairly on her back, he resolved to fly for his very life.

He led her carefully around to the front of the house, where he was met by Sally, who came to tell him that Mrs. Cornwall was almost in hysterics—he had given the baby poison instead of paregoric—and if it got over one trouble, it would certainly die of the other.

Even Sally was excited; and poor Timothy, half dead with terror, galloped off to the doctor's which was two miles from home. He trembled with a thousand undefined terrors, and became so weak from fright, that he fairly slipped from the old mare's back into the muddy road. Splashed from head to foot, and completely chilled, the poor man crawled up again, and urged his steed forward. Dripping and exhausted he arrived, a most pitiable looking object at Doctor Camomile's door.

Now the doctor was not at all cross at being disturbed—quite the contrary, for patients were scarce at Hornetsville; and it was generally averred that he slept with one eye open, to be ready for emergencies. He received Mr. Cornwall with an appearance of subdued delight; and prepared to accompany him without delay.

"A sad case," he remarked, as he packed his

saddle-bag, "but medical skill often works wonders."

Timothy's teeth fairly chattered on his homeward route; and an unpleasant sensation in his bones seemed to say that the storm had taken a firm grip of him, this time.

As they approached the dwelling, a crowd was visible around it, lanterns flashed in all directions, and flames were pouring from one of the chimneys. "The Hornetsville Engine Company," who seldom had an opportunity to display their skill, were out in full force, and fairly deluging the house with water; the neighbors were all collected, for it was whispered about that the Briggs' baby had been poisoned, and, altogether, there had scarcely been such an excitement in the place "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

Timothy dashed through the crowd, followed by the doctor; and, having reached his own apartment, found it to be the very spot whence the fire had originated. The accumulated soot in the chimney, which had now been in disuse for a long while, caught the flames that ascended from the hearth, and bid fair, at first, to reduce the house to ashes. But the rain and the engine together soon extinguished these; although the company continued to work hard, as if loth to stop the amusement; and the inmates were really in more danger from the element of water than of fire.

Doctor Camomile regarded the baby attentively for a moment or two; it looked pale and sick, but these were no evidences of poison; and Timothy Cornwall and his wife were far more pitiable objects. He called for the vial from which Timothy had taken the dose administered; and, after examining it carefully, pronounced it to be neither poison nor paregoric, but a perfectly harmless mixture for seasoning mince-pies, in which the chief ingredients were cloves and brandy. He inquired concerning its supper, and pronounced the child to be suffering from improper feeding; and, having received something from the saddle-bag, the baby went to sleep.

The neighbors crowded round the doctor, when he appeared at the door, and received his assurance that there was nothing of any importance the matter with the child; and then, as the flames had quite disappeared, they all dispersed to their respective homes.

Timothy's wretched plight now called for much sympathy from his wife, who put forth all her remaining strength to help him on with another suit; and then they both sat down and watched Sally, who was bailing out the water that had

been poured down the chimney, and grumbling as she did so.

"This carpet'll hev to come up, Miss Cornwall," she continued, "and that's jest about the gist of it. The walls is ruined, and I guess we've all caught our deaths—and all for that there plaguey little baby!"

The next day, while yet some distance from home, Sam and Martha were electrified by exaggerated accounts of the fire at Deacon Cornwall's: house burnt to the ground—Mrs. Cornwall barely escaping in her night-clothes. The cars fairly seemed to *crawl*; and scarcely waiting for them to stop, our terrified travelers rushed to the spot, and found, to their surprise, the house still standing.

The young mother burst in upon poor Mrs. Cornwall, and demanded her child in a frenzied tone; and when it was placed in her arms, she cried and laughed over it alternately, and went quite off in a fit of hysterics.

"Well," exclaimed Sam, "I'll never go and leave that child with any one again, as long as I live!"

"If you do," replied Tim, bluntly, "you must find some one else to leave it with—we wont undertake it at *any* price!"

A few days afterward, our friend Timothy sat in a cushioned chair, with one foot in a pudding-bag, composed of wool and flannel, the putting of said foot to the ground being a physical impossibility, and acute twinges of rheumatism flying all over him. His wife caught a violent ague in her face from the wet room; and now sat swathed in cloths, like a mummy, echoing every one of Timothy's groans with interest.

"Oh, I'm so thankful," exclaimed Mrs. Cornwall, after a severer twinge than usual, "that the baby *was* Martha's and not ours, after all!"

"I shouldn't live long, if it *was* ours," replied Timothy, "and I never want to see that or any other baby again!"

OUR HOME BAND.

BY ELLEN L. KILBURN.

WHEN the morning sunlight shone
On life's golden river,
And to glide its waves upon
Seemed a bliss for ever;
Then our baby brother died,
He the angel-hearted:
Bitter were the tears we wept,
When our joy departed

Silently we buried him,
When the flowers were dying;
He the fairest flower of all,
Heeded not our sighing.
Winter spread his snowy shroud
O'er our buried treasure,
Fitfully the bleak wind loud
Wailed in mournful measure.

Came the spring with balmy hours,
Winged with fairy fleetness;
Grieved we then, that lowly laid,
He should lack its sweetness.
Lovely living things returned,
Bird and bee and flower,
Bringing fragrance to the gale,
Music to the bower.

Then we planted on his grave,
Flowers the pure and holy,

Roses from the woodland haunts,
Violets pale and lowly.

And we left him to his sleep
In that quiet valley,
Where the dew-drops come to weep,
Zephyrs come to dally.
Yet within our hearts enshrined,
Beamed his image brightly,
Not more steadfast shone the stars
Watching o'er him nightly.

We are wandering now alone
Through life's stormy weather,
Cloudless visions all are flown,
Flown, alas, forever.
We are thinking mournfully
Of shadows gleaming o'er us;
Of the dark, mysterious way
Lying dim before us.

We are weeping hopes o'erthrown,
Brilliant dreams departed,
Loving ones estranged or gone,
We are weary hearted.
Thou who died so long ago,
From our band fraternal,
Live a blessed seraph now
In a morn supernal.

THE BATTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Her dark eyes gleamed amid the gloom,
Slow-gathering from the stormy main,
She stood as one who fronts her doom,
And tasks the mystic fate in vain—
The while a steed with drooping rein
Burst from the desert's shadowy rim,
And dashed with many a crimson stain,
Paused by the portal black and grim.

She knew the steed—she marked the cloud
Which rolled across the distant fight,
And strove to pierce the awful shroud—
But a strange mist o'erhung her sight,
The prospect swayed in doubtful light,
And idly tottering to and fro,
She shivered in the lurid might
That radiates from a dreaded woe.

O! Love! last eve, your head was laid,
Couched on a soft and tender breast,
And all the thrilling vows you made,
And all I knew, and all I guessed
Of passion breathed, or unexpressed,
Did point to bliss built up on bliss,
An Adenne of voluptuous rest
New-opened by each burning kiss.

But fate is stern, and men are base,
Wrong creepeth in the dark to smite—
A catiff who had seen my face
Once—on El Kalim's castled height,
Swore by the Houris' brows of light
To bear me through his harem gate,
And yonder strives my Roland's right
With jealous fraud, and desperate hate.

Keen is this true Toledo blade—
I bide the issue—if it stand
In full against me—undismayed
I perish by my Father's brand:

My soul is dauntless—free my hand,
And never shall the form he swore
The fairest in Lusanian land
Be yielded to yon treacherous Moore.

But see! the cloud rolls up apace!
But hark! the shouts grow wild and clear!
A sudden whirlwind, and the place
Of strife looms outward everywhere—
And lo! his white plume poised in air,
The victor Roland! a dense throng
With glistening casque, and gleaming spear
Shouting an ancient knightly song

Of triumph close around their lord,
And banners flaunt, and trumpets peal,
And thundering on the level sward
Rush the fierce chargers clad in steel;
The solid feudal bastions reel,
The welkin thrills to brave alarm,
Tumultuous Liegemen's fiery zeal,
With clang of hoofs, and clash of arms.

That night the bonfires hid the stars,
The wassail bowl foamed bright and high,
And to the deepest dungeon bars,
Rang the uproarious revelry,
And knights did woo, and ladies sigh,
And minstrels sang, and jesters laughed.
And gayly sped from eye to eye,
Love winged his fairy-feathered shaft.

But in a chapel near the sea,
Shut from the jest, the dance, the tale,
Where the winds shriek in ghostly glee,
And shadows throng, and billows wail,
Bowed by the altar, hushed and pale,
The Lord, and Lady court the calm,
Till the last echoes rise and fail,
Of solemn prayer, and saintly psalm.

JESSIE—AN IDYL.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Jessie's eyes are full of darts—
Jessie, Jessie!
Ready barbed for human hearts—
Jessie, Jessie!

Music ripples from her lips
As along Life's path she trips,
Plucking for her silken hair,
Roses sweet and lilies fair.

Jessie's years count sixteen springs—
Jessie, Jessie!
Scarcely one a shadow flings,
Jessie, Jessie!

Beautiful as angel's are,
Shining like the morning star,
Gentle as the gentlest dove,
Who'll be blessed with Jessie's love?

Jessie answers with her eye—
Jessie, Jessie!
Blissful knowledge—it is I!
Jessie, Jessie!

Unto us through life shall be
Henceforth but one destiny;
She to me and I to her
Lover, friend and worshiper.

Editor's Table.

LET us have a philosophic talk about newspapers.

A brave Oriental Rajah once hearing from an English commercial agent that the postal system of Great Britain was the source of considerable revenue, took his pipe from his mouth, slapped his thigh, and said, "I'll have a post-office, too!" *Mutato nomine*, this story is the story of John Bull himself. He heard so much of the benefits of cheap newspapers in the United States, that he resolved to have cheap newspapers of his own. He tried the plan in London, Manchester, and elsewhere, but it has not succeeded. We have seen in the English journals a notice of the failure of the low-priced papers. England is not yet ripe for the institution of cheap journalism. The moral soil of the country has not been prepared for the growth of the penny *papyrus*.

The reason of all this is, of course, that the masses of the English people are not sufficiently educated to take pleasure in reading. The schoolmaster has been wanting, in the first place; and in the next, the people want the stimulus of public interest, which, in this country, is felt by the man with an independent suffrage, who knows he is a recognized part of the great system and machinery of the nation, and may be an alderman, a postmaster, a general, or a president. The American takes an interest in things, and looks after his chances. The poor Great-Briton, in general, has no such feeling; and if he can compass his bread and bacon and a pint of porter, leaves literature, politics, and so forth, to those who make anything by them. Along with all this, the English editors don't know how to write for the penny classes; they take too much the tone, the themes, and the arrangement of the big, orthodox journals, and so complete the ill-success of their enterprise. Like their military officers in the Crimea, they are too much for the old system. Altogether, John Bull finds that merely imported plans won't do. He must manufacture his literature for himself—he must sow the seed of his penny-journalism and grow it. Our modes of literature do not suit his people—the body of the nation. And a question might here arise, if *his* established modes exactly suit *us*. In a national and republican sense, we may possibly mistake in thinking that we can take his intellectual system and make our own of it. Can the high-refined literature of an old island with all its prejudices and associations of past times, and animated or colored by the principles of monarchy, exactly suit a new, vaunting, restless people of workers and democrats, whose business it is to drive the world ahead, turn it inside out, and knock it upside down? A question to be asked, truly. We are vigorous Know-Nothings in this respect—firmly believing that America must grow her own literature—begin with her own primer, establish her own terms and her own nomenclature, and so, in a rebellious, revolutionary manner, liberate the thirteen provinces of her mind. No doubt, Americans would have a

better chance of mental originality, if there was no other Anglo-Saxon literature. They must naturally be greatly coerced and perturbed by the influences of that other kindred sphere; for, the subjects of thought must, on both sides, be pretty much the same. It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that to be Americans, our writers must take themes exclusively from this continent, and ignore the letters, politics, and statesmanship of other countries. The English literature is original and genuine, and its themes are gathered from ancient and modern ages alike, from the venerable Bede and Lope, to Bryant and Longfellow—from Timbuctoo to Texas. It is the style of thought that must distinguish between the literature of an aged monarchy and that of a young republic—two very different things. Americans must write histories of Greece and Rome, and histories of England, France, Spain, and so forth, for themselves; they must also write their own systems of criticism and manuals of statesmanship—derived from their own character, wants and destinies. As for that cheap literature, no doubt John Bull will have it yet, naturally, when his people grow democratic and educated; and the Americans shall have their high order of literature, after the tastes, feelings, and impulses of our masses shall have rankly and roughly vegetated for awhile, and then—the homegrown consummate flower, smelling of the strong soil it grew on. Somebody says mistakes are steps of the ladder of human experience.

Winter has fairly set in at last. Old December has spread his icy mantle over the entire face of Nature, and poets have sung elegies on the death of the flowers, until nothing more remains to be said or sung. Do what they will, they cannot equal Bryant's Autumnal Hymn—

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year."

But poets love to look on the dark side of the picture—nothing weaves up into verse so prettily as unhappiness; and these gentlemen of the quill leave out all mention of the sleighing-parties, the skating-parties, the evening gatherings, and the Christmas cheer, which do much to console even poetical natures for the loss of summer winds and summer flowers. Pumpkin-pies, buckwheat-cakes and sausages are now in full glory; and speaking of sausages, reminds us of a crop that once greeted the eyes of a friend of ours, in a most astonishing place. We will let him tell his own story—

"I was at the tender age of twelve, when my father, who was the county judge, received a call to a village some miles distant from home, and after a scene of 'special pleading,' I was permitted to accompany him. We traveled with our own team; but with night came a snow-storm, and we concluded to

put up at a rough-looking tavern by the roadside. It was a queer place; all the wild stories I had ever read of travelers being murdered by avaricious landlords, crowded into my recollections; but the besetting sin of boys of twelve, next to an aggravating appetite, is an astonishing talent for sleeping—and ten minutes after, being introduced into the barest of all apartments, I was fast locked in slumber beneath the patchwork coverlid.

"The first faint rays of a winter morning were endeavoring to straggle in through the apology for a window, that graced one end of our dormitory, when I partially awoke to the sound of heavy footsteps alarmingly near, and became conscious, at the same time, that I was alone in the bed—the judge having gone to make arrangements for our departure. The footsteps came nearer and nearer—one frightened peep from under the bedclothes disclosed to my view a huge red-armed female, approaching me with giant strides, her hand tightly grasping a glittering knife, and her purpose evidently—*murder*. I scarcely breathed—the *heavy feet mounted on the foot of my bed*—I could stand it no longer, but uttering a prolonged scream of agony, I started up wildly, and exclaimed—

"In the name of Heaven, what would you do? Oh, spare me!"

"The woman stared vacantly as she replied with trembling voice—

"Bless your soul, I aint a-going to hurt you—I came up to get some sassengers for breakfast!"

"The terrible mystery was explained, as casting up my eyes, they beheld several rows of sausages suspended over the bed.

"Gracious!" said the female, looking, if possible, more frightened than myself, "how you scared me!"

"I could have returned the compliment, but perceiving that she had mistaken my real, genuine fear, for an ebullition of the mischievous propensities indispensable to boys, I wisely kept my own counsel, and heard myself called 'a limb,' and various other undesirable names, in dignified silence.

"I didn't care for any sausages that morning; and the judge was very much surprised at my loss of appetite, until I gave him the reason, which he enjoyed intensely."

Mrs. Siddons, when looking over the statues in Lord Lansdowne's gallery, told him that one mode of expressing intensity of feeling, was suggested to her by the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down at the sides, and the hands clenched. This is curious, says Mrs. Jameson, for the attitude in the Egyptian gods is intended to express repose. As the expression of intense passion self-controlled, it might be appropriate to some characters and not to others. Rachel, as I recollect, uses it in the *Phœdre*—Madame Rettich uses it in the *Medea*. It would not be characteristic in Constance.

The best society and conversation, says La Bruyère, is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

In a little song, written over four hundred years ago, and preserved in a manuscript of the time of Henry VI. of England, we find the following verses, which show that the social philosophy of the world has not suffered any very great change in the lapse of those centuries. The poet is speaking of the Penny—

"Peny is a hardy knight—
Peny is of mickle might—
Peny of wrong he maketh right
In every country where he go.

"And if I have penys both good and fine,
Men will bydden me to the wine—
But when I have none in my purse,
Peny bet ne peny worse—
Of me they holden little force :
He was a man; let him go!"

Many years ago, a worthy divine of the Scotch Kirk proved clearly, from the Scriptures, that there could not possibly be any of the fair sex in Heaven. As some of our fair readers may feel some curiosity to know how the reverend mind arrived at so startling a conclusion, we here give them the benefit of his logic. It appears that he was summoned before a Presbytery, and being asked if he really held so heretical an opinion, he bravely avowed it, and said, "In the Revelation of St. John, the Divine, you will find this passage, 'And there was silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour.' I appeal to all of you to tell me whether that could possibly have happened had there been any women there? And since there are none there, charity forbids us to imagine that they are all in a worse place; therefore it follows that they have no immortal part, and happy is it for them, as they are thereby exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world!"

If the origin or inspiration of some of the most popular poems or songs in our language could be traced, it is almost certain, it would be found among the people—among that class which relies more upon nature, and less upon books, in giving such things to the world. It would be curious, and a task not without a certain literary philosophy, to collect all the instances of this that may be found, and comment on them. Here, however, we can only cursorily allude to the subject. The sweetest of our ancestral airs and songs, of the Anglo-Saxon language, or preserved in it, have come from the huts of the peasantry and the sheilings of shepherds—showing that the seeds of poetry and music are sown broadcast everywhere, and are independent of the colleges of the land and the polite literature they sustain and disseminate. We have been led into these remarks by the fact that Burns' celebrated lyric, "John Barleycorn," was a plagiarism, the original of which is lost in a number of old lyrics, having for their purpose a celebration of the cheery malt liquor, which has such a charm for the palates of the hard-working people of the cold moist Northern latitudes. It is

interesting to trace the poem from its first inception—as far as printing can show it—to its completest form. The idea was common to England and Scotland. One of the oldest English songs on the subject, was "The Little Barleycorne," which has the following stanza—

" 'Twill make a weeping widow laugh,
And soon incline to pleasure—
'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,
And dance a youthful measure.
And tho' your clothes be ne'er so bad,
All ragged, rent, and torne—
Against the cold you may be clad,
With little Barleycorne."

In Scotland, the oldest verses on this theme, are styled "Allan a Maut," and the growth, reaping, threshing, and malting of the grain, together with the charm and effects of the liquor, are sung with *gusto*. There is another version of this genial song, with the same title; and then comes a later lyric, styled "John Barleycorn," and sung by the peasantry of Scotland long before the birth of Burns. That poet's version is, as we have said, a close plagiarism of the elder lyric, one stanza of which is—

"They took a plough and ploughed him down,
Put clods upon his head—
And they have sworn a solemn oath,
John Barleycorn was dead."

Burns took this, as the reader perceives, word for word. At the same time the English had their versions made near two hundred years ago—one called "Mister Mault," and another, "Sir John Barleycorn." But the John Bulls give Sir John three companions, called "Thomas Good Ale," "Sir Richard Beer," and "Sir William White Wine," showing that the Southern people had more affluent and comfortable ideas than their Northern neighbors. In the same way the finest of Burns' songs are grafted, so to speak, on the old popular formula and floating airs which had cheered or soothed the people's ideas for generations. Again, as regards another noble song-writer, Thomas Campbell, we find that the grandest of his lyrics had a gradual derivation from the simple feeling of uneducated men: we mean his "Mariners of England." Over two hundred years ago, the poor sailors who left their ships in port, and made the best of their way inland, to their homes, had a ditty, which they sung to procure relief, as they journeyed along. Their chant was—

"We be three poor mariners,
Newly come from the seas,
We spend our lives in jeopardy,
While landsmen live at ease."

The sentiment of the two last lines is a very natural one—such as would occur first to the men themselves. In process of time, the popular song—

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,"

was composed by an unknown author, though some attribute it to Martyn Parker. It expresses the sentiment of the older song, and is one of the best of its

kind. Campbell was so struck and touched by its form and music, that he wove his own trumpet-toned lyric upon that model—adopting the well-known cadence, and even the fine concluding line of the preceding song—

"When the stormy winds do blow."

At first he wanted to get rid of the expletive *do*, and wrote—

"When the stormy tempests blow."

But his better taste brought him back from his tautology to the old line, as the people sung it, and consecrated it to harmony forever. It is highly interesting, as we have said, to trace to its first impulse or happy sentence, those songs which *grew* into life and popularity. Regarding that minstrelsy which is indigenous and the only genuine thing of the kind in this country—we mean the lyrics that come from the kitchens and cotton-fields of the Southern states—we should very much like to know what gay darkey it was who first said—

"Turn about, and wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow,"

or how the *refrains* of "Clar de Kitchen," "Git out de way, old Dan Tucker," "Sich a gittin up Stairs," and the rest, came into being, to furnish some of the most popular harmonies, certainly in our language—if we may judge by the wildfire way in which they ran round the world. The most popular and paying melodies are those of the Southern negroes; a state of things paralleled in England by the "Beggars' Opera," which outdid all the imported operas of Italy. Those highwaymen and beggars over the way, and those niggers here at home, have significantly enough been able to win the crowns of dramatic and musical success from the professors of the purest and loftiest literature.

How frequently the phrase occurs, that something or somebody "occupied a large space in the public eye." Has anybody ever formed a definite idea of the size of that extensive optic? Or is it a myth, like "the arms of Morpheus," "the waves of oblivion," "the ladder of Fame," and other expressions with which the dictionary of poets is so plentifully stocked?

Is not this thought from Dr. Herman Hooker's writings beautiful? "It is a mark of a high and pure mind, to imagine greatness or goodness where it is not; to deck with loveliness and beauty actions which have no worthy aim."

We would call the attention of those of our readers who have a special fondness for the Fine Arts, to "The Crayon," a weekly journal, published in New York. It is edited with singular taste and ability

The sonnet to the Greek Slave, in the Powers' article of our last number, should have been quoted, and that it was not, may be attributed to an oversight on our part.

A recent traveler, speaking of the bath of the ladies in the East, says that there is about it nothing of the indelicacy that some have supposed; and that he has good cause for saying so, as he had it from a lady who was daily bathed in the Osmanli fashion. Her attire is first removed. An attendant takes a glove—every day it is a new glove—of undressed silk. With the disengaged hand she pours over her mistress bason after bason of warm water. Then, by means of a gentle friction with the glove, she slowly removes the salts and impurities which are deposited on the skin. This finished, the attendant covers the lady from head to foot, by means of a mop of downy silk, with a lather made of a particularly emollient soap, peculiar, I believe, to Turkey. Upon this soap depends much of that peach-like softness, and snowy whiteness of the skin, for which Eastern women always are so remarkable. It has the reputation of removing stains, spots, and freckles, that are not deeply marked into the cuticle. This part of the matter having been carefully performed, the lady is again deluged in water, heated to 110° or 120°, and poured over her person from a taut—bason—of silver. Large towels—we might call them sheets—of the finest white muslin, richly embroidered with flowers and gold, are wrapped around her, and she is led into a saloon, where, reclining upon a heap of cushions, she sinks into a soft dream-like languor, that might become faintness, were it not for the assiduity with which a slave fans her. As soon as she is sufficiently recovered to bear it, another slave combs, perfumes, and disposes her hair in ornamental braids. The hour after the bath is one of gentle, sleepy loveliness.

Dryden, the poet, in his immortal lampoon against Shadwell, has the couplet—

“A tun of man on thy huge bulk is writ;
Yet sure, thou’rt but a kilderkin of wit.”

This is very happy and very funny. But it is to be observed that Dryden is indebted to Shakspeare for the suggestion of it. Prince Henry, in Henry IV., acting his father’s part, says “a tun of man is thy companion.” There are very few of the felicities of our language that may not be found within the circle of Shakspeare’s literature.

A great many persons speak of Mason and Dixon’s Line without exactly knowing the history of that boundary. It is identified with a dispute, which originated about two centuries ago, between the colonies of Pennsylvania and Maryland. It involved a tract of 6,000 square miles, which was claimed by the family of Lord Baltimore. In the time of King James II., the matter was brought before the Committee of Trade and Plantations, and after an investigation, the king ordered a division of the territory in 1685, giving that part between the river and bay of Delaware, and a line from the latitude of Henlopen to the 40° of N. latitude, to his majesty, and the remainder—now part of the eastern shore of Maryland—to Lord Baltimore. But the order was not acted on. In 1732, commissioners and surveyors busied

themselves again in the matter, but separated without deciding. In 1735, the Penn family took the question into the English Court of Chancery. After a time the Lord Chancellor ordered a new measurement, which took place in 1750, but ended like the preceding. At the end of twelve years more, the respective proprietaries agreed to employ Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two geometers, who went to work, and at last set the question at rest, by marking the boundaries between Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware. It should be observed that the term Mason and Dixon’s Line is only applied to that part of the boundary which constitutes the S. E. frontier of Pennsylvania. It extends to a point about forty miles west of the Susquehanna, and not the western boundary of Pennsylvania.

The following exquisite lyric, by Kingsley, may be familiar to some of our readers; but even they will thank us for reproducing it here, “so absolute it seems, so in itself complete.”

I.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the west as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there’s little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the heavy harbor-bar be moaning.

II.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse-tower,
And trimmed the lamp as the sun went down—
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack as it came rolling up, ragged and brown;—
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor-bar be moaning.

III.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it’s over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Bayard Taylor says there is a shop for the sale of sam-shoo, or rice-whisky, in Hong-Kong, which bears over its door the following inscription: “The joys of Paradise are nothing but a state of perpetual drunk.”

Every man knows his own character; but, as he has come by his knowledge of it confidentially, he makes it a point of honor not to admit the fact—even to himself.

In "Ellis' Specimens of English Metrical Romances," there is a romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, from which we learn that he took *thirteen ship-loads of bee-hives with him!* which, when he besieged Acre, he threw from a mangonel into the town. The Saracens were dreadfully annoyed by this novel mode of warfare, and said—

"King Richard was full fell,
When his flies bitten so well."

The editor quaintly remarks: "There must have been some inconvenience in charging a machine with such implements of offence."

Keats, in his *Hyperion*, sings of

"Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

This fancy of the dreaming trees was expressed before him in prose, by Thomas Gray, the poet, who, in one of his letters, writes: "Both hills and vales are covered with the most venerable beeches and other very reverend vegetables that, like most other old people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds." Tennyson went farther than either of these, he gave a tongue to his tree, and set the oak to gossip about the loves of a young lady and gentleman. Such daring flights of fancy were unknown to the old classics. To John Dryden, a tree was a tree—nothing more. He has the couplet—

"Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign."

Of those dreaming conceits employed above, that of Gray is far better and more poetical than Keats'.

A lady correspondent says—

"Our English neighbors are notoriously disagreeable traveling companions; once in a car or steamboat, John Bull evidently considers every other passenger his natural enemy, and goes through the journey with doubled-up fists. He fairly encases himself in a shell of selfishness—selects a comfortable seat, and firmly resists, or rather, coolly disregards the eye imploring, the eye contemptuous, and the eye indignant, which meet him on every side from belated females, who 'wonder why the man doesn't get up, and give them his seat.'"

"But sometimes he won't even give up other people's seats, as the following case will show. Going up the North River, one day, were a party of Americans, who were completely absorbed by the exquisite scenery. One of the ladies crossed the deck for a moment, with a gentleman, to observe some point of peculiar interest; and when they returned, lo, and behold! both seats were taken—the lady's being appropriated by a surly Englishman."

"Will you be kind enough to rise, sir?" said her escort, politely, 'you have taken this lady's chair.'

"Can't help it," he replied, drawing his plaid shawl more tightly around him, 'a lady took mine!'"

Though there be cases on record to the contrary, yet Mr. Bull is apt to be rather an animalish custo-

mer, and our fair friend having been a sufferer by his boorishness, in this instance, has good cause for complaint. But with all deference, and apart from our cousin John, are not the demands which ladies sometimes— we say sometimes—make of gentlemen to give up seats in public places just the least in the world unreasonable? And when such seats are given up, is the favor always acknowledged, as it should be, with a "thank you, sir," or even a quiet inclination of the head? We have heard some crusty, exacting fellows say that it is not, but we can't believe them; for what lady could be so lost to ordinary propriety, as fail to acknowledge such a trifle, even to the humblest. No, no, gentlemen, our good nature must not be imposed on by such slanders; we cannot believe them, we cannot believe them!

The following verses on Lord Fairfax, by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, were applied by Lord Holland, in his *Reminiscences*, to General Washington—

"He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honorably good."

A writer in *Blackwood* gives the following episode in his progress by rail across Michigan:

"Of course we ran off the rails, but there were no lives lost, or any damage done beyond a few bruises, and the most intense exertion on the part of the male contents of the train for three hours in a broiling sun, to get the engine and four carriages, which are deeply embedded in a clay ditch, out of it, and back upon the rails, in which last we are successful. The accident turns out to have been exclusively the fault of Tom, the switchman, whom the engine driver thus admonishes:

"Now, Tom, you skunk, this is the third time you forget to set on that switch, and last time there was twenty people went under, and the balance was bruised, so you mind what you're about, and don't forget that switch again, or I'm darned if I don't tell the boss."

A friend at our elbow, who wears a section of Illinois oak below the knees, remarks that there is rather more truth than poetry in this, and that not long since he was traveling over one of these same roads; finding the cars "jumping," as they say, he went out on the platform and overheard the following:

Brakeman. Bill, he's putting her down like —, thunder!

Conductor. Mind, I tell you, she'll axle some of these nights.

Which she accordingly did, and put the engineer and fireman "under," as the tourist says, and our friend with the balance of the train on top. The remainder of the anecdote our friend cuts short.

Conductor among the ruins. "Tom, what'd I tell you?"

Gifts are the beads of Memory's rosary,
Whereon she reckons kind remembrances,
Of friends and old affections.—L. M. L.

In Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," a widow lady thus gracefully bears testimony to the advantages of her former state :

"The heavens prevent such a mischief, said Cecropia. A man, quoth you? No, no, my dear niece, nature, when you were first born, vowed you a woman, and as she made you child of a mother, so to do your best to be mother of a child. O, the sweet name of a mother! O, the comfort of comforts, to see your children grow up, in whom you are, as it were, eternized! If you could conceive what a heart tickling joy it is to see your own little ones, with awful love, come running to your lap, and, like little models of yourself, still carry you about them, you would think it unkindness in your own thoughts, that even they did rebel against the mean to it. . . . O, widow nights, bear witness with me of the difference! How often, alas, do I embrace the orphan side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband, and with tears acknowledge that I now enjoy such a liberty as the banished man hath; who may, if he list, wander over the world, but is forever restrained from his most delightful home! . . . For, believe me, niece, such are we women. Have you ever seen a pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while the beautiful glass imprisons it! Break the prison, and let the water take its own course, doth it not embrace dust, and lose all its former sweetness and fairness? Truly so are we, if we have not the stay, rather than the restraint, of crystalline marriage. My heart melts to think of the sweet comforts I, in that happy time, received, when I had never cause to care, but the care was divided, when I never rejoiced, but that I saw my joy shine in another's eyes. What shall I say of the free delight which the heart might embrace, without the accusing of inward conscience, or fear of outward shame? And is a solitary life as good as this? Then can one string make as good music as a concert; then can one color set forth a beauty."

We have received from our friend, C. D. Gardette, the following enigma entitled "The Contrast," with which our curious readers may exercise their ingenuity during these long winter evenings.

Beneath a hoary elm—

Fit emblem of the sage,

His reverend locks his only helm—

My *first* signed, with my *first*, our goodly heritage.

No stain of blood, nor guile

Marr'd the fair deed; but free,

With open palm, and trustful smile

The Red Man laid the gift at his "Good Father's" knee.

But 'mid the battle's rout,

Clear, o'er the wild alarm—

My *second* rings; the furious shout

That spurs the jaded steed, and steels the flagging arm.

And high o'er spear and crest—

Streams in the van afar—

My *whole*, in glittering sheen confes't,

Whose gorgeous folds enwrap the fate of all the war!

Before the accession of George III., it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality to stop at taverns, and even to *invite* the gentlemen to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1755 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterward closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the manners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks; but it lingered among the middle classes, and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Metre," to which the ladies who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reign of the second George, and perhaps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat farther than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hertford's, said in a very vulgar accent, "if she drank any more she should be *muckibus*." How the Americans of our own day, says Charles Knight, must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors; for *they* will not tolerate even the word *drunk*, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet *excited*! We are adopting the term, he continues, and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explains that *muckibus* was "Irish for sentimental." He did not foresee the change in our English. He call things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the opera;" and what is harder to believe, that the Chancellor, Lord Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, "a smart gentleman who was sent with a staff, carried it in the evening when the Chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.

An altercation is rumored to have occurred very recently between the Emperor and Prince Murat.

"Vous n'avez rien de votre oncle," (You've nothing of your uncle about you,) was the reproach addressed with bitter emphasis to his majesty.

"Helas! oui—j'ai sa famille," (Alas! yes—I have his family,) was the reply made with sarcastic resignation.

A lady visiting the British Museum, inquired if they had a skull of Newton; when answered in the negative she said, "I wonder at that, they have got *one* at Oxford."

We cannot resist the temptation to introduce to our Table the following novel of high life in Philadelphia, which we find in a late number of the spioy little "Bizarre." Though we were not at that ball, we have seen those *hoops*.

HOOP, HURRAH!

PREFACE.

Things as they are,
Vive la Bizarre.

INTRODUCTION.

Reader, allow me to introduce you to Miss Blanche Cerceau.

CHAPTER I.

—And I waited in the drawing-room, till I thought my hair would grow gray before she would appear. The carriage was at the door—it was a bitter cold night—I could hear the coachman swinging and slapping his arms to keep his hands warm. I had wound up the musical box for excitement, and listened to its soulless jingle for occupation; I had made the little King Charles Spaniel stand on his hind legs till he began to think that was his normal position. I tried with my right hand to coax "Uncle Ned" out of the piano—much to the chagrin of that grand instrument, whose mission was Classical music. I beat a retreat from the realm of sweet sounds to that of sweet feelings—my patent leather boots were awful tight. In blissful agony I heard, at last, the opening of a door, a musical laugh—the rustle of silks—and there before me, just giving the last tightening to her glove-lace—was Blanche Cerceau. Such a seraphic smile, such a cooing voice—

"And did I keep him waiting?—the dear little Arthur! And did he grow fretful?"

"In the lexicon of Politeness which Fate has ordained for a bright man-of-the-world, there is no such word as Fretful!" I answered. I had been studying this answer for two hours—Bulwer gave the lesson. As I replied my eyes fell on the ball costume of Blanche. The Pyramids of Egypt were evidently intended to be represented by that dress, her head the apex and the bottom of her skirt the base. I had to open my eyes twice to take in the full circumference, there was no *end* to that lower hoop! "Can she get out of the front door?" thought I; "granted, yet can she get into the carriage? Hadn't I better ride outside with the driver." I mildly asked her this last thought. She answered—

"Never, dear Arthur—on such a night as this! Ride inside, only put your feet up on the cushions; then, I can stand up."

"Kind-hearted Blanche," thought I—what sacrifices you make for one you love. I entered the carriage first—it was not gallant, but then she insisted on it! Then, she came in—*how* I can't tell but she did it. And standing up, like a Hippodrome girl in her chariot, and holding on to the hand straps, off we started to attend Madame Ravencourt's grand ball.

CHAPTER II.

It was a full house—how it would have gladdened the heart of a prima donna, at a dollar a head. Through the crush of human beings I swept onward with Blanche, once only I thought it was all up with the whalebones, but we got through—a little bent but still elastic: occasionally a passer by would sweep the skirts round till I saw those daintily *chaussés* tiny feet, and her figure looked like a dinner-bell cut in two—but the wave swept on and the pyramid was a pyramid.

"Will you waltz?" I said to her, as the music sounded.

"Oh, no! I never waltz now!" "Confound those hoops," thought I. But we 'did' a quadrille—very easily. Only two steps and the figure was complete—an awkward step from the gentleman vis-a-vis and rip went the lady's skirts, hoops, &c.—then came apologies, retreat to the dressing-room—repairs impossible—had to send home for the carriage—and instead of having a splendid evening Blanche and I—she sat down on the seat now, and I took her dear little gloved hand in mine and poufed consolation into her heart—rode home before eleven o'clock. Oh, horrors!

CHAPTER III.

In a few days Blanche and I will be married. Hoop, Hurrah! The wedding ring—I wish it was some other shape, it reminds me so much of hoops—now lies on my table. And that cart-load of whalebone I saw going into her house, one day last week.—"Blanche," said I, "is there an umbrella manufactory near you?"—reminds me that the bridal dresses—*à la* Pyramids of Egypt—are being built.

Blanche hasn't been to church for three months—owing to the narrowness of the pews, and the width of her hoops.

CHAPTER IV.

—And I sit down in my arm-chair—and wonder if such things can be possible, and if—what was, was right. And I've come to the conclusion that everything is that is.

My wedding-day! "Now, old boy!"—I soliloquized, "you can only go through this operation, once in your life—three or four times at the outside. Just raise the window and see if there are any unusual operations going on in the heavens above, or in the garden below, or over in the neighbours' houses the other side of the street.—Nothing!—Then Nature is un-auspicious. There'll be a row to-day—somewhere!"

Prophetic words!—We were to be married in church *en grande tenue*: at ten o'clock in the morning. The hour came, carriages, friends, &c., along with it; we went to the church. We descended—walked up to the door—side door—very narrow—bride couldn't get through—couldn't get into church. Hoops too large, door too small. I grew as red in the face as a boiled lobster. "Put her through!"—I gasped—confused, agitated and vulgar!

"Sir-r-r!" said Blanche—"such language at such a time!"

We re-entered the carriage, ditto the friends theirs, returned to the bride's house, and then I—Arthur O'Bandylegge received a formal dismissal. I got the sack, M'lle Blanche Cerceau retains the hoops. Shall I not write—

Things as they are?
Vive la Bizarre!

The marriage question appears to give Punch much uneasiness in his old age. He wants to know "if a man addicted to smoking marries a widow, does it follow that he must lay down his pipe, because she gives up her weeds?"

Of course some of our readers must have seen this:—

"A wife, domestic, good and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.

A wife should be like echo true,
And speak but when she's spoken to;
But not, like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Like City Hall clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not, like clock, harangue so clear
That all the town her voice might hear.

Young men, if these allusions strike,
She whom as bride you'd hail
Must just be like, and just unlike,
An echo, clock and snail."

When Colman was examined before the committee of the House of Commons, which sat on the Theatrical Question, he was asked whether he expunged all oaths or profane swearing from the plays submitted to his revision. He answered,

"Invariably."

"Did you ever count the number of oaths in your own comedies of the *Heir at Law* and *John Bull*?"

"Never; but I dare say there are a great many."

"Which you disapprove of?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Do you not think it would have been better to have omitted them?"

"Much better. They disfigure the scenes in which they are introduced, and injure the humor."

"Then," concluded the chairman, thinking to clench the argument, "you are sorry now that you wrote either of those comedies?"

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the licenser; "I rejoice exceedingly to have made a good pudding, although I regret that any bad plums should have crept into it."

A remarkably healthy clause, to be inserted in all marriage contracts. That, in all families where Jars abound, it is clearly understood that it is the wife who pays for all the breakages.

The following extract is from a paper by M. Warren in *Blackwood* for Dec. 1854:

I ventured to say that I knew an instance of a gentleman, who, in hastily jumping from on board the Excellent, to catch a boat that was starting for shore, missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth Harbour, sinking to a great depth. For awhile he was supposed to be drowned. He afterwards said that all he remembered, after plunging into the water, was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of all his guilty actions which he had long forgotten.

Possibly, (says De Quincey,) a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the Judgment Day.

The following well-authenticated account of the prophecy of his death, of that wonderful mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg, is equally curious and interesting. In 1772, "he was attacked by apoplexy, and for three weeks he continued in a state of great prostration and lassitude, taking no sustenance beyond a little tea, without milk, cold water occasionally, and once a little currant-jelly." Toward the end of February, he addressed a note in Latin to the Rev. John Wesley, then sitting at Conference with his preachers, nearly as follows—

"Cold Bath Street, Cold Bath-Fields,
February, 1772.

"SIR—I have been informed, in the World of Spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favor me with a visit. I am, etc.,

"EMANUEL SWEDENBORG."

Wesley said to the company that he had been strongly impressed with the desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had not mentioned the desire to any one. He wrote to him and said that he was going on a journey which would occupy him six months; but would visit him on his return to London. To this the seer replied, that it would be too late, as he *should go into the World of Spirits on the 20th day of the next month*, and should not return.

Afterward he again mentioned the day on which he should die; and the servant, in her simplicity, said, that he seemed as pleased as she should have been if she were going to some merry-making.

On Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772, his powers all active and clear, the maid and mistress were sitting by his bedside, when the clock struck. He asked what o'clock it was. They answered "Five." He said, "*It is well—I thank you—God bless you!*" and in a moment after, his spirit gently and peacefully passed away.

Let cynics say what they will, Man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subjected to the daily torture of wearing the Hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it!

Rufus Choate, the great orator of the North, in a speech recently delivered in Boston, Mass., thus eloquently and beautifully alludes to the Union—

"Why, look at it. Here is a stupendous fabric of Titan architecture, a castle, a capitol; suppose the capitol at Washington. It is a fortress at once and temple. The great central dome swells to heaven. It rests grandly on its hill; by its own weight kept steadfast; seemingly immovable; Titan hands might have built it; it may stand to see the ages and the nations pass by. But one imperfection there is; a seam in the marble; a flaw in the iron; a break scarcely visible, yet a real, veritable fissure; parting by an imperceptible opening from the top to foundation the whole in two; the builder saw it, and guarded against it as well as he might; those who followed with pious and skillful hands, tried, by underpinning, to repair; by lateral support, by buttresses and buttresses, alternately, to hold the disjointed sides in contact; practically, it was becoming less formidable; the moss was beginning to conceal it, even; and here comes a workman who proposes to knock out the well-planned lateral supports, loosen the underpinning of the ends, dig a yawning excavation under both of them; and then set on each the mountain weight of a frowning and defiant dome of its own. Down the huge pile topples in an hour. Small compensation is it that the architect of ruin finds his grave, too, beneath it!"

Kingley, in his "Westward Ho!" gives us Amyas Leigh as the Christian Ideal of a man: "One not even knowing whether he is good or not, but just doing the right thing, without thinking about it, as simply as a little child, because the spirit of God is with him," in contrast with Eustace Leigh, "trying to be good with all his might and main, according to certain approved methods and rules which he has got by heart; and like a weak carman, feeling and suffering his spiritual muscles over all day to see if they are growing."

D'Israeli, speaking of the society of refined and charming women, says, "It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any more violent effects. It refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks that "men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person."

And Sydney Smith is equally up to the mark, when he says that, "Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm."

Can anything be more conducive to calm reflection than the Virginian weed? Grievously to be pitted are they who know not, or cannot enjoy the luxuries of a cigar. How soothing is its influence! how calmly beats the pulse as we loil in an easy chair, and, inhaling the fragrant vapour, send it forth again in light fleecy clouds, and watch them floating around, and curling upward, in a thousand fantastic forms! How the petty annoyances of the day seem to dissolve, the excitement of business to subside, the anger and anxiety to die away, and calm and placid visions of ease and contentment to usurp their place! How differently we look at life; how differently we think of men at such a moment, than in the hurry and turmoil of the day! Oh, beneficent weed, that bringest such relief to the aching heart and weary brain, how much do we owe thee, and how little do they who revile thee know of thy transcendent virtues!

Balsac was living at one time, says Madame Dudevant, in the *Rue de Cassini*, in a gay little *entresol*, hard by the Observatory. One fine morning, after having advantageously disposed of his "*Peau de Chagrin*," Balsac took a disgust of his *entresol*, and decided on quitting it. By an afterthought, however, he contented himself in metamorphosing his poet's chambers into a set of *boudoirs* fit for a fine lady of rank; and one day, he invited us to come and eat ice beneath his walls, hung with silk and fringed with lace. I was thoroughly diverted—I could not think that this passion for idle luxury could become a serious affair to him, and fancied it merely a passing fantasy. I was wrong—these necessities of a coquettish imagination, became the tyrants of his life, and to satisfy them, he would even sacrifice the common elements of everyday life. Thenceforward, he lived more or less in the same style—sometimes in want in the midst of this magnificence, going without his soap and coffee, rather than his plate or India service. Reduced, soon, to fabulous expedients for not tearing himself from the toys, which were the delight of his eyes—a fantastic artist, or rather child, (with a child's dream of gold,)—he lived, so far as his brains went, in a fairy palace. Being a resolute man, all the while, he accepted voluntarily every sort of anxiety and suffering, in preference to comforting himself with realities which forebode his holding fast some part of his dream.

In the parish church-yard at Luss, on Loch Lomond, is to be seen the following inscription—

"Could he disclose, who rests below,
The things beyond the grave that lie,
We more should learn than now we know,
But know no better how to die."

Bolingbroke tells of a student of Christ Church, who was overheard in his prayers, returning thanks to Heaven, amongst other mercies, for *Makers of Dictionaries*.

Monthly Summary.

UNITED STATES.

SINCE our last Summary, Dr. Kane, who, in the summer of 1853, proceeded in the *Advance* to the Arctic regions, chiefly in quest of Sir John Franklin, has returned home, in company with Lieutenant Hartstein, who, five months ago, was sent to his assistance. The doctor found no traces of Franklin or his crews, and after wintering twice in the highest latitudes yet reached, abandoned the *Advance* in $78^{\circ} 45'$. After this, in May, 1855, the party proceeded southward in boats and sledges, and after a journey of about thirteen hundred miles, reached Godhaven, one of the Danish settlements of Greenland. Here they were joined by Hartstein's vessels, which had been among the more northern bays and creeks in search of them. On 11th of October, they all reached New York in good health, Dr. Kane having lost three of his men during his arduous wanderings in the North. The expedition discovered eighty new capes and twenty bays along the coast of Greenland, and thus enlarged the bounds of our geographical knowledge in that direction. Now that the American explorers have returned safe, and that the fate of Sir John Franklin appears to have been ascertained in another part of the North, it is probable we shall have no more of these expensive, perilous, and unsatisfactory expeditions into a region which belongs solely to the seals, walruses, and whales, and man never visits but at the peril of his life. Dr. Kane discovered in $82^{\circ} 30'$, a large watery opening to the North—the mysterious unfrozen water which is talked of as the *polynya*—but which no ship's keel has been daring enough to cleave. It seems to lie round the pole, and that fact seems to remove it forever from the acquaintance of the civilized world. Our government has received official information of the interference of the English and French consuls in the affairs of the Dominican republic, by which the latter has been coerced into refusing those favorable terms of treaty which these States expected from it. Schomberg, the Englishman, and Durass, the Frenchman, express their surprise that the Dominican government, already under such obligations to England and France, should have listened to the propositions of the American Commissioner, Casneau, and protest vigorously against the gift or alienation of any piece of Dominican territory or foothold, to the grasping and peremptory people of the United States. France and England are strong enough, as yet, to thwart and repulse us in Dominica, as well as in the Island of Cuba. They are our most resolute enemies in the new hemisphere. The anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, in South Carolina—fought on 7th October, 1780—was celebrated in a splendid and imposing manner, by the people of the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Virginia, about fifteen thousand persons being present. The battle of King's Mountain was as important to the cause of

our Revolution as those of Lexington and Bunker Hill in the North. California affairs were prospering. J. Neely Johnson, thirty years of age, who, two or three years ago, was working vigorously as a muleteer or wagoner, has been elected Governor of that State. The accounts from the mines were cheering, and several places were mentioned in connection with new gold discoveries. The Know-Nothings seem to have triumphed in the elections. On 28th of August, an earthquake, which lasted for about twenty seconds, astonished the good people of San Francisco. No mischief was done. A grand State Agricultural Fair, Cattle Show and Industrial Exhibition took place at Sacramento, at the close of September; and two men were summarily hanged for the murders of Ranchoeria. In Utah, Brigham Young made a very solemn, bitter, and original discourse against the treatment the Saints have invariably met with from the officers acting under the United States constitution. He spoke of the hospitality with which Steptoe and his officers were received, and denounced in pointed terms, the wicked, insinuating and intolerable behavior of said officers with respect to the wives and young ladies of Utah. But the Saints would not be terrified by the action of the general government and its myrmidons; they would trust in God and fear not. The controversial territory of Kansas is receiving great accessions of population from the North and the South. Two delegates have been sent from the territory to Congress—Whitfield by one party, and Reeder by the other. The Kansas battle must be finished in Washington, and one or other of these men sent home. News from Oregon speak of the great rush of people to the Colville gold mines. A terrible massacre of emigrants took place at the Devil's Gate, on the Sweet Water river. Three hundred of them were attacked by the Sioux Indians, and one hundred and fifty killed; the remainder reached Salt Lake city in a starving condition. It was also reported that seventy whites had been massacred near Fort Colville. General Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was occupied in making treaties with the Indians, and inducing them to sell their lands and confine themselves to reservations. Latest accounts from the Plains speak of General Harney's campaign against the Sioux Indians of that region, who had begun the war in earnest, and waged it fiercely. They withstood the United States' troops under Col. Cooke, at the battle of Blue Water, but were beaten. Col. Sumner, with seven cavalry companies, was on his way to Fort Laramie, the central station and headquarters of the government forces. This war promises to be as arduous as that waged by General Jackson against the Creeks and Seminoles. The French consul, at Boston, warns merchants against purchasing Russian built ships. If they do, it will be at the peril of seeing the French squadron take them

Our consul at Shanghai, Mr. Murphy, has published a correspondence with his Excellency Chaou, Superintendent of Maritime Customs at that port, showing that the Chinese have made three very important concessions to our trading interests. In the first place, they consent to remit an inland tax upon exported teas—a tax of ten per cent. *ad valorem*, which was added to the cost of exportation. In the next place, the Chinese will allow our silver to be equal in value to the Spanish or Carolus dollar, which they had made their standard; and in the third place, the consul is invited to lay down, at the expense of the Chinese government, several buoys and other sea-marks, by which the navigation of the river and port of Shanghai will be greatly facilitated.

NEIGHBORING STATES.

In Mexico, the military chiefs have been the prime movers in the agitation which has followed the abdication of Santa Anna. Alvarez was in the capital at the head of the executive, and the garrison had given him its adhesion. His ministry has been announced: Senor Ocampo for Foreign Affairs; General Comonfort for War; Juarez for the Interior and Justice, and Senor Prieto for Finance. General Alvarez has ordered the establishment of a National Guard, and it is believed the chances for the Presidency lie between Comonfort and Haro y Tamariz. A story was got up in Mexico that the *Puros*, the chief of whom is Comonfort, were for having an American Protectorate for their republic. Alvarez was at pains to show himself opposed to any such humiliating piece of policy, and the American minister had disclaimed anything of the kind on the part of his government.

The states of *Nicaragua* and *New Granada* must, for the future, have for us the interest of a pair of our own states. Col. Kinney has established himself in one as the proprietor and colonist of a princely territory, and the great railway from Aspinwall to Panama, with its American proprietary and agents, attaches our strongest interest to the other. Things appear prospering in both regions, in spite of the Spanish tendencies to insurrection, which seem fated to exist in them to the end—at least, till they are sufficiently North-Americanized. It is remarkable, that in New Granada, any stranger may have his naturalization papers, and be a citizen in twenty-four hours. Every office and honor of the state is then open to him, except those of president and vice-president. Col. Walker still holds his own in Nicaragua, and his little American army is the hope of the liberal party of that state.

THE OLD WORLD.

The Allies having driven the Russians from the south side of Sebastopol, have taken partial possession of the ruins, and established a commission to gather up and divide fairly the relinquished cannon and small arms which the Russians left among the rubbish. But as the northern forts have been playing upon the captured half of Sebastopol, the Allies have only sent a few detachments to occupy it. Detailed ac-

counts of the storming of the Malakoff, the Great Redan, and other defences, have been published, from which it may be gathered that the general assault of the Allies was a desperate and bloody business—and highly discreditable to the British troops. The fact was, the latter had got into their heads that the Redan was undermined and ready to be blown into the clouds at the moment of occupation by the stormers. The French, on their side, had the same horrid belief, but they were urged forward so fiercely, and in such masses, that their success was certain. The English soldiers attacked the Redan in a fright, and refused to follow their officers into the fort. They were always ready to hear the terrific explosion under their feet, and to run away. They ran accordingly, and their defeat and the way the Russians bayoneted and stoned them back, was the greatest disgrace ever inflicted on British troops. Even when the Russians had gone to the north of the bay, it was a long time before the John Bulls would go near the defences of the Redan. The vast army of the allies listened in breathless apprehension to the evacuation of South Sebastopol, and looked at it in the morning through telescopes.

Meantime, the northern forts have been made as formidable as the southern were before; and the Czar and his people have resolved to carry on the war with vigor. Alexander has thanked his army for its devotion, ordered additional levies, and gone toward the Crimea to encourage the resistance of Russia along all the ports of the Black Sea. The fortified harbors of Odessa and Nikolaieff are prepared to resist the attacks of the Allies with the obstinacy of Sebastopol. The latter place is considered the cradle of the Black Sea navy. It is situated at the confluence of the Bug and Ingul, and its arsenal and dock-yards are no less protected by the shallowness of the water around it, than by its powerful armament. Kherson is another strong hold, situated on the Dnieper, which bids defiance to the assaults of the Allies. It is only now that the Russians seem to be putting forth their energies of resistance, and beginning the war. It is evident that the allied armies do not intend to advance into the Crimea in force, and engage the Russians in campaign on land. Latest accounts left them preparing for more coast skirmishing, and it was expected Odessa was to suffer bombardment. At Sebastopol, the besiegers were preparing to pass another winter in that fatal Potter's Field, between Balaklava and the unconquered city. Already they have begun to complain of short rations and want of timber for huts, and to dread some more blundering of the government and the commissariat. Meanwhile, the expenses of the war have thrown England and France into a state of monetary—(which is also a monetary)—panic and depression. It is dreaded that there will be no hard cash to carry on the war, which is only beginning, and that both nations must go to work with paper—fight the Colossus of the North with papyrus, instead of those "silver spears" which the King of Macedon formerly found so effective. The "nation of shopkeepers" stands aghast at the prospect, and France is already in the throes

or on the verge of something like bankruptcy. John Bull finds that his gold is slipping away from him, conjured over to the Bank of France, by his imperial ally, and even drawn away to furnish the Russian sinews of war. The English and French journalists are knee-deep in the statistics of finance, bewildering themselves and their readers, and making the merchants on Change feel as dreary as the armament before Sebastopol. In France the cereal crop is short, and to prevent the dangerous rise of the food-prices, the emperor interferes with the bakers and butchers, and fixes a tariff beyond which they must not go. France will soon be in the sumptuary condition of the slavish people of Rome, under the Cæsars—the emperor will regulate their food and their amusements. But a sudden stroke may change the face of France and Europe. A letter from Paris lately announced that one of the Hundred Guards attempted to shoot Louis Napoleon in his own palace. The fact is kept as secret as possible.

It is reported that the empress is about to give an heir to the French throne—assuming that the Bonapartes would not respect the old Salique Law of the throne. But the death of the emperor would shatter the claim of every pretender to the throne of France. A marriage between the Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, sometime King of Wirtemberg, and an English princess, is talked of both in England and France. Should the emperor escape the Brutuses and desire it, that marriage must take place. The granddaughter of George III. will not dare refuse the grandson of Charles Bonaparte, lawyer of Ajaccio. Modern history is full of the strongest chances.

The three leaders of the European Democracy—Kossuth, Rollin, and Mazzini—have published a manifesto, calling on the people of Europe to agitate their governments once more, with arms in their hands—especially appealing to the democracy of Italy and France. A sound of insurrection already began to be heard in Europe; and latest accounts say that the Sicilians and Neapolitans, long considered an inert and feeble race, but still the people who struck the first signal of insurrection in 1848—were once more ready to assail the ferocious despot Ferdinand. John Bull, who keeps a watchful eye on the democracy—a kind of European policeman—has sent a fleet to the coast of Italy, to keep everything in the old order, and put down any wild attempts of the Italians to liberate themselves. Louis Napoleon's troops in Rome will work for the same beneficent end.

In *Spain*, the question of a Spanish contingent for the Crimea, was about to be discussed by the Cortes; and the English and French governments were confident that it would be granted. The *Danish* government had invited a congress of the ministers of those nations interested in the Sound tolls, for the purpose of agreeing on some equitable arrangement on the matter.

The *Japanese* are already beginning to exhibit strong signs of repentance for the encouragement they have been lately giving us to visit them. The

poor people have apparently been seized with a panic to see four of the greatest and most grasping powers of the world prowling about their ports, and trying to get entrances and footholds in that shy and sequestered despotism. The French are at this moment negotiating a treaty with the Zlogoon; so are the British; so are the Russians. No doubt, the two former powers would have no favorable character to give of this republic, and would take any sly opportunity of telling the Japanese that we are an overreaching, overrunning, grasping, and buccaneering kind of nationality. At all events, as we have said, the Japanese governors are beginning to be afraid of us, and to suppose we mean to squat in the ports opened to our vessels. Last February, two enterprising merchants, Reed and Dougherty, sailed from this sea-board, in the *Caroline Foote*, for the Japanese bays, having ship-chandlery, provisions, and other notions on board, wherewith they expected to make a trade. They had also some passengers, who desired to make explorations. Arrived on the coast of Japan, they found the Russian Admiral Pontiatine and his men, desirous to be carried to a Russian port, and chartering their ship for that purpose, went ashore at Simoda—one of the open ports. Having been there nearly three months, jealously watched and dogged by the Japanese authorities, they were at last warned by the governor that they had no business to take up their abode there, in that manner. Then there was an appeal to the Treaty of Kanagaw, concluded by Commodore Perry. In one of the articles it is agreed, that Americans making a *temporary* stay, shall be received and well treated. Now, the Japanese say *temporary* means a few days—a week or so; but not three months, by any means. Messrs. Reed and Dougherty said they did not so read the document, and when, in June, Commodore Rodgers came into port, in the *Vincennes*, appealed to him. The commodore thereupon wrote a long letter to the governor, the meaning of which was that the American and Japanese governments must overhaul that Treaty, and agree about the signification of *temporary*. Meantime, the Japanese were exhibiting the greatest reluctance to accommodate the Americans in respect to provisions and other necessities and conveniences. So strong is this feeling of dislike, that Commodore Rodgers, before he arrived at Simoda, had a foretaste of it at an island of the Loo-Choo group, called Ousima. Putting in there, he required wood, water, a pilot, and provisions, but was refused. The commodore finding that he could not otherwise prevail on the Japanese authorities, the suzerians of the group, landed two hundred sailors, and marched with them in armed array, dragging a couple of cannon, to argue the matter with the king of the islands. The logic of the commodore was so persuasive, that the king gave him all he wanted and got rid of him as soon as possible.

From all these things, it appears that the Perry Treaty must be made over again, and the Japanese forced to give us *permanent* stations in their harbors much against their will.

Review of New Books.

The Newcomes; or, Memoirs of a Very Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. New York: Harper & Bro. 1 vol. 8vo.

After a careful perusal of this volume, and with a laudable ambition, common to critics, to detect traces of mental decay in the last book of a writer whose reputation is established, we still are compelled to consider it the best of Thackeray's works. Compared with "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," it must be pronounced richer in thought, more fruitful in practical wisdom, more genial and humane, to exhibit a wider variety of finely delineated and happily associated characters, a more subtle, certain and masterly observation of life, and a larger and more tolerant spirit. Indeed this improvement is seen even in characters with whom the reader is already acquainted. Laura is here more attractive and beautiful than she appears in the novel of which she is the heroine, and age and marriage have much benefited Pendennis.

Thackeray's guiding maxim in characterization, seems to be Baxter's profound remark, that "the good are not so good, nor the bad so bad, as we conceive them to be." In carrying this out, he has subjected himself to much clamor, and the commonest criticism on his writings is that which accuses them of skepticism in regard to the existence of virtue, and a sort of cynical toleration of the imperfections he describes. The fact would seem to be that Thackeray is preëminently distinguished among contemporary delineators of human life for the rarest of mental qualities, namely, intellectual conscientiousness. Many who have conscience in matters relating to their own conduct have no conscience in matters relating to their views and judgments of their kind. Their intellects see nothing in "dry light," but everything distorted into the shape of their own sentiments and prejudices. Few people consider it a moral duty so to regulate their intellects that they may see what is true in itself, apart from their own feelings; and writers are prone to flatter this weakness, especially in romance. Now Thackeray never condescends to purchase the esteem of his readers by sliding into this habit. He aims to give the truth, and the whole truth, even if his readers take it as a personal insult, and criticise him as if they were the objects of a personal lampoon. Gifted with an eye which, in the sphere of actual life is telescopic in its range and microscopic in its nicety, he acts as if such a gift involved a moral responsibility in its exercise, and that accordingly he is bound to declare all he sees as well as what he sees, no matter if he wounds his own self-love in disregarding the self-love of others. He appears before the public to give in evidence about things which have come within the circle of his own experience and observation, and is careful not to perjure himself by telling generous lies, or by amiably concealing the least portion of

the facts of which he has become cognizant. Doubtless he is himself grieved in not being able to make a more favorable report, for he is evidently a man acutely sensible to what is beautiful and good, and it is through no fault of his that the world is not what the philanthropist and the sentimentalist desire it to be. It is related of John Randolph that he belonged to a social club, the members of which once took a vow not to drink any stimulating liquors until it rained. Much to their misery a drought ensued. At the end of a fortnight they could hold out no longer, but passed a vote that it *had* rained, and went on tippling as before. By some such wilful voting, a certain class of minds shut out disagreeable facts from their contemplations, and petulantly resist all evidence of their existence. It is to Thackeray's honor that he is willing to bear any charges of cynicism and misanthropy, rather than state what his intellect declares to be a falsehood.

It is, therefore, as a delineator of actual life that Thackeray is to be judged, and in this sphere he is undoubtedly true to his own eye and mind—his sight and insight. If it be objected that writers, who are his superiors in depth, comprehensiveness and dramatic genius, give a more hopeful and cheerful view of human nature, the reason is that they are delineators, not of actual, but of possible life and character. They exalt hints and tendencies, observed in actual life, to their ideal perfection, and thus exhibit characters who are true to sentiments and principles, and satisfy the mind by their fidelity to their type and persistence in their kind. Such writers not only look into life—they look through it. This mode of creating character is doubtless the highest, requiring, as it does, an eye which is as quick to detect laws as to observe facts, and a dramatic imagination which makes a character representative as well as individual. None of us ever saw a Hamlet, but all of us have seen men of whom Hamlet is the ideal representative—the perfection to which the elements of their nature point. Laura Pendennis and Ethel Newcome are not characters in the sense in which Portia and Imogen and Juliet are characters. The mental processes of their delineation are different. Thackeray is to be tried by his peers, and tested by his conformity to the laws which govern his particular department of composition. He is not a philosophic and imaginative poet, creating a new world of beings, having its roots and principles in the actual world, but a representer of life as he finds it. Who, among his contemporaries, is his superior, or even his equal, in this?

In "The Newcomes" we have, as we have said, the best specimen of his powers. Though artistic in its form, the story seemingly drifts on as events and persons drift in this world; and the great occurrences surprise us, as we are surprised in life, when

out of the common incidents and natural developments of existence, some startling result naturally proceeds. Of the characters, Colonel Newcome, the gentlest, simplest, noblest gentleman, who has appeared in literature since Sir Roger De Coverly, is drawn with the most grace, subtilty and geniality, though we suppose he will be objected to as a specimen of Thackeray's cynicism in connecting goodness with weakness and ignorance of the world. All the rest of the Newcome family are masterpieces in their way. Ethel, Rosa, Mr. Mackensie, Madame de Mencontour, old Lady Kew, are feminine portraits of uncommon power and truth, and each would furnish matter for more remark than we have space to devote to the whole novel. Indeed, to mention all the characters deserving of notice for their originality and truth would be to give a muster roll of names. In respect to the general tone and spirit of the work, it is undoubtedly more humane and tender than any of the writer's previous writings. There are more characters who attract us by their qualities of heart. While the pathos is deeper and intenser, the wit is as sparkling, and the satire as searching, as in "Vanity Fair." Whoever is so blind as not to see marks of extreme tenderness of feeling in all that Thackeray has written, cannot fail to discern it when he comes to the death of Colonel Newcome, in the present novel. But this tenderness never degenerates into sentimentality, and never interferes with his intellectual truthfulness. It is always sound and sweet. The great value of the book, considered in respect to its lessons of practical wisdom, is the demonstration it affords of the miseries of all marriage which is not a union of hearts. There never was a truer and more terrible exhibition of the results of marriage, in parties who are not tied together by sympathies and affections, than in this volume. Thackeray, seemingly the least romantic of writers, has thus made the axiom of romance, a fact of common sense; and he has done it with such unrivaled acuteness and force, that "The Newcomes" will probably become the standard authority for arguments against worldly marriages.

Pictures of Europe, Framed in Ideas. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Records of tours in Europe are so common, and are apt to be so commonplace, that we fear this admirable and original volume may run the risk of being classed with ordinary books of travels. It has, however, nothing to justify its being placed in such companionship. Instead of being a journal of what is seen day after day, accompanied by the usual expressions of stereotyped rapture or disappointment, it is a highly thoughtful and imaginative record of ideas, which were either evoked or confirmed by the spectacle which Europe exhibits to an American traveler. The "pictures" of scenery, art and society are taken as the emblems and symbols of the noblest philosophic and religious truths. The works of God and the works of man, while their external form and

coloring are presented to the eye with uncommon vividness and power, are interpreted to the mind as embodiments of divine or human thoughts and emotions. The questions put by our author to any great object of nature or society, are—what does it mean? what does it illustrate? what interior significance dwells in this external might, grandeur and beauty? In these queries of the thoughtful mind, he occasionally stops at fanciful resemblances, but more generally penetrates into the imaginative essence and spirit of objects. Did he see things less clearly, and describe them less accurately, we might suspect that his faculties of observation were fooled by his reflecting and analogical powers, but his sight is as sharp and sure as his insight is deep and true. The "frame" of ideas encloses "pictures" of vivid and life-like force and beauty.

The arrangement of the topics correspond to the purpose in view. "Abroad and at Home" is devoted to the consideration of the whole question of foreign travel, in its moral and intellectual as well as pleasurable aspects. "The Beauty of the World," "The Mountains," "The Rivers," "The Lakes," "The Sea," are five chapters full of glorious descriptions, and solid or subtle thinking, in which the scattered objects to which each chapter refers, are brought under one general head, for comparison or combination. In two essays, on the "Superiority of Art to Nature," and the "Testimony of Art to Religion," the great pictures, cathedrals, and public works of Europe, are described, or rather represented to the eye, with a mastery over picturesque expression which never fails in conveying definite impressions, and a fullness and depth of spiritual thought which seems exhaustless. "The Church," "Society," "Country," "Mankind," "History," and "Destiny," have the same character of teeming reflection and splendid description, and each would furnish matter for especial eulogy or controversy, had we space to do more than name the subjects to which they relate. The short poems, which serve as mottoes for the chapters, are quaintly imaginative condensations in verse, of the leading ideas of the book, and add much to its peculiar interest.

The spirit of the work is even better than its intellectual merit. It purifies as well as pleases. It is genial, benignant, tolerant, hopeful, brooding, deeply religious, inspired by a constant sense of the person and presence of God. The style is a rich, broad and redundant river of mingled thought and emotion flowing in words. The author's power of expression seems only bounded by his sentiments, and never fails in appropriate imagery or felicitous words, when the things he expresses have become domesticated in his mind, and brooded over by his heart. It has, perhaps, too much sustained richness, fullness, melody and dignity of movement, without enough variety and homeliness. But it is still a style which fits the elevation of mood out of which it was born, and every chapter contains passages of impressive eloquence, such as we are not accustomed to read in books of travels. Mr. Bartol is already extensively known as the author of two volumes of Discourses, one on

"The Spirit and Life" of Christianity, the other on its "Body and Form;" and we think these "Pictures of Europe" will add even to the reputation which those admirable volumes gained for him. It is needless to say that all three are of solid and permanent value.

Twice Married. A Story of Connecticut Life.
New York: Dix & Edwards. 1 vol. 16mo.

We have considerable curiosity to know the name of the writer of this delicious volume. It belongs to the same class of novels as "Wensley" and "Eastford," with individual traits which distinguish it from both. Rejecting all the ordinary stimulants of romance, the writer confines himself to the representation of common life though he gives a poetical representation of it. The characters are generally admirably drawn and consistently sustained. Without being daguerreotypes, they are true to nature and to life. Colonel Manners, Deacon Joab Sweeny, his son and wife, Parson Graves and Miss Tabitha, are among the best specimens of Yankee character, that have found their way into literature. Lucy, the heroine, converts every reader into a rival of Dashleigh. The love scenes are exquisite. The story is very slight, but it is sufficient to exhibit the characters. The descriptions of country life are richly humorous, and the pictures of New England scenery have rarely been equalled in pastoral sweetness of sentiment and fluent felicity of diction.

Eolopoesis. American Rejected Addresses. Now first published from the Original Manuscripts.
New York: J. C. Derby. 1 vol. 12mo.

The styles of some fifteen prominent American poets are, in this volume, very pleasantly mimicked. Indeed "The Song of the Steamer" might have been written by Saxe, so close is the imitation of his manner and mode of thought. "The Unseen," a parody of Emerson's "Sphinx," is also good. The Hexameter romance of "Blouselinda," modeled on Longfellow's "Evangeline," is the funniest piece in the volume. Halleck's style is well caught in the "Lives written at Chicago," and the poem sounds like one of those which are rapped into the ears of our spirit-mongers, and fathered on eminent poets deceased. Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Taylor, Reed, Lunt, Whittier, Willis and Parsons, are caricatured with more or less resemblance to reality. Compared with "The Rejected Addresses," written by the Smiths, the book lacks the extravagant and mirth-provoking humor of its prototype. It is the result of a critical perception of the peculiarities of the poets mimicked, rather than of a humorous perception of their weak points of diction and character.

The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty, Nussir-u-deen, King of Oude. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a curious volume. It contains the observations of an intelligent Englishman, connected with the household of the late King of Oude, and fur-

nished with every means of obtaining information regarding the domestic and public life of that potentate. Macaulay describes the wretched sovereigns of India, at the time the English commenced its conquest, as passing their days in "chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons." It would seem from the revelations of this volume, that they had not much improved by time and contact with their civilized conquerors. The reader, who has merely general ideas of the mode in which oriental monarchs fulfill the duties of their station, will find, in the records of this private life of one of them, the particulars of their imbecility, sensuality, laxness, caprice and misgovernment. The volume bears all the marks of truthfulness, and its statements are doubtless facts. In addition to its value as a work full of curious information, it is exceedingly amusing.

Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. By M. Schels de Vere, of the University of Virginia.
New York: G. P. Putman & Co. 1 vol 12mo.

The essays of which this volume is composed have already attracted much deserved attention, as separately published in Putnam's Magazine. They are not merely good examples of the mode by which science may be popularized, but they indicate resources of thought and eloquence which give them the right to be judged as literary compositions. "Nature in Motion," "The Ocean and its Life," "Only a Pebble" are beautiful essays, considered apart from the wealth of their matter. The four Essays on Plants will tend to increase the students of Botany. "Unknown Tongues" and "A Trip to the Moon" are in every respect admirable and eloquent expositions of the subjects. The reading of this volume will tend more to create a taste for science among the unscientific many, than any work of the kind we have ever seen.

Japan and Around the World. An Account of Three Visits to the Japanese Empire, etc. By J. W. Spalding, of the U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi. With Eight Illustrations in Tint.
New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a well written and interesting account, by an intelligent and observing gentleman, of a cruise of two years and a half, in which, in addition to his visits to Japan, he saw much of Madeira, St. Helena, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, China and Loo-choo.

Panama in 1855. By Robert Tomes. New York: Harper & Bro. 1 vol. 16mo.

Dr. Tomes, in this little volume, has given us an account of the Panama Railroad and the cities of Panama and Aspinwall, together with some brilliant and racy sketches of life and character on the Isthmus. He has contrived to pack into his few pages a great amount of information, and the style in which it is conveyed is that of a practised writer, pointed, vigorous and full of life and movement.

Fashions for December.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT.



LADIES' ATTIRE.

How few persons realize our indebtedness to the blessing of FASHION for turning the ineluctable month of December, into the most joyously interesting part of the year! But fashion—as the most genial light of civilisation—rightly distributes the pleasures and comforts of the seasons, while she always resides with the arts and sciences; and in pointing to those places which she delighted most to honor, they will be found to have been the centres of all the ennobling influences of humanity. Such were, successively, Athens and Rome of old, and Florence and Venice of the middle ages. Such is Paris now—and fostered most generously by royal and imperial endeavor, from Louis XIV. to Napoleon III., to prevent decadence, she will probably maintain supremacy, until some one of the great cities of this hemisphere shall have won—in the estimation of mankind—the highest rank for elevated range of mental vision. That the places where man has wrought out the highest state of intellectual cultivation, should have been the centres from which FASHION radiated, is a natural consequence; for there is nothing more meant by the term *fashion*, than “the ways of refined people.” We will now report some of the precedents and authoritative opinions, with reference to the personal appearance of the better portion of humanity.

BONNETS.

In the composition of this charming head-ornament, velvet takes the place of the ribbons of early autumn, to mix with the straw flowers and diaphanous trimmings which have been in such general favor this year.

Both “*Le Follet*” of Paris, and the “*Court Journal*” of London, note as a novelty, “a bonnet composed entirely of roses, in narrow *blonde*, separated by *torades* of chestnut-colored velvet, and *taffetas* mixed. Upon the crown, this same trimming formed

a small *fauchon*, finished on each side by a tuft of poppies, in several shades of red, and mixed with long leaves of chestnut velvet. The inside was ornamented with similar flowers.” The poppy is a flower now much in favor for trimming bonnets, as its rich scarlet hue blends well with dark-colored velvet or satin.

Among the bonnets of the latest production, are those composed of velvet, or of velvet and satin intermingled. Among them may be mentioned one having the front of black velvet, edged with puce-color satin. The crown of the last-named material, and the brim, is trimmed with a double row of black lace, vandyked at the edge, and set on in slight fullness, the points of the vandykes being turned upward. Two small ostrich feathers, black and puce-color, are placed on one side with returning ends, which hide the lower part of the left side of the brim. Tulle and poppies, in lilac and black velvet, form the inside trimming.

A bonnet of sea-green therry velvet, is trimmed with the same material, intermingled with black lace, and a black or green ostrich feather, with black end, trims one side of the brim. The under trimming is composed of a *torade* of velvet and lace, which passes along the upper part of the forehead, and unites with the *beuillonnis* of tulle at the sides.

A caseowary feather, which forms an elegant ornament for bonnets, has been employed to trim a bonnet of dark-blue satin, the inside trimmings consisting of flowers and rushes of tulle.

A bonnet of brown satin has been trimmed with a profusion of black lace, vandyked at the edge. A circular piece of lace covers the back of the crown, and a *barbe* of lace, intertwined with a bow of satin, is placed on one side; the under trimmings composed of small rosettes of black lace, here and there fixed in rushes of *blonde*.

Wreaths of crape flowers, with velvet foliage, are much in favor; for instance, a wreath of roses, of several shades from the rich red to the delicate pink, is an elegant trimming for a pink or blue crape bonnet.

Upon a gray *guipure* straw bonnet, worked with black velvet, we have seen yellow, white, and blue roses, with chestnut velvet leaves, with refreshing effect. Inside was placed a *beuillonnis* of white *blonde*, with small bows of black velvet, and leaves of black crape. The roses which ornamented the outside, formed large bunches on each side, and were united on the top by a bow of black velvet. Across the curtain, which was very much turned up and edged with black velvet, were sprays of small rose-buds, commencing at the bouquets of roses on each side. Black velvet strings completed this elegant bonnet.

Another beautiful bonnet is of sea-green therry velvet, trimmed on one side by a bouquet of tuberose, made of white feathers, with orange leaves. On the other side was placed a bow of green gauze ribbon, spotted—in very small spots—with black velvet, and from this hung long branches of foliage and tuberose buds; one was taken back across the top of the curtain, which was edged with a *ruche* of ribbon to match that forming the bow. A second *ruche* was placed inside the curtain, quite at the edge, giving great elegance to this part of the bonnet; and another surrounded both the exterior and interior of the front, on each side of which was a *ruche* of *blonde*. This graceful trimming was completed by rose-buds, small black velvet bows, and *bouillons* of white *blonde*. Some velvet bonnets worn by our distinguished belles, are trimmed so profusely with *blonde*, bouquets of pink roses, and black feathers, and feathers in different gaudy shades, that they appear light enough for summer. The style of shape is still small, with round crown, being the most charming ornament that was ever invented for the head, because, instead of hiding natural beauties, it heightens, enlivens, gives them tone, and sets them off to advantage.

DRESSES.

MORNING AND DEMI-TOILETTE.

Dishabille.—A pretty morning dishabille is the most attractive dress that a lady can wear; for a tasteful *négligé* does not so environ the wearer with carefully made-up appearances, as do the dresses of visit and reception; therefore, handsome ladies in that guise, are much the most fascinating. "*Quand elle est négligée, elle n'en est que plus belle.*" The following samples will be found economical and pretty:—

A white muslin basque dress, the skirt being embroidered its whole length, with eight simple rows *au plumetis*, (in a plain, or button-hole stitch of the most simple design,) eight inches wide at the bottom, and three at the waist. The close-fitting basque is surmounted with a fine muslin collar, embroidered in keeping, and a knot of sky-blue or pink ribbon closes it at the front, and the front of the basque is embroidered in simple rows *à l'agraffe* from the neck to the waist, and around the round corners and the bottom, a simple wreath in scroll-work, finishes the body, except the sleeves, which are three-quarters length, plain fitting, the end terminated in a scalloped ruffle, and where the ruffle joins the sleeve, it is ornamented with an *entredoux* and a knot of ribbons. The plain little jaconet cap is embroidered in eyelets, and trimmed with bows and strings like those on the sleeves and at the throat. The bracelets are of velvet and jet buckle, or of oxidized silver. The low shoes are of black satin.

Another *dishabille*, more coquetish, and still as simple as the latter, is composed of a little embroidered lace cap, with festooned-edge, set far back on the head, and at the sides a tuft of rose and white ribbons, from beneath which peer lappets that close with a brooch at the neck. Or cap of tulle illusion,

ornamented with ribbons of rose taffeta and gray velvet, forming tufts. The *peignoir* of very light pink muslin, is embroidered in white, the collar and the edges of the *casaque*, the borders in front of the open skirts, the pagoda sleeves are embroidered in ovals, of which the centres are filled with alternate rows of embroidery, and *entredoux* of lace. The edges of the *casaque* extending to the edges down the centre of the skirt, are of pine-apple points, and next back of them is the row of ovals, finishing back of that with a row of points like the centre, and making the width of embroidery down the front of skirt eight inches wide at waist and twelve at the bottom. The bottom of the *casaque* is formed of ovals, surmounted with a finish of pine-apple points, and the same trimming finishes the ends of the sleeves; and a row of ovals—with centres like those on the skirt and breast—ornament the top of the sleeves, being three ovals above the embroidered ends. Batiste handkerchief, embroidered with festooned edges. White stockings and black satin slippers. The long *robe de chambre*, or morning-gown, with short flowing or winged sleeves, edges embroidered, and the waist closing with long cord and tassels, and the breast turning back from the waist in a wide reverse to range with the front of the collar; the goods of Thibet cloth, of sky-blue for the young, and purple for the aged, lined with a silk, forming a gentle relief to the color of the outside. This garment, over a pretty dishabille, forms a charming breakfast dress.

Toilettes de Promenade.—For a walking-dress, all fresh and young, a robe of China-green, black, and white taffeta, with three flounces; the half of each being covered with Scotch plaid, in black and white tissue. The high neck without basques or basquines, but with a waist-ribbon, is tied over *bretelles* of the same, and which are bound with the narrowest possible row of lace, and descend at each side to the first flounce, in round floating ends. The waist-ribbon is of Tartan plaid silk, and very rich, and bound with an edging of *pain de haneton*. The sleeves are composed of three puffs, or *bouillons* of taffeta, separated by three bracelets of material like the waist-ribbon, and stopped at the side of the arm, by three knots in floating ends. Plaid, like the flounces, is used for the knots on the sleeves. The ends of the sleeves are finished with deep pointed lace, trimmed with a narrow row of *pain de haneton* in a manner to present a light and gracious appearance. The front of the body is closed by a row of opal buttons, set in a jet border. The collar and the sleeve-puffs are in application of Brussels. Hat of rose orange, with ornaments of velvet, straw, flowers and fruit intermixed. Over this dress is thrown a velvet square shawl edged with deep lace, or a *fichu Berangère*, being a sort of round pelarine on the back, coming down in front and ornamented at the bottom of the reverse with a knot of ribbons. It is usually of *moire*, both *reverse* (turn of the breast and collar) and the other edge which terminates in long round lappets in front, are edged with fringe.

There are numerous varieties of the style of dress

for street wear, but they are all worn high in the neck, and whether in the *basque* style or not, are closed up the front with a row of buttons. Gray and plaid cassimeres and cashmerettes are worn with a black velvet jacket; the latter having pagoda sleeves and both the ends and the edges of the jacket are trimmed with scalloped silk lace. The gaiter-boots should be high, and, whether tipped with patent leather or not, should be of goods nearly the color of the dress, and heavy soles; for the dress is short, disclosing the foot as one of the most attractive ornaments of the sex.

"Cloth dresses are beginning to be seen. They are, of course, made plain. A *chemisette*, with a small collar of point d'Alençon, is worn with them. The sleeves are open, showing a plain net sleeve in several puffs. *Gros d'Afrique*, *gros de Tours*, damask, and *moire antique* are all worn with lace flounces and trimmings. Taffeta is still in favor for dresses; but those of this season have fewer flounces than formerly. They are frequently made with several skirts, ornamented by narrow velvet in patterns, or with the fringes now so fashionable. (Lace is more fashionable than ever, notwithstanding the general adoption of fringe; but the lace, in addition to edges of shawls, *fichus*, and trimming of dresses, is worn in the form of delicate dress mantillas, and to form almost the third skirt in some full toilets.—G. C. S.) *Chiné taffetas* is also very much adopted: the skirts are not trimmed. Some dresses have flounces of a different color; for instance, a *barège* dress, with six flounces, alternately black and pink. Sometimes, when the flounces are the same material as the dress, two only are worn; the upper one very broad, and fastened in at the waist; the lower one a third narrower. Jackets, trimmed with lace or fringe, are very much in vogue. Cloth ones are already made, and expected to be very much worn during the approaching winter."

TOILETTES DE VILLE.—These dresses are similar to those for promenade, except that the favorite material is *moire antique*, and the bodies being left open in front, disclose a rich lace *chemisette* or *canzon*. Over the dress is usually worn a rich mantle, edged with lace, or a complete set of furs is worn with the dress. Don't forget the color of the lace-boots, nor make the skirts too long for carriage dress, for long skirts are the charm of the drawing-room only.

EVENING DRESS, *chez soi*, of course should differ in cut, color, composition and materials. We will, therefore, cite a few styles which we regard as appropriate for ranging from the age of 18 to that of 45 years.

Low dress of rose *taffetas* (not too *dicolé*) *broché*, with three straight flounces edged with fringe; over each flounce is one of white lace in deep pine-apple points extending to the top of the fringe of the flounce. The short sleeves are formed of two frills edged with fringe, under which is a puff of white *tulle*. Do not make the dress too low at the sides next the arm-holes, nor on the back. We give this advice because of equivocal remarks heard about

ladies in New York who, it is feared, are too unmindful of consequences. On the shoulders is an *Antoinette*, trimmed with broad Malines lace.

Second.—Hair dressed in *bandeaux*. Dress of pure *poult de soie*—body *a basques*, closed to the throat by a row of silk buttons to match. Mock *bertha* formed by two rows of *ruches en à Vieille* over the shoulders, terminating at a point at the edge and waist of the back, and at the waist behind, under a knot of ribbons to match with long floating ends. The skirt is ornamented *à disposition* to match. Mousquetaire collar, and *Duchess* sleeves of *Brussels application*.

Third.—Very small *blonde* cap, trimmed with emerald ribbon with knots and long floating ends, the knots mixed and looped with *blonde* and very narrow bands of black or purple velvet. Dress of lilac taffeta, ornamented by a *ruche* of ribbon to match, a third from the bottom, from beneath which falls a deep fringe. High body, closing from the waist to the neck with three knots of lilac ribbon. Scalloped collar of same, covered with lace, another row of lace from collar extending to top of shoulders, and another to the upper puff on the half-length sleeves composed of three puffs and three frills, the frills being edged with lace and deepest at the bottom, like the pagoda sleeve. On one wrist a bracelet of gold, and the other one of black velvet and a jet buckle. Purple shoes and light lilac gloves. This is an appropriate dress for the first quarter of the second year's widowhood, provided the lady be not over thirty-five.

Fourth.—Lace cap, small and formed of lace over-run in two inch squares with very narrow bands of black velvet, and the front ornamented with pink or rose buds blonde and velvet, with a knot behind each one of pink taffeta ribbon, like the long floating strings with vaporous edges, under which the hair is dressed in *bandeaux*, from which steal a few curls on each side *à la Rachel*. Green taffeta dress with three deep flounces scalloped and ornamentally edged with black velvet, above the edges, but near, small rosettes of black velvet. The body *a basques*, ornamented to match, as also the bishop half-sleeves composed of three frills; undersleeves formed of two puffs, looped up by bands of velvet lace. *Chemisette* relieved with velvet bows, and the *basque* closed at the waist by two gimp bradenbourgs.

One of the most rare, rich and distinguished novelties in Paris is a new style of lace shawl (lace coverlit also) and laces for flounces and trimmings of velvet and *moire* dresses, now so desirable for carriage wear and to attend church and lectures in. The industrial exhibition in Paris has proved an important means of improving and cheapening gimps and all kinds of lace; but chiefly of those manufactured at Puy and Chantilly. Lace flounces are now in very general wear, the figures on the lace being the palm-leaf and running vines of flowers and foliage. Our correspondent informs us that the most distinguished fashionables of Paris were seen in the tribunes in *Notre Dame* during the *Te Deum* sung for the taking of Sebastopol; and as Paris is the city of

antitheses, he saw the second day thereafter the same ladies at the Odeon, admiring the first representation of *Maitre Favilla* by George Sand. One of the most elegant toilets present was worn by *Madame Solange Clésinger*, daughter of Madam Sand (Madame Dudevant). Her robe was of lilac taffeta with cherry dispositions; her coiffure was composed of clusters of lilies and red bay flowers. As we shall surely hear from *Madame Clésinger*, as an authoress who will stand in comparison with her talented mother, as does Alex. Dumas, jr. to his father, it may not be amiss to tell our lady readers that we knew her in 1848, when she was dressed in male attire by her mother's command. She appeared then a beautiful youth about sixteen years of age: and though she and her mother were one in about every sentiment, yet she did not fail to utter occasional repining complaints against her masculine apparel. One night she and her mother returned from Paris to the *Petit Trianon*—their charming residence in Versailles, ornamented by the refined taste of *Marie Antoinette*—when the mother discovered in her only beloved daughter, a change of sadness which concerned her; and, upon asking the cause, her daughter replied, "Mamma, I cannot wear those hated clothes any longer, for I am not beloved in them. I must go to the *modistes* to-morrow morning." "Why?" her mother anxiously inquired, "what is the cause of the great haste?" The daughter replied, "Mamma, you know Monsieur O.?" "Yes." "Well, I love him, and I know that he would prefer me to M'dlle Fauvet, if I appeared in a becoming toilet." The mother gracefully assented, remarking upon the futility of attempting to stem the tide of popular prejudices in this headstrong age. The daughter obtained her desire, and *Madame Clésinger* is now one of the leaders of the ton in the city of taste.

Ball Dress.—Pink, white and sky-blue gauze dresses, elaborately embroidered in silver. Skirts *bouillonnés* up to the knee with small flowers or butterflies composed of ribbon.

White silk dresses, flounces of English point. Flounces are still much worn to almost all dresses, and in full dress are richly trimmed with black lace. Trimmings of flowers, or ruches placed zigzag, with a ribbon bow on each point, or rows of lace in pineapple point or scalloped edges, admirably set off a double or treble jupe, if nearly covering each one, and the gay tissue shows modestly through the white lace. Nine rows of *ruches* of pinked *taffetas*, placed in threes, with about six *ruches* set between each set, is very pretty on a black dress. For ball-dress of course, you wear a short sleeve, but too short and *décolété* is in very bad taste.

The sleeve question is at present one of the most interesting subjects for the *modistes*, some preferring the pagoda, others the baroness, while a great number favor the style of from three to five puffs, divided by lace or fancy trimmings and terminating in a deep scalloped ruffle, which, falling on the lace flowers of the undersleeve, produces a charming effect. There is one advantage realized by the inde-

cision of fashion among its favorites, and that is, ladies may consult their taste without the danger of appearing singular. The sleeve plaited from the arm-hole to the wrist, where it is confined by a band is favorably received. Closed sleeves will, no doubt, be much worn during the winter, with a turn-back gauntlet cuff at the wrist, or one of *insertion* with edging at each side.

HOOPS.

Lesbia hath a robe of gold,
But all so tight the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes;
Leaving every beauty free,
To sink and swell as Heaven pleases.—MOORE.

The hoop or farthingale, is defined to mean "circles of whalebone used to spread the petticoat to a wide circumference." This has again become the fashion, and much is said and written against it by the grumbling portion of the masculine gender, the like of whom have oft adopted the effeminate stuffs of woman, such as fine laces and costly jewels. Gentlemen have been as eccentric in dress as have the ladies. We have had as much gold embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery. We have worn long hair and large sleeves, and tight waists, and full petticoats. We have sported stays and stomachers, muffs, ear-rings and love-locks. We have rouged and patched, and padded and laced. Where they have indulged a little excess in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they have had head-dresses like the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram's horn. If they have lined their petticoats with whalebone, we have stuffed our trunk hose with bran. But enough!—we may as well confess the granum, and let the ladies study the philosophy of the hoop.

The object for distending the dress by hoops is to show the figures of the beautiful embroidery now in such great favor. The fashion of hooping out the petticoat so that the jewel ornaments of the dress should not be lost sight of in the deep folds, was in very high favor during part of the reign of Queen Anne, and, having had its run, it was superseded by Lesbian skimpness, to be in keeping with the breeches and spindle-legs that replaced the stuffed trunk hose. Such transition may again be anticipated, but not so long as flowered and beautifully figured laces are so rare as at present.

The question of the philosophy of wearing hoops, is resolved into, *whether embroidery or graceful folds are the most beautiful?* We prefer the enlivening folds of a full skirt, depending from a waist inclosed by a ribbon, with knot and floating ends; but as hoops should only be worn with full dress, the variety of seeing the skirt nine-tenths of the time *ex-naturel* is perfectly satisfactory. Ladies sometimes wear hoops with a walking-dress, and we have seen scant skirts falling in an unsightly manner over them. Better use more cords and starch, and less whalebone; for the remove from the sublime to the ludicrous, in

dress, is often so near as to cause them to jostle each other. We hope that our ladies will be advised in reference to the use of the hoop, and not blindly follow the absurdities of the beldames of old, when, wrote one of the characters in an old play. "Five hours ago, I set a dozen of maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses: pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings and conformings; painting of blue veins and cheeks; such a stir with sticks, combs, cascanets, dressings, purls, fall squares, busks, bodices, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rabatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frizlets, bandlets, fillets, corslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many *lets* (stops or hinderances) that she is scarce dressed to the girdle. And now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtles, busk-points, shoe-ties, and the like, that seven peddlers' shops—nay, all Stourbridge Fair—will scarcely furnish her. A ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready!"

Morning-Dress.—Some of the most beautiful of the new silks have broad, perpendicular stripes, figured with running pattern of various hues. The clan tartans may be mentioned among the chequered patterns likely to gain general favor. Dress of striped and chequered patterns are well suited for morning, as they admit of good arrangement of the hues usually adopted in that style of costume; for instance, black, purple, violet, gray, and white. Plush has recently been employed for trimming dresses intended for half-mourning.

OVER-DRESSES.

In addition to the cloaks and mantillas mentioned in the last number, we may mention one of double-faced cloth in the burnous form, and rather large. There is no lining in the body or the hood, as each side of the cloth is a different color. The edges of the cloak are trimmed with a triple row of *passamenterie*, intermingled with black velvet. A tassel depends from the centre of the hood, and a cord and tassel fasten the cloak in front. Another cloak is of black *moire antique*, richly embroidered and trimmed with chenille fringe and bradenbourgs.

Riding-Dress.—Black cloth is the goods preferred. Black plush hat, crown of moderate height, and brim rather narrow and quite flat, trimmed with wide ribbon and jet buckle, and enlivened with a black ostrich feather encircling the crown above the brim. Habit, cut to fit the neck closely, and closing up the front with a closely-set row of jet buttons; the neck surmounted with a lace collar *à mousquetaire*, and a crescent-shaped skirt, with the bottom side sewed to the body, and the bottom trimmed with deep fringe. The pagoda and *demi-mouton* sleeves compete for favor; if the former is preferred, the end will be trimmed with fringe, and the gloves will fit the wrist and close with three buttons; but if the latter, gauntlet gloves will be worn to extend over the ends of the sleeves, which button closely at the wrist. The skirt is four yards wide, and three-quar-

ters of a yard longer than for promenade. French kid lace-boots, rather high.

Jewelry.—Oval set brilliants is still the fashion for rings. Brooches of brilliants are set in imitation foliage. Oriental cameos are in favor, and the Egyptian taste for viper-shaped bracelets still maintains. The favorite style of bracelet is the *chêne d'Irlande*, being composed of beads, a half inch in diameter, of Irish bog-wood, each bead ornamented with four imitation diamonds of two carats each, and a heart so ornamented depends from the chain below the wrist.

EXPLANATION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

The figure in the sitting posture represents a most charming carriage-dress of *moire antique*, *rayée* in silk and satin, or ornamented with a wide velvet or plush stripe, and rows of gimp above and vandyke trimming below. There is no color more becoming to a young wife than dark-purple, and no style of dress more attractive than the present one of a neatly fitting *berthe* over the shoulders of a high dress, disclosing Nature's most fascinating beauty, as inclosed by a row of buttons and surmounted by a scalloped lace collar. Perhaps longitudinal berthas should not be indulged by persons of high shoulders and narrow breasts. *Duchesse* undersleeves. Kid gloves. Gold bracelets. Dark-purple lace-boots. The "duck of a bonnet," by *Madam Toutensoi*, is of uncut velvet or corded silk, mixed with *blonde*, taffeta, feathers, and ornamented under the front with forget-me-nots, mixed with *blonde*. From the insignia of her dress, we should think this lady possessed of good taste and in remote mourning. To the carpers against the "*fashions of the day*," we submit whether the fashions of the Revolution as illustrated by Mrs. Robert Morris, [the portrait of whom is in the front of this number,] wife of the great financier of the Revolution, and one of the most charming women and greatest belles of her day, were either as comfortable, economical, or beautiful, as those of the present time.

The girl—*aged seven*—has her front hair dressed with a braided band, uniting with the twisted hair at the back of the head, and intertwining with the black ribbon ties. The dress of emerald *poult de soi* is made with three flounces, edged with very rich ribbon to form a relief or gentle contrast; or it were better if made of goods *à dispositions*. *Brodequins* of French satin to match in color. Bracelets and necklace of coral.

The dress at the right is a most elegant, yet simple and fresh-appearing, ball-dress, of *taffetas broché*, with three flounces, trimmed with three rows of tulle illusion, sewed on with fullness, under which are pink ribbons inserted. The longitudinal stripes on the upper flounce are formed in the same manner, as is also the *Antoinette* over the shoulders, ornamented where it crosses the breast, with a bouquet of natural flowers. The hair is dressed in *bandeaux*, ornamented with a *cache-peigne* of flowers. Gloves of white kid, with pink wristlets. Bracelets of emerald and *chêne d'Irlande*. White satin shoes.

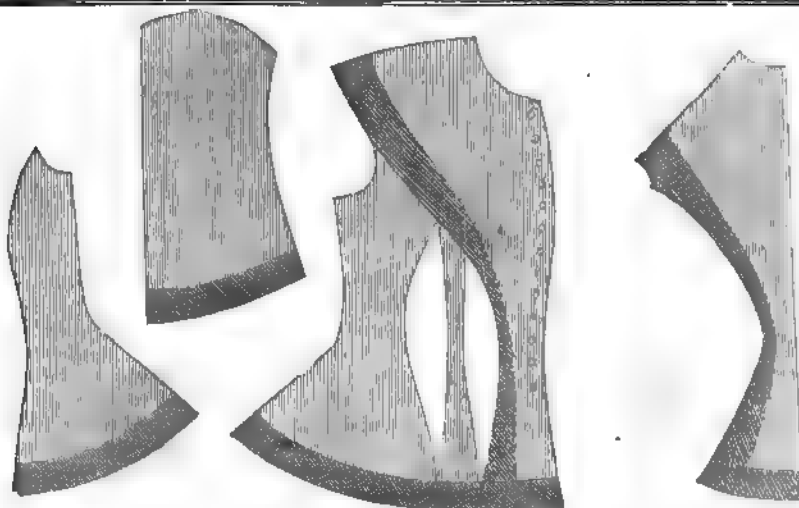
☞ Coral is much worn with ball-dresses. Flowers are worn as much as ever, as *coiffures* in evening and full dress. The *cache-peigne* is the favorite form, being so well suited to the prevailing styles of dressing the hair. One formed of roses and honeysuckles, mixed with a few cherries, or fuchsias with roses, has a charming effect; indeed, artificial flowers are now so exquisitely made, that, if the *coiffure* worn only suits the rest of the *coiffure*, the effect cannot fail of being tasteful. Some of the new velvet jackets

are richly embroidered and trimmed with a fall of lace, nearly half a yard deep. The sleeves reaching just below the elbow, are edged with a frill of velvet, over which is placed a frill or fall of lace.

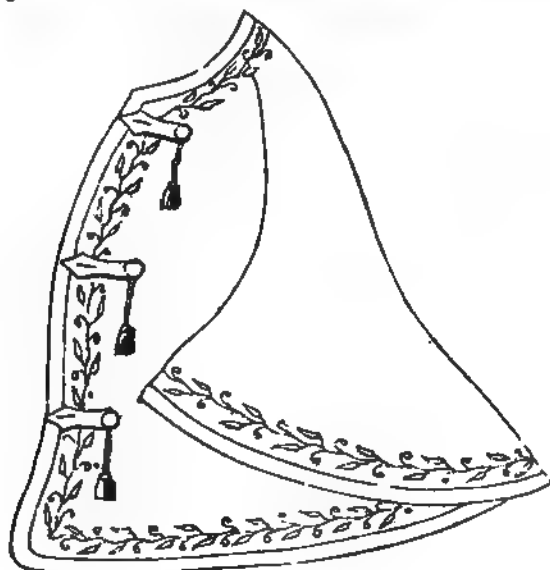
Corsets, Croole and Greek, received the premiums at the Paris World's Exhibition. Cambria lace is preferred for trimming *icharpes* and *mansillas*, being as beautiful as the Chantilly, and only one-fourth the price.



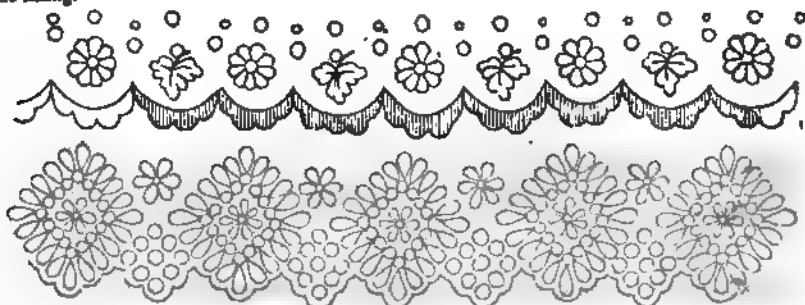
School Paletot.—The above cut represents the back and front views of a school costume.



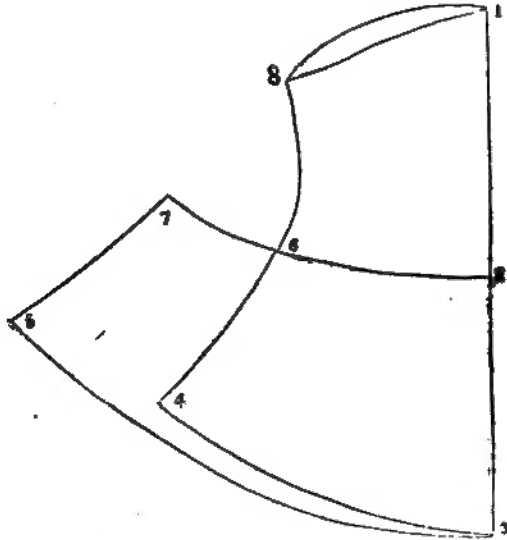
Diagrams of a young lady's school palmetot, representing the shape and cut, and where to place the bands of velvet in trimming it.



Manteau Castor. This may be closed with tabs or with agraffes. The sleeve is formed by the back and the lining.



Patterns for embroidering a child's robe.



Appropriate sleeve for a velvet basque, trimmed with bugle gimp and jet buttons. The end of the sleeve and the bottom of the basque are sometimes edged with fringe, enlivened with jet acorns at equal distance. From 1 to 8 is half the size of the arm-hole—from 2 to 6 is eight inches—from 2 to 7 is twelve inches—from 3 to 5 is nineteen inches—from 3 to 4 is thirteen inches. Point 4 shows the corner of the underside of the sleeve, which is whole; but the upperside is cut across from 7 to 2; and then in making, it is gathered to the upper part

from 2 to 6. The line from 1 to 8 is the fold of the cloth. This style of sleeve is very generally admired for its simplicity and its flowing elegance. By some it is thought that the sleeve is richer with the gathered part cut entirely across at the elbow, and the whole gathered on the underside as well as the upper; and some prefer gathering the bottom to a band about twelve inches long, so as to form a large puff from the elbow to three inches above the wrist, in the duchess style.



Caneson of black tulle, ornamented with black lace, which has for the head a gauze ribbon; to be worn over a pink or purple dress.



Caneson of embroidered muslin, ornamented with Valenciennes insertion and bows of ribbon.



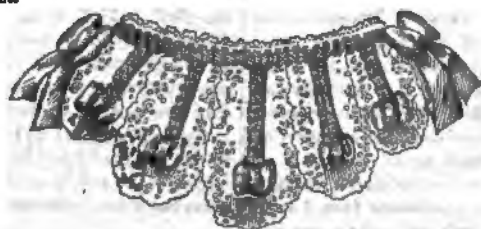
Pattern for insertion.



Fishu-bretelles of muslin embroidered, and an insertion of Valenciennes with knots of ribbon on the shoulders and at the waist.



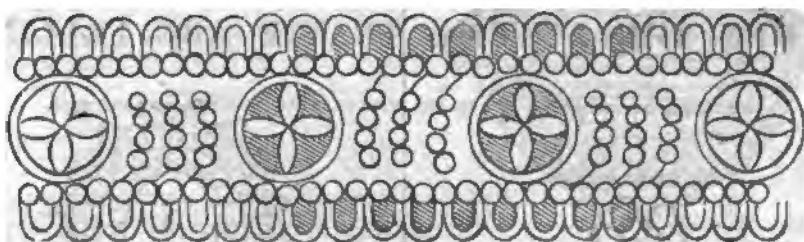
Brooch soliar, pine-apple and tulip edges, but not points.



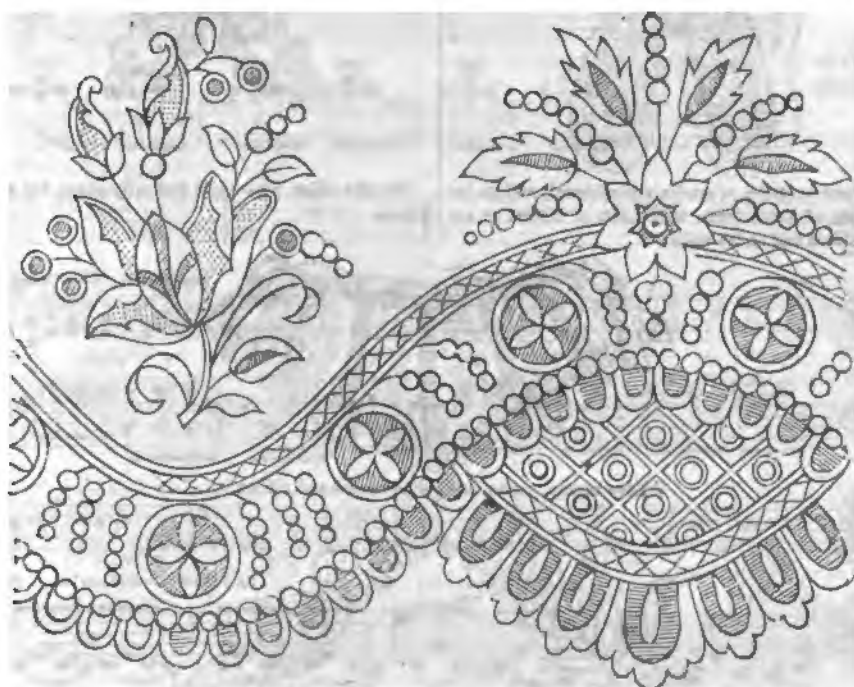
Lace bertha, ornamented with ruffles and ribbon



For corner of handkerchief



Pattern for insertion to be worked on application.



Pattern for undersleeves or bertha, to match insertion above.



Pattern for insertion.

